



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Never Gets Excited at a Ball Game

Drawn for The Bee by Tad

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## Married Life the Third Year

Helen Clears Out the Closets, but Finds it Hard to Throw Things Away.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"Do you want these boxes, ma'am?"

"Yes, get everything down from those shelves while you're up there."

Della handed down the rest of the boxes, then climbed heavily from the rather shaky step-ladder.

When she had gone back to the kitchen Helen sat down on the floor and began opening up the things. What a lot of stuff! What could she do with it all? While their new apartment would have more rooms, the closets were smaller, and she must condense and throw away.

The first box was filled with old hat trimmings, too good to throw away, yet would she ever use them? Here was a black wing from a winter before last hat. It was an expensive wing and just as good as new.

And here were those lovely silk roses from that summer that she had bought at Alloué's. She handled them almost affectionately. It had always been such a becoming hat. Surely she could use these roses on something else. And these were the lavender plumes she had intended to have dyed.

In all that box there was, after all, nothing she could throw away. The next was a roll of patterns. At least she could make away with some of those.

A skirt pattern tied with a bit of blue and white foulard—the material she had used. How could she ever have thought that full pleated skirt attractive? This was the waist that went with it. What big sleeves and wide revers! A kimono pattern—she would keep that. Kimonos were always about the same.

But when she tied up the pattern package, it was much smaller. That much she had gotten rid of, and the tissue paper would be good for packing.

The next was a shoe box. Those beaded slippers she had bought at a sale for \$1.8. They had seemed small, but the clerk had assured her that with thinner hose they would be just right. Yet even with her sheerest silk stockings they had still been too small, and she had never worn them.

She took off her shoe to try one on now. It was tighter than ever. Were her feet getting larger? Helen had always had a very small foot—2 1/2. And the thought that she might now have to wear a 3 was far from pleasing.

The slippers went back into the box. The only person she knew who could wear her shoes was the washer woman's little girl. But a pair of high-heeled beaded slippers would be hardly suitable for her. Perhaps some time she would find some one who could wear them.

The next package was small and neatly wrapped. She felt it inquiringly. Some of these things had been packed away so long, she had forgotten what they were.

Oh, yes, that sofa cushion cover she had never finished. It was made of tufted squares of silk, but it looked absurdly old-fashioned now. Styles change in sofa cushions as in everything else. Yet there was the silk and cord and all the work she had put on it. Perhaps Della would like it. She called her from the kitchen.

"Della, here's a soft cushion you can have—if you think you can finish it. It'll be nice for your room."

But Della was never grateful for any gift. She never seemed to appreciate anything. And when she took this with an ungracious, "I ain't got much time for fancy work," Helen turned back to her boxes, once more vowing she would never give Della another thing. She always regretted it—it always made her uncomfortable.

A roll of leather trunk straps tied together with a couple of shawl straps. And she had thought them lost! They had looked everywhere for these who they went to Europe. She laid them aside to be used in moving.

A cumbersome brown paper bundle—she opened up one end. Her gymnasium suit. What could she do with that? She would never need it, and as yet she had found no one to give it to.

And so one thing after another she unwrapped and wrapped back again. Most of them she would probably never use, yet they were too good to throw away.

There is nothing more discouraging than an overhauling of closet shelves and old

trunks. And Helen's mind was never one of prompt decisions. She had always to hover over and anguish about a thing before she could really decide what to do with it. So now she was spending a whole afternoon and making but little progress.

When she opened the bandbox with her winter hats she forgot how late it was. The black velvet would have to be re-blocked and the crown made lower. How would that black wing look instead of this feather?

Again she opened the box of trimmings. Before she realized it she was trying the effect not only of the wing, but of most of the other trimmings on all of the three hats.

What a lot of time she was wasting! Hurriedly she put back the hats and trimmings, guiltily conscious that this was not helping to clear out the closet. She could plan her winter millinery some other time. Now she must get these things straightened up. So again she lashed herself back to the difficult and depressing task.

"Hello, what's this! Well, you do look a sight."

"Oh, Warren, I didn't know you were coming so early," and Helen rose hastily, painfully conscious of her soiled wrapper and disarranged hair and of the littered floor about her.

