



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY AND THE BOYS MEET SOME CHICRENS

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By Tad



Married Life the Second Year

Helen Loses a Ten-Dollar Bill and Dreads to Tell Warren About It.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Helen took off her coat and put it with her handbag and bundles on a chair beside her. Then she drew off her gloves, untied her veil and leaned back with a sigh of relief. She was tired, very tired.

It was the last day of her Christmas shopping. She had started out at ten this morning. Now it was almost two, and she had come up to the restaurant on the top floor of the big department store for a light luncheon and a few moments' rest.

The place was crowded. Everybody looked tired and everybody had a bundle. The waitress scribbled off a check for thirty cents and hurried on.

Helen sipped at the broth slowly. It was interesting to watch the women—and they were all women. In the whole of that huge lunch room there were hardly half a dozen men. And what tired, worried, unattractive-looking women!

Instinctively Helen drew out her pocket mirror, smoothed her hair and rubbed a leaf from a powder book over her face. There was nothing that made her more uncomfortable than a feeling of untidiness and a consciousness of a bad nose. She was not rested, she would have liked to linger longer over the tea, but there were still many small things to be bought and it took so long now to get waited on. Slowly she drew on her gloves and gathered up her packages.

When she opened her purse to pay the check, she suddenly discovered the instead of having a ten-dollar bill and some change—she had only the change!

With a sick sinking at her heart she searched breathlessly through her purse, handbag, muff and under the table. Again she searched through her purse, handbag, muff and under the table—but still no bill! Womanlike, she was futtily repeating this same process for the third time, when the waitress came up.

"Lost anything, ma'am?" "Oh," excitedly, "I've dropped a ten-dollar bill somewhere! I don't know where."

"Did you have it here, ma'am?" "I don't know where I had it. I only know I started out with fifteen dollars—a ten-dollar bill and five ones—and I've only spent the five."

And again Helen began her nervous search through her purse, handbag, etc. It is a curious fact that when a woman loses anything she will search over and over again in the same places and in the same way.

Now the head waitress came up with perfumery sympathy, and a perfunctory moving back of chairs and looking under the table.

With a last lingering look about, Helen went down to make inquiries at the lost and found department. And yet she felt the hopelessness of finding it there.

"No ten-dollar bills been turned in here," said the man at the desk, with a note of amused tolerance in his voice that any should expect there would be.

It was all she could do to manage before, and—oh, it was not fair that this should have happened now. A sense of bitter resentment possessed her.

If only she could put it out of her mind. She had so much work, so much planning to do the few days that remained before Christmas—and she knew this loss would be constantly in her thoughts.

She remembered having heard some one say that when one lost a dollar they usually spend ten dollars' worth of time in worrying about it. That it was not the actual loss that counted so much, but all that was "thrown after it" in worry. And Helen realized this was what she was doing now, and would do—and that she could not help it.

Then suddenly she found that she had gone four blocks beyond her street. Clutching her packages she left the car and hurried back almost ready to cry with vexation. And then as she waited to cross the street, a taxicab whizzed by so deliberately close to her that it almost brushed her dress. As she jumped back, the driver grinned maliciously and sped on.

This is a common occurrence that tends to irritate any one, however benign their mood, and just now it made Helen furious. With an indignant glance after the speeding machine she hurried across to be almost run over by another car, which whirled unexpectedly around the corner with a startling, frenzied snort.

The final straw came when she reached home and threw her packages on the couch. One was missing! Oh, what else was going to happen on this dreadful day! It was only a 20-cent pair of woolen gloves for the laundress, probably left on the car in her hurry—but it was just that much more. That was only one of the things "thrown after" the \$10 through needless worry.

When Warren came home, she looked to tell him. It would be such a comfort could she be sure of his sympathy. But she knew he would only make some sarcastic remarks about her carelessness—he was always doing that.

"What's gone wrong today?" he asked, as he crumbled a cracker in his soup.

"Why, nothing, dear—I'm just tired. I've been shopping all day, you know."

"All through now?" "Not quite," hesitatingly, wondering desperately how she could get through without that money.

"Love, this soup's hot!" taking a hasty drink of water.

"Why, I thought you always wanted it hot, dear," glad to change the subject.

"Hot, yes—but not scalding!" And so for the time the conversation was steered into safer channels.

Nubs of Knowledge

- Peevishness is resentment excited by trifles.
Counsel is irksome when the matter is past remedy.
It is more useful to fly from yourself than from a lion.
Trees are carried away by the flood, while rushes remain.
Mischiefs come by the pound and go away by the ounce.
Would you know secrets search for them in grief or pleasure.

OH, WASN'T SHE FOOLISH!

By Tad

The National Bird

By FRANCIS L. GARSIDE.

If the nation at this time of the year were asked to name the national bird, the men, with sharp axes in hand, and the women, armed with roasting pans, would vote with one breath in favor of the turkey.

Less than eight months later, so fickle is popularity, they would declare with patriotic whoops and fire cracker enthusiasm that it is the American eagle.

