

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge's Son is a Chip of the Old Block

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Fables of the Wise Dame

By DOROTHY DIX.

Once upon a time there was a Working Woman's sensation pulled off in which the ladies who held jobs that had a pay envelope attachment, met together to knit bouquets of themselves and pass resolutions denouncing the useless parasitic female who did nothing but live at home and let a husband support her.

Ordinary was on tap and after each female winder had told how she became a lady dramatist, or an author, or a lady purchasing agent, or a lady longshoreman, or something else at which she worked four hours a day, and made money enough to wear French confections and diamonds, the balance of the bunch gave her the glad hand and chortling salute.

At last, however, a reporter who was present, observed a small and dowdy freckled little woman who was sitting far back, chewing the rag in silence and he went to her and thus addressed her:

"My sister," he said, "tell me why you are parting the wall instead of getting your share of this glorious opportunity to hand yourself a few heartful words of praise?"

"Alas!" cried the humble one. "I am not a working woman. I have done nothing that would entitle me to ask my fellow creatures to listen to me. For I am one of those justly despised parasite women, who does nothing but to be a wife and mother."

"It is true that I have to rise with the worm who gets up even before the early bird, because I must prepare breakfast for my family, and from that time on I have to strain on the collar all day until after my husband and children have come to bed at night, doing things to make them comfortable. But I know that this is a snap, because I have been told so, and that I ought to be grateful that I do not have to earn my own living."

"It is also true that it is continuously up to me to doctor my family and nurse them when they are ill, but as nobody ever thinks of paying me the salary of a trained nurse, I get my recompense in growls and kicks, and reflect on what a privilege it is for a woman to have a husband at home with a sore head, and



to be able to appreciate the floor half the night with a colicky baby.

"It is, of course, a great comfort to know that not much is expected of the domestic woman in the way of brains, yet it comes my way to know a few things. I am expected to be able to referee a fight between my children and settle disputes whose points are so mixed they would tie the supreme court in a knot.

"Personally, I do not care for amateur detective work, yet I am expected to be a Sherlock Holmes, who can always locate the cork screw or the hatchet, or week before last's Sunday paper, and who can follow up any kind of a clue as to where my husband left his latch key.

"Neither do I pose as a financier, yet I must know how to spread the dough where it will show, and save it thin where it is out of the range of public vision. I must know how to manufacture my glad rags at home, and wear them with a brought-from-abroad air. I must know how to trim over my last year's hat so it will deceive my dearest friend. I must be able to cook a dinner like a French chef, to dish out theology like a sky pilot, and to run a quick neat restaurant for those of my family who like to eat at odd hours.

"In the morning, after I have gotten breakfast and hunted up my husband's coat and hat and gloves for him, and hustled him off to catch the 5:15 train, and after I have washed the children and dressed them for school, and heard a few lessons, and sewed on a button or two, and bathed the baby, and interviewed an tradesman, and answered the telephone and cleaned up the house, I have nothing at all to do but to get the baby to sleep and run the sewing machine until it is time to get luncheon for the children who will be coming home hungry from school.

"After luncheon is over and I have cleared away the dishes I am at perfect liberty to again resume my baby tending and sewing until I have to stop to get dinner. So you will perceive that I lead a life of inglorious ease, and that the dolce far niente existence of a wife and mother does not entitle me to a seat upon the same platform with these working women who earn their own livings."

"Wee! wee! I am a parasite who is supported by her husband."

"You are right," replied the reporter. "your place is not here. You are entitled to a prison box among the saints and the martyrs."

Moral: This fable teaches that being a clinging vine is a strenuous job.

Gabbydick

ED GURK SAYS WHILE I LOVE WORK I DONT LIKE TO ABUSE IT.

IT WAS 2:30 IN ALTONA IN. AND 2:30 IN ALTONA IN. IS SOME TIME. AT AN RATE THE MANAGER NEEDED SLEEP. HE TROTTLED INTO THE BEST JOINT IN TOWN AND THERE WAS THE CLERK SOUND ASLEEP. HE MUMBLED SOMETHING - OUR MENO STOPPED THE CLERK MUMBLED REPLY. OUR MENO MOVED OVER. MEMBER JUST IN TIME TO HEAR HIM KOLLER.

IF THE CITY EDITOR GOT MAD WOULD HE GO INTO THE CAMP POLING ROOM.