"Nice mess you've got here. Goin' to throw away all this truck?"

"Some of it," weakly. "Oh, dear, it's so hard to decide just what to throw away."

"Hard? Well, it wouldn't be hard for me. Wouldn't take me long to clear out that stuff. You'd look better if you'd rub that smudge off your nose."

Helen retreated hastily to the mirror. Oh, she was a sight! And she could never bear for Warren to see her at a disadvantage.

"Well, you're not going to fool around here and make dinner late, are you?" he demanded.

"Oh, no dear. I'll just shove these things in the bottom of the closet and go over them tomorrow."

"Eh, and waste another day? Finish it up now—you've got half an hour, Chuck most of 'em out. You want to keep everything—that's the trouble with you."

"But, dear, there's so many things you can't throw away. Here's some things for instance."

"What are they? Trot 'em out! I'll show you how to make way with things."

"Well, here are your boxing gloves. You don't want to throw those away, do you?"

"Should say not. I ought to take up boxing again. What's this?" as she handed him another package. "Those buckskin leggings? That's a fine thing to have if we ever go camping."

Without comment Helen handed him two other packages.

"By Jove, that's the cigar box I won at whist. What's it doing packed away?"

"Why, dear, you never use it. You said it didn't keep the cigars moist enough, and we can't have so many things lying around."

"Well, I want this kept out. I may use it. Now, what's here?" as he unwrapped a pair of ice skates. "Leave these out, too. Keep my things where I can get at them!"

"But Warren, you haven't skated since we were married."

"What of it? That's no reason why I never will, is it?"

"Well, here, dear, is a box of your old college pictures, flags, and things. I thought, maybe, you might look these over and throw some of them away."

"Well, you thought wrong. If you've got enough room for all your rubbish, guess you can keep a few college souvenirs of mine."

Helen looked up triumphantly. "Now, can't you understand, dear, how hard it is to throw things away? Don't you see you've wanted to keep all of your things?"

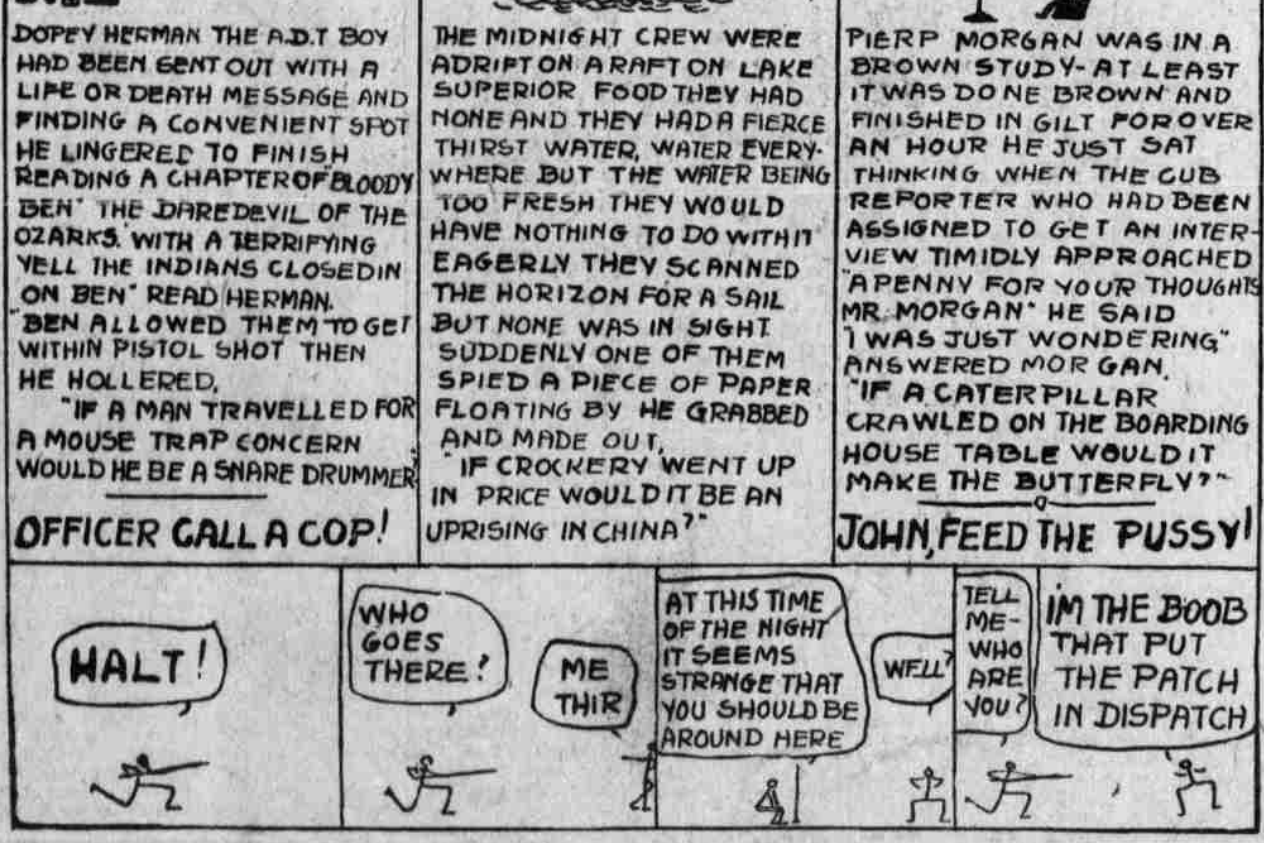
"My things? Oh, it's MY things you want to throw away. That's it, is it? Just like you! You crain the whole place full of your junk—then can't find room for anything of mine."

