



The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Judge Has a Brave Heart, but a Cowardly Pair of Legs

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Tomorrow Comes Today

By WINIFRED BLACK.

The little boy ran into the house with a warm little fluster of discouraged-looking dandelions.

"Here's a beautiful bouquet for you, mamma," said the little boy, "and, mamma, I want to ask you something—something secret."

"Well," said the little boy's mother, pinching her right hand with her left very hard to keep from rumpiling the little boy's hair back out of his eyes in the way he hates, "well, what is the secret question?"

And the little boy leaned so close to his mother that she could feel a kind of soft warmth in the air. "Mamma," said the little boy, speaking very softly, "mamma, is it tomorrow, yet?"

"No!—I mean yes, little boy," said the mother, hesitating an instant and then answering quite decidedly, "yes, little boy, it is tomorrow—right now."

"Oh!" cried the little boy, beginning to dance like some kind of a strange, merry little toy wound up. "Oh, then we can go into the real country and pick real flowers with real grass growing—and—"

"Yes, indeed," said the little boy's mother, "we can do all these things and we will, too." And she took the little boy and the little boy's sister and put on their rough, heavy shoes and their good dark coats, and she tied up a box of sandwiches and some cookies with raisins in them and away they went to the real country, to see the real flowers with real grass growing, and to hear the real birds in the trees telling each other all the real news about yesterday and today and tomorrow and all the time there ever is or ever will be.

And it was cool in the shade and warm in the sunshine, and it was thirsty work walking, and there was a real well by the real roadside, and a real woman at the door of the real farm house gave them a real drink and took them out to the barn yard and let them see a real calf before it had begun to worry about being a cow and acting respectable.

And there was a rowdy little stream, running nowhere in particular, and, of course, there were fish in it—some where—even if it was only an inch deep, and all the real willows were out, you could smell them a long way off with your eyes shut.

Once a hen flew clucking across the road, and after her there came peeping, peeping, one, two, three, four, six little yellow things, all peeping for their lives and holding their foolish stubs of wings up and running like mad, and asking the old hen, so the little boy thought, whether it was tomorrow yet.

And the old hen was very cross and kept saying, "No, no, of course not."

And the little boy stood on a high stone and watched little yellow chickens and pitted them because they were in today yet, when he was in the glorious tomorrow. And he named them, one by one, James Rogers, and Miss Rubb, and James Metcalf, and Rebecca—and the others wouldn't wait to be named, but ran away, peeping louder than ever.

"Four things," sighed the little boy, "poor little things. Now they'll never know what to say when they want to call each other and find out if it is tomorrow yet."

And the sun shone and the spring beauties nodded from the edge of the woods, and the shooting stars gleamed in the meadows and down by the rowdy little stream that came from nowhere, the violets stopped under their green parasols and tried to see themselves in the clear brown water, and they pretending to be so shy and modest, too.

Over in the broad field the meadow lark whistled like a merry-hearted little boy calling to his beloved vagabond, the dog who follows him by day and by night, step for step, and breath for breath.

"Follow me," whistled the lark high and clear. "Follow me, for where I am is spring." And the little boy ran and shouted and whirled round and round with delight. And the sister, who ought to be little and who isn't little at all, any more, jumped over fences and hung from low limbs of accommodating trees, and broke supple willows of willow, and was a feisty princess riding a milk white steed, and then she was a circus rider in gorgeous skirted coats, and then she was a great queen and held her nose high in the air, and then she was a runaway girl and whinnied and kicked up her heels and no one said, "Oh, oh, little girl. Your knees are showing every minute."

And when the sun began to sink the little boy crept close to his mother on one side, and the sister, who ought to be little, crept close to her mother on the other side, and they sat down on a

fallen log and watched the glory of the western skies. And they spoke no more, neither laughed nor sang, and when it was time to go the little boy leaned close to his mother and whispered: "Mother, I'm glad this was tomorrow, aren't you?"

"Yes," said the little boy's mother, and she was very glad it was tomorrow right then and there. Tomorrow, the glorious tomorrow, the hopeful tomorrow of joy and kindness, and of light hearted and simple love of living and all that living means.

