



The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Will Want Soup in His Gravy Next

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



An Unusual Report

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

The recently published annual statement of the American Telegraph and Telephone company is a very remarkable document. In it President Vall discusses the value of telephone service to the public, and states very frankly that in order to afford the best possible utility to the public a telephone company should control the entire telephone field. And the nearer this can be brought about the closer the approach to the maximum efficiency of 100 per cent will be attained.



In a district where two telephones operate, overhead charges are pretty near doubled. The "consumer" has two booths instead of one. One bell rings and the other telephone is answered. Annoyance and waste of time of at least two people is a constant result. If there are three telephone companies in a district it is absolutely fatal to the success of any of them. The profit involved is so slight that the cost of maintenance must be reduced to a minimum.

responsibility and accountability of this corporation to the public and to the public supervising bodies can not possibly be misunderstood. It has obligated itself to serve the public, and it must do so with the greatest possible amount of efficiency. President Vall meets the obvious proposition that any monopoly must be supervised by a sympathetic and complete governing board that represents the public at large. Such supervision must not be done by demagogues or politicians, but it should be in the hands of competent business men who know the difficulties involved and who also have a high sense of what constitutes a perfect service. In the history of economics President Vall's appeal to the public should rank as an epoch. Instead of stating the case to the directors, behind barred doors, around a long table covered with green baize, President Vall takes the public into his confidence. He has nothing to hide, nothing to conceal, nothing to hold back, and his belief is that when the public at large appreciate the condition that they will agree with him in his conclusions. President Vall came up from the ranks. Born in the south, he now lives in Vermont. In youth he knew decent poverty, going to the little red school house, clerking in the village store, becoming a school teacher, a country doctor, a business man, a manufacturer, banker, builder, installing electric railways and telegraph and telephones in South America, all the time making head; able to cash in his experiences and profit by his mistakes, he has evolved into one of the strongest executives in America, or in the world today. He has health, patience, persistence and an insight into the heart of things, all coupled with prophetic vision, which mark him as one of the world makers.

What Would You Do?

By Tad

Daffydils YEARS AGO THERE WAS A KNOCKER ON THE OUTSIDE OF EVERY DOOR, NOW THERE ARE THOUSANDS INSIDE.

THE EDITOR SAID WRITE SOMETHING FUNNY THE REPORTER SAID ALL RIGHT BOSS AND THEN SAT DOWN AT HIS DESK, ROLLED A CIGARETTE, CALLED AN OFFICE BOY AND SENT HIM OUT TO BORROW A MATCH FROM THE COP ON THE CORNER. AFTER THE KID HAD BEEN GONE TWO OR THREE HOURS THE REPORTER GOT NERVOUS ROSE FROM HIS DESK, WALKED OUT THE DOOR, BORROWED A MATCH FROM THE ELEVATOR BOY, WHEN BACK TO HIS DESK AND WROTE: IF A CHUNK SMOKED DOPE WOULD A PIPE DREAM? ANI GAWAN!

GEE, BUT HE WAS A SAD GUY. NOTHING EVER SUITED HIM. SOME SAID HE WAS IN LOVE. OTHERS SAID HE OWED A LOT OF MONEY, THEY WERE ALL RIGHT, HE WAS IN DOTCH ALL AROUND. THE WORLD LOOKED TO HIM LIKE A PLUGGED PEAWAY HE COULDN'T SEE THE BRIGHT SIDE OF A POLISHED BILLIARD BALL. ONE DAY THEY FOUND HIM WANDERING UP AND DOWN THE STREET WITH A SIGN PINNED ON HIS HAT. IT READ: WOULD BIRCH BARK IF A DOG WOOD? DON'T TELL ME!

SUPPOSIN' YOU HAD TO DO THIS EVERY DAY AND YOU SAT WITH THIS VACANT SPACE IN FRONT OF YOU THINKING AND THINKING AND YOU COULDN'T GET AN IDEA AND ALL OF A SUDDEN SOME NUT PUSHED OPEN THE DOOR OF YOUR OFFICE AND YELLED SO AND SO AND SO AND SO, YOU KNOW, SOMETHING SO AUSENSICAL THAT YOU SIMPLY COULD NOT WRITE IT. WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

IF I GOT IT BAST NOW I'M A CHICKEN GIRL IN A BORNESSE. SHOULD I ONLY MAKE TO MAKE WRITING CHANGES IN EVERY SHOULD? DON'T WANT SHAW

AND I DON'T HAVE TO SHIP UP UNTIL ONE O'CLOCK FOR THE MATINEE AND I'M ALWAYS THROUGH BY SEVEN THEN ALL I HAVE TO DO IS STICK AROUND IN MY DRESSING ROOM.

IF I SAID UNCH WHILE I'M WASHING OUT MY WIG, AND FINDING A DOUPLE OF DOZENS HAIRKURCHIES THEN AT EIGHT O'CLOCK I START TO MAKE UP FOR THE NIGHT SHOW AND I ALWAYS GET THROUGH BY TWELVE.

