



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Henpecko the Monk—"She" Lets Him Go Out This Time

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Drawn for The Bee by Gus Mager



Married Life the Third Year

Warren Has an Opportunity to Go to London with All Expenses Paid.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"Lunched with Griffen today, had a" Warren paused, frowning at the black spot in the baked potato he had just broken open. "What's the matter with these potatoes, anyway? They've been like this for the past month."

"It's so hard to get good potatoes now. Try this one—it looks better," and Helen broke open another. "Tell me about Mr. Griffen, dear. Did you have a nice lunch?"

"The luncheon was all right, but he's blue as the devil. Don't think he can close that deal."

Helen looked up in dismay. Then it was going to fall through, after all, and with it Warren's chances of an interest in the company. Mr. Griffen's vigorous and dominating personality had inspired Helen, with so much confidence that she could not quite connect him with failure.

"Oh, it won't cut much ice with him. He's worth a couple of million at least—has all the plants he can look after in the west. But since he's on here for that purpose he don't like to see the thing passed up."

"And, dear, I had hoped it might mean so much to you. You know what he said the night he dined here."

Warren shrugged his shoulders. "That's what we get for building air castles. You never can tell how these things are coming out."

"Listen, dear—isn't that the phone?"

"That door shouldn't be closed. Can't hear a thing back here," as he rose and opened the hall door, through which came a loud insistent ring.

Helen wondered who it could be that would talk so long, for it was almost fifteen minutes before Warren returned to the table.

"That was Griffen," as he took up his napkin. "He wants us to come down there right after dinner. Wants to talk over some new plans he figured out this afternoon. He's not the man to give in easy."

"But, Warren, do you mean for me to go? Can't you talk things over better alone?"

"You can talk to Mrs. Griffen. Now hurry and get ready. He wants us to come right down."

Helen dressed as quickly as she could and they took the subway to the hotel, the huge fashionable hostelry where the Griffens were stopping.

When they were ushered up to Mr. Griffen's suite on the twelfth floor, Helen was even more impressed with the lavish appointments than she had been on her first call.

It was evident that Mr. Griffen was much preoccupied. He greeted them briefly and immediately plunged into an earnest discussion with Warren, while Mrs. Griffen took Helen into an adjoining room and showed her some exquisite pieces of Italian needlework which she had bought for presents to take back home.

Now and then Helen could hear snatches of conversation from the next room. And when Mrs. Griffen went to the phone to order up some ice water, Mr. Griffen's voice came to her quite distinctly.

"I'm through with these men—I won't stand for their proposition. They want it all. I don't wonder these New York bankers can spend the money they do if they make such terms as they're offering me. Now see here, Curtis, there are some people in London who know this property. Do you want to run over and see what you can do? This is Tuesday. Can you leave Saturday? If I can't put this over in the next month, I shall simply let the whole matter rest for a year or so until I can finance it myself. But what do you say to trying out London now?"

Helen listened breathlessly for Warren's answer, but as he was sitting further from the door she could hear his voice but not what he said.

"Yes, I know this is a quick decision." Mr. Griffen's voice was sharp and incisive. "But that's the way I do business—quick decisions. Take it or leave it."

That's the principle I've always worked on. Now I'll make you"—

But here Mrs. Griffen came in with some pieces of Oriental embroidery, which Helen was forced to look at and admire, while straining every nerve to catch the conversation from within.

Then the bellboy came up with the ice water. Evidently Mr. Griffen heard the clinking ice, for he called out: "Got some ice water there, mother? Let's have some in here."

As Mrs. Griffen took the pitcher in, he added heartily, "You and Mrs. Curtis had better come in here. We're talking of sending her husband to Europe—guess she'll be interested in that. Jove!" as he gulped down a glass of ice water, "this high seasoned hotel food keeps me thirsty all the time."

