

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Fables of a Wise Dame

How a Rich Woman Who Failed to Break into Society Fooled the Four Hundred

By DOROTHY DIX.

One upon a time there was a man who, by hustling early and late, and always being Johnny-on-the-spot, succeeded in accumulating a stack of pelf that was an eye opener even to Wall street.



Except for his talent for divorcing others from their securities, the man was quite an ordinary creature, who preferred corned beef and cabbage to French entrees, and who desired no other amusement than his business afforded, but his wife was a superior being, with social aspirations.

Unfortunately society did not seem to miss the lady's absence from it, and when she tried to break into the Four Hundred, it gave her a welcome that was so much of the Fritz that it congealed her back teeth.

Now among this worthy couple's assets was a daughter who had grown up into a peachering, with a willowy figure, and peroxide hair, and soulful orbs, and when her mother observed this she returned thanks to heaven for all her merits, for she had a hunch that through daughter she would win out, and get to know all the people who did not want to know her.

"This frappe society has gotten on my nerves," she remarked to herself, "but I opine that there is still another deal coming to me, and that I shall yet have these head liners on the run. Happily my husband had not spent his life in doing his fellow creatures in vain, and it is up to us to take a European coronet out of soak, and break into the closed doors with it."

Thereupon she went to her husband and thus addressed him: "I feel," she said, "that our sacred duty to give our daughter all the broadening influence of foreign travel and education, and that I ought to make the sacrifice of buying my

Paris grounds in France instead of on Sixth avenue.

"Wherefore I will take our daughter and go abroad, and while I am conscientiously opposed to husband hunting as a rule, it may chance that I may run across a coat of arms that will be just as good as new if regilded."

Knowing the duty of an American husband and father, the man consented, and so the lady took her daughter and hiked across the herring pond where the girl acquired a foreign accent and was taught to be ashamed of father because he was in trade.

Mother trailed her purse like an antiseptic bag all across Europe. Hungry fortune hunters were on her trail, but she was wise to the game and led them a chase, while she looked for the right one who would be worth the price. She did not propose to invest her good dollars in a macaroni title, or a shoddy thing made in Germany and that had not been O. K'd by the Almanach de Gotha.

At last the real thing appeared on the scene. He was guaranteed as a genuine antique in the aristocracy line, for the newest thing on his ancestral estate was the fifth mortgage.

The cool calmness with which he ran up bills that he never intended to pay was as good as an affidavit of nobility, while his blasé air in standing off creditors betrayed how long his family had been familiar with the business. He also possessed a hyphenated name that was so long that it had to be handled on a hook and ladder truck and only used in sections.

The mother was enchanted. "I opine," she said to her daughter, "that a name like that will be a Jimmy with which you can break into any American society, and that as a parlor ornament the count will be a bargain at four figures."

"But," objected the daughter, "I do not care for him. He has weak eyes, and a lip, and he makes me tired, and I should like to have a regular man for a husband."

"Foolish one," cried the mother, "any husband is liable to make you weary, but if you marry the count you will always have the consolation of being able to contemplate your visiting cards and the crest on your stationary with pleasure."

So the girl was married to the count in great splendor, and all the exclusive set that had turned mother down so hard almost broke their neck trying to get invitations to the wedding.

The girl had not been married long, however, before she went to her mother and put up a moan that she was not happy.

"Unreasonable child," said her mother with anger, "what do you expect? Is it not enough to know that you are envied by all of your old American friends because you possess a title? No one who marries for love is envied, and I advise you to take your medicine and try to look as if you enjoyed it, and that being a countess was a picnic."

So the countless went away and cultivated a deep stage smile that was only skin deep, but when the other rich Americans went abroad she snubbed them, and they respected her greatly, and when they returned they bragged about how they used to know her when she was a girl.

Moral: This fable teaches that we never know who has really got a clench in life, and that we often envy the wrong one.

Married Life the Third Year

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"Well, I've asked Griffen to dine with us Thursday."

"Thursday? Oh Warren!"

"What's the matter with Thursday?"

"Why, dear, you said you'd give me plenty of time—and today's Tuesday."

"Well, you've got two days. How much more do you want? We've got to have them some time. Might as well be Thursday."

"But I hoped if you took them out—we needn't have them here."

