# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT — Judge Rumhauser Rebukes an Officer of the Law — By Tad

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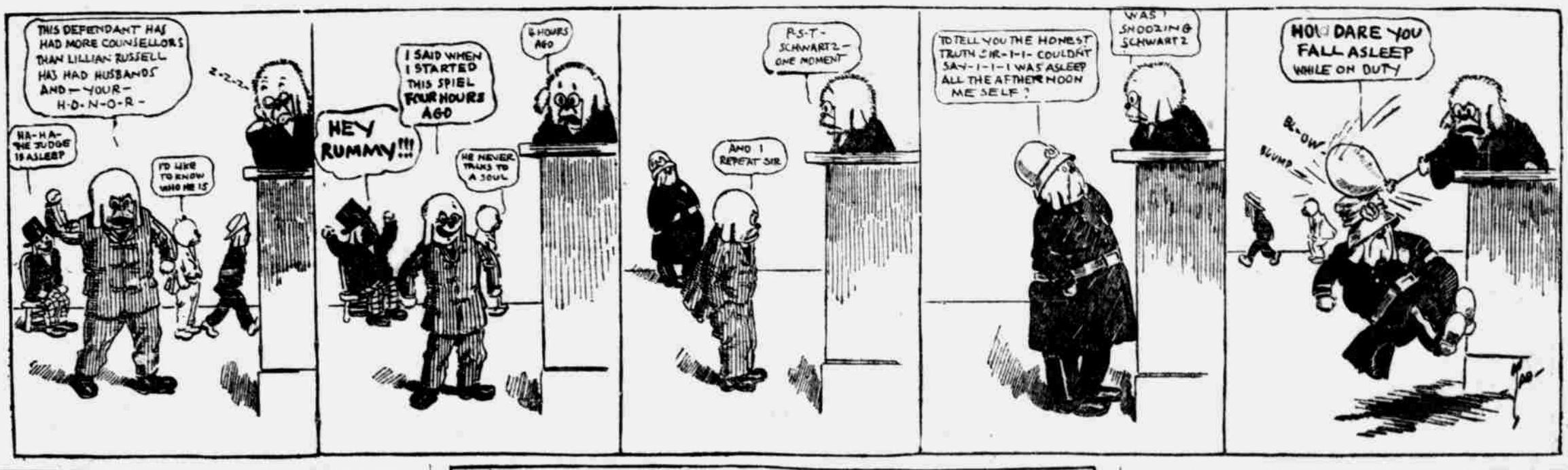


## Married Life the Third Year

### Helen is So Hurt by Warren's Letter that She Returns the Check He Sends

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"The mail, ma'am," said Della, coming back from the door.

Helen took the two letters and the post card. One was from Warren—a thicker envelope than usual. It was the first letter she had received from him since his curt telegram saying he was returning the check—and that it was "no time for heroics."

Quickly she tore it open and the check fluttered to the floor.

Dear Helen—For Heaven's sake try to have some common sense. Why can't a man tell his wife that expenses must be cut down, and ask her to make the check he is sending go as far as she can? What was there about that to make you get up on your hind legs and paw the air?

You prate a lot about having "tried so hard to be economical!" Well, what of it? The wife of a man in my position is supposed to be economical—isn't she? And I didn't say you hadn't been. What I did say—and what I say right here again is that we've got to cut down somewhere. But what's in that to make you hysterical?

And your letter about "earning money" yourself, and paying your "share of the expenses" was a lot of rot. I didn't say anything about wanting you to work—did I? You've got your job right there tending to the house and Winifred. What you need is more common sense and less hysteria. That's what you've always needed. You're constantly going off at some wild tangent about some blooming thing or other.

And this last fool idea of yours about "working." You couldn't make enough to earn your salt. Now get all such nonsense out of your head. As I wired you, this is no time for heroics.

By George! If I was marrying again I'd be mighty darn certain that the woman had one thing—common sense. But it's a quality most women have precious little of—and you've none at all.

Now I've got all I can handle out here, without being bothered with any more hysterical melodramatic letters from you. Didn't even read all the last one. Got far enough to know that you'd sent the check back because you went up in the air at what I said about cutting down expenses, and about my not being able to take up an offer out here because of you and Winifred.

Now I never said anything about you being an "unwelcome burden." You're always putting words in my mouth. I'll wager you got that phrase out of some fool novel. What I did say was that I couldn't take any chances. Few married men can. If I was alone I'd go into this Benington deal so quick it'd make your head swim. But what of it? Just because I made a statement of facts was no reason for you to fly off the handle.

