

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



# SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

A Juror's Popsil Delays the Case

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



## Married Life the Third Year

Helen's Inappropriate Dress Spoils Her Day at an English Country House.

beside his mother. Helen would much

rather have gone over to the couch in

the corner instead of being conspicuously

in the center of the room. She was al-

ways painfully awkward and self-con-

"Is this your first trip?" asked Mrs.

"Yes," this is my first trip," repeated

Helen, trying to think of something to

"I suppose you find London very dif-

"Oh, very different?" loathing her

"This is a very pleasant time of the

"Oh yes. We've had a very pleasant

But here this brilliant dialogue was

"Seing the garden" was evidently a

"Oh, isn't this Sweet William?" she

"And this is verbena! Oh, these are

"That's candytuft," answered Mrs.

"Oh, no; we call it candytuft, too.

remember now we used to have beds

"Yes, the hollyhocks did very well this

of it at grandpa's. What wonderful

year. We've a larger bed at the other

Dinner was then announced and they

To Helen's surprise and embarrassment

Mr. Morland crossed the room and for-

mally offered his arm to escort her to

the table. The dining room was only

at the end of the all, but to Helen as

she walked beside Mr. Morland awk-

wardly holding his arm, it seemed very

Warren, who was never disconcerted,

had quickly seen that he was expected

to take in Mrs. Morland and had offered

his arm with easy grace. But Helen's

face was flushed pink when she took

the chair at Mr. Morland's right, which

Mrs. Morland. "Elsie you had better

It was almost 5 when they started to

leave, and Helen was afraid Warren

would yield to the repeated invitations to

"Dear, I think we'd better go," she

Both Mr. and Mrs. Morland went with

them to the station in the car. As they

stood on the platform waiting for the

train Warren invited them in for dinner

"Well, they're mighty fine people,"

"What was the matter with you?" as

though it had just occured to him. "You

Mrs. Morland trying to draw you out

"Oh, Warren, I was so wreched in this

"Make you wear it? What'd I have to

"But I didn't have anything else. And

"Spoiled your day-fiddlesticks! It

"Isn't it rather dark in here?" asked

he ceremoniously drew out for her

draw up the awnings."

managed to whisper.

some evening next week.

marigolds-I haven't seen any since I

part of every visit to an English home

interrupted by Mr. Morland, who asked

scious in a group of strangers.

ferent from New York?"

voyage coming over."

'Yes, it was very smooth.'

stupidity.

weather.

hollyhocks!

end of the garden.

went to the house.

year to come.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"Well, it's mighty decent of him to had on only a white waist and a black silk skirt.

invite us," declared Warren. yes, I know, dear," Helen as- When she went downstairs again they sented eagerly. "Only it's always so were all in the drawing room. Young hard for me to meet strangers-and to Mr. Morland rose to give her the chair

go to their homes for the day when I've never met any of them"-

"What if you haven't. Morland's been a big help to me over here. He's in a position to throw me in with the men I want to know. Besides. these Englishmen often ask out to their homes-they're not any too keen on Americans, So if he

-it's the least we

can do to go." He took some letters from his pocket ooking through them hurriedly. "What'd I do with that time table he if they would not like to see the gar rave me? He said there was a train den before luncheon.

around 10." "Oh, would we start as early as that?"

"I told you he wanted us to come for Mr. Morland and Warren went on ahead, the day. Here it is," taking out a small and as she walked alone with Mrs. Moryellow folder and frowning over it. "But land, Helen felt much more at east. you can't find anything on these confounded tables. Nine thirty-five arrives asked, as they paused at a bed frait Annerly at 10:48. No, that won't do, grant with these old fashioned flowers. that's only on Tuesdays. Thursdays and Saturdays. That's English for you. You break your neck to get a train here and was a little girl. And what are thesefind it doesn't go on that day. Here- these little white flowers?" 9:55. Yes, that the Sunday train."

"But dear, what shall I wear? I don't Morland. "But perhaps in America you know how to dress for a day in the give it another name." country here.'

"Wear anything. Guess we'll find they are very simple people."