DONT HIT HIM WITH THAT THERE'S NAILS IN IT.

SOMETIMES THE RICHER A MAN IS THE BETTER CIGARS HE BUNS. ALSO BEING A BARGAIN HUNTER (ONCE BOUGHT A RAIN COAT FOR \$5 AND RUNITED UP A RAIN TO GO OUT IN.) FOUND THE RAIN WALKED 2 YARDS AND STOPPED WHICH IS THE SOMETHING IN SAYING THAT 'CEASED MEANDERING.' MY UNDER SHIRT WAS WET. I CAME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT IT WAS A VERY GOOD RAIN COAT AND THAT I GOT SOAKED. IN A TOP POCKET A CARD READ IF BUTTERMILK IS SOUR IS A HOTEL SUITE?

LEAVE THAT WOMAN BE.

HE WAS SHLENDING IN ON ID. "WHEN IN THE COURSE OF HUMAN EVENTS IT BECOMES NECESSARY FOR THE PEOPLE AND BY THE PEOPLE, FREEDOM SHALL NOT BEHOLD FROM THIS ENTH. TIME IS OUT OF JOINT. BE THAT AS IT MAY AND ALSO AND IN CONCLUSION GENTLEMEN I RISE TO REMARK IF A TAILOR MADE A COAT FOR AN OCTOPUS WOULD YOU CALL IT A COAT OF ARMS? CARELESSLY TOSsing A BAG OF GOLD TO THE SERVITOR HE VAULTED UPON HIS STEED AND RODE AWAY INTO THE NIGHT.

The First Telegram

By REV. THOMAS H. GREGORY.

May 24, 1844.

The first telegram was flashed over the wires just sixty-eight years ago today—May 24, 1844—and the secret was discovered by which the prediction of Shakespeare was fulfilled: "I'll put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes."

In the autumn of the year 1832 Samuel F. B. Morse was aboard the good ship "Scully," on his way from Havre to New York, and the favorite topic of conversation among the passengers was the recent discovery in France of the means of producing an electric spark from a magnet. It was from these conversations



that Morse got his first idea of the electro-magnetic telegraph.

Once in his mind the idea never left him. Day and night it kept him busy thinking. He talked it to his friends, he dreamed of it night after night in his sleep. He found it hard, however, to interest anyone in his hobby. People called it ridiculous, impossible, little better than downright idocy.

But despite the jeers and unbelief of those to whom he talked, Morse kept on talking and thinking and experimenting, and by 1835 he had succeeded in making, with his own hands, a rude telegraph instrument, the first that the world had ever known.

With absolute faith in his conception, Morse applied to several men of means for assistance, but in vain. They had no hard cash to invest in the visionary scheme he was advocating. The situation was enough to completely dishearten an ordinary man, but Morse was not an ordinary man, and despite his loneliness, poverty and obscurity he held bravely to his dream.

In 1840 he secured sufficient influence to get a bill before congress granting him \$30,000 for testing his invention, and at the eleventh hour, when the session was about to expire, the bill, of which he was about to despair, was passed by a narrow majority. The long-sought aid had at last come, and Morse was about that time the happiest man on earth.

Work was begun at once on the construction of the line of wire between Baltimore and Washington, and on the ever-memorable 24th of May, 1844, all was ready for the final test of the great experiment—an experiment that Morse had been constantly laboring at for more than twelve years.

Well, his assistant, was at the Baltimore end of the line, while Morse, with some invited friends, was in the chamber of the supreme court at Washington, where he had the instrument from which the wires extended to Baltimore.

Morse had promised his young friend, Miss Edgeworth, that she should send the first message, and at the suggestion of her mother the words, "What hath God wrought!" were successfully flashed to their destination.

The telegram was a reality and Morse was immortal.

STORY OF LABOUCHERE

Journalist Plays a Gigantic Bluff—Bismark Silent Partner

A story told by the noted London Journalist, Mr. Labouchere, years before his death, is recalled by one who heard it.