Now I'm returning the check, and I say again, make it go as far as you can. And I'll say, too, just what I said before that I've got a devilish lot of expenses out here and we've got to cut down somewhere. Now mull this over.

As for coming home, I told you all along I couldn't tell when I'd come. I've got to put this thing through and I'm going to stay till I do. In the meantime you keep things going there as well and as economically as you can. That's your job. And to do it well is a darn sight better than a lot of hot air about "being independent." Yours, etc., WARREN.

Just as Helen finished reading this Della came to the door.

"Does you want me to iron that dress of Winifred's now, or will I clean the silver first?"

Helen looked at her vacantly. "Oh yes—yes, you'd better do that," she answered mechanically, not knowing what Della had said.

And Della went back to her work wondering what was in the letter to bring that look to Helen's face.

Left along again Helen crushed the letter in her hand. Sometimes in the most intense moments an absurd thought will flash through the mind, and so now the thought came to Helen that Warren would call that "melodramatic." In novels and on the stage they always "crush the letter." So she smoothed it out with a harsh laugh which sounded curiously strange and artificial in the still room. And that, too, was melodramatic, she thought—they always laugh harshly." Oh, why should she think of such things now?

She stooped and picked up the check from the floor where it had fallen. She has sent back the other one. But she dare not send back this. She needed it too desperately. Della had to be paid tomorrow and the milk and ice bill were both overdue.

A sickening sense of her helplessness possessed her. She must accept this check and the letter that came with it—each word of which was a lash to her pride and self-respect. Warren had written her many curt letters—but never before one like this. It seemed almost as though he had worded it with the deliberate purpose of humiliating her as much as he could.

Was this the fate of other wives? Must they endure such humiliation simply because they were dependent upon their husbands for their support and the support of their child? Did many men take such brutal advantage of this dependence as to write such a letter?

And Helen knew she must answer this letter. She must acknowledge the money and the letter with it. And she would answer it now. To wait would only make it harder.

"Shall I warm up that creamed chipped beef for your lunch, ma'am?" asked Della, again coming to the door.

"I don't want any lunch today, Della. And don't interrupt me for a while now—I've some letters to write."

When Della had gone out grumbling that "people should eat their meals," Helen sat down at the desk and wrote.

Dear Warren—It isn't good for either of us for you to write me a letter like this. It is never good for any one to be humiliated as much as this humiliated me. Such a feeling can't make for happiness. I don't say it has killed my love for you—it seems nothing can do that. But anything could—it would be this.

The check I must keep because I need it so desperately. You probably knew it or you wouldn't have sent with it such a letter. And you are probably right in saying that I couldn't earn my salt. That may be true now—but, Warren, it won't be true long. I am going to learn how to do something by which, if need be, I can support myself and Winifred.

Even if I never have to do it, the knowledge that I can will not only restore my self-respect, but will make you respect me more. You would not have written such a letter had I not been wholly dependent upon you. For you know me well enough to know that if there was anything I could do—I would not accept this check.

Possibly you may call this letter "more heroics," but I think you will find it is something even more than that. And in the meantime, Warren, don't write me another letter like this one. I will take a great deal from you—I think the past has shown that. But there is a limit to what the most abject woman will endure from the man she loves—so don't make it too hard.

Winifred is well and I am running things here on just as little money as I possibly can. I am working at my "job," as you delicately expressed it, and I shall not neglect it, but from now on I am going to prepare myself in some way to be self-supporting. And I know that with determination and untiring courage—any woman can learn to do that.

HELEN.

## TWAIN'S OUTBURST OF PROFANITY RIVAL BAND

Among the Virginia City Enterprise compositors was one by the name of Stephen E. Gillis ("Steve," of course—one of the "fighting Gillises"), a small, fearless young fellow, handsome, quick of wit, with eyes like needle points.

Clemens was fond of Steve Gillis from the first. The two became closely associated in time, and were always bosom friends; but Steve was a merciless joker, and never as long as they were together could he "resist the temptation of making Sam swear," claiming that his profanity was grander than any music.

Led by Steve Gillis, the Enterprise force used to devise tricks to set him going. One of these was to hide articles from his desk. He detested the work necessary to the care of a lamp and wrote by the light of a candle. To hide "Sam's candle" was a sure way to get prompt and vigorous return. He would look for it a little, then he would begin a slow circular walk—a habit acquired in pilothouse limitations—and his denunciation of the thieves was like a great orchestration.

