



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S WIFE AND GOAT HAVE DÉPARTÉ

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By Tad



Married Life the Second Year

In Which There is Some Moralization on the Subject of Christmas.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"Second floor—Suits, waists, shoes, millinery, underwear," shouted the elevator man as he flung open the iron door.

Helen, who was in the back of the crowded car, tried vainly to wedge herself out.

"Oh, wait, wait—I want to get off here!"

But the door had clanged to, and the elevator shot up to the next floor. Here she managed to struggle out, her hat shoved on one side, and with that generally disarranged feeling that comes from pushing through a crowd.

Hereafter, she told herself, she would walk—it was less wearing than getting in and out of crowded elevators.

And now she made her way down the stairs to the shoe department. A pair of quilted satin fustopped bedroom slippers for Edith, Warren's younger sister, was what she wanted. She had seen them advertised for \$1.50.

Warren had said most emphatically that they could not spend as much on presents this year as last. And Helen was now confronted with the very difficult problem of getting a great many presents with a very little money.

All the clerks were busy, but when at last she was waited on, she made her purchase with a swift precision which mildly astonished the salesman, who expected women not to know what they wanted, and to look over the entire stock before they decided.

"I want that slipper," (pointing to a sample pair in the case marked—"As advertised, \$1.50, in black, size 8-A.")

The next on her list was a bureau scarf for Aunt Mary. On the first floor was a sale of bureau scarfs—two large tables in the aisle, "\$1.49, reduced from \$2.00," read the placard over the first, "\$1.89, reduced from \$2.50," was over the second.

A crowd of eager bargain hunters, as many as could get around the tables, were pawing over and peering out the piled up scarfs. Eye's one seemed trying to get at those on the bottom. Why is it that the woman shopper always thinks the best article is underneath? Invariably, if an odd lot of goods are thrown on the bargain counter, every woman will ignore those on top and instinctively pick out those beneath.

And now for a moment Helen stood watching these women pushing, shoving, rudely elbowing each other to get at the tables and then pulling out the scarfs from the very bottom of the pile.

As there was only one clerk at each table, it was hopeless to expect to be waited on soon, so Helen passed on to get her bureau scarf at some other store where they were not having a "sale." She might have to pay a few cents more, but the saving of time and temper and wear on clothes would be worth it.

A little further on was another large table with a sign "Desirable Gifts, choice 99 Cents." Around this, too, was an eager crowd, for there is always a curious attraction to women in any assortment of articles marked "Choice" for so much. It is a subtle compliment to their judgment, their knowledge of quality and value, which every woman believes she has, to an exceptional degree. She is always convinced that if there is one article in the lot of more value than the others she will at once discern it.

Still another table marked "Appropriate Gifts, Choice 99-Cents," was in the next aisle.

There were innumerable ash trays (did you ever know a man that didn't get at least two every Christmas?), hatpin holders, vases, pin trays, stamp boxes, paper weights and an endless variety of bric-a-brac articles.

And now Helen hurried by this table with its alluring sign of "Choice 99 Cents," firmly resolved that whatever she gave this year would be something really useful—though it was nothing more than a dozen good lead pencils.

It was after 5 o'clock before she at last left the shop, carrying with her a number of packages, for she had conscientiously heeded the placarded requests to "Please take small packages with you."

Outside was a faint misting snow which veiled the brilliancy of the electric signs and street lights. A surging crowd of homeward bound shoppers with their many packages filled the sidewalks and overflowed into the streets.

The surface cars were packed to the platform. Helen hurried over to the subway, but here, too, the cars were crowded to suffocation. The force of the crowd carried her in and wedged her up

against a cross seat. It was not until they had whirled past a couple of stations that she realized she was not on the downtown side. How could she have made such a mistake?

By the time she had gotten off and crossed over to the other side it was twenty minutes of 6 o'clock. Warren would be home now before she could get there—and he hated to find her out. Her arms ached with the bundles she was carrying, and her hair and veil was disarranged, but she had no free hand to fix them.

When she came out at her station there were still three long blocks to walk. It was piercingly cold, and her hands, already tired with holding the bundles now, grew stiff in their thin kid gloves.

A clock in a drug store window said three minutes of six. Warren would be waiting—she almost ran the rest of the way. As she went up in the elevator the mirror reflected her face, unbecomingly red with the cold. Dropping the packages on the seat, she hastily drew out a pocket powder puff to subdue the offending glow of her nose—she could not bear for Warren to see her like that.