"I might have said that it was today," said the little boy's mother, as the three walked homeward in the soft spring twilight, "I might have said to the little boy, 'tomorrow has not come yet my son—and it would have been true, too—' if I had said so."

"I'm glad I didn't—aren't you, little girl?"

And the sister, who ought to be little, smiled the strange mysterious smile she has when she looks as if she heard sweet music and could not tell where it came from, or exactly what it meant, but only that it was sweet and soothing, and as yet far away.

"Yes," she said, "mother, I am very glad," so all the three were very glad together.

And in the evening, when the stars were out and the new moon looked down from the edge of a feathery cloud, the little boy's mother sat and looked at the moon and at the stars and at the floating clouds and wished and wished—after the fashion she had followed when she was little and had trouble waiting for tomorrow, and some days that never came.

"Star light, star bright," said the little boy's mother, "first star I've seen to-night, wish I may, wish I might, have the wish I wish tonight," and she raised her two forefingers in a sort of invocation that goes with the old rhyme to make it mean anything.

"Wish I may, wish I might," and what do you think she wished there is the light of the stars and the young moon of April?

"I wish," she said softly, "that all the tomorrows of delight and hope and joy may turn into today for the whole race of us just as this today turned into glorious tomorrow for the happy three of us."

And on the soft air of the spring night a gentle fragrance seemed to rise like a sigh of mild content, and all at once she saw again the smile of the little girl, as if she heard sweet music far away.

Our Yellow Peril

That the 90,000,000 people of the United States annually consume more opium than any other nation of the world, China not excepted, is the statement attributed to Dr. Hamilton Wright, foremost authority on the drug habit, as he was sailing for Europe to attend the international opium conference as one of the five delegates from the United States. The facts must be accepted as Dr. Wright gives them. But still it is incredible that the United States should lead the world in this form of depravity—should use more smoking opium annually than six great European nations put together. Dr. Wright tells us that this is not a detail of the Chinese problem, if a Chinese problem may be considered to exist. The Chinese introduced the use of opium among us, but the habit has spread far beyond the widest estimate of the capacity of our comparatively small population, that it has become veritably a national curse; that the report at The Hague conference on the part of the United States will of sheer necessity be in the nature of the humiliating confession.

It must be borne in mind, in considering Dr. Wright's statement, that the narcotic effects of opium can be employed in many different ways, not the least of which is its use in some proprietary medicines. But the same effect is there, whether the opium is eaten raw or smoked or taken in some solution, the only difference being in degree. We have been visiting China. We have felt that the crumbling of its government was due principally to the undermining influence of the opium habit. Possibly in large measure it was. But we must awake to the amazing state of affairs at home and use some of our pity on our own people. Any drug habit, notoriously that of opium, saps morals and intellect; and if China was ruined by opium, the United States seems to be tottering on the brink of collapse from the same cause. Dr. Wright says that the United States delegates hope to return with some valuable suggestions from The Hague conference. The conference, he says, will be asked to bring about an agreement among civilized nations to limit the use of habit-forming drugs to medical purposes only. He says that the final relief in the United States must come through national legislation.—Atlanta Journal.

Daffydils

OTIS ASAR SAYS BEFORE MARRIAGE THE TIMID GUY DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY AND AFTER MARRIAGE HE'S AFRAID TO SAY IT

THE GOOD WOMAN STOOD IN THE DOORWAY AS THE BUM CAME UP SHE FIGURED HE MIGHT BE LOOKING FOR A JOB AND LISTENED. "LADY HE SAID I'M HAD LUCK I CAN'T FIND MORE WORK IN THE SUMMER I GO TO FLORIDA AND TRY TO GET A JOB SHAPENING SKATES BUT NO GO IN THE WINTER I GO TO MAINE AND TRY TO GET A JOB PICKING COTTON BUT I CAN'T GET ALONG THEN THE GOOD WOMAN ASKED HIM WHEN CHORUS GIRLS HAVE A QUARREL DO THEY MAKE UP IN THE DRESSING ROOM?"

DROP THAT WHEEL BARROW WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MACHINERY?