Now, among his Virginia City acquaintances was a young minister, a Mr. Rising. Now and then he came to the office to call on him. Unfortunately he happened to step in just at the moment when, infuriated by the latest theft of his property, Samuel Clemens was engaged in his rotary denunciation of the criminals, obvious to every other circumstance. Mr. Rising stood spellbound by this, to him, new phase of genius, and at last his friend became dimly aware of him. He did not halt in his scathing treadmill and continued in the slow monotone of speech;

"I know, Mr. Rising, I know it's wicked to talk like this; I know it is wrong. I know I shall certainly go to hell for it. But if you had a candle, Mr. Rising, and those thieves should carry it off every night, I know that you would say, just as I say, Mr. Rising, may their impenitent souls roast for a million years."

"Maybe I should, Mr. Clemens," he replied, "but I should forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"Oh, well, if you put it on the ground that they are damned fools, that alters the case, as I am one of that class myself. Come in and we'll try to forgive them and forget about it."—Albert Bigelow Payne in Harper's.

## Daffydils

THE POOR SIMP HAD BROGIED FROM THE 26TH FLOOR AND LANDED RIGHT ON HIS DRUM. EVERYONE THOUGHT HE HAD BRENTHED HIS LAST. IN FACT THEY WERE OFFERING 2 TO 1 ON IT. HIS LIPS TWITCHED HE WAS MUMBLING SOMETHING IN DANISH. A COUNTRYMAN OF HIS RUSHED OVER, STUCK HIS LISTENER CLOSE JUST AS THE FALLEN MAN MUMBLED. IF THEY ADDED AN INCH TO THE 11 INCH MINUTE HAND ON THE TOWN CLOCK WOULD IT BE A FOOT?

ASK ANY DIVORCEE!!!

LUCKY LUKE THE PLAYBOY OF HIS HOME TOWN SAT SPRAWLING 'NEATH THE SHADE OF THE OLD CHESTNUT TREE. HE HAD NOTHING TO DO BUT LAMP THE ATMOSPHERE THROUGH HIS HALF CLOSED GLAMS AND WATCH THE LITTLE FLIES LIGHT ON HIS NOSE. SUDDENLY A BIG TOURING CAR WHIZZED UP THE PIKE AS IT PASSED OUR HERO, A VOICE FROM THE TONNEAU BARKED IF THE HUMBLE MOTORMAN IS STANDING IS THE CONCEITED

UP WITH THE NAPKINS BOYS HERE COMES THE SOUP.

DOWN THE MAIN STREET OF ROCKVILLE CENTER CAME THE FAMOUS COLORED BASE BALL TEAM KNOWN AS THE QUICKSTEPS. CAPT THORPE WITH A HIGH HAT WAS IN THE LEAD BRINGING THEM DOWN TO THE TOWN LOT. AH BUT THE CAPN WAS A PROUD SOUL. HOW HE THREW OUT HIS CHEST. MERCY HOW THE CROWD CHEERED. THEN AN URCHIN ON THE FENCE SQUEAKED LOUDLY. IF A MAN HAD A LIQUOR LICENSE COULD HE BEAT HIS WIFE

YOU CANT JUDGE A CHICKEN BY THE PARSLEY ROUND THE DISH.

SAY I'M OUT OF A JOB NOW BUT I HAVE A PIPE OF A TIME ALL DAY. I DONT GET UP TILL 6 A.M. THEN I GET ALL THE PAPERS AND READ THE ADS. I WRITE ABOUT 20 LETTERS

THEN GO ALONG THE LINE TO THE NEAREST PLACES THAT ADVERTISED BUT AM ALWAYS TOO LATE. THEN I RUN OVER TO THE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY BUT THERE'S NO JOB THERE.

THEN I GO TO FATHERS STORE AND HELP HIM TILL MIDNIGHT. THEN I WRITE A FEW LETTERS TO OUT OF TOWN HOUSES AND BY 2 I'M ALWAYS IN BED.

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

STRETCH

## Cooking Secrets of a Famous Chef — Coffee and Soup

BE THE SPECIAL CARE OF THE L "AFTER DINNER COFFEE SHOULD ADIES OF THE HOUSE."

By EMILE BAILLY.

It is strange that there should be so little really good coffee.

To a great extent bad coffee is due to carelessness in preparing it, though I admit that tastes differ, and as there are so many brands of coffee it is difficult to find the one which suits the taste. Since I have been here I have experimented with many hundreds of different kinds of coffee. To find one with a perfect flavor is always hard, but even the ordinary coffee, if it is well prepared, can be made delicious.

