

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—His Honor is Awfully Worried About His Better Half ∴ Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Warren Objects to the Hotel Extras and Tells Helen to Look Up Some Apartments.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Room and attendance.....	£	S.	D.
Breakfast	4	2	6
Luncheon	0	12	0
Dinners	0	15	0
Service to room	0	7	6
Baths	0	19	0
Fires	0	4	0
Laundry	0	18	6
Total	10	2	6

"Baths, nineteen shillings! How in thunder do they get that?" demanded Warren, as he frowned down at the hotel bill he had just opened.

Helen, who was straightening up the tray of her trunk, came and looked over his shoulder.

"But you said they charged extra for baths, dear."

"Of course," he snapped; "but not that much. It's only a shilling a bath, and we haven't had more than two a day. That'd be fourteen shillings. This bill is for the week that ended Thursday, and two nights there you had tonsils and couldn't bathe."

"Oh, yes, I bathed in the room. Don't you remember, the maid brought in that tin tub? I suppose they charge more for that."

"Couldn't charge enough to make nineteen shillings."

"Wait, dear. I think I have one of the hotel booklets. I brought it up last night to send home."

It was a blue and gilt booklet, giving views of the corridors and lounging rooms, which somehow looked much more luxurious than in the hotel.

Warren turned to the back, where a list of "tariffs" were given.

"Here we are, Baths:

Sponge or lily bath in bedroom.....0 6
Cold bath in bathroom.....1 0
Hot or tepid bath in bathroom.....1 6
The devil! If they don't charge 6 pence more for you have your bath warm. Like to know how they can tell after you get in the bath room whether you take it hot or cold?"

"But, dear, the bath rooms are kept locked and the maid prepares the baths. She runs in hot or cold, just as you say—doesn't she?"

Well, what's to prevent you from saying cold, then, when you get in, turn on the hot water and save the 6 pence?"

"Why, that could be done," admitted Helen, wonderingly; "couldn't it?"

"Course it could. And your Englishmen are so thick headed they'd never think of it."

"But perhaps, they think any one who comes to this hotel wouldn't do a thing like that for 6 pence."

"The devil they wouldn't! The Englishmen look out for their 6 pence, all right. They're about as close-fisted as they make 'em."

He threw down the booklet, took up the bill and figured a few moments on the back of it.

"That's it—that makes 18 shillings. They've charged us 1 and 6 for every blessed bath."

"But, dear, they were warm baths. Neither of us took them cold."

"Huh, and you think I'm going to pay that extra 6 pence for a dash of hot water? I'll put up a kick on that, and a mighty strong one, too." He slipped the bill in his pocket. "I'll see about this after breakfast. Hurry up now; do you know it's 8:30 o'clock?"

"Yes, dear; I'll be ready in a moment."

"Then I'll go down and order. What do you want—bacon and eggs? That seems to be the regulation breakfast."

When a little later Helen joined Warren downstairs in the restaurant he was so absorbed in a newspaper that he did not see her until she had slipped into the seat opposite.

"Look here," handing her the paper and pointing to a column headed "Flats, Chambers and Upper Parts to Let." "If I'm to be over here a month longer, why shouldn't we take a small furnished flat instead of being 'done' by these confounded hotels? When I was here before I had what they called 'bachelor's chambers' on Hanover Square. And it was mighty comfortable, too—not half of what we are paying here. We could have our own bath and live like civilized beings, instead of being cooped up here in one room, washing our faces in those blamed china bowls and sneaking out as if we were going to rob a hen roost every time we took a bath."

"But, dear, how about service? And we'd have to have breakfast?"

"Oh, you can always get that in London. If they don't have regular service there's always the janitor's wife or somebody who'll look after you. But we'll see. I'll have a talk with the clerk here and find out what he'd do about these flats. I'm not so keen on moving, but I would like to see any such overcharge as that. Here, waiter," as the breakfast

Daffydils

AS OAT AKA SAYS—THERE IS NO GAME SO BILLY THAT THERE ARE NOT SOME PEOPLE THAT ARE EXPERTS AT IT.

