



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Defendant Uses the Blue Pencil

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



## The Passing of Hospitality

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

It is so silly when one analyzes it or judges others by one's self. Think for a moment at what houses you, the reluctant, because not rich hostess, have the pleasantest times. Is it not where you feel that you have caused no domestic upheaval, where you are allowed to come as one of the family and are made entirely at home by the lack of formality? One of the most beautiful places to visit is an apartment in which, on the maid's "Sunday night off," the friends who drop in are allowed to assist in the preparation of supper.

In the desire to do as well as, or better than, anyone else we are losing the true spirit of hospitality. Add to this the fact that the average servant objects to company and you will see why the woman of today entertains less than did her mother.

The remedy for all this lies with women, with housekeepers. It would be well for them to declare to themselves that "what is good enough for husband and children is good enough for guests." When they do this we will return to the time when the unexpected arrival at mealtime meant no consternation, but only "another plate put on the table."

And the guest who would not appreciate such hospitality, or would criticize one's manner of living, is the person one would not wish to have in one's house under any circumstances.

As to the servants—in engaging a maid the employer should tell her frankly that she expects to entertain often, and, elaborately, and if the maid shows reluctance or hesitation the nominal mistress should decide at once against her.

After all, when a maid understands that "company" means only the above-mentioned extra plate, and does not imply an extravagant function, she will lose her dread of guests.

Suppose you cannot have as expensive a dinner or luncheon as Mrs. Well-to-Do provides—what difference need that make? That does not alter the fact that she finds you agreeable, that your birth, breeding and mentality are equal to hers, or that she likes you thoroughly. If your home is the best you can have, it is kept as well as you can keep it, and if the table you provide is good enough for your own people, you need not be ashamed.

Tell your friends frankly that you will be glad to see them in your simple home, and do not run into debt, or wear your nerves to the raw "trying" it as Mark Twain put it. "To be what you ain't."

## Daddydile

EVERY THING A FELLOW AINT IS WHAT HE WANTS TO BE.

YES, IT WAS HIS HAND-WRITING. THERE COULD BE NO DOUBT OF IT WHO IN THE WORLD EVER MADE AN X THAT LOOKED SO MUCH LIKE A Q. THE ENVELOPE TOO, WAS ALL DOUBLED UP AS IF IT HAD BEEN CARRIED AROUND IN A HIP POCKET FOR TWO WEEKS BEFORE IT WAS MAILED. TREMBLING LIKE A PANE OF GLASS IN THE WINDOW OF A THIRD AVE. ELEVATED TRAIN, THE OLD MAN CLOSED HIS EYES AND LET HIS THOUGHTS WANDER LIKE A STRAY CAT IN A VACANT HOUSE. HE THOUGHT OF THE TIME THAT JOHN LEFT HOME TO BECOME

AN ACTOR IN AN ILLUSTRATED SONG FACTORY. HE WAS IN THE EARLY MORNING OF LIFE THEN A RED FACED YOUTH FULL OF OPTIMISM. HE PROMISED TO WRITE EVERY DAY. HE DID FOR A DAY, THAT WAS YEARS AND YEARS AGO. OH IT WAS MORE THAN THAT SURE, IT WAS ABOUT SIX MONTHS LONGER. THE OLD MAN OPENED HIS EYES HE AROSE FROM THE CRACKER BOX ON WHICH HE WAS SITTING, WENT OUT INTO THE KITCHEN, TOOK THE FRYING PAN OFF THE HOOK IN BACK OF THE

STOVE, POLISHED THE BACK OF IT WITH THE SLEEVE OF HIS COAT AND TOOK A BLANK AT HIMSELF. HE HAD NOT SHAVED SINCE JOHN LEFT HOME. WOULD HE KNOW HIM NOW? NAH. GOING OUT THE BACK WAY THE OLD MAN WALKED ROUND TO THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE CAME IN THE FRONT DOOR SAT DOWN ON THE CRACKER BOX IN THE PARLOR AGAIN, TORE OPEN THE ENVELOPE AND FOUND INSIDE AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF SPRING AND FALL STYLES FROM JOHN FINBERG, TAILOR.

