

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Mrs. Rummy Puts One Over on Mrs. Thamthon

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. "They'll have one or two top-Warren, selecting an English walnut from liners later on. Let's see," turning to the plate of fruit and nuts the waiter his program, "Wilkie Bard-he's one of had just brought on. the big fellows-and George Robey.

Why, dear, isn't it too late-it's almost nine? We've lingered over dinner "That's all right-

we'll go to one of the two-show-anight houses." "Two shows a night?" repeated

the first show starts at 6 and the second at at 9. Don't have them in New Yorkbut they're popuar enough here." "But 6 is such a

curious hour. Who'd to to the theater then?" "Oh, it works very well here in London.

A lot of English people don't have dinner. They have tea, go to the first show, and get home in time for supper. Here, that isn't the way to crack a Brazil nut-"And are both shows the same?" hand-

ing him the nut cracker.

"Same bill. Have the best artists too, and it's cut the admission about half. We'll go to the Palladium-that's one of the new houses."

It was just a few minutes of 9 when they left the bus in front of the theater with "The Palladium" in big electric let-

The street was crowded. People from the first performance, were coming out of an alley at the side, and in front was a long line for the second show. "Do you suppose we can get seats?"

asked Helen anxiously. "Oh, yes, this crowd's, waiting for the cheaper seats-pit and circle."

Warren pushed his way through to the box office, pausing to glance at the

Imperial Fauteuils..... Imperial Grand Circle...... 2

framed list of prices:

Grand Circle..... bookable in advance, 6d "Two imperial fauteuils," demanded

Warren at the window. They entered the already darkened house and were led down to their seats by a young woman usher.

seats!" as the young woman turned down two seats in the fourth row from the front. "What did you ask for?" "This is right-they call them "Fauteuils."

Helen had only a few moments before was a large house, richly decorated. There were many more boxes and their most distinctive note was the number of that's all she wants." women in evening dress.

"You wouldn't think they'd dress for vaudeville," whispered Helen.

besides, this is a pretty good house. Look at that orchestra-they've at least twenty pieces. You wouldn't get that in any New York vaudeville." "Program, sir?"

Helen turned to see another young Warren reached into his pocket with a brief:

"How much?" "Thripence, sir."

"Oh, do they charge for programs?" whispered Helen.

"Charge for everything in London. But they don't charge much-so, after all, they don't soak you as they do in New

Here the curtain rose on No. 2, the first number being the overture. "McIntyre and Randall, champion roller skaters of the world," read the announcement on the program.

Helen was plainly disappointed. She had expected something exceptional, very much better than the vaudeville at home. But roller skating seemed to her a very cheap and ordinary attraction. So during this act she found the house much more interesting to study than the two men in blue satin who were tearing around the stage.

The next was Elsie Taylor, the Scotch comedienne and dancer. While she had a rather winning personality, Helen thought that number was most ordinary. weights at the beginning," explained Lippincott's.



vaudeville. And Dalsy Dormer's here. too-she's not bad." 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

They're about the best paid men in

"He's going to impersonate an old charwoman," whispered Warren. "He'll be great in that."

was keenly appreciative now.

He wore a faded calico dress, torn, bedraggled and pinned up in the back with half a dozen safety pins. The coarse, reddish hair was screwed into tight knot. The hands and arms were red and freckled-typical charwoman's It was not the make-up, but the por-

trayal of the old woman that was se wonderful. Only an artist could have given such a characterization. It was not a vaudeville actor "doing a turn" that stood before them, but a real maujiin Irish scrubwoman, who had, taken a "drop too much." Realism in any form always appeals

to Helen, and when George Robey left the stage she joined in the wild applause. "Oh, Warren, he's wonderful!"

"Thought you'd like him. Yes, he's an artist-a great artist. None of the others can touch him in these old-home stunts." "But why hasn't he been to New York! 've never seen him advertised.'

"No: he's never been over. They've offered him a lot of money, but for some reason they can't get him."