"Of course we must have them here. I told you Griffen would appreciate that more than anything we could do. He's got this company pretty well organized now, and I believe he's going to let me in on the ground floor. Now I want you to have a bang-up dinner. Never mind the cost. If you and Della can't do it—get a woman to help."

"But dear, do you think we can get up a really big dinner?"

"Don't have to have a big dinner. No body wants a lot of things. Just a few special dishes and have them mighty good. We want to give them something that can't get out west. Here—taking some letters from his pocket and making notes on the back of an envelope—'I'll make out the menu right now. Fresh caviar to start with—how does that strike you?'"

Helen, who had never eaten or even seen fresh caviar, could only murmur a vague assent.

"There's only a few places you can get the fresh. Better go to R—s. That's just the thing—fresh caviar. That'll be a treat. They can only get it canned out west."

And he wrote it down on the envelope. "Now, what next? Clams, I suppose. Can't have much else with caviar. Soup? No. It's too warm—we'll cut out the soup. Now what kind of fish?"

"Bluefish," suggested Helen uncertainly.

"Too dry. I have it—shad roe! Can't get that out west either. Shad roe and bacon. Have the bacon crisp. Now let's see what we have here (reading from the envelope). 'Fresh caviar, clams, shad roe. We won't try to have an entree. Now the roast?'"

But the inspiration for the roast did not come. They talked over and rejected mallard duck, guinea hen, goose and finally decided on crown roast rack of spring lamb. With the potatoes browned on the inside, this made a most attractive dish. The lamb of course demanded new peas.

"That's all the vegetables," as he wrote them down. "Just the potatoes and peas. We'll not try to have too much. Now the salad."

Helen suggested endive, which was always her favorite salad. Warren thought dandelion with egg would be more reasonable. But both were finally rejected in favor of the artichoke—artichoke vinaigrette.

The dessert presented a most difficult problem. The ordinary ices Warren tabooed. "Want something more original or we'll cut it out."

Helen got the cook book and suggested various fancy puddings and pastries, but he waved them all aside.

"We've got it! Zabloni!"

"Zabloni!" Helen repeated blankly.

"That stuff Stevens ordered at that Italian restaurant."

"Oh, that was delicious! But dear I wouldn't know how to make that."

"Don't want you to make it. Get it there. Have them send it up just in time for dinner. I'll attend to that. Now what kind of cheese—or do we want cheese?"

"Isn't that dessert very rich?" asked Helen. "Would we want cheese with that?"

"That's so. Zabloni is pretty rich. All right, we'll cut out the cheese. Just coffee and a cordial."

"And the wine, Warren? You'll see to that?"

"I'll look after the wine. I'll have a bottle of cocktails mixed at the club. Can't mix them right here, and the bottled kind aren't fit to drink. Griffen drinks Scotch. Don't think he cares for wine. I'll get some good Scotch, and some Sauterne for you and Mrs. Griffen. Most women like Sauterne. I'll drink Scotch with him."

Here Warren rose, threw the envelope down on the table, yawned and stretched.

"That's settled. I'll stop by the club this afternoon and order the wine. You'd better phone about the fresh caviar this morning. They don't keep much of that on hand. Better order it in advance."

When Warren had gone, Helen first copied the menu from the back of the envelope on to a large sheet of paper, leaving room under each dish to write out the ingredients.

Fresh Caviar
Clams
Shad Roe and Bacon
Crown Roast Rack of Lamb
Artichoke Vinaigrette
Zabloni

Then, being a very methodical little person, she made out a separate list of the grocery and market articles. And still another list of the things she would have to do before the dinner, such as clean silver, wash dories, go over table linen, polish furniture, polish floor, report fern, etc.

To Helen preparation for a dinner like this meant not only the dinner itself, but a general house-cleaning as well. Her apartment was always immaculate, but a "company" dinner always meant

Warren Wants Helen to Give the Griffens an Exceptional Dinner.

An extra special cleaning. And usually she worked so hard before the dinner that she was too worn out to enjoy it.

"Give them something to eat," was Warren's policy. "Feed them and entertain them, and they won't care a hang about anything else. You wear yourself out doing all sorts of fool things, and then you're too tired to talk to anybody when they do come."

But he preached this in vain, for always before they had company Helen worked herself almost ill.

However, they had never had anyone to dinner of such importance as the Griffens. It was through Mr. Griffen's influence that Warren's western deal had been successful. Now he had come on here to form another company, and Warren stood a very excellent chance of being in on the "ground floor."