He said that on the German frontier all the train passengers were turned out to have their luggage examined. He had a portmanteau which, he declared, contained nothing dutiable. But the portmanteau inspector told him to open it, which he forthwith did. Then the official proceeded to unpack it and to throw his effects about, and on finding nothing of an incriminating character marked it as all right. Labouchere told him that he had been so discouraged that he should expect him to repack the bag, at which the official smiled and contemptuously informed him that he was an officer of the German government and must not be addressed in such an offensive manner. After a short interval, the inspector intimated that the Berlin express would leave in a few minutes and that if he expected to take his baggage with him he had better be sharp about it. Labouchere repeated that as he had disarranged his things and required them about he must put them back. About one minute before the train left "he official again warned Labouchere that he would be left if he did not hurry, and soon afterward the whistle blew and the train departed. Labouchere then asked for the telegraph office and wrote: "Prinps Bismarck, Berlin—I am detained on the frontier by the overbearing treatment of a custom house official and cannot dine with you tonight, Labouchere." He paid the price of the message and desired it to be sent immediately. The operator read the dispatch, hesitated to take the money, accused himself and hurried over to the custom house officer, who read the message and seriously approached Labouchere and with the most humble apologies said that he had made a mistake, agreed to repack the portmanteau and with severity asked what else he could do to atone for his rudeness. Labouchere replied that the only atonement possible was for him to replace his effects and to provide a special train to Berlin. This was eventually arranged. We then inquired of Labouchere if he arrived in time for dinner. "I had no intention of dining with Bismarck," he observed; "in fact, I had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. It was what you Americans call a 'gigantic bluff.'"—London Sphere.

The Making of a Pretty Girl

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Cultivating beauty is like making a garden. You must begin early and keep at it until the frost of old age makes work no longer worth while.

The beauty of the girl of eighteen depends to a great extent on the care she received at eight or before.

It is about this time that many children develop the habit of making grimaces which would seem to be a perfectly harmless amusement, only it is a habit which is very difficult to break and which destroys the harmony of the countenance in later years by making lines even in a baby face.

Children "make faces" when they are forced to keep still for any length of time. It is the only outlet they can find for their pent-up energies during the time their bodies are forced into unnatural quiet by school or home training rules.

Nobody expects a young animal to keep perfectly still, but we do expect such exemplary conduct of the little human animal who controls his unruly members often at a tremendous expense to his meals.

If you can't get your little girl to keep quiet for long at a time, be thankful for the energy she displays and give this energy some proper outlet—in games or exercise.

One little girl's life was made a torment because of the continual effort to keep quiet during school and study time. Finally she was set to work making a garden path for an hour every afternoon. A reward was promised her when the task was finished, and by working at this path she let off her superfluous vitality the reward stimulated her ambition and she learned to concentrate her energy on that and not waste it making faces and fidgeting in school and out of it.

Most healthy children are restless, and it is one of the hardest problems to find something for them to do which will interest them and appeal to their intelligence as well.

About the age of 8 the baby's features begin to change and the sweet baby look gives way to the humorous toothless expression.

The first teeth drop out about now and the beauty of the second teeth depends greatly, some doctors say entirely, on how the first teeth were cared for.

First teeth are often neglected and allowed to decay. This is entirely wrong. If the first teeth are in bad condition when they fall out, nine chances out of ten the second teeth will be touched by the same spot of decay and never get a fair start.

First teeth should be brushed with care, and Miss Eight-Years-Old can be taught to brush up and down the teeth, not horizontally, and on the inside as well as outside of them. She should have fresh brushes at least once a month and the



WHEN SHE WAS EIGHTEEN.

When She is Eight Years Old

brushes should often be properly sterilized. A little peroxide in the water or boiling water and goes poured over is the simplest way to do this.

No child who has ad-nausea grown up with a well shaped nose and mouth. One of the other features suffers, and one can usually tell at a glance if a child has a bad case of adenoids by the broad, shapeless nose and open mouth with thick lips.

If a child keeps its mouth open at night try first bending the head forward, if it is lying on its side, and closing the jaw. Then keep the mouth closed by a bandage under the chin and over the head.

If this makes the child feel suffocated and nostril breathing is hard have it snuff up a little white vaseline. This is often enough to clean out the nasal passages and is a simple way to cure the sniffles. If none of these things help, see the doctor and have nose and throat carefully examined for unhealthy growths.

The hair should come in for much more attention now, too. It is often said that cutting it and keeping it short will improve the growth. That is not necessarily true. Cutting the hair frequently makes it somewhat coarse, but it does not produce a single extra hair. However, short hair is more comfortable for the child and is easier to keep clean, so that it is advisable to keep it short up to the age of 10 or 12 years old.

A child's hair should be kept very clean. Washing at least every ten days is not too often. Never use anything but good soap on the head and rinse very thoroughly in many waters.