The next-No. 6-was "La Belle Malaguenita, the incomparable Spanish dancer." whom Helen watched with only mild interest as she whirled about in her

And then came "Baker and Reves, American clog dancers." Helen thought this even cheaper than the roller skate

black and red spangled skirts.

"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 the number, "that't Daisy Dormer-she's

And she was good. Her personality and her song with its swinging rhythm were irresistible.

"She always has a song with a fetchy air," murmured Warren. "Look, she's trying to get the house with her. And "Why, Warren, these are, orchestra she'll get them, too." "How do you mean, dear?"

But the answer was unnecessary, for now the house took up the rollicking chorus, and Daisy Dormer's face was radiant as she waltzed back and forth, swaying her arms and body to the the curtain rose to glance about. It rhythm, her own voice drowned while the house sang on. "That's what she was after." laughed

arrangement was somewhat different Warren, "what they all try for over here. from the American theaters. But the If a singer can only get the house going,

Helen had always thought the English cold, stolld and unemotional. But now as she glanced around the crowded house "They dress for everything in London; and saw them singing with such abandon and enjoyment, she realized that she had been wrong.

As they cheered again and again and brought Dalsy Dormer back for the third time, so they might once more sing the tuneful chorus, Helen knew woman with an armful of programs, that this was an enthusiasm to which few American audiences would rise. Until now she had seen the English

people mostly in shops, where they were in the position of wanting to sell her something, and somehow she had thought of them more or less as foreigners. But tonight she feit she had its former days, but among us the spirit sonne. Only, Albany is not a fighting it is past. been brought very close to them.

And these were not society people poseurs in any way, but simply the great reputable middle class out for an evening's amusement. And somehow in their unchecked enthusiasm they seemed much more human and wholesome than the blase American theater- the days when the first feeble attempts years-battling against Visigoths, Sara-

"Dear, I do like the English people," whispered Helen impulsively, as the final curtain went down and the orchestra struck up "God Save the King." "Course you do. Hard to get acquainted with, but when you get to bration which has recently occurred in know them, they're all right."

Properly Labeled.

Ceylon ten? Cocksure Salesman-Absolutely, madam.

"Oh. they always put on some light- Mr. Ceylon's name is on every package. But its interest is supreme. It stands on of the sort could be more interesting, there!

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED RUFUS-MISTAH JOHNSON, AH

BIRD'S EGGS. LITTLE WILLIE CLIMBED ATREE. LITTLE WILLIE REACHED A BIRDS NEST. WHAT DID LITTLE WILLIE SEE. HE SAW A LITTLE DOWNY BIRD'S NEST WITH NOTHING IN IT BUT A NOTE

AND WHEN HE OPENED UP THE PAPER THIS IS WHAT HE FOUND THEY WROTE, "IF THE LIGHT WAS OUT DAYS. GEORGE WASHINGTON STARTED IT WHEN HE TOOK A CHOPAT DE CHERRY TREE. AND THE SHIP RAN ON THE ROCKS AND WAS WRECKED WOULDN'T THAT BEACON FOUNDED SHAME?

STAND BACK BOYS! GIVE EM'AIR

HALT HALT! WHO GOETH THERE? 21

SWANEE RIVER YOU ?-WORD

THINK THAT'S A VERY SENSIBLE

IDEAH SOME PEOPLE HAVE OF

TAKIN' THEIR MEALS OUT UNDAH

DE TREES IN DE HOT WEATHER.

NTERLOCUTOR-YES INDEED BUT

WE CANT ALL VERY WELL DO

RUFUS-NO SUH. BUT DE IDEAH AINT NEW. I BELIEVE IT DATES

BACK TO DE OLD COLONIAL

MR. KING, THE SILVER TONGUED

TENOR WILL NOT SING HERE.

WAY DOWN UPON THE

THAT IN THE CITY

THE WATERMELON. DOST THOU YEA KNOWETH THE PASS

THEN-IIM THE BOOD THAT PUTTETH WHO THE TEARS ART THOU? IN ONIONS.