So Helen felt that much depended upon this dinner. She knew that Warren felt that, too, for he had never before taken the trouble to make out a menu or to show any such interest.

He had asked her to call up about the caviar this morning, so now she got down the telephone book and looked up the number. She knew that R— was a large and most exclusive delicatessen, although she had been there only a few times.

"Is this R—?" when she got the number. "I want to see about getting some fresh caviar for Thursday."

"How much will you want?" It was a man's voice, gruff and foreign.

Helen hesitated. "How does it come?"

"By the ounce or pound. How much will that be?"

"Twelve dollars a pound."

"Twelve dollars?" Helen's voice expressed her amazement.

"Yes, madam, fresh caviar is \$12 a pound. Did you want the canned? We can give you the canned for 35 cents up."

"Oh, no, no—I want the fresh, but I don't know just how much. I'll call you up about it later."

Twelve dollars a pound for fresh caviar! Surely there must be some mistake. Warren would never have ordered anything so expensive.

Hurriedly she called him up at the office and told him the price.

"That's all right. You don't expect to get fresh caviar cheap, do you? But you won't need more than a quarter of a pound. Tell him to reserve that and I'll come by Thursday and get it myself."

This incident still further increased Helen's feeling that much depended upon this dinner. Warren always believed in having good things to eat, but he never believed in putting on "frills," as he called it. And that he should be willing to go to so much trouble and pay so much for a mere relish to be served before the clams proved the importance of the dinner.

And now, more than ever, Helen anguish over the possibility of anything "going wrong." All day she worked with feverish energy. She had sent for Mrs. Maloney, the Irish woman who often helped her, but could not wait until she came, so began herself the general house-cleaning.

It never occurred to her that the state of her nerves was of far more importance to the success of the dinner than the washing of all the woodwork and the oiling of all the floors. For probably no one would notice either the woodwork or the floors, but they would notice the tired lines in her face and would certainly feel her tense nervous strain, which overwork always brought.

So Helen prepared for this dinner with a reckless expenditure of much energy and strength—but with very little wisdom.

The Great Kaleidoscope Overhead—Opening of the Summer Night Spectacle That Nature Offers Free to All

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

When I am tired, worried, worn out, and uninspired by the least thought or ambition, I go out, if the evening is serene, and pause long under the stars.



I get a rest for the head, and stay staring at the spectacle above me, with more interest and wonder than a child experiencing an exhibition of motion pictures.

The heavens are the most marvelous of all kaleidoscopes.

That word is not heard much nowadays, and the little instrument for which it stands is seldom seen. When I was a boy almost every household had one. The derivation of the name from the Greek words—kalos, "beautiful," eidon, "an appearance," and skopeo, "I view"—reveals its nature, and tells its story.

Three strips of black glass, two inches wide and six or eight long, are set edge to edge, lengthwise, making a triangular enclosure. They are then fixed in a round pasteboard tube, with a peephole at one end, and a pair of transparent glass circles, placed a quarter of an inch apart at the other end. The outside circle is of ground glass.

The space between these circles is partly filled with broken bits of varicolored glass, which tumble about among one another as the instrument is turned on its horizontal axis.

The polished sides of the long triangle reflect multiple images of the bits of glass when the kaleidoscope is held with its outer end toward a bright light, and marvelously beautiful combinations of color and exquisite forms are revealed to the eye looking through the peephole. As the instrument is turned the bits of glass fall continually into new shapes, so pleasing and surprising that they often call forth cries of admiration.

It is hardly possible to give a child a more entertaining, and at the same time useful, toy than a kaleidoscope, and it requires very little skill to make one. It is said that makers of artistic designs sometimes employ kaleidoscopes to stimulate their invention, and suggest novel combinations.

To the discerning eye the starry heavens are a gigantic kaleidoscope. But we, whose lives are but a glimpse, see only one of its infinite combinations. All is in motion, but all seems to rest. The three score years and ten of a man's life afford him but a single peep into the wonder tube of the universe. We know that it is endlessly turning, but we should need to live and watch for a million years in order to see its many-colored and infinitely diverse stars falling in ceaseless showers from one combination to another, and the constellations rolling from form to form like clouds of sparks.