Helen needed no urging, and she slipped into a big tapestried chair beside Warren. He did not glance up when she entered; he was frowning steadily before him, intent on the proposition so suddenly offered.

"Now, I've had some correspondence with two or three of these London concerns," lighting a fresh cigar and pushing the box toward Warren. "I hadn't thought seriously of taking the thing up over there this year. But I believe now I will. If you want to go over, I'll pay your expenses. If you fail—you'll be out only your time. If you put things through—well, it will be worth your while. Now, what do you say?"

Even Warren, who was usually pretty direct and decisive in business matters, was not quite prepared for the swift, high-handed methods of this vigorous westerner. It was too serious a thing and involved too much for him to give an immediate answer.

"Well, take till tomorrow then," agreed Mr. Griffen, as he saw Warren's hesitation. "Think it over and let me know then. But if you go I would want you to go Saturday. I'm anxious to get back home and want the thing under way before I start—or I'll drop it altogether. Talk it over with your wife here," turning to Helen. "She may have something to say. What do you think, Mrs. Curtis?"

"Oh, I know so little about it," murmured Helen, plainly disconcerted. Then with a tremulous little laugh, "And London seems so dreadfully far away."

"But you would go, too, wouldn't you?" interrupted Mrs. Griffen. Then, turning to her husband: "Why, John, you wouldn't send Mr. Curtis without his wife."

It was plain that Mr. Griffen had not intended to include Helen, and for a moment he hesitated. But in the few weeks that Mrs. Griffen had been in New York, she had grown very fond of Helen and was grateful for being taken about the city in which she felt so bewildered. And now as her eyes met her husband's, they must have held an unusual appeal, for he said laughingly,

"All right, Mrs. Curtis is included, and I'm sure the trip will be more successful if she's along. Now you talk it over to-night and let me know in the morning."

Later, when they left the hotel, they rode almost half the way home before either of them spoke. Helen was almost afraid to venture any question or comment, for she knew by Warren's frowning eyes that he was thinking intently and did not wish to be questioned. But at last she could bear the silence no longer.

"Oh, do you think we could go?" in almost an awed tone.

"Don't know. Can't settle a thing like that in a moment. That's Griffen's way of doing business—but it's not mine. He's all right, he's square and all that, but I'm not sure that I want to leave my affairs here and go off on an uncertainty. It would mean all of six weeks. I'd have at least a month there. That's a good long time."

To Helen, whose brain had been in a whirl at the mere thought of a trip abroad, Warren's hesitation had a tremendous effect. It seemed such a wonderful opportunity—a month in London with all expenses paid.

"To most women that phrase 'all expenses paid,' seems a magical one. They never consider the time or the business lost in other ways. They consider only that there will be 'no expenses.' For a woman invariably overlooks the bigger things for the smaller and more obvious ones."

"But, Warren, if you do decide to go, do you think I could really go, too?"

The Making of a Pretty Girl

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

The most beautiful girl I ever saw was a young American girl of German descent. Every artist in town wanted to paint her, but they and the rest of the community would have been perfectly satisfied if she had never spoken a word for the minute she opened her mouth her charm and beauty vanished as if by magic. She literally had the voice of a peacock.

If you have ever heard a peacock screech, or what ever you call that noise it makes, take the first opportunity you get to go to the zoo or to some garden, where there are peacocks and listen to this beautiful girl making an unaccountably ugly noise. After you hear the peacock

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THE GIRL WHO CONTINUALLY GIG GLES.

ling through the nose, as it is called. It will be almost impossible for you to break yourself of the habit of using slangy expressions, and as we are so often judged by the way we talk, under certain conditions you are likely to make a very bad impression.

The manager of a big store the other day was telling me that in engaging employees, he always took the girls who spoke nicely, and who had pretty voices, and gave them the best positions.

"A girl with a pretty voice can charm the most irate customer, and soothe the angriest shopper. But if you put a girl with an ugly voice behind the counter, no matter how good her disposition is, that voice is a first-class business asset," said this man, and long before him the poet said, "Twas an excellent thing in a woman."