But on Sunday morning, when Helen started to brush the skirt of her gray Mailor-made suit. Warren asked sharply: to You're not going to wear that?" som why, yes, dear; it's the only suit I

"Well, don't wear it. They're always making fun of the American women who come over here and wear nothing but tailor-made suits. Put on some kind of a dress.'

"But I haven't anything suitablethey're all too dressy."

"Not here. The English dress a lot more than we do. And we'll be there for luncheon." It was so rarely that Warren ever no-

ticed or made any request about her clothes, that Helen felt forced to comply. She knew she would feel most uncomfortable and over-dressed, but she hurried into a blue changeable silk that she had brought for dinners on the steamer. She had nothing to wear over it but her traveling coat, which looked much too

"Hurry up, there," admonished Warren. "We've only got twenty minutes." But Victoria Station was not far and they made the train in time.

Warren promptly buried himself in an illustrated London weekly. And Helen, who had put on her things so hurriedly now tried to adjust her hat and veil and "fix" before the narrow mirror in the compartment.

leaning back and putting up his feet Under any circumstances she would as the train drew out. Mrs. Morland's & have dreaded the day, but now she nice woman. Didn't you like her, And dreaded it still more, because she felt inappropriately dressed. There is noththat was a corking good luncheon they ng which so adds to a woman's discom- gave us." ort and self-consciousness as the feeling Helen murmured her assent, but her voice lacked enthusiasm. hat she is badly gowned.

When they left the train at Annerly, Mr. Morland and his son were there in a big touring car to meet them. Warren didn't have much to say-did you? I saw had said the Morelands were very simple people and Helen was rather surprised but you didn't seem to scintillate."

dress. I was never so uncomfortable in She was still more surprised when after I few miles' drive they turned in at a my life. Oh, why did you make me wear very beautiful place with large grounds it?" and gardens. "Pine Grove Lodge" was the name over the gate. do with it? I told you not to wear a

The first few moments in which they tailor-made suit-that's all." were introduced to Mrs. Morland, her sister and the three younger children, this-oh. didn't you see it when I was in were for Helen most awkward. She was the sun? This changeable silk fairly glitglad when Mrs. Morland asked if she tered! I never felt to conspecious-oh, it would not like to go upstairs at once and spoiled my whole day!" lay aside her wraps.

A maid showed Helen up to a large you're going to let a little thing like bedroom on the floor above. It was a that upset you! But that's like youcharming room filled with interesting old you're so full of egotism; you imagine everybody's scrutinizing you and your

English furniture. Helen took off her coat, feeling more clothes. Chances are nobody noticed what than ever over-dressed, as Mrs. Morland you had or

NENA WAS GETTING SORE, AS INTERLOCUTOR-WHAT ARE BILLIE WAS GETTING PRIMED YOU DOING THESE DAYS RUFUS! ON THE SEASIDE AND APPROACH ING SAID SHED THEY SPIED INTERLOCUTOR-WHAT POSITION YOU DOING THESE DAYS RUFUS! CAME OUT UPON THE STAGE THE LARGE PAT FIGURE OF DO YOU PLAY! PEARING A BREAK DOWN

WHAT DO YOU WANTUP THERE! IT PRETTY FAST IN THE THE MAN HIGHER UP CHIRPED. SUPPOSE T.R. REPUSED TO GIVE UP WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT THE STANDARD OIL WOULD

BILL YELLED -"HEY THERE,

FISH SIR? YES, BRING ME A GOOD EEL!

COR-TEL-YOU?

HALT! HALT! GOETH THERE

'IT'IM 'ARD 'ORACE! AND LEAVE THE YOU? -DOST THOU I GOETH KNOWETH THE PASS WORD

YEA

THEN IM THE BOOB THAT PUTTETH THE HOBO IN HOBOKEN

WHARF!