And he strode angrily into his room, leaving Helen to hastily shove the things back into the closet—anyway, to clear the floor.

To try to show him how unfair and how unreasonable he was—she knew the hopelessness of that. So she swallowed the lump in her throat, stifling her sense of resentment as best she could, and hurried in to dress for dinner.

## Doffydills

YOU NEVER SAW ME HANGING AROUND 42ND STREET AND BROADWAY WHEN I WAS A BOY



## The Greatest Tax

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

The greatest tax on humanity is not the tariff, war, strong drink, tobacco or organized superstition. These are all bad enough, but there is a tax more terrific than any of these, and that is the tax placed upon efficiency through inefficiency.

If 90 per cent of our people are 30 per cent inefficient, and 10 per cent are totally inefficient, as Harrington Emerson, Louis Brandeis and Roger Babson say, figure out the increased burden that falls on those who are able and willing to work!

The number of workers who go ahead and do the thing when they are told once is not large—most people have to be carefully supervised in order to get results.

Inefficiency comes from mental indolence, with physical weakness and wrong education as a causative base.

The success or failure of a business institution turns on its organization. Wise organization minimizes the cost of supervision. It makes it easy for all to do right and difficult to do wrong.

According to Fourier, each employe pays for his own supervision. This is true up to a certain point and as a theory. But actually the theory falls down in the case where an employe does not earn enough to supervise himself; then the tax falls on the concern. Just as in industrial schools the scholar may earn something, but the deficit is made good by his parents, who pay his tuition and board.

In most prisons the prisoner does a certain amount of useful work, but seldom does he earn enough to pay his way. The balance is made up by the state. In all insane asylums the patients are supposed to work, and some do. But if a patient can do enough work to pay his way he is discharged as cured.

The only reason for sending a man to either the penitentiary or insane asylum is that society finds it cheaper and more expedient to keep him inside the walls than to let him run at large.

Every big store, shop, factory and railroad has a certain number of helpers, who not only do not earn what they are paid, but who form a tax on the concern.

They may be high up or in the rear ranks—no difference. If you get enough "workers" who do not work your concern is headed for the rocks. It will not do to say that every employe pays for supervision. Some do, of course, but there are many who can't. And the cost of the supervision of such is thrown on the institution, and eventually is paid for by that ubiquitous person, "the ultimate consumer"—that's us.

All idlers, all professional reformers, all "educated fools"—all inefficient men and women are supported by society, in one form or another.

The fact that they have no visible means of support makes the man invisible who supports them, but we are all contributors to their board and keep.

The task of civilization is to eliminate the social parasite. And the recipe is: Educate for usefulness, not for honors. Copyright, 1912, International News Service.