Here the marvellous power of the imagination, guided by science, aids us. We can look both backward and forward in time and see the heavens as they have been and as they will be.

When you look at the sky tonight you will perceive, low in the west, Leo, the lion, with his principal stars forming the figure of a sickle. High overhead you will catch sight of the "Big Dipper" in Ursa Major. No name could be more truly descriptive of the figure

shaped by its seven stars. Just in the south, well above the horizon, shines the beautiful white star Spica, which would be a far greater star than ours if we could approach near to it. Spica is surrounded by many stars which the ancients imagined to resemble the figure of a white-robed maiden, Virgo, and they had a legend that Virgo represented the goddess of justice, who fled from the earth, where she reigned in the golden age, and found refuge in heaven, where alone justice now rules.

Between the Dipper and Virgo, but eastward of a line joining them, glows the magnificent Arcturus, a star which turns red when seen through the mists of the horizon, and which was worshipped for ages in less enlightened times.

Arcturus is the chief of another constellation called Bootes, or the "Bear Driver," because he seems to chase the huge bear, Ursa Major, round the pole. East of Bootes is a splendid cinct of stars named the Northern Crown, or Arctane's Diadem. It is a constellation whose mythological history runs away back to the expedition of Jason in search of the golden fleece. You will find not the slightest difficulty in recognizing it. Below the Crown in the northeast is the constellation Hercules, and below that again Apollo's Lyre, adorned with one of the most beautiful of all the stars, the diamond bright Vega, or Alpha Lyrae. Half round the pole, between Ursa Major, Hercules and the Lyre, cells the great dragon, Draco, a figure that stirred the imagination of the ancients to its depths and gave rise to many legends that will never disappear from literature. Low in the northeast, rising with the Milky Way, you will see the shapely form of the Northern Cross in the constellation Cygnus.

Such is the night sky of June. It is a single, brief glance into the kaleidoscope of the universe. Now, call science and imagination to your aid, and you can represent to yourself the revolution that it has undergone, and will undergo in the future. Not one of the splendid constellations which we now admire will remain a few hundred thousand years hence. Apollo's Lyre will dissolve, and men will no longer admire the intertwining rays of its stars, which now seem the glitter of silver strings, trembling with the music of the spheres. The Big Dipper will flatten out as if the millions of the ages were rolling over it. Draco will unwind his coils, and flit away like a wisp of mist. The Crown will fall apart and all its gems will be scattered. Arcturus will fly away from Bootes, and the whole constellation will drift into some other shape. The virgin goddess of justice will flee again, as if an iron age had dawned in the heavens. And the great Lion, which has looked down, apparently unchanged, upon the whole course of known history, measured by the vision of a dreamer.

But there will be constellations in the far future, as there have always been constellations. Many of them may be more beautiful and wonderful than those that now exist. The possibilities of this vast kaleidoscope are illimitable and it rolls forever. The astronomer can, even now, foretell some of the shapes that will be formed by the stars in future eons, for he has measured the speed and ascertained the direction in which many of them are traveling, at a velocity which sometimes amounts to hundreds of miles in a second.

Can anything afford a better proof of the immensity of the universe and the insignificance of the earth? Let us not think that these remote things do not concern us. Everything concerns us, because there is something in us which transcends both time and space.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Husband, sed Ma to Pa the other nite, when we was having dinner in a caphy down town, you are all the time talking about how strong you are. I am not all the time talking about anything of the kind, sed Pa. I know there is a lot of stronger men than me; here & there you will find one just as brave, but why do you ask?

Oh, nothing, sed Ma, except that I want to get a look at that big gentleman over in the corner, the tallest of the three gentlemen at the table. No, no, stupid, not over there, sed Ma. I mean at the table where three gentlemen is having their dinner. Not the table where the ladies are, you are all the time looking at a table where ladies are, sed Ma.

Oh, I see the man now, sed Pa, that is Dick Sheldon. I know him a long time, sed Pa. Yes, Pa, sed he is kind of strong, I know that. But he isn't the only strong man in the world, you know.

Meaning you, of course, sed Ma. Why doant you go oaver & twist his wrist down, my hero?

I will after the crowd has thinned up a little, sed Pa. I wuddent like to show up a old friend in a crowded caphy. Then Pa changed the subject & began to talk about the time that he had a quarl with a bull fiter oaver in Spain in a caphy. It was a distressing affair all the way around, Pa sed. You see, caphy was full, & this man came oaver & started for to pick a fite with me. He sed that I looked as strong as a bull, Pa sed.