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED TA-RA-RA-RA

MISTAH JOHNSON—CAN YOU TELL ME HOW MUCH COAL IT TOOK TO RUN DE CLERMONT, DE FUST STEAMER, FROM NEW YAWK TO ALBANY

INTERLOCUTOR—CAN I TELL YOU HOW MUCH COAL IT TOOK TO RUN THE CLERMONT FROM NEW YORK TO ALBANY. NO TAMBO HOW MUCH DID IT TAKE

TAMBO—IT TOOK ONE FULTON

UNCLE MOE WILL NOW SING "WE FEED THE BABY GARLIC SO WE CAN FIND HIM IN THE DARK"

THE DUCHES OF CANNOT WAS LEADING THE COTTILLON AT THE EMBASSY BALL HUNGRY HANK WHO HADNT TICKLED HIS WISHBONE WITH A HAM SANDWICH SINCE THE BOER WAR SLIPPED BY THE BUTLER AND OZED HIS WAY TO THE PANTRY. JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO RAP HIMSELF AROUND AN IMITATION FILET MIGNON THE JANITOR GRABBED HIM AND CHORTLED

"MOST BOATS ARE MADE OF WOOD AND IRON BUT THERE'S ONE AT NIAGARA FALLS THAT'S MAID OF THE MIST"

HERE'S YOUR SNUFF GRANDMA!

YEP IVE GOT ANOTHER ONE NOW. IM OFFICE BOY IN A COTTON BROCKERS OFFICE NOW DONT HAVE TO GET DOWN TILLS. SO THEN I GET OUT ALL THE BOOKS BALANCE

THEM THEN I WAIT TILL 10 O'CLOCK TILL THE MARKET OPENS GET THE CLEARING HOUSE BILLS MAKE UP THE SHEET SETTLE ARGUMENTS WITH OTHER COMPANIES

TAKE A HALF AN HOUR FOR LUNCH RUN AROUND TO THE BANKS TILLS, SEND OUT THE MAIL TILL EIGHT AND I AM ALWAYS HOME BY ELEVEN.

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

YEP NOTHIN TO DOLL TO-MORROW

Woman and Economic Problems

By DOROTHY DIX.

It is the fashion with certain writers nowadays to call every woman who does not earn her own living outside of the home, "a parasite."

This term of reproach is even being applied to the wife and mother who cooks and scrubs and sews and mends and baby tends, and who works eighteen hours of the twenty-four at the never-ceasing labor of making a home and rearing a family. To the lay mind it would seem that if anybody on the face of the earth earns her board and keep and is not a dependent, but a self-supporting member of society, it is such a woman.

This appears, however, to be an erroneous idea of the matter, and the poor domestic drudge who works herself to death in her own home is being denounced in scathing terms as a parasite, a despicable leech who lives on her husband and permits herself to be supported by him.

In a recent magazine article an over-enthusiastic writer on this subject cries shame upon the parasitic wife and mother who does nothing but give her very life to her family, and bids her to get out into the world and earn an honest living.

One could smile at such balderdash as this, except that it is so unjustly and unjustly belittles the great work for which women were created and fans into flame the growing discontent of the feminine sex with its lot.

It is a bromide to say that the welfare of humanity rests upon the stability of the home, and that the woman who brings up noble sons and daughters has made the most precious gift possible to the world. It can do nothing but harm to teach this woman that her work is not worth while, that it is without dignity and that she who is only wife and mother is a figure of contempt.

The majority of women are only too much of that opinion already. And in that attitude lies the great tragedy of the average woman's life. Her work of making a home, of making a man's happiness and comfort, of rearing children, has never been recognized as the greatest work to which any human being may turn a hand, as the greatest career that any ambition might pursue, or even as just a plain trade that was worth paying for.

We actually speak of the woman who is engaged in this tremendous labor as being "supported" by her husband. We regard her as a dependent, and she has no financial status. She draws no wage for her services, and even the government census report refuses to enroll her among those women who are engaged in "gainful occupations."

No wonder the indiscriminating and those without a sense of humor call her a parasite. No wonder that she even looks upon herself as one.

To any one who watches closely the feminist movement it is evident that the hardworking domestic woman has revolted at this insulting classification of herself with the vampires of society, and that in the future there must be a new adjustment of the economic problem between husbands and wives.

With their growing freedom in other matters it becomes more and more humiliating to wives to be forced to go to their husbands and ask, like beggars, for every penny they spend. Every woman with no pocketbook with an envy that turns her thoughts toward the outside world. The wife shows that she labors harder than the business or professional woman, and that her services are better worth paying for, and she rebels at the injustice that makes her a dependent, subject to the whims of her husband.