WHEN I STRIP AROUND WITH THE JOANUS TIL THREE OR FOUR IN THE MORNING AND I HAVE NOTHING TO DO TILL THE NEXT DAY. OH MY!

The Little Boy's Song

By WINIFRED BLACK.

"Sweet are de dew on de woses, Sweet is de fowers of spwing." High and clear the childish treble thrills through the sharp glorious day. Yesterday it rained—all day long, from soggy dawn to dismal dusk it rained. Not a fine fall rain, with the sweep and passion of a splendid storm, but just a mean, whimpering, fretful drizzle of a rain.



Today the sun is shining—the glorious sun of the most glorious year—October's—and the trees, yesterday so woe-gone, today are dressed like the bride at an Indian wedding—bright in yellow and scarlet and rich brown and flaming orange—not a leaf stir. There's a hush of awed expectancy over all the air. What are they waiting for out there in the yellow sunshine, the silent motionless trees? The little boy is not silent. He is too happy for that. He leans far out of his window and sings. What a queer, old-fashioned song! Where did he ever learn it, and how did he get the grammar so absurdly twisted?

he broke his wagon. This morning the little boy across the street is mad and will not play with him—no, not even when he holds his bow and arrows aloft and beckons. Indian fashion; and the puppy has hurt his foolish foot and will not run in the bright leaves with the little boy at all. But what matter any of these things to the little boy so long as he can watch the gay leaves flutter in the October air? He leans from his window and sings: "Sweet are de dew on de woses; sweet is de fowers of spwing."

He looks upon his world as his father, Adam, looked upon it, and he finds it good; and nothing can make him afraid or sad or weary-hearted.

Dear little boy: I hope you won't learn so many new fangled songs that the old one you sing today will be quite gone from your mind. May you always find time and heart of grace to lean from your window high and sing whenever the bright sun kindles the dying leaves to glorious beauty. Begone, dull care; I'll miss you! I'll take a leaf from the little boy's full book of simple happiness.

What is it to me that black sorrow broods at the gate. I'll slip around another way and before her somber eyes, and shall sit there and wait and wait; and I'll be way off down the road with the little boy, singing with him at the top of my tired voice.

Come, little boy, let's go rolling in the bright leaves. Let's make wreaths and decorate the puppy; let's the garlands on the door handle so that the most prosaic worldling who comes to knock must for one blessed moment remember the days of his vanished youth; let's pin a bouquet of sweet, dry fragrances about the fireplace and all the time let's sing the sweet old fashioned song you teach me.

No, I shan't dream of trying to change it, not one syllable or inflection. "Sweet is de fowers of spwing." May we all have eyes like the little boy's—eyes to see and love the glories of his glorious old world of ours.

Appetizing Authors

By JAMES RAVENSCROFT

The appetite for food and drink, like all corporeal instincts, is susceptible to mental suggestion; and that is why one may be made agreeably hungry by reading, especially when the author is an expert literary chef and sets out his edibles with a wholesomeness and sincerity of art that are born of only a good appetite.

Dickens and Doyle are perhaps the greatest of the plain English literary chefs. They invigorate the appetite as well as the fancy. Their characters dine satisfyingly when they dine at all, and the menu, though usually simple, gives the reader a pleasantly tantalizing under-thought as to how long it will be to the next meal.

Dickens was a literary chef who knew how to provide a fare best adapted to the inner man of Englishmen. His leg of mutton, ale and stout bread, for instance, made a staying combination, and the reader may be duly pardoned if he or she feels tempted to assimilate a liberal portion of the repeat, when, in the book, he or she sits down at a table so substantially spread.

Dickens' reader more often visits where boards are bare and empty hunger feeds on crusts, but when one of his hale and hearty persons dines the reader gets a suggestion of a robust appetite and an enviable digestion. What whether of roast beef has not been moved by the dinners in the comfortable chambers of Sherlock Holmes? The greatest of mythical detectives enjoyed such an admirably sound and un-fettered appetite.

The reader's mouth must surely water at the sight of Sherlock and Dr. Watson partaking unreservedly of choice, well roasted cuts and drinking of refreshing stuff from bottles. Quite enough to stimulate the appetite of the between-meals reader!

Stevenson's appetite was curtailed by physical frailty, but his book characters were aware of the dynamic values of the square meal. Some of his French stories are wonderfully appetizing.

Kipling, portrayer of men under near, far and all kinds of conditions, is not generally a brace for sagging appetites, but Kim, the little beggar, with his rice bowl, gives one a hungry turn now and then.

For a savory mental whiff that makes one lean toward the pantry, let the reader be a guest of the jolly ex-sailor and the courteous one-armed old ex-soldier in their quaint little cottage at Dapplemere, in Jeffrey Farnol's lovable story, "The Money Moon." The reader

is almost certain to relish the shrimp and hot muffins and tea quite as much as did Mr. Bellow, when he was guest beneath that humble but contented and happy roof.

