

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

And the Judge Wears Swell Shoes at That

By Tad



## Married Life the Third Year

Helen Decides to Rent Her Spare Room and Answers an Advertisement.

By MABEL HERBERT URBAN.

"Wanted—A pleasant, well-lighted furnished room in private apartment by lady living alone. References. R. X. 274."

Three times Helen read this advertisement, then laid down the paper and gazed unseeing out the window.

"Why not? Why couldn't she? Why had she never thought of this before? The spare room was never used except as a sewing room. And now while Warren was away—why couldn't she take a roomer?"

What easier way could there be to help pay the expenses. And Warren's letters were so vague about when he would return. He might be gone a couple of months longer. Why shouldn't the room be rented during that time?

Again she took up the paper and reread the advertisement. Then she read several others, but they were all "gentlemen" or "bachelors" or "couples" who were seeking room. This was the only woman.

All that Helen thought of nothing else. Surely this was the solution of her eager desire, to make some money. Just what the room would be worth she did not know. She searched through the columns of "rooms to let" to get some idea, but the rates varied so she could not tell.

It was rather discouraging to find that there were so many "rooms to let" and so few "rooms wanted." But, womanlike, it was this point that finally decided her. The fact that it might be difficult to secure a roomer made it seem even more desirable.

After spooling several sheets of paper in vainly attempted attempts, Helen finally wrote out this answer:

West—St. New York.

Feb. 17, 1912—R. X. 274: I have a pleasant, comfortably furnished room in modern apartment, with all conveniences. Should you care to see it, would be glad to show it to you at any time. Very truly yours,

MRS. W. E. CURTIS.

Helen was not quite satisfied with this. She left vaguely that she should say more—describe the room and give an idea of the price. But she did not know what to ask, and somehow she shrank from praising her own apartment. The cheap rooms in the "to let" columns were described as "luxurious" or "hand-somely" or "exquisitely" furnished. Were she looking for rooms herself, she would feel that the places which were not so overpriced would be the better places.

Yet it was with much misgiving that Helen mailed her letter. Probably she would get no answer at all. "R. X. 274" might receive so many offers of "large and luxurious" furnished rooms, that her own modest note might be overlooked.

The next day Helen found herself looking for an answer with every mail, although she knew one could hardly be expected so soon. Her letter had gone to the newspaper office, and would have to wait there until the advertiser called or sent for it.

However, she satisfied some of her impatience by putting the spare room in perfect order. The sewing machine and table were moved into Warren's room. Then the room was thoroughly swept and dusted, a fresh linen scarf put on the bureau, and even the pink satin pin cushion had its face cover washed and ironed.

It was not a "luxurious" room, but it was pleasant and comfortable and scrupulously clean. And Helen surveyed it with satisfaction.

"Is your expected company, ma'am," asked Della, who could no longer restrain her curiosity as to why this room should just now be put in such special order.

Helen hesitated. Knowing Della would regard the advent of a roomer with much disfavor, she had not yet told her.

"No, I'm not expecting company, Topha, but I'm thinking of renting this room while Mr. Curtis is away."

Della gasped. "Renting the room? You mean you goin' to take a roomer?"

Helen nodded. "Yes, for a little while."

Della opened her mouth as though to make some explosive protest, and then shut it quickly. There was something in the quiet dignity of Helen's bearing that checked any decided expression of her disapproval, so she contented herself with a mumbled:

"Didn't know this was a roomin' house," as she polished the mirror with unnecessary force.

"Expenses have been very heavy this month, Della," Helen answered coldly.

"and if I can I shall rent this room to help reduce them."

And there was a note in her voice that warned Della to make no further comment, but her fierce polishing of the mirror showed plainly her resentment.

That day passed and still Helen heard nothing from "R. X. 274." But the next morning, about 10, the phone rang and an unfamiliar woman's voice asked to speak to Mrs. Curtis.

"This is Mrs. Curtis," said Helen.

"You answered my advertisement about a room. I'm up in this neighborhood this morning—could I see it now?"

"Why—why yes," in confusion.

"Then I'll be there in half an hour."

Helen hung up the receiver in a flurry of excitement. In half an hour, hurriedly she changed her house gown for a fresher one, and again went over the spare room with the duster.

She had not the slightest idea how to receive an applicant for a furnished room, nor did she know what rate to ask. But she hoped to gain some idea of this from the woman herself.

