

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Hey, Judge, Got the Time?

By Tad

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Married Life the Second Year

Warren Lets the Bathtub Run Over and it Brings About a Reconciliation.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Helen could hardly see to dress through the tears that filled her eyes. She opened the top bureau drawer, looking nervously for some hairpins, as with trembling fingers she did up her hair.

Then she tried to hide the traces of tears with powder, so that he would not know she had been crying. She could hear him running the water for his bath. He had probably slept all night. While she, her red and swollen eyes showed how little she had slept.

There had been a quarrel the night before, perhaps the most bitter they had ever had. And she had slept on a couch in the sitting room, leaving him in the bedroom alone.

She knew now that he had ceased to love her. She told herself this over and over again with a sort of desperate hopelessness. He could never have said to her the things he said last night if he cared at all.

With a dull sense of misery she finished dressing. After all, did it matter much what happened? Since he didn't love her—what difference did anything else make?

In the heat of his anger he had said that they would be happier apart! He had never said that before. But he said it last night and repeated it—and the words still burned within her.

Suddenly in the act of closing a bureau drawer she paused—what was that? Was he whispering? Could he be so indifferent—so careless? Yes, he was whispering a popular air with elaborate variations—and he was doing it purposely! He was trying to show her how little he cared.

Oh, if only she need not meet him this morning—if she could have claimed a headache and not gotten up! And the headache would not have been feigned—the sleepless night had left her with a throbbing head.

But he would have gone through the sitting room and would have seen her lying there, flushed and tear-stained, with disheveled hair, looking most unattractive in the strong morning light. And she could not let him see her like that.

With a final touch of the powder puff to the still faint traces of tears she started out to the kitchen to see that everything was ready for breakfast.

As she passed the bathroom she stepped suddenly in a pool of water. With a startled exclamation she pushed back the partly closed door—the tub had overflowed! Already there was several inches of water on the floor and both faucets were turned on full!

In a flash she had shut off the water, and forgetting her resolve to be cold and reserved, called excitedly: "Oh, Warren—Warren! Quick! You've let the bathtub run over!"

Already she had thrown down two big bath towels in a vain effort to soak up some of the water. But it was so deep that the towels were instantly drenched without seeming to take up any.

Here Warren appeared at the door in his bath robe, a razor in his hand and his face lathered and half shaved.

"Jove! You can't do anything with towels!" rushing out to the kitchen and coming back with a couple of tin basins.

"Oh, do you suppose it has gone through?" cried Helen, as they frantically dipped up the water.

Just in the midst of all this the telephone rang.

"Oh, it HAS gone through and they're telephoning about it now," cried Helen, panic-stricken.

"Answer it," said Warren. "I can get this up faster than you."

Helen ran to the phone. "Yes—I know," excitedly. The bath tub ran over—I'm very sorry—we're getting it up as fast as we can—Oh, it HAS? Oh, I am so sorry—I—"

"Here! You don't know how to talk to those people!" Warren hurried over and took the receiver from her hand, while Helen ran back to dip up the water.

Yes, this is Mr. Curtis. . . . Yes, the bath tub ran over. . . . I'm sorry if there's any damage. There's no escape to these tubs—this thing is likely to happen at any time. . . . Very well, I'll see about that."

When he came back to the bath room, Helen had dipped up most of the water and was now mopping up the rest with towels, holding her skirts tightly about her. The place was sickeningly hot and full of steam, as it was the hot water

that had been turned on the most.

"Call Della—let her do that," demanded Warren.

"Oh, no, she's so slow—I can do it much faster."

There was nothing for Warren to do now, so for a moment he stood awkwardly by while Helen continued to mop up the floor and wring out the towels.

Then came a knock at the door. Warren went to answer it. It was the janitor.

"What's the matter up here?"

"The bath tub ran over," said Warren curtly. "If you don't put any escape pipes on these tubs—what else can you expect?"

"We expect you to turn the water off before it gets full. The ceiling down here is dripping! The whole room will have to be done over, and it'll be charged up to you."

"Well, I'll discuss that with the agents—not with you."

When the janitor had gone and Warren again came back to the bath room, Helen was still mopping up the water. It was still standing under the tub and back of the door. Perhaps there was something in Helen's patient figure, and in the fact that not once had she blamed him, that touched Warren, for he said almost gently:

"Now that's enough, it's too hot for you in here—let Della mop up the rest of that."

Helen straightened up and pushed back her hair, which from the steaming and steam had fallen around her face. She was a little dizzy, too, from so much bending over after the sleepless night. And now she leaned against the bath room wall with a sudden faintness.

"Here, come out of this! You're as white as a sheet." Warren led her out to the couch in the sitting room. "Wait, I'll get you some brandy."

When he came with the brandy her

Leave That Woman Be

By Tad

Daddydillo

OPPORTUNITY WOULD HAVE TO ADVERTISE TO ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF SOME BOOBS.

THE STOCK MARKET HAD TAKEN AN AWFUL SLUMP DURING THE MORNING. MEN WERE RUSHING EVERYWHERE TO HURRY THE BROKER TO A MARATHON FOR THE PHONE. PLACING THE RECEIVER TO HIS LISTENER HE BARKED FOR INFORMATION. SHE ANSWERED THEN HE PIPED WILDLY "SAY TELL ME THIS AT ONCE—IF SAN FRANCISCO IS THE GOLDEN CITY IS PARIS GREEN?"

WE MUST HAVE MORE MARGIN IMMEDIATELY!