OAT ABAR SAYS-"NEVER TELL A TEMPERANCE"

THE MOVIES THEATRE WAS PULL THE PROPRIETOR HAD ADVERTISED A REALISTIC

PRODUCTION OF THE SQUEEDUNK HORROR JUST AS IT OCCURRED

AT SQUEEDUNK CREEK THE

TIME CAME, THE OPERATOR

GOT BUSY AND EVERY BODY

DETAIL OF THE HORROR.

THEN THE OPERATOR

THE DELAWARE WHO

WOODROW WILSON?

SAT UP AND LOOKED AHEAD

SO AS NOT TO MISS A SINGLE

THREW THIS ON THE SCREEN

IF CHAMP CLARK TOOK TAFT

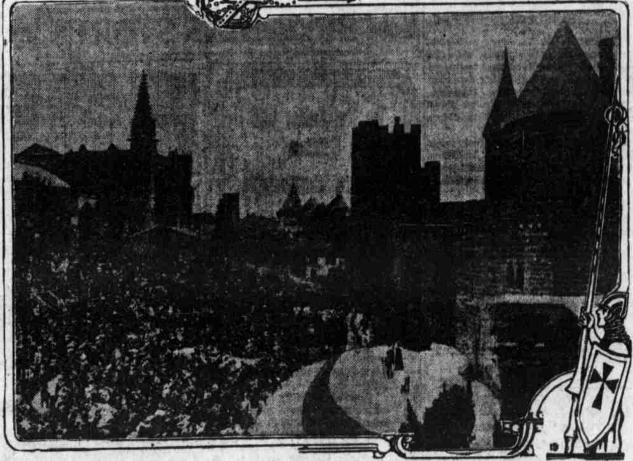
BRYAN AND TEDDY ACROSS

ON WITH THE EARMUFFS

BOYS! HERE COMES

ADVOCATE THAT HE IS A CORKER!

A Drama Amid Settings 1,400 Years Old The Open-Air Theater of the Ancient City of Carcassonne and What it Recalls.



PLAYING "THE CID" IN THE ANTIQUE CITY.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

ancient towns and cities. They not only houses, churches, streets, battlements serve to arouse and prepetuate local and dungeons existing as in their pristing national pride and patriotism, but they are the delight of art'sts and of all per- watchmen. sons who have either a taste for the picturesque or an appreciation of the scenes be deserted by its inhabitants; then let of a past age when they are vividly century after century pass over it, leavbrought before the eve.

enough, in smuch as several hundred ears have elapsed since white men first same condition, a thousand years or more a most realistic form, the people, the began to do things within its borders, later, and you will have in your mind ideas and the doings of an age which to have something of this kind to recall that inspires fetes is yet generally lack- city-except for politicians-and it has ing. Perhaps a thousand years from now no stout walls to resist besiegers, no gates there will be splendid fetes in New York, with portcullises, no loopholes through having some of the ruins of its sky which to shoot with cross-bows, harquescrapers for a background and serving busses, or musketoons, no donjons, no walked through these streets, who manned to recall to the men and women of that barbicans, and no torture chambers. time what life was on this continent in Carcassonne was a fighting city for 1,500

But I have no intention to discourse on the general subject of fetes; I wish simply to call attention to a very re markable example of this kind of celething of its kind in the world.

France. If you ever go to Europe you must try to see Carcassonne. There is a modern town, and an ancient one, side by side, and it is only the ancient one that has much interest for the traveler. But its interest is supreme. It stands on a little hill and it looks—but I can hardly

braich has recently occurred in thing of carcassonne, in southern thing of its kind in the world.