## Somebody's Sweetheart

By Nell Brinkley

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HE'S A LUCKY MAN, WHOEVER HE IS

## The Manicure Lady

"Father was on his high horse again last night," said the Manicure Lady.

"The old gent has been that way so much of late that anybody would think he never dismounted—a rough rider or something of that kind."

"As usual, George, poor brother Wilfred was the fall guy, as we are learning to say at the church societies. He made the old gent sore by laughing at a song dad wrote for a meeting of the new lodge he had joined. The name of the song is 'Brotherly Love Can Never Fail, Because It Is the Best of All.' The only reason that poor brother Wilfred laughed was because this new lodge that they dragged father into isn't a regular lodge, one of the fine old lodges—it is a lodge called the Moonshiners, composed of one organizer and a lot of yeggs. That's one thing I've got against the old gent. He is all the time getting in wrong."

"If a lodge started tomorrow that was made up of the fifty finest citizens in New York or anywhere, father would be sleeping too late in the morning to get up and join it; but any time there is a lodge or a club started whose principal object is to love, honor and obey all the laws of regular good fellowship, the old gent is one of the first men there, with bells on. It ain't that he wants to be wrong, George, because my dad is fine, but he is all the time with them bad boys and trying to kid himself into thinking that they are good boys. That's a bad system, George."

"Well," said the Head Barber, "what about the song?"

"Oh, the song was good enough," said the Manicure Lady, "because it had a lot of fraternal stuff in it, but Wilfred missed the old man about the way that he had put it together. I don't think father did a bad job at that, but maybe I ain't a good song judge. This is the way the song runs and chances well. I'll set it to you, and then, maybe, you can criticize it for me, so I can help to get poor Wilfred in right again. Listen:

"How sweet to dwell in unity  
With absolute impunity  
In any old community  
That's brotherly love!"

"So, served sweet the lodge room table,  
We write as much as we are able,  
To think of what Abe did to Abel—  
More brotherly love!"

"You can't go any farther with that song," said the Head Barber. "I belong to the Eagles, and I won't stand for to hear anything said about a lodge."

"I ain't knocking no lodge," said the Manicure Lady. "I was only telling you what the old gent wrote, and he meant it on the level for a boast, too."

"If he meant that to be a boast for a lodge," said the Head Barber, "I don't blame your brother for picking it to do good. As far as I know, that is the only place that your brother ever did."

## Little Bobbie's Pa.

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I was reading a article in the Sunday paper the other day, sed Ma to Pa wen we was having our breakfast, wich told how every father shud make a chum out of his son & tell him how to succeed in the grate battle of life.

The article must have been a good one, sed Pa, becauss, after all, it is the father that shapes the destiny of his child. The mother cannot know what the father goes thru. Pa sed.

You must have went thru a little today, sed Ma. You had ten dollars wen you left the house last nite, & this morning wen I was looking for a farthing to tip the boy that brought the eggs all I cud find was a groat. A groat ain't much to find out of ten dollars, sed Ma. What did you do with all the other little droats?

I had to pay sum bills, dearest luv, sed Pa. If I had not had to pay the bills I wud have had more munny than I had after you had went thru my pockets, sed Pa.

You are giving that word had a merry game, sed Ma, & it mite have rung true to me if you had sed it a few less times. Do you know, hush, sed Ma, you are with bells on. It ain't that he wants to be wrong, George, because my dad is fine, but he is all the time with them bad boys and trying to kid himself into thinking that they are good boys. That's a bad system, George."

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You never told me that yure father was in a Federal prison, sed Ma.

I dident say that he was, sed Pa. I meen that he was away becauss he dident want to be in a Federal prison. He was too proud to stay in a prison, & he dident have enuff munny to git Brites disease, Pa sed, like sum peepul I know that got out of doing thare little bit.

But I want you to keep that in yure mind every muint, the part about making a chum out of your son, Ma sed. Cherish that thought ever.

All rite, Bobbie, sed Pa let's go to the ball gam.

But you was going to talk me out this afternoon, Ma sed.

Sure, sed Pa, you are my chum, too, All of us is going.