The gastronomic appeal of De Maupassant is at times almost exquisite, especially when he serves up the sturdy fare of the thrifty French like the average American, in its too much of a hurry to devote more than passing attention to food. The rapid action would expire with ennui if the hero or heroine stopped to eat a sandwich.

The Fearless Suitor

By ARTHUR STANLEY.

Since a pretty maid is never In possession of a brain. Being neither kind nor clever, But coquetish, dull and vain. Much I marvel that my soul is Not oppressed with grave alarm; For Clorinda, on the whole, is Well endowed with outward charm!

He who chooses some unsteady, Graceless damsel for a wife, Who has been, to put it plainly, Scolded and bullied all her life; Though she seem, before they marry, Weak and timid as a mouse, He may find she'll play old Harry When she's mistress of a house!

If Clorinda is unable Or unwilling to prepare Dainty dishes for my table With unflinching art and care; If she cannot bake a biscuit, Or compound a paltry cake, I will marry her, and risk it, For Clorinda's own dear sake!

If her carriage is majestic, I will not avoid a maid, Fearing that she's not "domestic," But a proud and selfish jade; Through her glance, true and tender, May betide a host of fiend, Yet it would decline to render Trustful homage to a queen!

Every swayed at her caprice, men Must be led by woman's "looks," Nor like gluttonous policemen, Only court efficient cooks. I, Clorinda's loyal knight, place Full reliance on the view That her heart is in the right place. Even though her nose is, too!

The Stopping-Off Places

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"'Tis a good and safe rule," said Ruskin, "to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never smitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend."

There are many stopping-off places in the course of this journey we are all engaged in. Some are evidently to be of months' and years' duration. And at some places the stop is so short we consider it useless to exert ourselves to make friends, or to make a home.

A greater mistake was never made. It is a lack of permanency that often results in a lack of character. It is the feeling of "here today and gone tomorrow" that gives birth to all that comes under the head of selfishness, narrowness and indifference.

"What is the use," the one will ask who arrives at a stopping-off place, "of making friends? I may not be here tomorrow."

It is as important to make friends for tomorrow as to make friends for ten years hence.

"I have lived many years," I recently heard a white-haired, gentle-voiced woman say, "and I have made many investments—some in ambition, some in hatred, some in love, and some in material gain. But I have found that the investment that has paid the best of all was that I made in friends."

It is an investment that requires no expenditure of time or money.

Just a little expenditure of thoughtfulness, a kindness, or a true word, and every stopping-off place, be it ever so brief, is marked by a friend.

It becomes no longer a memory of enforced exile among strangers; it becomes a pleasing recollection of a friend.

And I would not have you end your sojourn with making friends—which, though the greatest of all, is not all. I would have you make of your abiding place, no matter how temporary, a home. Women who travel much, and who are compelled by circumstances to know the loneliness of barren rooms in lodging houses and hotels, have applied this advice of Ruskin to their material possessions.

feeling that everything around is only temporary.

Such an atmosphere is conducive to disregard of others, and a too concentrated regard of self.

If one thinks, "What's the use of hanging up a picture? There is no one but me to see it!" the next thought is "What's the use of being kind and polite and agreeable? I won't be here long."

The outward evidence of home and permanency result in an inward ambition to match it.

If the eyes get a homelike feeling, the heart seeks it, also, and finds it in making friends of those who were strangers yesterday, and who may never be seen after tomorrow.

There is little counts more in character building than this feeling of permanency. The girl who learns her first lesson in the book with the belief that she will go through to the end has a lesson learned well.

The girl who has a position downtown and does her work thinking that she may not be there more than a few weeks is controlled by the spirit of indifference, and never does it well.

If a girl regards today as the beginning of many days, she is more careful, more thoughtful and more kindly. She knows that today is the beginning of all time and if she gets the idea of permanency in control.

I do not believe that anything is a greater test of character than behavior at a stopping-off place. It is easy to be rude and flippant and thoughtless if one thinks that one moves on tomorrow.

For that reason, one should know the truth of what Ruskin says, and keep it in heart and mind, whether the stay is for an hour, a week, a month or for life.

"'Tis a good and safe rule," he wrote, "to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never smitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend."

What Did the Claim Agent Do? Up in Minnesota Mr. Olsen had a cow killed by a railroad train. In due season the claim agent for the railroad called. "We understand, of course, that the deceased was a very docile and valuable animal," said the claim agent in his most persuasive claim-agently manner, "and we sympathize with you and your family in your loss. But, Mr. Olsen, you must remember this: Your cow had no business being upon our tracks. Those tracks are our private property, and when she invaded them she became a trespasser. Technically speaking, you, as her owner, became a trespasser also. But we mean to spend your life there, never smitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend."

City Kids

By HAL COFFMAN.