In this antique city, which they have costumes, looking down from the old walls at the sight of the revival, on their own ground of the scenes and deeds of own ground of the scenes and deeds of their day. One commentator remarks that their ghosts must surely have been there is a lesson for us in this. Be
There is a lesson for us in this. Spould I have been walls at the sight of the revival, on their own ground of the scenes bewilderingly rapid, we are own ground of the scenes bewilderingly rapid, we are that this. Spould I have been walls at the sight of the revival, on their own ground of the scenes and deeds of their day. One commentator remarks that their ghosts must surely have been there is a lesson for us in this. Spould I have been "Not a bit. Why should I have been "Well, it seems such a pity on account of their day. One commentator remarks their day. One commentator remarks that their ghosts must surely have been their day. We have no Carcassonne, but we have glorious memories of a great past, and the utmost pain the solid of the revival, on their own ground of the scenes and deeds of their day. One commentator remarks their day. One commentator remarks their day. One commentator temarks their day. One commentator temarks apt to think too little of bygone the very to their day. One commentator temarks apt to think too little of bygone were necessary the ravages of their day. One commentator temarks apt to think too little of bygone were necessary the ravages of their day. One comments of their day. One comments of their day. One comments of the court should be had their day. One comments of th a little hill and it looks-but I can hardly Inside the deserted city, with its walls There is a lesson for us in this. Be- we ought to cultivate them more.

as modern miracles.

[tell you how it looks, for, unless you and towers for a background (as you have seen something of the kind, you see in the photograph,) in the open air, great office, but he is a great individual, other nations: can have no means of making a compari- on a stage resembling a parterre in front son. For one thing, it looks as old as of a castle, and with a great audience alent in new America, and that is the the rocks and hills, and as deserted as seated under the sky, they gave reprefetes (a fete means a "feast," or a cele- a wilderness. And yet, it is a whole sentations, by famous actors and actresses bration) that are annually given in many and complete city, with its walls, towers, of classic French dramas, recalling the time, and simply lacking its inhabitants. Noboly lives in it except caretakers and

Suppose that the city of Albany should ings its great capitol and its other build-Possibly our continent is now old ings standing intact; finally imagine yourself visiting it and finding it in the some idea of the appearance of Carcas-

a aerial navigation were looked upon cens and enemies of every kind-and it has kept all these things, except the people who used them. They have vanished, leaving their city in a state of preserva tion more complete than that of a specimen in a museum. It is the mummy of a medieval city and the most

manners, costumes and scenes of the olden ages. It was an exhibition of the French sense of the harmony of things, which we do not possess as perfectly as they do. One of the plays presented on this

markable stage was "The Cid." of the celebrated dramatist Cornille. "The Cid" is a drama of the heroic days of Spanish chivalry, which brings before our eyes, in has not ceased to be interesting because

But on this occasion the representation derived a thrilling interest from the fact that the vanished inhabitants of Carcassonne, who once dwelt on this spot, who these walls, and kept watch from these approaching with its battering rams, its have by labor produced.

Catapults, or its culverins, and its armor glittering in the southern sunshine—that through the land, and every nation was through the land, and every nation was secretly plotting the undoing of its neighbor.

I boubtless when pirates roamed abroad marry the girl."

"You are right, my friend. I shall marry the girl."

"Then can you give me the widow's address?"—Judge. home amid such scenes as the actors were representing. More than one imaginative spectator half expected to see watching faces, armed men, women in strange

Dear Madam-Married eight years ago, have found a position in another town,

Living with Wife's "Folks"

committed the error of yielding to my pack your own trunk, tell your wife to wife's pleading that she did not want to pack hers and go. leave her mother, inasmuch as a sick

father needed constant attention. Fitnancial reasons were not in question, as her parents were comfortably situated.

Now, though my wife is a good woman, she does not realize that she is married. It is mother first, child next, then her brothers, and after that what affection may be left her husband is kindly welcomed to.

The question is, must I wait for happiness, must I continue to endure these intolerable conditions? Yours, sincerely, L. H. S., New York City. Yes, my poor friend, I am afraid you

did, indeed, commit an error when you you did it, and now you are paying for it as we usually pay for all such errors. liaven't you paid about long enough? I should think you had. Why don't you ask for a receipted bill and quit? How? Well, that isn't so easy to say;

but there's a way some way, somehow. What is your business? Are you so situated that you can't get work in some other town? Why don't you try it and New York isn't the only place on the

globe. Leave New York-that's the one thing on earth for you to do-and get employment somewhere else. Where? Anywhere away from

Just announce quite calmly that you at happiness before it is too late.