I love the girl who giggles when she is young, and I must say the grown woman giggler is usually a bore, and the giggle loses its music when the girl gets out of her teens. A charming laugh, enough, but not too much of it, is part of the attraction of the pretty girl. But there are very few women who laugh musically.

I remember listening to a class of girls learning to laugh. It was a terrible ordeal. Some of them cackled, some of them guffawed, only one or two succeeded in producing a laugh that was joyous and musical.

Listen to yourself laughing; keep your ear keen to your own defects, and find out whether your laugh is musical or ugly. You can correct an ugly laugh without making yourself affected and self-conscious.

Don't laugh all the time, but when you do laugh, laugh heartily and with an open throat like a child. The child's laughter is beautiful and perfect. It is only when we try to laugh at things that aren't funny, and when we become self-conscious, that our laughter loses the natural joyous quality which it had when we were children, and another charm vanishes.

Every one of us uses more slang than we ought to, and young girls especially are very slipshod in their choice of English. Now while you're quite young you will think it doesn't matter, but later on

Remember, George, dear, you promised, if your man were nominated, to give me \$100 for a summer gown?"

"Oh—did I say that?"

"Yes—you did—say—just—that!"

"Ah, yes, I remember now! But, my dear, that was before I became a disciple of the recall!"—Judge.

The Charm of a Musical Voice.

Little Things that Count

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

I do believe the common man's task is the hardest. The hero has the hero's inspiration that lifts him to his labor. All great duties are easier than the little ones, though they cost far more blood and agony.—Phillips Brooks.

The story is told that at a great revival a little serving maid arose to her feet and confessed Christ.

She wanted to be a better girl, she said, and at subsequent meetings she testified that she was better; that she knew it and felt it.

"How do you know you are better than you were?" asked the great leader of the service, expecting a far different answer than the one he got.

The little maid hesitated. Then she looked down at the floor and in a voice that was scarcely audible, she said, not without some pride: "I sweep under the mats!"

The great leader was a student of the human heart. He didn't belittle her proof that her soul had been saved. He recognized in her awakening desire to do well all the little common deeds of life, an ambition greater than some far greater personages have ever known.

Do you sweep under the mats? The question is not asked in its literal sense, for there are many women and girls who have tasks to perform which do not include acquaintance with a broom handle.

But there are mats in every walk of life and they must be swept under if we do our duty to ourselves and to those above us.

The girls who read this all have some work to perform. I am truly sorry for them if they haven't, for it is the greatest incentive recreation knows, and the greatest comfort sorrow can call to its relief.

Every work, no matter if it be trivial or onerous, if it be trifling or important, should be done well. Doing it well means there should be no neglect where neglect might not be apparent.

The task becomes one of dignity if it is well done. It dignifies and honors the laborer. An important task that is slighted does him dishonor.

It is a proof that some one put a trust in him which he has never deserved.

No, one, to go back to the broom which figured in the little maid's testimony, every girl climbed to greater tasks by doing

indifferent and careless sweeping of the steps as he climbed.

It is the little task well done that makes greater tasks possible. And it is with the greater tasks there come greater responsibilities and greater rewards.

Even in the matter of attire, girls should remember what this little maid said.

It isn't enough to have pretty clothes, a good appearance on the outside. There must be neatness underneath.

If this little maid had polished the floor carefully, not lifting the mats, but working around them, and a careless step had revealed the dust underneath, the sight would not be more shocking than one seen on the streets every day.

A girl appears with her dress, her hat, her gloves, her shoes, in perfect order and neatness. A wind blows her dress and reveals a frayed skirt underneath. Or there hangs below that perfectly kept dress skirt a binding of her petticoat.

She was thinking only of outward show when she dressed. She forgot one thing that is more important, and that is neatness all the way through. She didn't "sweep under the mats," to quote the little serving maid.