The half hour had not quite passed when the phone rang again and "Mrs. Morrison" was announced. The name sounded quite and well bred. Helen pictured a modest little woman, a widow, probably in mourning. But when a moment later she opened the door it was to an overdressed and rather flashy looking woman. She wore an immense plumed hat with a heavily dotted veil through which the rouge and powder and the metallic yellow of her hair were plainly evident. And with every movement came a whiff of heavy French perfume.

For the first few moments Helen was so confused she hardly knew what was said. Instinctively she felt she did not want to rent her room to this woman.

"Yes, a very pleasant room," and Mrs. Morrison gazed around with keen, scrutinizing eyes. "But it's very small. You haven't one larger?"

"Oh, no—this is the only room I have."

"Is this a good sized closet?" crossing the room and opening the closet door without seeming to think it worth while to ask Helen's permission. "No, it's very shallow—that wouldn't hold all my clothes. But I suppose you'd put in a wardrobe?"

"Oh, no I couldn't—I haven't any."

"Well, I suppose I could make this do. I might put some hooks and a curtain across the other door and hang some things there. Now I'd like to see the bathroom."

Helen flushed at the woman's imperative manner and silently led the way to the end of the hall. Mrs. Morrison scrutinized the immaculately clean bathroom and shot a shrewd glance into the open doors of the dining and sitting room as she passed.

"Now what do you ask for this?" she demanded abruptly as she re-entered the spare room.

"Eight dollars," answered Helen desperately, thinking she was putting upon it a prohibitive price.

"Eight? Do you ask eight for so small a room? I've seen lots of them at five."

"I shouldn't care to let it go for less than eight," coldly.

"Well, I suppose one does have to pay for cleanliness, and this is about the only really clean place I've found. Now how about breakfast? Could I make some arrangement to get my breakfast here?"

"Oh, no—no," hurriedly. "I couldn't think of serving any meals."

"Well, I'll let you know tomorrow. That's fine for this room, but it's clean and I rather think I'll take it. Here's my card—I'm the buyer of millinery at the store. You can get any reference you want there."

And before Helen could recover from her surprise she was gone with a final: "I think I'll take it, but I'll let you know definitely tomorrow."

Helen came back to the spare room and sat down limply on the bed. Eight dollars! She had not hoped to get more than six, for there were many advertised in the "to let" column as low as three-fifty.

Eight dollars every week! How much that would mean! This was not the type of woman she would have chosen for a roomer—but should she let that influence her? She had been so desperately longing for some opportunity to make money—to keep her from being so wholly dependent upon Warren. And here was the opportunity! Could she refuse it?

A girl has to know a lot to be willing to learn so much more from men who don't know anything.

The reason the baby doesn't swear at the stuff that is talked to him is not because it wouldn't be excusable.

## Dabbysdils

OH, YOU CAN'T JUDGE A CHICKEN BY THE PARSLEY ROUND THE DISH.

FRES JOHN OF CHINA AROSE TO SLIP THE MAIN CONGRESS IN EARFULL OF HIS IDEAS. JUST AS HE SAID HAPPY NEW YEAR— A BOY YELLED OUT:

ALL TIME ME COME TOWN BOYS KICK HIM DOG ALOUD ME NO SARE HIM ALL LIGHT HOUR—

BOYS GOTTA STOP KICKIM DOG ALOUD— HIP NO GOOD — THE PRES THEN ASKED—

IF ALEXANDER HAMILTON IS DUST IS HENRY CLAY?

WHO TOUCHES ONE HAIR OF YON BALD HEAD DIES LIKE A HOUND DOG (OW OW) MARCH ON HE SAID.

VERIFIED THEN I RUN A COUPLE OF HUNDRED COMPARISONS TO THE DIFFERENT DROGERS. AFTER THE CLOSE WE THEN GET OUT A DAILY MARKET LETTER.

THAT USUALLY TAKES ABOUT 5 HOURS AND THEN AFTER MAILING 500 OR SO LETTERS I'M ON THE CAR TO MY HOME ALL THE REST OF THE NIGHT IS MY OWN.

GEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

YEP NOTHIN' TO DOTHIL TOMORROW

## Realities of Dreams

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Last night when the little children went to bed the window pane was clear and beautiful. You could look right through it just as if it was not there at all and see a silver moon sparkling stars, and the old forest tree by the window, stood black and straight against the frosty night, and all the little planted trees sighed and trembled and made strange shadows on the snow.