By WINIFRED BLACK.

What if she won't go? Oh, she'll go all right when she see

nstead of a poor henpecked nobody. But if she doesn't go, why you go any She'll come trailing along after you in less than three months.

that you've decided to be a mar at last,

Mother may weep, sister may wail and brother will probably have a lot to say: but when you are gone and there is no one to pay your wife's bills things will look different, very different. See if they

Mother will begin to see straight the first time the iceman comes for his money. And you'll get a letter-a sorry,

sad, "well, if I have to, I will" letter, Then you look around for a flat or house-a house if you can, a little house with a yard where son can play. Have the house little, not a spare room in it. and before you have had time to get really lonely your wife and your son will be at the door.

It won't be so pleasant at home with "the folks" when your wife is a poor relation. She won't have half or fun laughing at you when she's living on some one else. She'll come to you soon enough-straight home-and be glad to get there. And then you keep her and little son, and by the time snow falls you'll be happy, as you'll never be in the world if you stay there with "her folks," a butt and a byword among them.

You have the law on your side, you know. Your wife will have to go with you or give up her right to your sup-

Come, you're a man, not a boy; a human being, not a pack horse. Meet this situation like a man, calmly, with dignity and with decision. Now is the time to act. Act now and get some chance

Universal Peace

By ELHERT HUBBARD.

Copyright, 1912, International News Service. It is quite within the range of possi- telephones, the telegraph, quick transbilities that Emperor William of Ger portation, is putting every nation in many will visit San Francisco in 1915. The emperor has expressed great in-

terest in the proposed universal peace congress. The idea now of the fourteen great powers that control the world getting together on the peace basis is no onger an idle dream.

If the emperor makes the trip, he will come on his own yacht by way of sword. Panama, convoyed by an American and a German man-of-war.

The presence of the emperor in San as other people thrive. Francisco will be the greatest influence for peace and a mutual understanding among the nations that has ever occurred in history.

The individual power of Emperor William is greater than that of any other ruler. Not only does he occupy a very Time has tempered him, and if through his initiative universal peace could be established through international dis- that kings have their publicity bureaus. armament, it would put him absolutely They not only know what other nations first among all the kings and emperors who have ever lived since time began. And it is interesting to know that the the world's assize.

emperor himself realizes the fact. have gotten out of the struggle of war prise with public sentiment against his all that there is to be attained.

reached the point where there is absolutely no return at all. Armies are a terrible "over-head" tax.

Soldiering in the year 1912 stands for

consumption. woe, want, poverty, disease, nefficiency and incompetence. That the resources of the world should be used for purposes of destruction, and that vast numbers of men should be kept constantly under arms, is a crying evil.

Five million men in the world-the very pick and flower of manhood—are engaged in the nonproductive business of drilling and training to destroy what other men have by labor produced. towers when an enemy's army was seen and training to destroy what other men have by labor produced.

bors, the individual success of a nation demanded a big army Now the world is getting together. The

touch with all others.

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

supreme. Adding machines and cash registers are our weapons.

The typewriter is greater than the The growing intelligence of the time has shown us that we can only thrive

ploitation, annexation and destruction is obsolete. Nations, like individuals, are today held in place by public opinion. No nation can afford to fly in the face

of ideals that are held and fostered by

The idea of one nation thriving by ex-

Publicity is the great disinfectant So thoroughly is this understood today are doing and saying, but their endeavor

is to put themselves in the best light in We are ruled by public sentiment, and It is now generally conceded that we as no individual can succeed in an enterso no nation can hope to achieve su

We have reached not only the point cess and prosperity unless it is movified of diminishing returns, but we have in accordance with the best ideas of the best people of all other nations. Even successful war is a form of de feat. It looks as if the year 1915 will

the year of peace. Let it take it plane with the immortal dates, 1492 and 1776.

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.
"I am much bothered." he said. "I

Woman's Sad Lot.

"Weren't you awfully shocked when