But Warren hardly looked up when she entered. He was reading the evening papers, his feet propped on a chair.

"Oh, I'm so sorry to be late. Have you been home long, dear?" stooping over and kissing him.

"Ugh," drawing back, "your hands are like ice—here, don't touch my neck!"

"Oh, I know—they're almost frozen. And I did the stupidest thing! That's what makes me so late—I took the downtown subway!"

"Hum, that's not surprising—you never look where you're going."

But Helen had hurried into her room to throw off her things and then out to the kitchen to see if Della had everything ready for dinner.

It was after dinner that she brought out the packages and opened them.

"These are what I got for Edith," taking out the fur-topped slippers. "Don't you think they will be nice for her?"

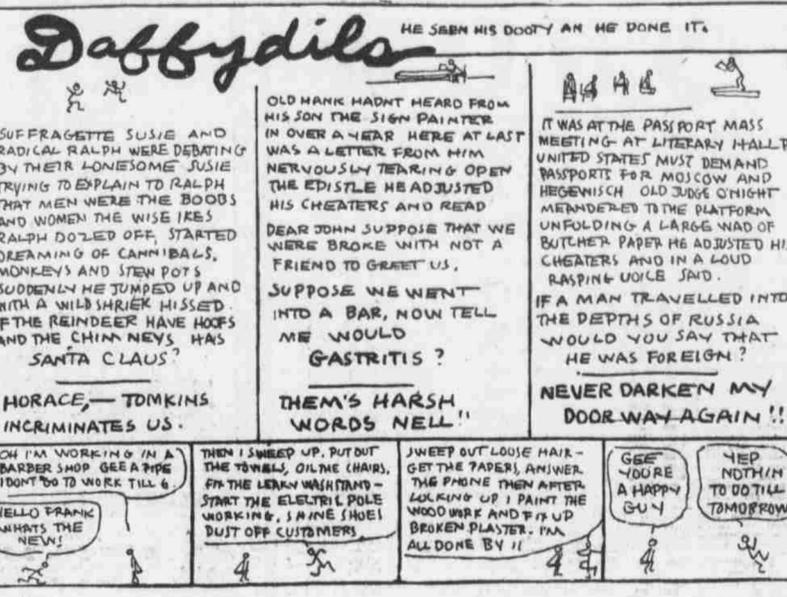
Warren looked up from his paper and gave them a hasty, indifferent glance.

"And this is a wallet for Frank, and here is a hat brush for—why, dear," reproachfully, "you're not even looking!"

"Well, what's the use of my going over all that truck? This whole Christmas business is an infernal nuisance. I suppose from now on I'll hear nothing else. If I had my way I wouldn't give a

Thews Harsh Words, Nell

By Tad



Mind Which Finds No Zest in Pleasure Unless it Means Killing of Animals is Diseased.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The beautiful Indian Summer weather of Thanksgiving day woke the spirit of true thankfulness, humanitarianism, Christianity and love in the hearts of a crowd of Americans blessed with money, leisure and health.

They said: "It is a glorious day; let us go out and frighten and kill one of God's harmless creatures."

So they mounted their thoroughbred horses, and away they went after a red fox which was happy in the golden weather, perhaps thinking if its baby fox somewhere in the woods, waiting its return.

They sent out the hounds to find the fox; and soon there was a loud baying of dogs, and the fox was flying for its life.

It ran for a mile or more with that terror in its heart which only the hunted can feel, and these cultured, Christian men and women, who give large sums of money to convert the heathen, were having the best time of the year.

It was such joy, such elevating, exhilarating emotion to see that fox trying to escape the hounds, and to know it was sure to be set upon by them and killed.

To be first in at the death, that was the high, holy and sweet aim of every woman's heart in that cultivated crowd.

Suddenly the frightened fox came to a house with open windows, where the inmates were packing preparatory to a move.

The fox leaped the porch bannister and dived through a lower window into the house. With a quick turn he bolted into the hall, ran up the stairs, scampered across other rooms to the front hall, down the stairs and out a front window.

Then came the pack. The leader bounded through the window just as the fox had done and followed his trail through the house and out the front window. The other dogs dashed through an open door and took up the scent in the house, racing through it and then out the front window.

The hunters now were all about the house. For a few seconds they seemed to lose their bearings, but the bay of the dogs in the front again brought them galloping after the pack.