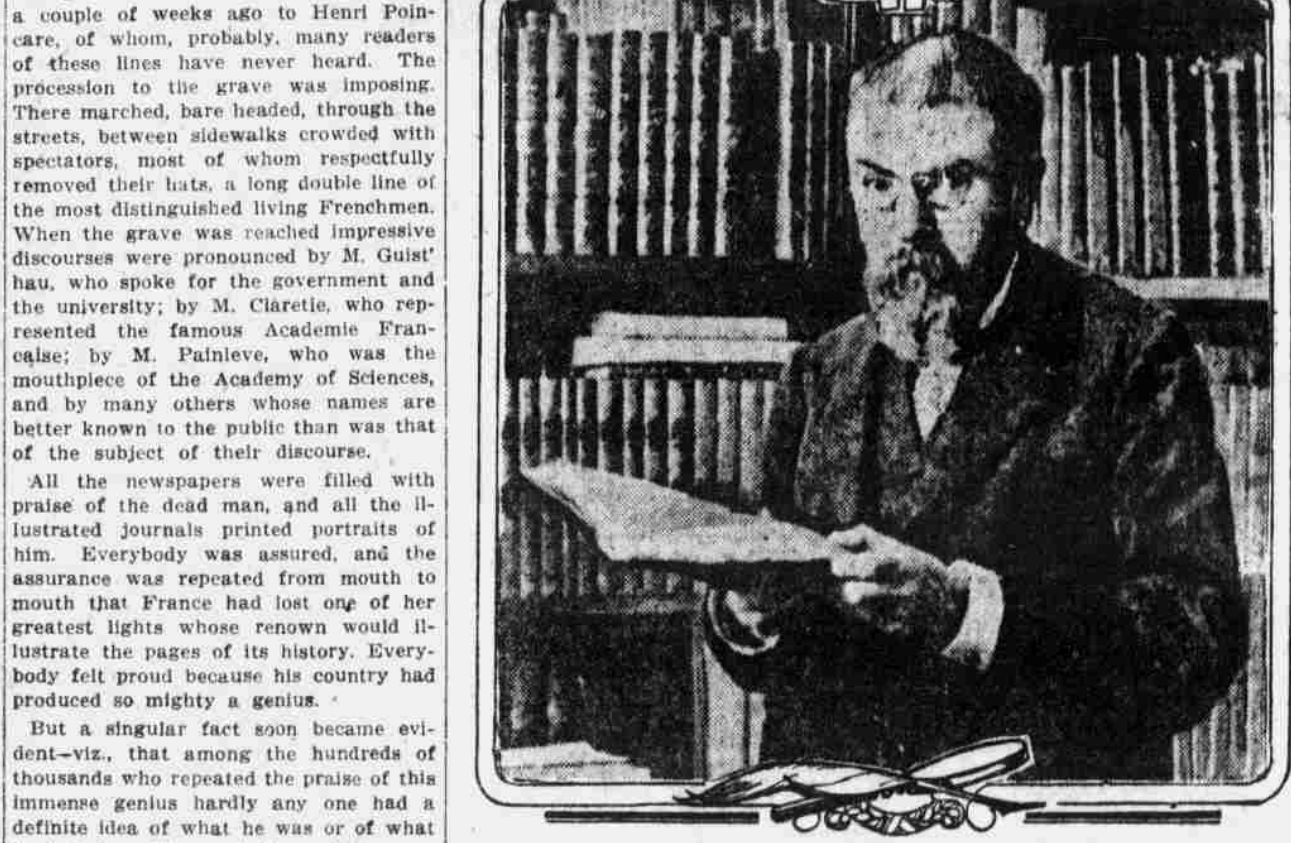
It does not take any prophet to foresee that the job of wife has got to have a pay envelope attached to it hereafter, or else women will follow the advice of those who tell them to put their children in creches, or some other kind of institution designed for incubating human chicks, and that they will go away from home and follow some pursuit that will furnish them with at least enough money to preserve their own self-respect.

This would be a most unfortunate state of affairs, since the consensus of experience shows that no scientific care of children can take the place of mothering, and also that women succeed best in the occupations that belong to them by reason of their sex.

It is folly to talk of any woman making a real home, and being a real mother in the fullest sense of the term, and following a career, or carrying on a successful business at the same time. No

The Use of a Great Man

One Has Recently Died in France, and People Are Inquiring What He Was Good For.



HENRI POINCARÉ IN HIS STUDY.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

A grand funeral was given in Paris a couple of weeks ago to Henri Poincaré, of whom, probably, many readers of these lines have never heard. The procession to the grave was imposing. There marched, bare headed, through the streets, between sidewalks crowded with spectators, most of whom respectfully removed their hats, a long double line of the most distinguished living Frenchmen. When the grave was reached impressive discourses were pronounced by M. Guist' havi, who spoke for the government and the university; by M. Claretie, who represented the famous Academie Francaise; by M. Painlevé, who was the mouthpiece of the Academy of Sciences, and by many others whose names are better known to the public than was that of the subject of their discourse.