THE BIG BEAR OF ROCKVILLE CENTRE HAD JUST PUT ON HIS NEW KERRY AND STROLLING ALONG BROADWAY NOTICED THAT HE ATTRACTED CONSIDERABLE ATTENTION. ALL THE CHICKENS SLANTED AT HIM AND THE MEN SEEMED QUITE PEEVED. PASSING A BIG WINDOW OUR HERO PEEKED IN FOR A LOOK AT HIMSELF AND THERE ON THE WALL OF HIS COAT HE SPIED A CARD WHICH READ IS IT NOT PROBABLE THAT BEER WAS MADE IN THE ARK SINCE THE KANGAROO WENT IN WITH HOPS AND THE BEAR WAS ALWAYS BRUIN.

MY NEXT IMITATION.

THE LITTLE BOY RUSHED INTO THE HOUSE WITH AN OLD STRAW BONNET "HEY MA HE CHIRPED HEARD A SUFFRAGETTE HAT. LOOK AT IT. THE MOTHER PICKED UP THE KELLY AND RIT KEELS THE BAND OF PINK RIBBON WAS WRITTEN IN BLUE INK. IF NED WAINBURN PICKED OUT 30 JEWELL SHAW GIRLS IN 30 SECONDS WOULD YOU SAY THAT HE WAS GOOD AT FIGURES?"

CUT THAT OUT WHAT DYE THINK THIS JOINT IS—A JOINT?

GET WHAT A SHAP JOB I HAVE NOW I'M THE WHOLE CREW ON A L.I.R.R. TRAIN NOW GET UP AT 5 AND GRAB THE 5:10 TRAIN TO LONG BEACH WE HAVE TO DO IS

TO GET OFF THE SEAT'S COLLECT FARE COUNT THE PASSENGERS ON EACH TRIP TAKE UP AND THROW OFF TRUNKS AND BUNDLES AT EACH STATION

STAND FOR ABUSE FROM COMRADES ANSWER ALL SORTS OF QUESTIONS THEN I GO HOME PUT THE KIDS TO SLEEP WITH THE WIVES AND BY 2 A.M. I'M UNDER THE QUILTS.

SEE YOU'RE ALUCKY GUY

YES NOTHIN' TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Cooking Secrets of a Famous Chef



BOILED FISH WITH CARDINAL SAUCE. (Full instructions for preparing this dish will be found in the article below.)

In my last article I announced that I should tell my readers how to make mayonnaise. I must begin at once or I shall not have space enough for half I want to say.

MAYONNAISE. One pint of olive oil. Four yolks of eggs, raw. Salt, pepper. Vinegar or lemon juice.

Put the yolks into a deep dish of terrine, beat them up with a good spoonful of cold water.

Add the oil, pouring in a very small quantity only at one time and continue to beat constantly.

Put in two spoonfuls of vinegar, a pint of white pepper and two of salt. The seasoning and the vinegar should be added after all the oil has been put in drop by drop and blended. Taste to be sure about the seasoning. If the sauce is too thick a little more vinegar or lemon juice which can be used instead, will thin to the right degree.

The secret of good mayonnaise is to have perfectly fresh eggs, pure olive oil and work the sauce in a moderate temperature.

SAUCE TARTAR. Mayonnaise made with the yolks of boiled eggs (six yolks to one pint of oil). Proceed as with the other mayonnaise. Add English mustard, chervil cloves and estragon leaves shredded very fine.

STUFFED SQUAB EN CASSEROLE. Clean thoroughly one or two squabs, fill them with the stuffing for which the receipt is given below. Salt and pepper them.

Place in a pan a good-sized piece of butter, heat this and then put in the squabs and brown them, basting them frequently. Don't put them in the oven, but cover the pan and cook on the stove for about fifteen minutes. Take out the squabs, place them in a fancy dish or a casserole with a good cover.

Take the gravy which remained in the pan, add a spoonful of Madeira and about one-quarter of a pint of jellied stock, butter about the size of a nut, and blend thoroughly and pour over the squabs. Seal the dish with pastry as shown in the illustration.

Then put the casserole in a pan of boiling water and cook for ten minutes in the oven to finish the squabs and brown the pastry.

By EMILE BAILLY. Copyright, 1912, National News Assn.

BOILED FISH WITH CARDINAL SAUCE. Take on onion, one carrot, a piece of thyme, two laurel leaves, two branches of parsley, several grains of pepper and salt. Cut the onion and carrot in round slices. Wet with cold water, according to quantity and cook for three-quarters of an hour. Strain through muslin and let the juice cool.