Better a dress not so expensive and a little money left to buy neat looking skirts underneath. Better good, strong lisle hose that will wear than silk hose that may be in good condition in the morning and that may have holes in the heels by night.

Better an inexpensive glove that can be replaced when worn out than a costly glove with holes in the fingers.

Better common buttons and every one on, than expensive ones that can't well be replaced when one drops off.

Better a hat that will stand the storms than a costly one that goes to pieces in the first shower, and that must be worn the rest of the season because it cost so much the wearer can't afford another.

Better always neatness than a style too costly to maintain in perfect order.

In dress as in work, the importance of little details, the value of order and neatness, even where order and neatness may make no showing, must never be overlooked.

Remember the little maid who swept under the mats; she was neat where neatness was not apparent to the casual glance, and there is no greater proof of faithfulness, order or ability.

The Manicure Lady

"I see this Graham girl has sued Mister Stokes for \$100,000," said the Manicure Lady. "Gee, George, there is a smart little girl, don't you think?"

"Yes, I think," replied the Head Barber, "and I think that the old cove she is suing is a pretty smart sort himself. I wonder how much of that hundred thousand she is really going to collect."

"I suppose you think she won't get no damages at all," said the Manicure Lady. "It's funny how callous men in when it isn't one of their own sect that is interested."

"You mean 'sex,' not 'sect,'" corrected the Head Barber. "'Sect,' means a Methodist."

"You are mighty 'pearth this morning, ain't you?" snorted the Manicure Lady. "If you don't stop that measly habit of yours, George, setting me right when I ain't wrong, I am going to stop talking to you and talk to some of them stupid customers that is all the time coming in to have their nails did. I like to talk to a bright fellow like you, but bright fellows is sometimes kind of offensive on account of them being so bright."

"I beg your pardon, kiddo," said the flattered Head Barber. "I didn't mean to give you no offense. What were you going to say about the new law suit?"

"Oh, I was just thinking that she ought to get a little dough out of that big hotel man, enough to start a little boarding house or a millinery store, or something like that. Lots of girls have risen to wealth, George, from a small bank roll. I had a chorus girl friend out west that sued a gent for \$10,000, and with the \$100 that she finally got she started a dressmaking shop and changed her name from Lizzie Murray to 'Elsie.' She put that single name on her plate-glass door, in gilt letters, and after she learned broken English instead of good English the money came rolling in."

"Every woman that she called 'Madam,' with the accent strong on the last syllable, forgot that she was the same as being sworn at and ordered three or four fancy French gowns, with

frounces on the front and enough hooks on the back to make her husband wish he was single again. That's what I suppose this shooting show girl will do if she makes to Jimmy a little dough out of Mister Stokes. Girls has to get along somehow, you know, and when they ain't married to no sturdy corks, or jokes, or anybody, they have to use their wits a little. It's a harsh world, George, for girls that haven't got a family."

"It's a harsh world for the families a lot of times, too," said the Head Barber. "Why don't you go and shoot a man yourself? Pick out some rich New York hotel keeper and nick his kneecap a little. That will get your name in the papers, and your picture. If you don't happen to miss his kneecap and blow out his brains instead, you will get a swell offer in vaudeville and have your name in big type at a Forty-second street theater."

"That sounds pretty good," admitted the Manicure Lady. "I know a rich hotel keeper around here that I would just as soon shoot as not."

Pointed Paragraphs

Divorce is the correction of a mis-take. The man who never failed is unable to appreciate success.

The best some people can do is to express somebody else's opinion.

Any man looking for a light job should apply at the gas works.

If a man has anything he can't give away he proceeds to raffle it off.

A woman's dressmaker may be responsible for the figure she cuts in society. If a man gives you a square deal in a horse trade you can trust him anywhere. If some people were to accept your offer of a penny for their thoughts, you would probably get the short end of the deal.—Chicago News.