



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS TILL THE WELL RUNS DRY

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By Tad



## Married Life the Third Year

Helen's Letter to Warren is Interrupted by a Call from His Sister, Carrie.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Warren had been gone five days now and each night Helen had written him a diary letter. Just before she went to bed she would write an account of the day's happenings, trivial or commonplace though they were.

She had received only two letters from him so far. The first, just a short note from New York, Buffalo, and a longer letter from Chicago. The letter, in the terse telegraphic style in which Warren always wrote, was before her now.



Chicago, Jan. 11. "Dear Helen: Arrived here at 11:30. Train was half an hour late. I went straight to Kohn & Rogers' offices. But Rogers was out of town. Won't be back till tomorrow. Will have to wait over to see him. Don't like to lose this day, but suppose it can't be helped.

Cold as blazes here. And windy. Joy, a "fright" "fall" all the time. Been seeing some of the town this afternoon. Looked up Jack Cartright and he took me to his home for dinner. He has a nice little wife and a couple of youngsters. Seems to be doing well out here.

Well, I must go to bed. Got a hard day before me tomorrow. This is a pretty cheerless hotel room. Bed, bureau, washstand, card of regulations on back of door—you know the type. And it's cold as Greenland. Two pipes of the radiator are lukewarm and the rest stone cold. When you try to turn on more heat it only sputters. Glad you put that sweater in. Couldn't sit in this room without it.

Some fellows are playing poker in the next room. Can hear the click of chips. Drummers. This is a commercial hotel, full of traveling men. Well, good-night. Take care of yourself and Winifred.

As ever, WARREN. Although Helen knew every word in this she read it over once more. Then drew the paper and ink toward her and began her daily letter.

Monday Evening, Dear: Your letter from Chicago came this morning, and oh, I was so glad to hear. Was so sorry you missed Mr. Rogers and had to stay over. I can see that cheerless little hotel room and can't bear to think of you staying all night in such places. But, of course, it will not be so cold in California, and as you will be there longer you will arrange for better accommodations.

Mrs. Stevens called this afternoon and took me out in her car for a little drive. I suppose it was good for me to get out and yet I haven't much heart for anything now while you're away. With the exception of the dinner at which I chaperoned Alice Brooks, this is the only time I've been anywhere since you left.

This morning I cleaned out your closet, took all the things down, washed the shelves and put on fresh paper. I found that pair of old fur-lined gloves you were looking for. I wish you had them with you now. But they were pretty much worn, so you had better get a new pair if you need them, as these will last only a little while.

I am wondering if that underwear you have with you is heavy enough. Perhaps you had better get some if you're going to be in poorly heated hotels. And that rough gray suit is heavier than the other one. I hope you wore that the day you were in Chicago.

Do take care of yourself, dear, and if you feel that you're getting a cold be sure to take some of your cough medicine. You have a bottle with you, and if that isn't enough you have the prescription. It's in that box with your papers.

Winifred is well. You ought to have seen her playing with the kitten this evening. She had it in her arms rocking back and forth, just as I rock her. I'm always afraid it will scratch her, although it seems to let her do almost anything she wants to with it.

I forgot to tell you that the man came to fix the kitchen sink Saturday. And the telephone bill came today—\$12. Isn't that rather high? I'm sure we didn't have that many calls. Don't you think— But just here the phone rang, making Helen start and blot the paper. "Mr. and Mrs. Edwards are calling," announced the old-time boy.

Carrie and her husband. And they so rarely called. "Ask them to come up," putting up the receiver and hurrying in to smooth her hair, and then back to the sitting room to straighten things around.

What was bringing them this evening? Occasionally Carrie called in the afternoon, but Helen couldn't remember when they had even come in the evening. She ran to answer the door bell.

"I guess this is a surprise," said Carrie. "But we were in the neighborhood and I told Lawrence we ought to come over and see you for a moment."

"Why, I'm so glad you did. Here, Lawrence, take this chair. Roy, here's a nice little stool for you. Let me take your things, Carrie."

"Oh, no, we're only going to stay a moment. Roy should be in bed now. Have you heard from Warren?"

"Yes, I got a letter from Chicago today. He had to stay there over night to see Mr. Rogers."