After having cleaned and washed the fish put it in a fish kettle of the right size. Pour the juice over it, adding a bottle of white wine. The fish must be completely covered with the fluid. Let this come to a boil, then set on the back of the stove to finish. The time required depends entirely on the size and kind of fish to be cooked. When done

place the fish on a napkin on a platter or better still, on a dish with a grill, where it can drain. Trim with boiled potatoes, lemon and bunches of parsley.

CARDINAL SAUCE. Take two tablespoonfuls of Bechamel sauce, one teaspoonful of the juice in which the fish was cooked and the same quantity of juice of truffles. Mix thoroughly and add one and one half spoonfuls of cream and finish with twenty-five grains of old lobster butter. Season with salt, pepper and cayenne.

The Bechamel (recipe already given) should be very thick and must be heated before adding the other ingredients. When all are well blended strain through muslin before putting in the lobster butter. Beat up thoroughly to a foamy consistency. Put in sauce hot and garnish with a couple of thin slices of truffles.

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International Marriages—Are They to Be Commended or Condemned

By DOROTHY DIX.

A man asks me what I think about the advisability of marriages between the Americans and the men and women of other nationalities.

There is no general rule by which the likelihood of the success or failure of any marriage may be determined beforehand. It depends upon the individual. It is purely a personal matter, and whether a marriage between an American and a foreigner results in happiness or in misery rests with the character and temperament of the man and woman who undertake to work out their life problem together.

Conceding that all marriage is a lottery, and full of risks and danger, I should say that when Americans marry foreigners they take an added risk and run a greater danger, and that there are more chances against them in the lottery.

When an American marries an American he or she has, at least, a sporting chance at domestic felicity, but when an American marries a foreigner he or she takes a hundred to one shot at happiness.

This is no reflection upon the men and women of other nations, or upon their desirability as husbands or wives. It is a reflection upon the education of the old truth that we find those people most congenial and easiest to get along with who have the same tastes and habits as we have, who have been bred to the same ideals, and have the same point of view.

Heaven knows, the average husband and wife find enough to argue over and enough points of conflict without throwing in different nationalities, different religion, different traditions, and a different style in cooking! Hence, those who wish peace in the household do well to espouse those of their own race, faith and color, and who think as they do, from politics to pie.

The only statistics that are obtainable regarding international marriages are those that deal with great matches where American heiresses have married men of title. With scarcely an exception, these have turned out disastrously, but as in these cases the man sold himself for money and the woman sold herself for social position, they prove nothing in regard to the wisdom or folly of Americans marrying foreigners. Any marriage entered into with the same motives would bring nothing but misery.

Indubitably there are many happy and successful marriages, inspired by love alone, in which one of the parties is an American and the other a foreigner, the marriage of Americans and English and Americans and Germans being particularly apt to be harmonious and to produce splendid children.

The marriage of an American man with a foreign woman stands a better chance of success than that of an American woman with a foreign man, and yet, paradoxically enough, this marriage takes place far less frequently than that of the American woman to the foreign man. It is undeniable that, as a rule the foreign woman does not attract the American

man, while the foreign man has an almost irresistible attraction for the American woman.

The explanation of the psychic phenomenon shows why the international match is seldom a happy one. The men of every nation, through many generations have trained their women to be the kind of wives they want, the kind of wives that suit their tastes.

The Englishman has evolved the splendid, sturdy pattern of all the virtues—the British matron, who has been taught to take a back seat and amuse herself by bearing children and burning incense before her lord and master.

The German has trained up the hausfrau, whose sole business in life is to vibrate between the kitchen and the nursery, and make her husband comfortable.

The Frenchman has produced a wife who is the hybrid of femininity, a woman who can save money and look like a fashion plate and who can grant him all liberty and ask for none herself, and who can keep up the fiction of a perfect family life so artistically that she comes to believe in it herself.

The men of the Latin countries have created a wife that stays "put" in the chimney corner, and who does salams before the superior being she calls husband.

But the American man has devised a wife who is one part goddess, one part toy and plaything. He gives her all the freedom in the world. He delights in indulging her. He adores spending his money in dressing her up, and it amuses him to death when she saucers him.