IT UP, GO OUT TOUGHEN UP YOURSELF. EAT A MEAL THAT TASTES LIKE BLUE BLOTTERS, GO BACK TO WORK IN A DAZE. WRITE ANOTHER LETTER TO HER. TEAR IT UP GO OUT AND GRAB A FEW AND

GO OUT TO EAT BREAKFAST. GIVE IT UP GO TO WORK. TRY TO TELL MYSELF I'M A BOOB. KICK THE OFFICE BOY AROUND A FEW TIMES. WRITE A LETTER TO HER. TEAR IT UP.

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## Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

It must be grate to be a grate man, sed Ma. Oh I doans know, sed Pa, the world has been full of grate men. It is the man that sed that was grate man, Pa sed, that I ad-mire the most. I have stood outside & coaxed them. How vary brave, Ma sed. It reminds me of the old circus days, sed Ma, wen a clown, calm along to a post. Wen he saw that the post was too high for him to jump over, he threw his hat over.

The Mister Roosevelt threw his hat into the ring, did he? Well, well, sed Ma. That sounds just like him. It reminds me of the time during the Spanish War, Ma sed, wen he threw his hat up the hill & waited at the bottom. The hat never came back, sed Ma, & a lot of his trupes wuddent have calm back either, Ma sed. If the cultured trupes hadent fought nobel, Doant talk to me about him, sed Ma.

I am sorry, Pa sed, that you feel that way. I have been hoping all the time that you wuld like to hear my new song, pane Ode, & a guess it will beac reading, say Ma, Pa sed, until you tell me to stop. Then Pa sed:

ODE TO THEODORE.  
Grate peacless one,  
The rising Eastern sun  
Proclaims thee, hail thee as the King  
of Earth,  
For thou art worth  
More than thy fat pretender. Thou art  
Theodore the Third,  
Just then the folks in the next block

to give it to men like Mister Roosevelt, Pa sed.

You have to give it to nobody, Ma sed, you with yure number eight (8) bed. What in the world do you see about Mister Roosevelt that you admire so much? I have to admire him, sed Pa, because he stands for all that is good & grate in this country. He stands for Americans, in other words, Pa sed, he just has to.

Yes, sed Ma, he just has to stand for Americans, & Americans just has to stand for him. The longer I live, Ma sed, the more I wonder why it is that the people of this country reads so much about the Grandest Free Agent of them all.

But why shuddent they adore him instead Pa. Didnt he shy his castor into the ring?

Didnt he what? asked Ma.

Didnt he shy his castor into the ring? sed Pa. You know what I mean, Pa sed, throw his hat into the ring. It is a old English term, sed Pa. In the old days a man that was going to file in the prize ring used to take his hat off & throw it into the ring, & then the war began.

Indeed, sed Ma, & wen the two hats was thrown into the ring I suppose the two hats did all the fighting wen the men

rapped on the wall, & Ma made Pa shut up. If you doant shut up, sed Ma, somebody else will be throwing a hat into the ring.

## Cooking Secrets of a Famous Chef

SOME APPETIZING DISHES AND HOW TO MAKE THEM LOOK ATTRACTIVE



THE SINGLE "RAMERINS"—AMERICANS HAVE A GREAT WAY OF SERVING FOOD IN INDIVIDUAL RECEPTACLES. THIS IS UNDOUBTEDLY BETTER AND OFFER AN EXCELLENT IDEA.

It would not be flattering my country to say that the French people, and especially the first-class cooks, give more attention to the trimming and artistic decoration of food than any other people in the world.

Some people may think it is not necessary to serve a dish with a garniture of parsley or water cress, or with quantity cut vegetables and fruits. Those are the people with very hearty appetites, who do not know very much about food, and who eat in abundance merely to satisfy the cravings of nature.