OAT ABAR SAYS-"MANY A MAN LOSES

THE SMALL TIME COMEDIANS

APPLAUSE. THEY DON'T HANG

A MAN IN IRELAND WITH A WOODEN LEE ANY MORE PIPED

HERMAN. WHY THEY USE A

JUST AS THE BAND STRUCK UP THE FUNERAL MARCH THE

THE ROAR OF STREET TRAFFIC

IS CHICAGO ILLINOIS(ILL O' HOISE)

DROP THAT OYSTER

IF NEW YORK SUFFERS FROM

HANS "HOW'S THAT" ASKED

STAGE HAND HOLLERED,

AMID A CLOUDBURST OF

HIS NERVE WHEN HE GOES TO THE DENTIST."

"And Departing Leave Behind Us"

INTERLOCUTOR - DO YOU FIND

RUFUS-OH, IT'S PICKIN UP.

THE REFORMED DRUNKARD

WE WILL NOW SEE

IN THREE REELS.

### School's Begun - - - - By Percy Shaw

There is quiet on the street; Almost every one you meet Looks at every other one. And there's something queer in that. Here's the secret-School's begun.

Where's the racing pit-a-pat? Where the rush of children's feet? Pray behold the dozing cat In the chair where Harry sat. Look at mother's face; she feels No one tagging at her heels; Now the breakfast things are done, She can sit and think awhile; She has even time to smile.

Joe's not pulling Mary's hair; There's a stillness in the air;

Sort of pleasant not to call: "Give your sister back her ball." With a half an hour to spare Seems like heaven everywhere. Here's the reason-School's begun.

Wonder why it is? You know, After the first day or so. That the hours pass kind of slow? What's the reason that you look At the clock and leave your book? What's the reason that you kiss Forty times the babbling miss? What's the reason that you fold Naughty boy and fail to scold? When everything is said and done-

Here's the reason-School's begun-

### The Rise of Business Supervision

ter Board of Health. This was the first enterprise of its kind in the world. Its intent was to guard the physical

interests of factory workers. Its desire was to insure light. ventilation and sanitary conveniences for the toilers. Beyond this it did not seek to go. The mill superin-

tendents lifted a howl. They talked about interference. They barred their doors against public They inspection. declared it was all a private matter between themselves and the workers-a

matter of contract. factory superintendent to invite inspecf age and, though there was a tax on be under happy conditions and windows, he supplied plenty of light and

also fresh air. laws as infringing on their rights. The greed and foolish fears of the mill owners prompted them to put out the good tried to turn the dial backward and reold argument that a man's children were his property and that for the state to dictate to him where they should work, when and how, was a species of tyranny. Work was good for children! Let them run the streets? Never! "

Factories were built alongside of poorhouses and orphan asylums, Paupers and children were worked like pack mules." When a man who worked il orphans fourteen hours a day-boys and girls from 6 to 12-was accused of cruelty, he defended himself by saying: "If I don't repeated by many fond parents as con- seen.

The stress of the times-having many machines in one building all run by one raw material in quantities, the expense ers and the friend of the public. of finding a market-all these combined economic expediency. It was called a of society. at home we get two or three men going Service.

In 1796 there was formed the Manches- into partnership and hiring a few of their

neighbors at day wages. Then we get the system of "shareholding," with hundreds or thousands of peo-, ple as partners in a manufacturing enterprise which they never visit.

The people who owned the shares were the ones who owned the tools. Very naturally, they wanted and expected dividends for the use of the tools. That was all they wanted-dividends.

The manager of the mill held his post-. " tion only through his ability to make the venture bring returns. The people who owned the shares or the tools never saw the people who used the tools. A great gulf lay between them. For the wrongs and injustice visited upon the workers no one person was to blame. The fault was shifted. Everybody justified himself. And then came the saying, "Corporations have. no souls.'

Robert Owen was manager of a mill, yet he saw the misery, the ignorance and the mental indifference that resulted from was the first the factory system.