"How's Winifred?" asked Lawrence. "Oh, she's well, she's asleep now or I'd bring her in."

"Oh, no, don't awaken her. Come here, Roy. What are you doing?" Roy was on his knees trying to get Pussy Purrmew from under the couch.

Although Carrie had been much more friendly and gracious since the final Christmas incident, still Helen was never quite comfortable when with her. She felt her critical gaze was everywhere and that she was making mental notes for future comment.

"Oh, Roy, don't play so roughly with the kitten," warned Helen, as she saw Pussy Purrmew struggling to get out of his grasp. "Oh, don't, you'll hurt her!"

"Oh, cats aren't easily hurt," said Carrie, complacently, watching Pussy Purrmew's struggle unmoved. "Roy was on his knees trying to get Pussy Purrmew from under the couch."

"Oh, don't, don't! Roy! You mustn't pinch her tail!" But just as Helen started forward to rescue it, the kitten, with a little hiss, gave Roy a sharp scratch on the hand.

He immediately set up a howl while the kitten flew into the next room. "Oh, that vicious cat!" cried Carrie, excitedly, taking Roy in her arms, who only howled the louder. "Why do you keep such an ill-tempered animal!"

"Why Pussy Purrmew isn't ill-tempered," said Helen, secretly glad that Roy had for once gotten what he deserved. "Any kitten will scratch if it's tormented."

"Tormented?" angrily, "Roy was only playing with it. He wouldn't torment anything. It's a nasty, vicious cat! You should get rid of it at once! I'll tell Warren so when he comes back."

"Now, Carrie," said Lawrence soothingly, "perhaps Roy was a bit rough." But Carrie was not to be pacified. She was thoroughly incensed, not only because Roy had been scratched, but at what she felt was Helen's indifference.

"You mustn't mind Carrie," murmured Lawrence, apologetically, as they were leaving. "She always gets nervous when Roy cries."

"I'm not nervous at all," said Carrie jolly overhearing him, "but naturally I don't like to have Roy bitten by a vicious cat."

When they had gone Helen went back to her letter. The old feeling of antagonism which Carrie almost always aroused in her was very strong. She wondered why they were so antagonistic—why Carrie could never call without something unpleasant happening?

Her first impulse was to write Warren an account of the call. Carrie and Lawrence have just been here, she wrote. And something unpleasant had to happen—it seems that it always does when she comes. Roy was tormenting Pussy Purrmew and she scratched him—very justly, I thought. But Carrie was furious, she said—

Here Helen paused. Why was she writing this to Warren? What was to be gained by reciting an unpleasant incident? She tore up this page and wrote again.

"Carrie and Lawrence have just been here. They were in the neighborhood and came in to see how I was getting along. They asked after you and sent their love. I am marking off another day on the calendar—six days now, but it seems a month. I try to keep very busy so I will not miss you too much. Tomorrow I'm going to clean out the pantry—those top shelves are dreadful. Della has a way of putting everything up there. Then Wednesday I want to take down the dining-room curtains. The laundry almost ruined them last time and now I'm going to help Della do them up here."

## Horace, the Jig is Up!

By Tad

**Daddydills** MONEY MAKES THE MARE GO BUT THE SKAG I BET ON WOULDN'T HAVE CARED IF I BET A MILLION.

**ALF REBSLING THE VILLAGE PEST WAS STANDING OUTSIDE OF MCANN'S GROCERY STORE SMOKING WHEN A MAN WITH A TEN DAY OLD BRUSH ON HIS CHIN RODE UP IN A BUGGY AND HANDING ALF A BIG BUNDLE GALLOPED AWAY WHILE INSPECTING THE BUNDLE ALF SAW THIS ON THE TAG.**

**IF THE DRINKER KISS A PEACH WOULD THE LEMON SQUEEZER HORACE! THE JIG IS UP TOMKINS HAS CONFESSED YOU HAVE SAID ENOUGH**