The epicure wants his table set with finest linen, glass and silver that he can procure; he wants the best of dishes, served in the most artistic manner. His eye must be tempted as well as his palate.

Many an excellent meal has been spoiled because it was badly served, or the food was placed upon a platter in a careless way without arrangement of any kind.

When a chef or a good-cook has worked over a dish with interest and enthusiasm, that special dish must be presented to the guest in such a way as to show that care and knowledge have gone to its making.

Nothing takes away one's appetite so quickly as carelessly served food. Potatoes that are thrown upon a platter, or meat that is not properly arranged, does not tempt the appetite, nor would it appeal to the palate any more if, instead of potatoes and meat, some complicated recipe made at infinite pains were poured higgledy-piggledy into the dish and put before the guest.

As I have said before, the art of good eating is a complicated and a delicate one, and as the health of the nation depends upon it, all its varying phases should be studied.

"Flowers on the table spoils mepery; faintly served food, all these have their effects on the digestion. The person who is the least bit indisposed often becomes quite ill at the sight of badly arranged food or food, so matter how

good it may be, if it is served in an unsuspicious way.

Americans have a great way of serving food in individual receptacles, such as the single ramerins, the scooped out apple or orange, etc. While this is undoubtedly pretty, and often an excellent idea, better results are attained from the cook's point of view by cooking the food in one receptacle, where the various juices and flavors are more thoroughly extracted and lend a more delicate flavor to the whole. Also, abroad, a host or hostess does not like to see the last piece of a fowl, or whatever it may be, disappearing from the dish.

From an epicurean standpoint there should always be two or three pieces left on the platter, so that the last person served may have some choice in making his selection.

CRAB FLAKES AND OYSTERS, ST. REGIS.

Take 12 ounces of crab flake, toss them slightly in butter and milk with the following sauce:

Two medium sized shallots chopped fine and a few leaves of chopped parsley, put this in a pan with half a glass

of white wine and the same quantity of oyster water. Measure with the ordinary tumbler. Add one tumblerful of a strong fish broth and let boil for ten minutes. Thicken with butter and flour, beat the sauce again and finish with fresh butter and lemon juice, salt and cayenne to taste.

While preparing the sauce poach sixteen oysters, put them in a lobster sauce, very creamy and thick. Serve the crab flakes in a chafing dish, with the oysters placed in the middle.

SHOULDER OF SPRING LAMB, SIMPLICIUS.

Salt and pepper the lamb. Put it in a pan with melted butter on the top and place on the fire. Cook it until it takes a nice brown color. During this time take six heads of mushrooms, peel them carefully and take the stems off. Salt and pepper them and stuff them with the following:

Four spoonfuls of breadcrumbs, three small shallots chopped up very fine and a few leaves of parsley chervil, also chopped very fine. Put in a piece of butter as big as an egg, salt and pepper to taste, and mix thoroughly. Five minutes before taking the shoulder out add the mushrooms, keeping the limbs well basted with the juice in the pan. After that sprinkle the shoulder with bread crumbs, parsley and shallots, all chopped very fine. Put it back in the oven to color it once more and serve. Serve the sauce or gravy separately.

ORANGE EN SURPRISE.

Cut the top of an orange and carefully scoop out the inside. Fill it with orange ice cream and over the top pour some orange sauce with vanilla flavoring. Put the orange on some cracked ice and place it in the oven to give the souffle a brown color. Other fruits can be treated in the same way. Apples make excellent receptacles for low, minced salads, etc. Serve on orange leaves or for salads in lettuce hearts.

## Kiddo's Roster for Spankings

This morning I got up hoping I would be a good boy all day long and surprise the whole family.

Before breakfast I only got one short spanking, one scolding, and a box on the ear, which is pretty good for 9 years old.

Mostly I get two spankings before breakfast, and sometimes one a long one.