Of course there are many wonderful new fangled coffee pots with more labor and time-saving devices. A good cook can make coffee in any kind of a saucepan. They make wonderful coffee in the army, where the freshly roasted coffee is put into a pail, ground with the butt of a gun and then pure water poured on it and boiled up over the camp fire.

But since we are speaking of pots, there is one important thing which a chef does not have to think about because his utensils are cleaned by experts, but the ordinary housekeeper, whose maid is none too perfect, must remember that good coffee depends upon the cleanliness of the coffee pot.

For that reason I do not care for pots which cannot be thoroughly cleaned and which have crannies and crevices that retain tiny particles of the coffee despite the best of washing.

The coffee pot, too, must be very well ventilated when not in use. Cleanliness, a perfectly odorless pot, care in selecting your coffee, and pure water to pour over it, that is the secret of perfect coffee.

When the coffee is served at the table in a silver or metal pot, another possibility is added, for the odor of the silver or the taste of the metal will ruin the delicate flavor of the beverage unless it is absolutely clean and free as well from any trace of the cleansing powder and polish.

The after-dinner coffee should be the special care of the ladies of the house, and as no good dinner is quite complete without it, the coffee should be as nearly perfect as possible. For that reason the hostess should understand the workings of her percolator or pot, and the aroma which comes from it should gratify the sense of smell as well as the palate.

It takes positive talent to make bad coffee in some of the new pots which require only coffee, water and alcohol and a match, and do their work really without further guidance.

But freshly roasted and ground coffee will give an especially delicious flavor even to coffee that is already perfect.

One of the standbys of the French kitchen is French soup. The ideal of good King Henri IV was that every French family should be able to boil a chicken in their Sunday soup pot, and to a large extent that remains a sort of culinary tradition, yet the modern family do not rely on soup as they did in olden times as the mainstay of the meal, nor is the soup as good or as nutrious.

Many people who understand the art of eating leave soup entirely out of their bill of fare, yet when it is good and well made there is nothing more nutritious, wholesome, light, satisfying to the appetite and giving tone to the digestive organs.

When vegetables, macaroni, barley or other additions are made to a plain soup of beef steak it is called in French a potage.

POTAGE—FOR FOUR COVERS.

Six pounds of mutton bones, preferably of the leg or saddle.
One medium size carrot.
One medium size onion.
One-half laurel leaf.
Two branches of parsley and a little thyme.
Two grains of cloves.
Twenty-four grains of pepper.
Two soupspoonfuls of pearl barley.
Two soupspoonfuls of peas.
Half-pound mutton (meat of the leg without fat).

Put the bones in a casserole and brown them. Then add carrots and onions cut in quarters, brown them with the bones, bringing them to a rich brown color. Now add two and one-quarter quarts of soup stock, and the barley and peas and mutton. Put the celery, the laurel, parsley, thyme, cloves and pepper in a fine muslin cloth, tie it up and drop in the soup. Let it boil for four hours. Afterwards strain carefully, put it back on the fire, adding one soupspoonful of arrowroot.

Let it come to the boiling point. Add three spoonfuls of good Madeira wine and serve.

## Venus Unveiled

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Venus lost nothing of her coquetry when she was transformed from the circle of Olympus to the celestial spheres. In the character of a planet she is still the sly goddess, luring her admirers with charming deceptions and fascinating half-revelations.

Never since the invention of the telescope have astronomers been able to pentrate the "spangled starlight sheen" of the provoking veil which she drops over her face, and consequently the question is perpetually recurring: "How does she behave with regard to the sun—does she look him boldly and continually in the eye, or does she, after the manner of more frankly modest planets, turn round and round, thus escaping part of the time, the searing effects of his too ardent gaze?

For a quarter of a century, in consequence of the persistent assertions of Schiaparelli and Percival Lowell, the belief has been growing that Venus is totally unlike the earth in this respect, and that she has no such motion of rotation on an axis as is needed to afford the agreeable alteration of day and night. One side of the planet, say these observers, is perpetually burned by the sun, while the other side is continuously plunged into an endless night of unimaginable frigidity.

But lately the magic-working spectroscope has been applied, with unprecedented success, to the solution of the mystery of Venus, and at last it begins to look as if her veil has been lifted—by a sort of flank attack. The result, achieved by M. Bigourdan, the French astronomer, shows that Venus is almost as careful of her complexion as is her twin sister the earth, and that she turns round once about every thirty-five hours, so that her days and nights are something less than half as long again as ours. This reestablishes Venus at once as a possible abode of life resembling that of the earth.