If the scalp shows dandruff, or is really rub in vaseline. Massage the head very gently and wash the oil out the next day.

Children often catch scalp diseases as well as parasites from wearing the caps and hats of their school companions. An entire household often has the same trouble, due to promiscuous use of the hair brushes by the entire family. No one should touch another's brush and comb.

Where a child complains of itching scalp wash the hair with one of the medicated soaps sold for this purpose. Make a very good thick lather, and after wetting the hair thoroughly with warm water rub on the soap until the scalp is completely covered. Let it remain on for some minutes, then wash out thoroughly and repeat the operation several times before the final rinsing.

A child's hair should never be curled with the irons or done up in curling papers. The first ripple the texture of the hair, the other literally pulls delicate hair out by the roots.

If there is any inclination to a curl, twisting the hair between wet fingers and curling over the finger with soap water. I know of several babies whose mothers worked so hard over their little downy heads, stroking the hair away from the forehead and making ringlets that new as grown girls they have quite curly hair and owe it entirely to the early care that was taken of their baby locks.

The Manicure Lady

"George," said the Manicure Lady, "what kind of shirts do you wear?"

"Two kinds," said the Head Barber, "fresh from the laundry and the second day variety. Why?"

"You don't need to get fresh, George," snapped the Manicure Lady. "I meant do you wear just plain white shirts or those colored kind? The reason I asked, George, is that I saw a shirt this morning that I never saw its like before and hope never to see its like again. You remember that short, red-headed man that came in here to have his pants (id)? Well, I got a flash at his shirt bosom, and his category was never dotted up that loud. If the queen of Shebeen had saw Solomon with a shirt front like that I think she would have put the spurs to her camel and shouted, 'Home, James!'"

"I don't think, George, that a gent ought to dress too quiet, because life is so full of all them shades and sorrows that I would hate to see too much of the solemn stuff, and it seems to me that a purple tie or a pink shirt front does a lot to make us feel that we are still alive and kicking, but when it comes to wearing haberdashery that looks like a cross between a Swiss sunset and a fire in the Green, I am against it."

"The fat man with the red hair, George, was as proud of that shirt as if it had been one of those court robes that George the Third wore at the Derby in India, not long ago."

"Just a minute, kiddo," corrected the Head Barber. "You mean the Durbar, not the Derby. I never ran across a gent that could get the cards summed as fast as you can. If an old soldier got buried in Brooklyn, you would say the child died in London. Why don't you stop going to parties after your day's work is done and go to night school?"

The Manicure Lady drew white under her pink. She glared at the Head Barber for as much as thirty seconds. The silence was so extreme that you could have heard a tuft of hair drop.

"Say, George!" she exclaimed finally.

"What in the world do you think you are doing—adding me—me?" Her voice was like the shriek of a siren.

"I ain't trying to kid you," said the Head Barber, doggedly.

"I thought you wouldn't try to kid me," said the Manicure Lady, kindly mollified. "I didn't think that you could be that lacking in the finer amenities of life. I was almost sure you wouldn't try to kid, George."

"I wasn't kidding," persisted the Head Barber. "I was only telling you the truth. After this, when you are trying to keep up a conversation with me, keep away from them classical delusions. Talk about simple, homely things, like a crostown car or Kid Bread. Don't you think I'm right?"

"I'd hate to tell you what I think," replied the Manicure Lady. "And, by the way, you, if you ever get humorous again I am liable to forget my early training and hop this glass bowl off your thick block. Now go on shaving and let me alone!"

Well-Meaning Bride.

"Darling," said the young bride. "I don't mind you going to base ball games."

"Thank you, dearie," he said.

"But there is one thing I wish you'd do."

"And what is that?" he inquired.

"When the team is going to play an extra-inning game I want you to call me up beforehand, so that I will know when to have supper ready."—Detroit Free Press.

One Was a Stranger.

Two old Scots were going home one night after a convivial session at a public house. The affair was in the traditional manner as immortalized by Bobby Burns. Fearing trouble ahead as the light in the distant cottage window became apparent, Sandy said to Donald:

"Donald, I'll walk ahead of ye, and ye tell me if I'm walking stree' smooch."

Donald watched Sandy carefully, and then remarked:

"Sandy, myn, ye're walkin' fine, but wha's that drunken laffer with ye?"—Indianapolis News.