The popularity of both the turkey and the eagle is as short-lived as the fire-cracker that goes up with a loud noise and comes down busted, compared with the steadily increasing popularity of that much derided bird, the hen.

No one yet has had appreciation enough to name a day in the calendar either for whooping about the hen as a glorious emblem of liberty or calling families in reunion to offer thanks over her un-comfortably stuffed carcass. She is taken as a matter of course; her contributions to the family larder, her steadily increasing share in the assets of the nation, her faithfulness, her strict attention to her own business, a business that means money and comforts for all who own her, are accepted without any more comment or thanks than the rising of the sun.

From her hour of early rising till her hours of retirement she is busy every moment attending to her own affairs, yet the emblem of a gossiping, meddlesome person is "an old hen!"

If a woman wishes to see how she looks on a windy day, her attention is called to the hen. With every feather in place on every other occasion, and an example of neatness, the hen on a windy day looks as if she had dressed without stopping to pin on her clothes.

She is plainly irritated, and with every feather blowing the wrong way looks like a woman caught out in the wind with her skirts whirling about her head and mad enough to bite nails. She looks as if she had dressed to run to a fire, and yet, with her feathered petticoats and ruffles blowing the wrong way, she is steadfastly going about her own business, either on her way to lay an egg, or to scratch for a worm.

No sculptor has ever had such an appreciation of her most conspicuous quality that he carved out of marble a hen sitting on her eggs as an emblem of Patience, but what is a more notable example of this rarest of virtues?

She has a patience that is never paraded; she sits on her eggs day after day, and never once, though waiting away to feathers and bones, does she assume the air of a martyr. If the rooster sat on an egg three minutes he would crow a week for a martyr's crown.

The maternal instinct, the saving grace of humanity, is more largely developed in the hen than in any other living creature.

She steals a nest in her feverish desire to become a mother, and when her nest is stolen from her she has been known in the excess of maternal instinct to sit for weeks and weeks on a doorknob. What hopes, what longings, what dreams of fluffy offspring fill her breast as she sits day after day on a doorknob, none of the human beings with ice water in their veins, who wring her neck to cure her, can comprehend!

When she finds a worm she calls her little brood to share it. Unlike the rooster; that strutting pride of the barnyard calls all the hens around him when he finds a worm that they may watch him swallow it!

She is domestic to a tragic extreme. No matter how poor and wretched her home may be, nor how strong the probability that she will be caught by the legs and have her head cut off for a stew, the hen always goes home to roost.

A perfect mother in her devotion to her children, the Lord built her on such economic lines that she as an advantage mother of children do not have. When she wakes up on a cold night, she doesn't have to get up to see if her little offspring have kicked the covers off them.

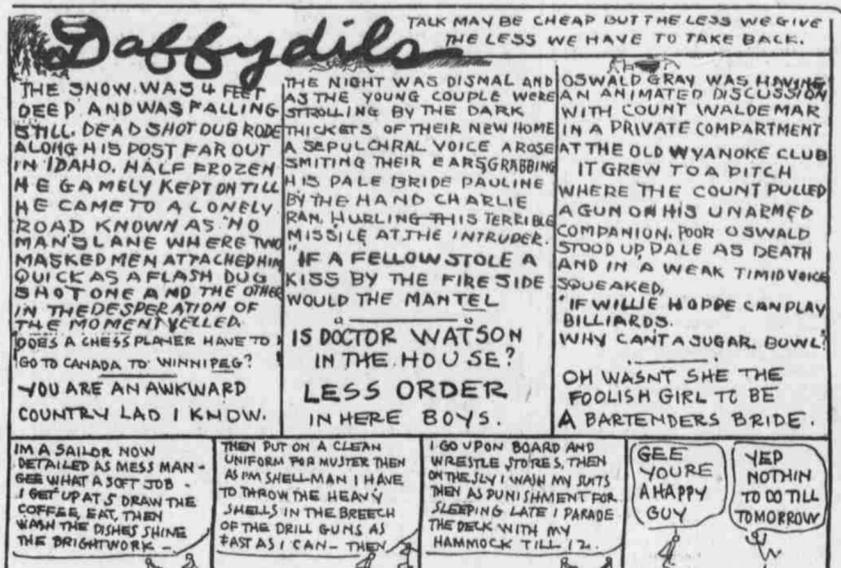
Perhaps it is this splendid maternal architecture that enables her to care for so many at once, and, in addition to her own hatch, there is put in her care the little motherless offspring of that orphan's home of the barnyard, the incubator, she only scratches the harder, and chucks the louder. She never complains.

There are no songs or orations about her, but the hen has done more for this country than the eagle and turkey combined. She is neat in her habits, something which cannot be said about the eagle; neither does she devote her time to flying high and screaming like that noble bird. She is easy to raise, something which cannot be said about that temperamental bird, the turkey. When out in the rain in her fluffy days, she runs for shelter; the young turkey holds up its head with its mouth open and drowns, being temperamental, which means having no sense.

