



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Mrs. Rummy Puts One Over on Mrs. Thamthom

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Warren Takes Helen to a London Vaudeville—"Two-Show-a-Night" House.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"How about a vaudeville show?" asked Warren, selecting an English walnut from the plate of fruit and nuts the waiter had just brought on.

Warren. "They'll have one or two top-liners later on. Let's see," turning to his program. "Wilkie Bard—he's one of the big fellows—and George Robey. They're about the best paid men in vaudeville. And Daisy Dormer's here, too—she's not bad."



"That's all right—we'll go to one of the two-show-a-night houses." "Two shows a night?" repeated Helen.

There was evidently a change in the numbers for George Robey was put on sixth instead of ninth. He was greeted with vigorous applause. If Helen had been bored by the first few numbers, she was keenly appreciative now.

Warren pushed his way through to the box office, pausing to glance at the framed list of prices:

"Two imperial fauteuils," demanded Warren at the window.

"Yes, that's curious," admitted Warren. "Clog dancers couldn't get \$10 a week at home—wouldn't have them on the bill. But they seem to go here all right. Eleven," as the attendant changed their number.

Here the curtain rose on No. 3, the first number being the overture. "McIntyre and Randall, champion roller skaters of the world," read the announcement on the program.

"That's what she was after," laughed Warren, "what they all try for over here. If a singer can only get the house going, that's all she wants."

The next was Elsie Taylor, the Scotch comedienne and dancer. While she had a rather winning personality, Helen thought that number was most ordinary.

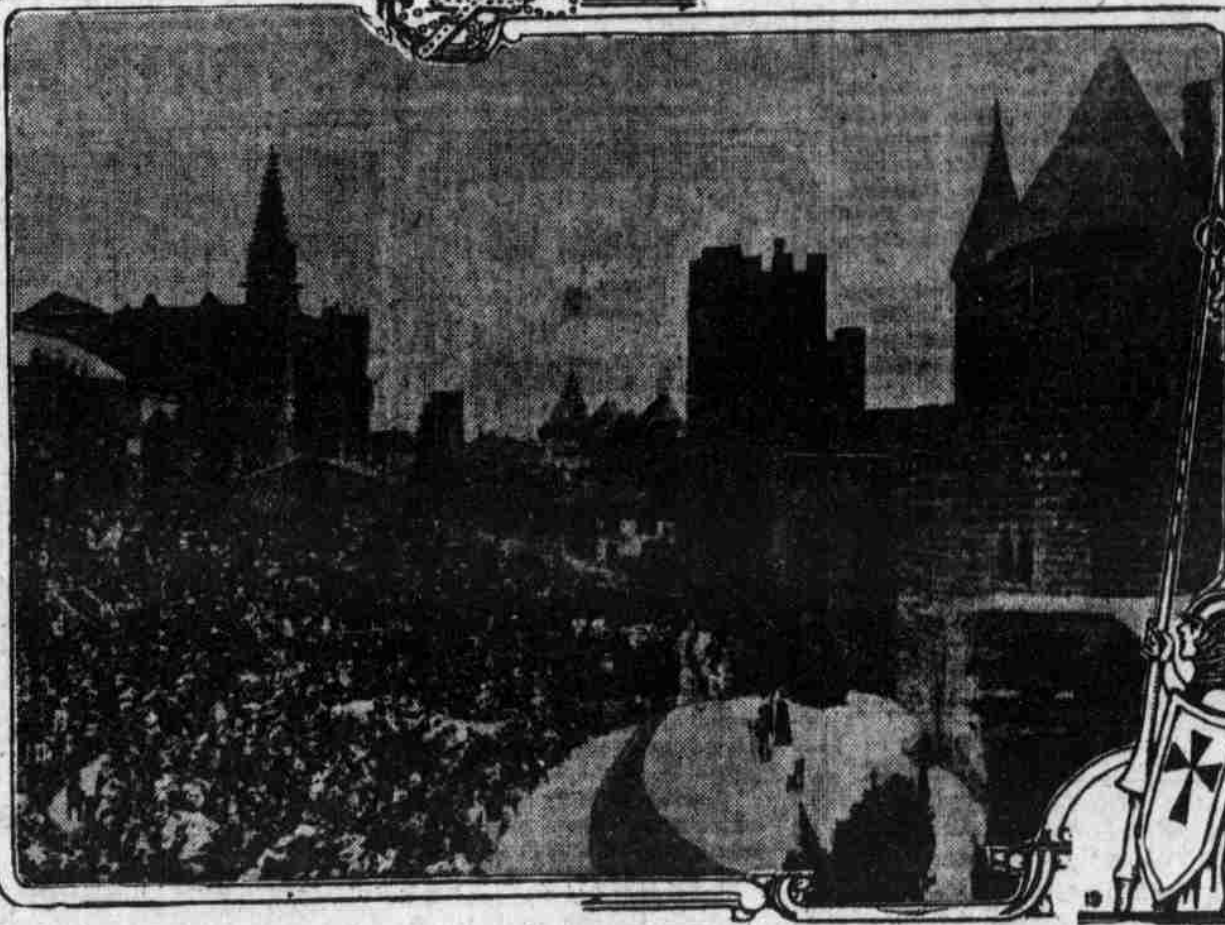
Warren. "That's what she was after," laughed Warren, "what they all try for over here. If a singer can only get the house going, that's all she wants."

Daddydilly

A collection of short jokes and puns. Includes: 'Little Willie was out for birds eggs...', 'Mr. King, the silver tongued tenor will not sing here...', 'Stand back boys, give 'em air', 'You? - Dost thou knoweth the pass word?', 'Then who art thou?', 'I'm the boob that putteth the tears in onions.'

A Drama Amid Settings 1,400 Years Old

The Open-Air Theatre of the Ancient City of Carcassonne and What It Recalls.



PLAYING "THE CID" IN THE ANTIQUE CITY.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS. There is one feature of life in old Europe for which we have no exact equivalent in new America, and that is the fete (a fete means a "feast" or a celebration) that are annually given in many ancient towns and cities. They not only serve to arouse and perpetuate local and national pride and patriotism, but they are the delight of artists and of all persons who have either a taste for the picturesque or an appreciation of the scenes of a past age when they are vividly brought before the eye.

Living with Wife's "Folks"

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Dear Madam—Married eight years ago, I committed the error of yielding to my wife's pleading that she did not want to leave her mother, inasmuch as a sick father needed constant attention.

What if she won't go? Oh, she'll go all right when she sees that you've decided to be a man at last, instead of a poor henpecked nobody.

The question is, must I wait for happiness, must I continue to endure these intolerable conditions? Yours, sincerely, L. H. S., New York City.

It won't be so pleasant at home with "the folks" when your wife is a poor relation. She won't have half so much fun laughing at you when she's living on some one else.

Universal Peace

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

It is quite within the range of possibilities that Emperor William of Germany will visit San Francisco in 1915.

The nations are now ruled by bankers, not by warriors. The economist, not the strategist, is supreme.

And it is interesting to know that the emperor himself realizes the fact. It is now generally conceded that we have gotten out of the struggle of war all that there is to be attained.

We are ruled by public sentiment, and as no individual can succeed in an enterprise with public sentiment against him, no nation can hope to achieve success and prosperity unless it is moving in accordance with the best ideas of the best people of all other nations.

Now the world is getting together. The cause our past is relatively brief, and our progress bewilderingly rapid, we are apt to think too little of bygone times.

Advice, with a String to It. Two young men, of short acquaintance, were talking together when George, the older of the two, became suddenly very confidential.