A short spanking is for small misdeeds and a long spanking is for great ones.

In our house it goes something like this:

Asking too many questions—short spanking.

Not shutting up—short.

Knowing better—short.

Upsetting something that does not break—short.

Upsetting something that breaks—long.

Playing with matches—long.

Setting a fire near the barn—long.

Bothering papa—scolding.

Bothering mamma—short spanking.

Bothering the girl—box on the ear.

There are more of them, but I do not have room to write them all down. Also not time enough.

Sometimes it might take all day to write down the list.

Most boys know it anyway. Also their parents.

If boys and their parents understood each other better there would be so many spankings. Not so many boys would run away to fight Indians and come to a bad end.

A girl does not get as many spankings as a boy which is the reason she is not so stuff. A girl does not have the gurn of mischief as plentiful as a boy does. Or they are smaller gurns.—J. W. Foley, in New York Times.

The sun never shines for a man whose only joy is money.

If a liar forgets to do it for a whole year he would not get out of training.

A girl knows by the way a man looks into her eyes they ought to be just the color she thinks they are.

## When a Maid's Wilful

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

When you were a sweet little girl, with an inborn wilfulness adding to your attractiveness, you demanded your own way, and you had it.

You cried for a doll your parents could not afford, and they bought it for you.

You demanded that which was not good for you, and they weakly yielded. And then they helped you bear the punishment that followed!

In your childhood you dragged things into the parlor which we're not fit to be there, and no objection was raised.

Now that you are grown, do you still exercise the prerogatives of childhood?

Do you still cry for that which is not for your best? Do you demand that which is not good for you?

And last, do you still drag into your parlor associates of whom your parents do not approve?

You are not entirely to blame if you do all these things. The blame goes back to those days when you needed a lesson in self-control and were not taught it.

Your parents did was out of a mistaken interpretation of their love for you. It is up to you now to refuse to let indulgence in childhood make you a selfish, inconsiderate and selfish young woman.

You must take yourself a hand.

So much that a maid cries for resembles the moon.

So much that she sighs for resembles the French doll of her childhood.

So much of the tragedy of her life originates in the associates she invites into her parlor.

In taking yourself in hand, little girl, try to reason all your longings on the basis of past experience.

Perhaps it would not be best for you to have your own way. Every man who drives headlong to destruction had his own way on the road.

Perhaps you are wasting a great emotion on a very little longing. The glasses of envy give a sparkle to the dingiest object seen through them.

Perhaps you rebel when your parents object to whom you go with, and where. Have you forgotten how a hurt always followed your own way when you were a child? They helped you bear the punishment then. If you make a mistake now, they will give over it, but you will have to bear the punishment alone.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.

Do noble things, not dream them, all day long.

And so make life, death, and that vast forever.

One grand, sweet song.

## Hunting a Snap

By WEX JONES.

Drifting round from job to job, always quick to quit, Changing jobs for other jobs every little bit. Extra work—puts on his coat—says it is too strong. Couldn't think of doing it, 'twould keep him there too long. Has a date that evening—going to a show— Why abandon it for work?—that's what he'd like to know, He won't follow himself to death—he's too wise a chap— That's the fellow you all know who's looking for a snap.

Now you see him working less and hunting around the more, Chasing jobs at anything, in office or in store. Not so keen on wages now, but the labor must be light. The boss a tender-hearted guy, and the hours of work all right. A man can't work his life away—who wants to be a slave?— A man must have some fun at times, must spend instead of save. He won't take any job that comes—he's far too wise a chap— That's the fellow you all know still looking for a snap.

Sinking down the Bowery, shabby, out at heel. Looking for a pick-up job to earn a scanty meal. Lads he knew in earlier days—chumps, he thought them then— Pass him by in autos now, solid business men. Friends he had now dodge away when they see him come. Ever knew a friendship last when one turns out a "bum"? Now he has no work to do—who would trust the chap? That's the guy you used to know who hunted for a snap.