This morning, before the children were dressed some one called them to see the window. And the children ran, for there was something in some one's voice that meant joy and delight and surprise and all the sweet things that always happen when some one is around.

"Oh!" cried the little girl, when she saw the window. "Oh, brother, see! Jack Frost has been here. Look! There's a castle up near the top, and here's a bridge, and there's a stream. Oh, what lovely trees, and, oh, see there's the lovely Lady Yaxel riding home to the tower on her snow-white palfrey!"

The little boy stood quite silent for a moment, and then he said: "Ham and eggs, and chickens, and bees' honey, and apples, and little cakes with their edges all curly," and he pointed with his fat little finger.

These were the things he saw in the frosted embroidery of the window—after the greatest of all artists had signed his name to the work—Jack Frost. Oh, what lovely trees, and, oh, see there's the lovely Lady Yaxel riding home to the tower on her snow-white palfrey!

Who is the man who lingers in glorious delight over even the copy of a great picture? Not the man with money enough in the bank to buy the original. Who travels over seas and lives in a castle a thousand years old? Not the one who would give his life for a month in such a place.

Who wears the pearls—the gentle girl who sees in them the tears of the sea king's daughter, or the young person who never heard of a mermaid, and would be bored to death if you tried to tell her about one?

"Choose! choose! choose!" says the seven-handed justice of existence. Choose the real thing, without the imagination to enjoy it, or the dream, which will never come true.

Which is your lot, little daughter, with the eager eyes so full of dream? Which yours, O sturdy little son? And which of you do I, with all my hungry envy?

## "George Washington Cupid" By Nell Brinkley

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"I CANNOT TELL A LIE, I DID IT WITH MY LITTLE ARROW!"

## Majuba Hill

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

February 27, 1881.

Majuba Hill! The thrill of the name and of the fight with which it is associated is still felt, notwithstanding the fact that it all came about thirty-one years ago.

Majuba Hill, like our own King's Mountain, will never be forgotten while the love of human liberty and the admiration of human valor hold a place in men's hearts.

Great Britain had broken solemn promise to the Transvaal burghers and was about to annex this hard-won territory when, at a great mass meeting held at Paarl, in December, 1880, the burghers declared war for the establishment of their former government.

Under Jaubert the Boer farmers immediately began business. At Laing's Neck, on the 23rd of January, they won their initial victory over the British, making the name of the South African ridge forever immortal, and eleven days later, February 8, they scored another triumph on the Ingogo Heights.

And then came Majuba Hill. This renowned eminence rises some 1200 feet above Laing's Neck, and for artillery purposes completely commands it. If they would hold their own against the Boers it was absolutely necessary that the British should get possession of the hill, and on the night of February 11 General Colley, after a fearful eight-hour climb, over his force well in position on the summit.

When the burghers the next morning discovered that the enemy was actually in position on the hill they were for a little while in absolute dismay, but coming to themselves they resolved to storm the hill. It looked like a desperate undertaking, but the situation was desperate and there was to be no faltering.

The signal was given, and up they rushed, shooting as they climbed every man that showed on the skyline, themselves protected by the steep declivities above them. The fire of the enemy was as furious as their own, but they kept on and carried the hilltop, routing and almost annihilating their adversaries.

And right there on the crest of Majuba Hill ended the first Boer war of independence. The British government immediately ordered an armistice, and on March 23 agreed to terms of peace by which the Transvaal was restored to its former political independence in all respects save that it was to be under the suzerainty of the British crown.

In August a more formal treaty confirmed the action of March 23, and the honest burghers felt that all was well. But they were badly mistaken. Majuba Hill, like Banquo's ghost, would not down, and it was already as good as settled that the victory of Majuba resulted in a war in which the Boers were to be conquered.

But it took a third of a million men and a thousand millions of good British gold to do it.

## Daybreak

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There was a mighty battle at the dawn  
Twixt wind and sun about the blushing day.  
Great cloud battalions uniformed in gray  
Rushed at the wind's command and charged upon  
The flaming banners of the fortified foe.  
The sea grew hoarse in shouting for the wind;  
Yet with each fresh onslaught cloud ranks were thinned  
By shining arrows flying from the bow  
Of the still hidden enemy.

Once more  
Sped forth those fiery darts; and then the ranks  
Of spent clouds dropped upon the morning's banks;  
And all the skies ran crimson with their gore.  
The vanquished wind fled o'er the fields away,  
And the proud sun rose up to claim the day.