He, too, must produce dividends, by tion of his factory. He worked with the the desire of his heart was also to miti-Board of Health, not against it. He re- gate the lot of the workers. He, too, befused to employ children under 10 years lieved in work for children, but it must the time out of doors. Books were written by good men pic-

So great was the ignorance of the turing the evils of the factory system. workers that they regarded the factory Comparisons were made between the old and new, in which the hideousness of the new was etched in biting phrase. Some vive the cottage industries, as did Ruskin. a little later; "A Dream of John Bull" was anticipated, and many sighed for the good old times. But among the many philosophers and,

philanthropists who wrestled the problem Robert Owen seems to have stood alone in the belief that success lay in going on, and not in turning back.

He set himself to making the new condition tolerable, and prophesied a day; when out of the smoke and din of strifework 'em all the time 'cept when they would emerge a condition that would," sleep and eat, they will learn to play and make for health, happiness and prosperthen never work." This argument was ity such as this tired old world has never

Robert Owen was the world's first modern business man. He sympathized with the toilers, and he safeguarded his cusmotor power, the necessity of buying tomers. He was the friend of his help-t

Very naturally he was called a dreamer. to force the invention of a very curious Some called him an infidel and the enemy

joint stock company. From a man and Now we call him a seer and a prophet. no his wife and his children making things Copyright. 1912. International News

### The Manicure Lady

"Gee, George, but it made like the finest flowers in the world? ting on the grass under a tree, with a Maybe the reason is that they grow out- ham sandwich in one hand and a daisy side of hot houses, and that the sight in the other, and he sprouts this: of them is like looking at a clean little Sweet bunch of daisies, fresh from the baby girl ail ready to go to Sunday

"I guess you like them because they are natural," suggested the Head Barber. "They ain't as pretty as hothouse roses, but they are kind of nat-I like natural blossoms, the same as I like regular men. Long years of this here New York teach me that there ain't many daisies or regular men left. They're dying out, kid, dying out."

"But I was going to tell you about Wilfred," said the Manicure Lady. "George, it was sure kind of pathetic to see the poor kid on that outing. The old gent had panned him kind of hard in the forenoon on account of Wilfred wanting an extra five dollars for that carfare that he is all the time talking about; so he acted kind of verbose all the way out to the end of the car line." 'You mean morose," corrected the "Verbose means lots of Head Barber. talk, like you talking all the time to me. I wish I could ever get you right

on them words that expresses meaning." "I don't think you express much meaning," said the Manicure Lady. "I don't think you could bring any meaning home on a dray, George, let alone expressing it. But as I was saying, Wilfred romped around like a colt in a pasture. Every daisy that he picked for me was the clew-no-cue for him to come over and say something sweet to me. He wrote about eight different poems during the is unable to see wherein the world is afternoon. Every one of them sounded a little like every other poem that he had ever wrote and a lot more like a lot of

"I was out in the Bronx pastures yes- | George. Nothing that they cop off the terday, picking dalsies," said the Mani- other people seems ') make them think less of the real beauty of the originales. me feel fine. Why is it that dalsies seem Get this, for instance: Wilfred was set

Kiss me once, sweetheart, daisles won't

Give me your promise, please, darling, do; Darling, I love you. Will you be true "He was faking," said the Head Barber. "That song was wrote a long time

was lots of other songs that Wilhas wrote," said the Manicure "That don't bother Wilfred none, though. I guess it don't bother the song

publishers, either." "You bet it don't," said the Head Barber. "The song publishers are too busy"

copping for themselves." Pointed Paragraphs.

Babies and grievances grow larger with

nursing. The man who shoots at random never hits the target.

Some men work overtime trying to earn; a dishonest living. It is useless to take a vacation if you

are weary from overrest. If you would get up in the world you might patronize a roof garden.

And many a man does the things privately that he denounces in public. A fussy woman says the next most annoying thing to a man in the house is

a fly. The world is full of the sort of friends who take to the woods when trouble

shows up.

growing wiser. Many a man fools himself with the be-

poems that other poets had wrote, but of the late Mr. Solomon. that didn't make no difference to my A woman just has to worry about so that didn't make no difference to injude at high the dear, darling brother. That's one of the body staying out late at night. If it isn't her husband or the hired girl, it's

nice things about a poet or a song writer, the cat.-Chicago News