LUKE SPANIN HAD JUST FINISHED MILKING THE COWS, GOT THE HAY IN THE BARN, CHOPPED HALF A CORD OF WOOD, PAINTED THE DOG HOUSE AND POLISHED THE KITCHEN RANGE. LUKE THEN WENT OUT TO GET A BUCKET OF WATER, AND AS HE LEANED OVER THE EDGE OF THE WELL DID A BRODIE TO THE NEIGHBORS. FOUR HOURS LATER IN GETTING LUKE OUT AGAIN AND AS THEY LAUGHED HIM ON THE GRASS HE MURMURED IF I GET A BAD COLD FROM THIS DO YOU THINK IT WILL MAKE THE CLOTHES HOARSE?

LEAVE THAT WOMAN BE!

THE GREAT ACROBAT WAS DOING A SAND DANCE ON THE SLACK WIRE. JUST AS THE BAND STARTED UP TO PLAY THE STYL SPANGLED BANNER THE CROWD WAS WILD WITH ENTHUSIASM. TOSsing HATS, UMBRELLAS AND KEELEYS IN THE AIR HE HAD JUST TIPPED FROM ONE END TO THE OTHER WHEN THE KING MASTER, DOFFING HIS SKYPIECE IN THE MIDDLE RING, LOUNED UP AND PIPED "IF BLONDES WEIGH MORE THAN BRUNETTS IS IT BECAUSE THEY'RE LIGHTER?"

QUICK WATSON THE LONG LADDER WE MUST REACH THE UPPER WINDOWS AHEAD OF THE FLAMES!

HA HA! I'M IN VAUDEVILLE NOW. I DON'T GET UP TILL 7 IN THE MORNING—THEN I RUSH DOWN TO THE BOOKING OFFICE TO HUNT FOR OPEN DATES.

THEY'D SEE MY PRINTER, AND THE PHOTOGRAPHER AND THEN TO REHEARSAL, THEN I'LL GO TO THE MATINEE HAVE A FIGHT WITH THE STAGE MANAGER.

THEY'VE BARK FOR THE NIGHT SHOW AFTER THAT I PERFORM AT A FRIEND OF THE FAMILIAR'S THEN TO A SEVENTEEN FEED AND PERFORM AGAIN AT 11 IN THE EVENING.

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY!

YEP NOHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW!

One Way of Making Life Easier is by Showing Real Consideration

There Are Thousands of Persons Who Mean to Be Good, but Make Life Hard for Others by Thoughtlessness in Small Things.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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There are thousands of people who mean to be good Christians, yet who, while talking unselfishness are continually making life hard for others by thoughtlessness in small things which is one phase of selfishness.

People who borrow books and forget to return them until they are sent for by their owners; people who borrow umbrellas and raincoats and overshoes, and forget to return them in the same manner as the class mentioned.

Then there are others.

Those who drop in to see a busy man or woman and sit for an hour talking of nothing which benefits them, or the other party, and those who stand in the room for half an hour after they have begun to go.

People who write to strangers or mere acquaintances and ask favors and fail to enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope; people who write to men and women in public life and tell their family histories and personal experiences in twenty pages of difficult to decipher penmanship; people who use pale ink in writing to their friends; people who date

their letter "City," and expect their friends to remember the street and number; people who write and ask for autographs and think they do their full duty in sending a postage stamp; not remembering that it takes time to address envelopes and look at addresses.

People who have had fair opportunities to obtain the rudiments of education by reading books in public libraries and by listening to the conversation of others; yet who pain the sensitive ear and mind of their associates by the use of double negatives and ungrammatical abbreviation or by cheap slang and coarse expressions.

People who say, "Don't you know," or "you know what I mean" at the end of every sentence until the listener wants to cry aloud at the senseless repetition.

People who shout when they talk and attract unnecessary attention in public; people who speak so low that one is obliged to ask every alternate sentence repeated.

In the close association of home life among those who are not able to afford the luxury of separate apartments for each individual, there are innumerable ways of being thoughtless of one another's comfort and pleasure.

The tossing of papers and books and garments on divans, beds, floors and chairs, and where some one must go about to replace them in their proper receptacles—some one beside the toiler.

Where there is but one or no servant, unnecessary labor is made by the thoughtless in this manner.

Many poor men and many poor women are refined in feeling, who have not the surroundings which insure comfort, unless other members of the family are considerate. When a man of delicate feeling is closely associated with a woman who is careless in her habits, or when a neat woman must live with a man who is neglectful of the little refinements which order and cleanliness demand, life is marred and made uncomfortable, even though these men and women may be loyal and loving and unselfish in a thousand other ways.

Life can be made a beautiful thing in the humblest home, if there is real consideration of the feelings and tastes of others shown by each member.



Surrounded by the Enemy

By Nell Brinkley



Here Warren appeared at the door in his bath robe, a razor in his hand and his face lathered and half shaved.

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Tricky 'Skeeters.

The summer boarder had been investing in oil of cloves, incense sticks and various other articles supposed to drive away mosquitoes. "Do you suppose these things will keep me safe on the piazza evenings?" she asked Mrs. Jocelyn of Pondville, with whom she was boarding.

"Well, I couldn't say," remarked Mrs. Jocelyn, cautiously, "but I will say this—if I were you I'd try 'em one at a time."

"There was a woman here last summer, and she used to sit with one o' those sticks in her hand and a little bowl o' the oil o' cloves side of her. She used to say toward the last of it that she thought the reason so many mosquitoes lit on the incense stick was because it helped 'em dry off after they'd been into the bowl; but then, she had a kind of foolish way of talking; there were a plenty of 'em never lit on the sticks at all. They lit most any place—where they could enjoy the smell of 'em."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Gentle Cynicisms

The popular novel doesn't deal with married life. Married life is a short story nowadays.

There should be no difficulty in elevating the stage. Every stage has its wings and flies.

Nothing short of a surgical operation would amputate some men from their money.

It isn't the far-sighted man who is always looking for trouble.

Don't lose sight of the fact that it is just as important to know when to quit as when to begin.