The fox was fast losing ground. For a mile further on he led the dogs. Then the leader overtook him.

The exhausted, terrified animal was killed by the dogs, and then one beautiful woman (an ideal for tender motherhood and lovely compassionate womanhood) achieved the great honor of being first in at the death, and to her was given that trophy of trophies, the brush; otherwise the tail of the fox.

It was a wonderful moment; a wonderful hour, and American womanhood received a great uplift.

There were, perhaps, twenty other women all trying to do this lofty deed and to carry away this mark of honor, and all of them envy the winner of the brush; but all of them have at least the pride of being participants in such a glorious pastime, and they have the hope that some day before long, they, too, may be first to see the death agony of some harmless, harried, frightened little animal, and to receive its tail as a prize.

But the fact remains written in nature's enduring hand book that no woman is fit to be a mother, or fit to call herself a Christian, or even to be thought of as a good woman, who can find pleasure in witnessing the death of a harmless animal set upon by dogs and men for the sport of idle minds.

Whatever may be her birth, her breeding, her culture and her charitable deeds, there is a bluish on her soul that puts her outside the pale of real culture, real refinement, real goodness, real worth.

There is no greater pleasure on earth in the way of physical enjoyment than a race across country fields and roads on the back of a good horse. The woman who has never known this recreation has missed much out of life.

But the mind which finds no zest in this pleasure save as the race means distress and terror and death to some animal, that mind is diseased and degenerate.

In the early years of our land women were obliged to kill wild animals to protect their homes and children and to provide food for the family while the men folk were away from home.

To kill for self-protection or preservation is quite apart from killing for the wanton pleasure of an idle mind.

Down in Georgia a party of hunters (grown men, mind you), killed 6,000 doves in a few hours.

Mr. W. O. Stillman, president of the American Humane association, wrote the following letter to the Atlanta Constitution in regard to this matter:

"I see by reports that Georgia is making itself infamous by an alleged slaughter of 6,000 harmless doves by 100 dogs called hunters. It really seems too bad that so great and humane a state as Georgia should allow practices of this kind to go on.

"There are two important facts to which I would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Georgia. The first of these is that the relentless and merciless slaughter of wild pigeons has nearly annihilated that beautiful species of birds commonly called 'the passenger dove.' It used to exist in enormous flocks, but now is so nearly exterminated that in most parts of the United States it is never seen.

"The second point to which I would like to call your attention is that a number of states, including, I am proud to say, my own state of New York, have passed laws forbidding the employment of pigeons as live targets for gunners.

"The opposition to this practice, which has long existed, of slaughtering vast quantities of pigeons in the name of 'sport' is not a piece of maudlin sentiment on the part of a few scatter-brained humanitarians. There are aspects of cruelty connected with it which would cause an Apache Indian to blush with shame.

"It is not the practice of either Indians or wild beasts to merely slaughter for the fun of killing wild animals or birds. They kill in order to sustain life. In the case of pigeon shooting, vast numbers are shot down largely for the sake of demonstrating dexterity in shooting and also in order to satisfy that savage instinct for killing something which still finds lodgment in half-civilized members of the human race.

"Large numbers of these birds are slaughtered from pure wantonness. They are allowed to rot and their carcasses are not used for food. The worst aspect of the whole thing is that a great many of them are wounded in field shooting and escape to die a lingering death or eke out a miserable existence of suffering for days or weeks. I feel sure that the majority of the chivalrous people of Georgia will not call this bloody pastime 'manly sport.' It is quite on a par with the practice of head-hunting and brutal child-slaying of putting off the wings and legs of flies. One is as much a 'manly sport' as the other.

"I appeal to the humanitarians of Georgia to have a law passed by your legislature which shall place it upon the high standard adopted by several states of stopping this bloodthirsty, cruel and inexcusable practice, which is followed at the expense of one of the most harmless and beautiful creatures which God has created. Relying on the sense of honor and humanity of your splendid southern people, I am sure that this will be done before very long."

To the minds that are not dwarfed and impoverished by wrong thoughts, and lack of ideals, life is abiaze with wonderful opportunities for enjoyment.

There are innumerable avenues for people of leisure to find rest and exhilaration in noble sports and healthful pleasures which do not mean death or destruction to any creature.

The same force formed the sparrow that fashioned man the king. The God of the whole gave a spark of soul.