All the newspapers were filled with praise of the dead man, and all the illustrated journals printed portraits of him. Everybody was assured, and the assurance was repeated from mouth to mouth that France had lost one of her greatest lights whose renown would illustrate the pages of its history. Everybody felt proud because his country had produced so mighty a genius.

But a singular fact soon became evident—viz., that among the hundreds of thousands who repeated the praise of this immense genius hardly any one had a definite idea of what he was or of what he had done. They only knew that somehow he had been a great man.

During his lifetime it was said that there were only two or three men in all Europe who could comprehend him.

It is almost certain that among those who pronounced eulogiums at his tomb there was none who could follow his work with complete understanding. Most of them did not know even the A-B-C of it.

For Henri Poincaré was a very great mathematician, perhaps, the greatest since Laplace and Lagrange, whom Napoleon, with his vast practical genius, could not understand. For most people mathematics, in its higher forms, is a closed book.

Naturally, then, after the first sensation caused by the departure of this great genius had died away the question began to be asked: "What was he good for after all?"

That question has been asked, and rather indefinitely answered. In many newspapers it cannot be answered by giving a list of his 1,500 works, for even the most popular of them, like the book on "Science and Hypothesis," are full of things which only the expert can read understandingly, while most of them are addressed to the elite of science, the narrow inner circle, to enter which requires extraordinary talent and years of application.

But it does not follow that some answer cannot be given. The best answer is two-fold. In the first place, one great use of such a man as Poincaré is the stimulation which he imparts to the average human being. He awakes the ambition of the race by showing of what it is capable. He is the man on the top of the apparently inaccessible mountain, who by his mere presence there, shows to others the possibility of ascending it. He is like the late Edward Whymper, waving his cap from the summit of the terrible Matterhorn. Anybody with good wind and strong muscles can ascend the Matterhorn now, because the way is known.

Great men of this stamp are the pioneers of the human intellect, and

The Manicure Lady

"I guess that now, George," said the Manicure Lady to the Head Barber, "Wilfred has got the right idea at last—at least, as near as I can figure it. He has almost got the third act of what I think is a wonderful play about Arizona. It tells about an English gent that got the can tied to him at home and then went out into the deserts of the great southwest to start a ranch. That's just like a English feller, George, going out into a desert to start a ranch. I suppose he thought that it didn't matter a bit whether or not he raised any fodder or anything of that sort, just so he had a ranch. If there is anything an Englishman likes in America, George, it is to go out onto a ranch in one of them deserts and look at the burning sands after he has planted a little garden sash which is never going to come up, and after he has turned a few sheep loose on the ranch of sand, and a few chickens. Then, after the garden sash doesn't come up on his ranch, and after the sheep and the chickens have died, he takes all his remittance checks, says, 'That's just like America,' and goes back to New York, where he may not get some sort of a clerical job, and all that sort of thing."

"But, as I was saying, George, Wilfred is writing this play about a rancher in Arizona, and in the climax of the play it tells how the English rancher is about to die of thirst. Brother is in deadly earnest this time, George, and I wouldn't be a lot surprised if he puts one over at last. He is so much in earnest that he is going without water to get the real feeling of thirst. You see, George, the poor boy ain't got the price to go out on the Arizona desert and get the real local color, so he has to lay off on the drinking and pretend that he is one of them thirsty prospectors."

"I don't think that fasting and drinking is going to give no writer the regular local color," said the Head Barber.

"Pa doesn't think so, either," said the Manicure Lady. "Of course, George, any girl or gent with one eye could see why father would be against a course of denying thirst. Thirst is one of the best pals that the old gent ever had, and it would sure take some stretch of imagination to imagine father ever becoming enough of a seeker after the local color for a play to keep him with a parched throat. Goodness knows, George, that in dear old dad's whole career he never went to bed with a parched throat, and when he wakes up in the morning, when all them sparrows is chirping, his throat only stays parched long enough to let the belly come up the hall with the ice that clinks in the pitcher."

"I hope the kid makes a hit with his play," said the Head Barber.

"I hope so, too, George. He has to raise \$25 the first of September to keep up his life insurance policy, and every time he looks at me I can see in his eyes that 'twelve-pound look."

Versatile.

Mrs. Murgins—I hear your husband is quite versatile.

Mrs. Higgins—Why, he can actually play out late every night in the week and not give the same excuse twice.—Philadelphia Record.

The End.

"Myrtle can you cook?"

"No, Lancel; can you afford to keep a motor car?"

"No, dear."

So they did not marry and they lived happily ever afterward.—Chicago Tribune.