The American woman represents the American man's taste in wives. That's why she suits him, and that's why she is caviar to the palate of the men of other nations, and why she disagrees so with foreigners if they marry her.

Foreigners always say that the American woman is spoiled. Very likely. But she is as she is, even as the foreign man is as he is, and that is why there is almost chance of harmony when two such diverse natures come together in the close quarters of matrimony. How can the woman who has been used to having her own way all her life expect to be happy when she marries a man who is imbued with the idea of the divine right of husbands to rule?

How can a woman, who has been petted and coddled expect to be happy when she marries a man who is accustomed to seeing the men of his family take all the best, and the wives content with anything that happens to be left over?

Nor would the situation be any better for the man, for she, whose ideal of a wife is Patient Griselda, must get a horrible shock when he finds out that he is tied up with spunky American Mary Ann, and that instead of fading meekly into the background of domesticity she insists on standing in the limelight of society, and that her penchant is not for the kitchen, but the parlor, and her talent not for saving, but for spending money?

For these, and many other reasons, a man is wise to marry among his own people. There are enough troubles and trials in matrimony, away, without dragging in international complications.

A woman away from home can never make out to be entirely happy because she knows nobody is watering the geranium.

Smooth Wife's "Come Back"—She Gets Even With Hubby

oft in the still hours of the night, broken only by the low click of the poker chips being heaped into red, white and black stacks, there flashed across the mind of Campion the thought that his wife would have divers and sundry remarks to make the next day.

Campion was the host at this all-night session. He and five companions sat about the dining-room table in the Campion home. Jacks or better weren't the only kind of openers that had been in use throughout the night; empty bottles were scattered all over the sideboard, the rugs and the window sills—all over pretty much everything within reach.

The atmosphere was as thick as Camembert cheese. Campion realized all these things, even while he was intent on filling out a flush or a full house, as the case might be. For he well knew that the bunch was going to stick on until morning, and there wouldn't be any chance to straighten things up before Florida, the maid, arrived to get breakfast.

Campion pondered over this, but the bunch stayed on. In all sincerity he would be able to tell Mrs. Campion that he wanted them to go sooner, for he had been three stacks of chips ahead two or three hours prior to sunrise. But a host can't drive his guests out of the house just because he's been lucky enough to

take away some of their money. But they all decided presently that it was a good time to quit, inasmuch as things had straightened out so that no one was more than 17 or 18 in the hole. They placed their respective fevered brows beneath the faucet in the bathroom and went away, leaving their host to fight his own battles.

Campion knew that it would make matters all the worse if he should go to bed and sleep all day, thus showing that he was neglecting his business. He made up his mind to get through the day somehow, notwithstanding his meddlesome eyelids. He also prepared for the inevitable and altogether non-cheering observations about the looks of things that would be volunteered by his wife when she came down to breakfast.

But, surprise of surprises! Mrs. Campion came down as smiling and pleasant as a kitten. She asked Campion if he was tired from being up late. Campion said he was feeling fine, as he had just got up after a nice nap of four hours on the lounge.

Apparently it went. She continued pleasant and smiling until Campion started for his office.

At last the day ended and he hustled home. "Me for the quilts just about as soon as I get through dinner this evening," he thought wearily.

"Better put on your other clothes," she suggested, smilingly. "You know the Van Smythes are coming over tonight to play bridge. What? Hadn't I told you? Oh, I remember now I forgot to speak of it. Well, anyhow, they're to be here shortly after 8 o'clock, and we'll have a nice evening of bridge. You know I'm thought of telling them not to come for fear you might be tired after playing cards last night. I was so glad when you said you got your sleep."

Now Campion hated bridge whist, even under the best of conditions, with a deep and abiding hatred. But can a man be a quitter? When he sees a woman he framed up a game on him he has to bluff it through as best he can.

He got into his evening clothes and sat at a bridge game all evening with the Van Smythes, who were the crummiest looking pair of high-browed neighbors any man ever had. Can you dope out anything that would have been worse torture?

And the next morning Mrs. Campion woke him up for breakfast a half hour earlier than usual.

But she never dropped a single remark about that all-night session.