Since this peculiar use of the spectroscope for solving otherwise unattackable problems is continually widening it is worth while to explain briefly how the thing is done. It depends upon the shifting of the spectral lines in the light of a heavenly body when that body is either approaching to or receding from the eye of the observer on the earth.

If a star is flying away its spectral lines are shifted toward the red end of the spectrum, while if it is approaching they are shifted toward the blue end. The same principle applies to the opposite edges of a rotating plane. It is only necessary, then, to place the spectroscope so that it will show only the light coming from, first, one edge, and then the other edge of the planet in order to see the rays shifted in one case toward the red and in the other case toward the blue, and by delicate measurement of the amount of shifting it is possible to determine the speed of the planet's rotation. This principle applied to the motions of the stars has in recent years revealed the most astonishing facts concerning the mobility of the constituent parts of the universe. The stars are flying about like the atoms of a gas moving not only across our line of sight, but toward and away from us.

## Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Pa took Ma & me to the ottomobeel show last nite, he sed that he knew everybody down thare & he wanted Ma to go with him & meet them.

Ma toald Pa that she dident see any reason why she shud go to a ottomobeel show. We are lucky to git by at all, sed Ma, doant see why you want to go & look at a lot of ottomobeels that I can nevver buy no matter how long I live.

Jest a minnit, sed Pa, I know what I'm deing & I want you to let me play my own sistem. I am going to fix it so that you & me & little Bobbie can have a nice long ride tonite, & all for nothing. Keep off, now, sed Pa, & doant worry me.

I cud see all the time that Ma dident want to go to the ottomobeel show, but she thot it was better, I guess, to be near Pa downtown than to be uptown & be far away from him, so we all went.

All the way down town in the Subway Pa was telling us how he had it fixed up for us to git a nice long ride. I will go about it this way, sed Pa. I will walk rite up to one of them big salesmen & I will say to him, "Well, I wish to purchase a car."

He wont believe you, sed Ma. Why not? sed Pa. Look at this swell young fur overcoat that I am wearing. Doesnt it make me look like yellow bills? P sed.

Oh, I doant know, sed Ma, you must bear in mind that thare is a lot of actors out of a job that has nice fur overcoats. I doant like the idee of it all, sed Ma, let us all go to the Hoppodrome insted. Thare we can see a nice show & it will please little Bobbie moar than a joy ride on a winter nite.

But Pa is Scotch, & wen he makes up his mind that he is going for to see a thing or do a thing, he is going to do it. So we went to the ottomobeel show, as I started out for to say at the beginning of this artikel.

The first man that Pa took Ma & me over to see was a fat man that was the salesman for one of the finest cars in the Garden. Pa shook hands with him & sed, This is my wife & my little child. Well, well, sed the fat man, you have quite a family. The fat man nevver looked at me, he was looking at Ma all the time.

You see, sed Pa to the fat man, I am thinking of buying one of yure cars. The only thing I am in doubt about, Pa sed, how the car will stand up in wintry weather. I was thinking you mite talk us out for a whirl.

I wud wit pleshur, sed the fat man, only I have no time. I will be glad to see you here any time. Come aggenn & bring yure family.

That is some fellow, sed Pa, some class. I dident like him vary much, sed Ma, he kept looking at me all the time kind of fresh. Lets go hoam.

No sed Pa. Pa went over to a other salesman & sed Here is my card, I am deestrous of purchasing a car. Fine, sed the man, I have been standing here for two days & I am dee-sirous of seeing sum good money. Pay me a thousand down & the car is yures beefoar I eeven look you up in Duns.

Then Ma started for to laff. You doant need to look my husband up in Duns, she sed to the man, he gits duns enuff. Cum lite of my life, sed Ma, let us ride hoam in Mister Belmont's ottomobeel.

So we dident git a ride hoam at all, excep in the Subway.

### Where is the Incubator?

A tall young man who carried a suit case hurried into Bellevue hospital a few nights ago and said to the doorman:

"Please show me where the baby incubator is, quick."

"We haven't any," said the dorman. "What's up."

"Got a baby in this suit case. Born half an hour ago. Doctor told me to bring it here. Little girl—a very little girl. Has to go in an incubator."

So, Bellevue hospital improvised one and the baby is still alive.—New York Sun.