To furred and to feathered thing, And I am my brother's keeper, And I will fight his fight, And speak the word for beast and bird, 'Till the world shall set things right.

Favorite Fiction.

"Mr. Ickstein, a friend of mine wants to know how much he can get on this watch."

"We, the representatives of the party, in convention assembled, have decided to pick you this turkey out for your own good."

"We have no seats left, sir, forward of how much do you want?"

"I picked this turkey out for my myself, Mr. Spingold."

"Auntie, we want you to make us a good long visit this time."

"Full jeweled."—Chicago Tribune.

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Better put one foot in the grave than two.

Ask a young mother how old the baby is, and she will answer in detail—giving the exact number of months, weeks and days.

If a man thinks he knows it all, we can't help feeling sorry for the misguided individual who undertakes to compete with him that he doesn't.—Chicago News

blamed thing to anybody—and I'd be mighty well pleased not to get anything, either."

"Oh, dear, don't say that—you wouldn't do away with the Christmas spirit?"

"Christmas spirit!" he scoffed. "There's a lot of Christmas spirit in giving somebody something they don't want—and then begrudging it, too! By George, how many presents do you suppose would be given if everybody didn't feel it was expected and that they would get something in return? The whole darn thing is a mutual hold-up game, in which nobody gets what he wants!"

A Bachelor's Reflections.

A man is always willing to tell his wife everything he did since morning when he was in the office all day.

If the house caught on fire a woman couldn't stop telephoning her best friend about the baby was trying to say.

When a girl tells a man how her mother tells her she used to act when she was a baby she considers it makes them as good as engaged.—New York Press.

HE SEEN HIS DOGGY AN HE DONE IT.

OLD HANK HADN'T HEARD FROM HIS SON THE SIGN PAINTER IN OVER A YEAR HERE AT LAST WAS A LETTER FROM HIM NERVOUSLY TEARING OPEN THE EPISTLE HE ADJUSTED HIS CHEATERS AND READ DEAR JOHN SUPPOSE THAT WE WERE BROKE WITH NOT A FRIEND TO GREET US, SUPPOSE WE WENT INTO A BAR, NOW TELL ME WOULD GASTRITIS ? NEVER DARKEN MY DOORWAY AGAIN !!

IT WAS AT THE PASSPORT MASS MEETING AT LITERARY HALL THE UNITED STATES MUST DEMAND PASSPORTS FOR MOJCOV AND HEGENISCH OLD JUDGE ONIGHT MEMBERED TO THE PLATFORM UNFOLDING A LARGE WAD OF CHEATERS AND IN A LOUD RASPING VOICE SAID. IF A MAN TRAVELLED INTO THE DEPTHS OF RUSSIA WOULD YOU SAY THAT HE WAS FOREIGN ?

OH I'M WORKING IN A BARBER SHOP GEE A THEE I DON'T GO TO WORK TILL 6

THEN I SWEEP UP, PUT OUT THE TOWELS, OIL THE HAIR, FIX THE LEAK IN WASHBAM - START THE ELECTRICAL POLE WORKING, JUNE SHOE! DUST OFF CUSTOMERS

J SWEEP OUT LOUSE HAIR - GET THE TAPER, ANSWER THE PHONE THEN AFTER LOOKING UP I PAINT THE WOOD WERE AND FIX UP BROKEN PLASTER. I'M ALL DONE BY 11

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

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Dinkelspiel's Dictatorials

By GEORGE V. HOBART.

Der road to der city of Success is filled mit cripples dot get t'rowdown.

Der man dot burns der candle at both ends vill get a gas bill for it, just der same.

Some young mens start out to play der prodigal son und come home playing der fat-headed calf.

Some vimmen chump at conclusions der same way dey chump off a street car, vica is backwards.

Eferydyng comes to dem dot vays, mit der egeception of der particular t'ing dey vas valting for.

Money talks a lot of foolishness to dem dot listen hard.

Eggsperience is der school ve go through ven ve play truant mit ourselves.

Some mens can make a dollar go a long, long vays, but nefer can dey buy an admission ticket to heafen mit it.

A voman dot can wear tight shoes und a loose smille at der same simultaneous moment must haf a sweet disposition.

Und I set to Spiegel: "Dare vas a siffer lining to efery cloud, but you can't proof it by looking at some of der clouds!" Und Spiegel set, "Sure!"

D. DINKELSPIEL.

The Cold, Gray Dawn of the Morning After

BY NELL BRINKLEY

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