**DUTCH SCHMITT WAS KNOWN ALL OVER NORTH BEACH AS THE CHAMPION SWIMMER. DUTCH WAS DOING SOME FANCY STUNTS BY THE RAFT WHEN A CRY FOR HELP WAS HEARD. SWIMMING OUT FIFTY YARDS MORE HE FOUND AN OLD MAID FIGHTING DESPERATELY FOR LIFE. MAKING ONE FINAL GRAB AT SCHMITT SHE GORGLED.**

**IF THE RAILROAD SCALES WERE BROKEN WOULD THE SUBWAY HAVE A CABE ROSCOE ARLINGTON**

**ZOUNDS! WATSON THEY HAVE POISONED THE BLOODHOUNDS**

**I GOT A SWEET JOB NOW FRITZ. I'M A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR AT LINDS AND BAGGINS. I DON'T RETURN TILL 7. THEN I SWEEP UP AND OUT THE PLACE IN ORDER.**

**WHEN WIRE THE NIGHT BUREAU GOSSIP, THEN I QUOTE 3 MARKETS AND SEND THEM TO GO OVER. 600 ORDERS A DAY. IN MY IDLE TIME I RUN IN MESSAGES AND GOSSIP AFTER THE CLOSE. I CONFIRM REPORTS.**

**OPEN ORDERS THEN GRAB EATS AT THE DIRTY SPOON THEN STRIKE THE WIRE GOING WITH MAIL BUSINESS. I'M ALWAYS DONE BY 10 AT NIGHT—HURRY A TERRIBLE PIPE**

**GEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY GEORGE.**

**YEP NOTHING TO DOLL TOMORROW**

## Sherlocko the Monk

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### The Adventure of the Borrowed Ladder



## The Old Man Eloquent

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

January 24, 1842.

It was exactly seventy years ago today—January 24, 1842—that John Quincy Adams, ex-president of the United States and member of congress from Massachusetts, presented a petition to the house from certain citizens of Haverhill, praying that the Union be dissolved.



For this the attempt was made to induce the house to fix censure upon him, Gilmer and Wise of Virginia and Marshall of Kentucky, all men of acknowledged ability, being the prime movers of the business.

Gilmer introduced his resolution of censure, which, being privileged under the rules, took precedence of all other questions and had to be considered immediately. After Gilmer's impassioned speech to his resolution, Marshall arose to amend the resolution so as to make it declare that Adams deserved expulsion, at the same time supporting the motion in a speech of wonderful ability and eloquence.

Adams replied immediately, and scarcely was Adams off his feet before Wise, his eyes like balls of fire, his thin nostrils distended to the utmost, making him look like a thoroughbred racer purred by whip and spur, sprang into the arena. Wise spoke until, from physical exhaustion, he was obliged to quit, and the House adjourned, spoke for two hours the following day.

Before Wise's words had fairly ceased to echo the "Old Man Eloquent" was

after him. Looking Wise squarely in the eye, Adams said: "Four or five years ago there was a man put upon his trial before this house for murder, who came into it with his hands and face stained with the blood of a fellow member, the blotches of which are still upon his countenance"—alluding to the Graves-Cillyer duel.

In a flash Marshall was on his feet, to defend Wise and himself, for he, too, had received a thrust from the old man's lance. For hours Marshall thundered away, magnificently eloquent, and was followed by Wise and Gilmer, who added their hot thunderbolts to those that had been hurled by the great Kentuckian.

While every eye was fixed on Adams, the extraordinary old man arose and began to reply to his adversaries. He spoke for three days, and on the seventh day of the great trial, realizing that his work was over and that his triumph was accomplished, he slowly said: "I am ready to go on, if necessary, but for myself I am satisfied." Not a word was spoken. A few moments of deep silence followed, and a motion to lay the resolution of censure upon the table was immediately carried and the trial was over.

Adams sat for a little while like a statue; and then, rising and glancing over the house, quietly said: "I have two other petitions like that I introduced a few days ago—one from New York and the other from Pennsylvania—but owing to the condition in which things now stand I prefer to reserve them for a future occasion."

"And there he stood," says an eyewitness, "weak from age, and physical infirmity, but strong as a giant in the mastery of his courage—as completely invulnerable of the battlefield as the Iron Duke was at Waterloo."

## The Manicure Lady

"The world moves on in the lather time, don't it George?" said the Manicure Lady.