There is a lot of bull about you at that, sed Ma. Go on, dearest, wile we are lingering oaver our coffee & tel me & little Bobbie how you choked the life out of that squirming torador. Tell how he grew weaker kind of gradual until the crowd called for the police & had you arrested for unjustly slaying a weaker man. We are lisenning, Pa, go on.

I hope you are not skeptikal about my story, sed Pa. He was kind of mad. What you are talking about is jest exactly what happened. I deant mean that I actually killed the man. Pa explained, but I gave him a lesson that he will not soon forget. Feel of that forearm, walter, Pa sed to our walter, & tell me if you ever felt such strength.

The walter will do nothing of the kind, sed Ma. He will go now & bring you a cigar so that you can smook up a little moar, & the walter went.

Wen all of the crowd was gone except our tabel & Mister Sheldon's tabel Pa went oaver to ware he was setting & they went to a little table oaver near a screen. They talked quite a wile & then he herd Pa say Let's try & his trend sed Wait, as long at its quiet here & nobody is watching I will try the test onst. They tried twisting wrists & Mister Sheldon threw Pa's forearm down three times. Pa didnt know we cud see it becaus we pretended we wasent looking, so wen he came back to the tabel he sed You see, wile, it was this way, we was exactly matched. Poor Pa. He didnt like to tell the truth becaus then Ma would be all the time telling him Sandow.

Twain and the Office Boy.
Mark Twain did not cherish a fondness for the average office boy. He had an idea that the genus was insufferable, and invariably when the humorist sallied forth into some business office there was immediate armed hostility between him and the boy.

One day Mark went to see a friend at his office, and the office boy on guard, in icy tones, said:

"Whom do you wish to see?"

Mark mentioned his friend's name.

"What do you want to see him about?" came next from the boy.

Mark Twain immediately froze up, and then with a genial smile he said: "Tell him, please, I want to ask him how to hold matrimony."—London Tidbits.

The Proposal

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By Nell Brinkley



AS THEY DREAM IT.

If one could drag that dream of first love out of the mind of youth you would find it a fantastic thing, there'd be a moon in it, and twilit grass starred

with vague white flowers, dim trees, music somewhere, great frosty stars, a nightingale singing (even if there aren't any in the country 'round New York),



AS IT OFTEN IS.

the girl would have only a dim glory for a face, there would be kissing of hands, and over all the dream a dusting of gold with the dim word love traced

over it. But ah-h-h! as it sometimes is when it comes true—that dream—told over French bread & silverware, with the towers of Gotham and drifting

factory smoke outside the ecru restaurant curtains. But who dares to say that the last picture is not as well beloved by romance as the first?

To Men

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Sirs, when you pity us, I say You waste your pity. Let it stay Well corked and stored upon your shelves.

Until you need it for yourselves. We do appreciate God's thought In forming you, before He brought us into life. His art was crude, But, oh, so virile in its rude.

Large, elemental strength; and then He learned His trade in making men; Learned how to mix and mould the clay And fashion in a finer way.

How fine that skilful way can be You need not touch your eyes to see; And we are glad God placed you there, To lift your eyes and find us fair.

Apprentice labor, though you were, He made you great depths of stir. The best and dearest of us thus. And we are glad He made you thus.

Ay! We are glad of many things. God strung our hearts with such fine strings. The best breath moves them, and we hear Music where silence greets your ears.

"We suffer so!" but women's souls, Like violet powder dropped on coals. Give forth their best in anguish. Oh, The subtle secrets that we know.

Of joy in sorrow, strange delights Of ecstasy in pain-filled nights, And mysteries of gain and loss Known but to Christ upon the Cross!

Our tears are pitiful to you? Look how the heaven-reflecting dew Dissolves its life in tears. The sand Meanwhile lies hard upon the strand.

How could your pity find a place For us, the mothers of the race? Men may be fathers unaware, So poor the title is you wear; But mothers—who that crown adorn. Knows all its mingled blooms and thorns; And she whose feet that path hath trod Has walked upon the heights with God.

No, offer us not pity's cup. There is no looking down or up Between us; eye looks straight in eye. Born equals, so we live and die.

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