In one state alone in the union—Kansas—the hen in 1909 contributed \$9,532,362 to the state products, and this record is equaled by many states, and led by some.

The most peaceful and law-abiding creature on earth, the most industrious, and the only one that has attained that feminine ambition of never showing her age, it is time to call a halt in the use of that term "Old Hen" as a mode of derision. The most serious charge that can be made against her is that she is harder to shoot out of a yard than a cow, and as a woman usually does the shooting, the hen can't be blamed for giving an attention that is somewhat distracted.

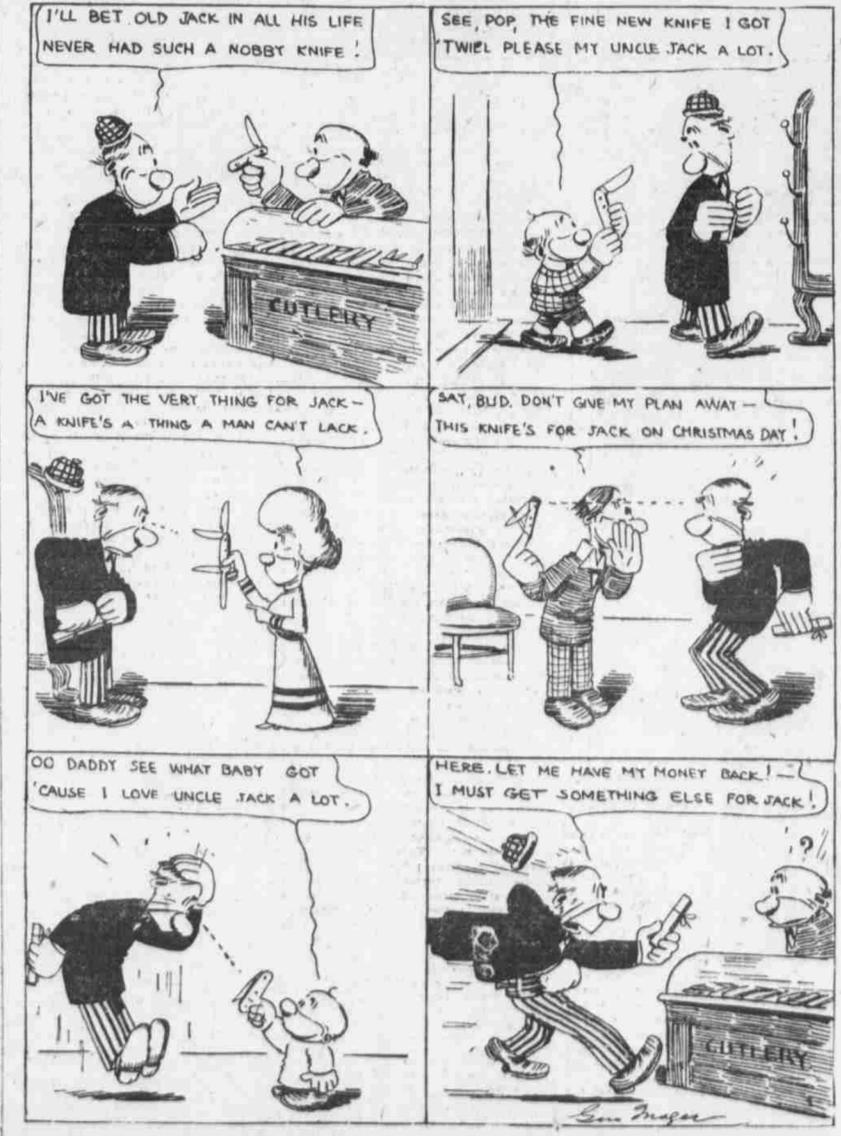
It is done to vote the hen the great national bird.



Rhymo the Monk

By GUS MAGER

He Buys Brother Jack an Appropriate Present



Holiday Hints

By FRANCIS L. GARSIDE.

Any one can receive Christmas gifts if he will put out bait.

A boy's idea of a proper Christmas gift is anything that will make a noise.

In giving to the head of the family don't give a pocketbook. There is no sarcasm more grim than a pocketbook on Christmas morning.

Up to the time the baby is two years of age it is permissible to cheat it and give it nothing.

Notice to mothers: An orange in the toe of a stocking is very filling, and a grapefruit more so.

It is giving thanks. "It is just what I wanted" is the time-honored mode of expressing gratitude at Christmas.

Don't you wish you were 5, and the longing of your heart could go into a Christmas stocking? And since you are not 5, but have a heaven-sent memory of the day when you were, don't you intend to lessen by your contributions the tragedy the empty stocking means to the children of the poor?

Pithy Points

- Learn not, and know not.
Think of ease, but work on.
Do good, and then do it again.
The market is the best garden.
After a gatherer comes a scatterer.
Manners and money make a gentleman.
To a crazy ship all winds are contrary.
He that shoots always right forfeits his arrow.
Hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper.
Little dogs start the hare, but great ones catch it.
What we laugh at now we are often obliged to follow.
Perfection consists of trifles, though perfection is no trifle.