"Where did you read that?" asked the Head Barber.

"It was in a poem which was written by Langdon Smith," replied the Manicure Lady. "It was one of the grandest poems which I have ever read. It began 'when you were a tadpole and I was a fish.' I always like to pick my conversation from the works of their great masters."

"I always thought your talk sounded kind of artificial," said the Head Barber. "It is like the lines of a Broadway musical show—every line of it reminds you of a line of which you have read somewhere."

"You don't say so," sneered the Manicure Lady. "Well, I don't like to argue much with a poor sinner, but if you want to know it every line that you speak reminds me of a line that should never have been spoke at all. And the next time, George, that you try to call me for the way I talk, I am willing and able to walk out of the shop and be a regular striker, like Orlis McManigal or whatever his name was."

"Well, well," said the Head Barber. "What about it all? What if the world does move on?"

"I was thinking about them new dances," said the Manicure Lady. "I was thinking about how so many people say the world is getting so much better. The way I came to mention it at all, George, I was thinking about a dance that brother Wilfred took me and Mayme to last night. It was supposed to be a swell affair, because Wilfred got the tickets from the owner of the Flour and Feed Gazette, that old trade paper that I used to tell you about in the days when Wilfred started working there. Wilfred explained that the owner was one of the swells, even if he had to write things about flour and feed. Of course, as Wilfred said a long time ago, blue blood and brass don't usually mix, any more than aristocracy and oats. But he said this particular old gent was a sure enough member of the old class society, so he told us to be sure to put on our best frocks and be sure to have them all booked up by the time he was back to the house with the dress suit he had to rest."

"Well, George, everything went all right up to a certain hour. Mayme and me looked our best, when ain't so bad by no means, and after Wilfred once got into the dress suit he rented he looked like a regular Beau Brummel, especially as the pants was kind of tight, like the kind Mister Brummel used to wear in them days."

"Wilfred had maced the old gent for a five spot, and the first sick he made in it was to hire a taxicab to the ball. We could have went there quicker in the subway, because the station was right at the door, but Wilfred said a good beginning was everything."

"All the way to the dance he kept telling us to be sure and remember that we was mingling with real class, and he

kept urging us to try and copy their manners. Me and Mayme always thought our manners was good enough, and we never figured that swell folks had anything on us, and now we know it. Say, George, alongside of them me and Mayme was an goodie goodie as a bunch of young Quakers."

"Say, George, them folks which Wilfred has been telling us so much about—they swells that he always touted us hard—they was dancing a dance called the Turkey Trot."

"Was they dancing it?" inquired the Head Barber. "Did you and your sister dance it?"

"No, George," said the Manicure Lady, solemnly, "not that night or ever. Me and Mayme just sat back and was two little wallflowers. Maybe our manners ain't perfect, George, but our morals is hating over 'em."

## Snow in the City

By CHESTER FIRKINS.

On prairie waste or mountain peak The snow lies desolate and bleak—Grand, yet repellent as the sea—A menace in its mystery.

The flake soft swaying on the branch May join the fearful avalanche; And silent smite fields encrest The deadly blizzard's icy dust.

But on the city's blackened walls The snow with kinder magic falls. There the wild storm hosts pitch their tents In beauty and beneficence.

The rough, gray world that grimly lay Beneath the dusk of yesterday Glimmers through the glory of the morn In hallowed purity reborn.

The fences 'round the flat-house pile Are white-plumed guards in shining file; The clothes lines in their humble place Have grown into Venetian lace.

The postman down the street draws near, Hair-bearded as majestic Lear, And crowds that scurry through the cold Are haloed-elf like the saints of old.

There is a Spirit in the snow That only city folk may know; For something of its healing art, That soothes the stone, can save the heart.

Cloaked in a purer garb we find The rougher contours of the mind. To enskined Earth the snow may be The surplice of divinity.

Why His Speech Was a Failure. "When I rose to speak, it was so still in the hall you could have heard a pin drop." "Yes." "Well, I stood there for a moment, looking out over the audience and framing my first sentence, and I am sure that I should have been able to get along all right, but, just before I had got ready to utter my first word, some fool in the back end of the hall yelled 'Thunder!' Judge's Library."