



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Watches the Fleet Glide By

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Getting Unpacked and Hanging the Curtains in Their New Apartment—Warren Disappoints Helen

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"There, is that even?" asked Helen. "I can't see, ma'am," said Della. "You're standing right in the way." Helen climbed down and viewed the curtain she had just hung with frowning disapproval. "No, it's still a little too long."



"It's about as good as we can get it," protested Della. "No, I will get that even," and for the third time Helen took that particular curtain down.

On account of the window seats in this apartment all the curtains had to be shortened. Helen had spent the entire morning, but had only hung those in the front room and library, and she had hoped to get them all up before lunch.

"Now that ought to be right," when she once more mounted the ladder and slipped the curtain rod into its socket from the floor. "Now, Della, bring the ladder into Mr. Curtis's room; I'll put those up next."

As they went into Warren's room, Helen's foot caught in the wire and almost pulled over the large mirror that was propped up against the foot of the bed.

"Oh, Della, we must hang this mirror before it gets broken. We'd better do it right now."

"Isn't that too heavy for us to hang?" grumbled Della. "I'll set it back of the bed. It won't get broken there."

"No-no. I want it hung. I want to get Mr. Curtis's room all in order before he comes home. This won't be hard to hang."

But the ceiling was higher than in the old apartment, and the wire that was on the mirror was too short.

"Bring in that box of nails and things. There's some picture wire in that."

"This won't be strong enough," objected Della sullenly as she brought in the box. "It ain't as heavy as what's on there. I can double it. There," as Helen twisted the wire and fastened it securely. "That'll hold it. Now, how'll I cut this? See if you can find those old kitchen scissors."

But just then the doorbell rang and Della had to answer it.

"A man to see you, ma'am."

Helen took off her working gloves, smoothed back her hair and went to the door. But it was only a man from Clear Creek dairy soliciting their milk trade.

"We serve most of the families in this house, ma'am. We'd like you to give us a trial. You'll find our milk the very best."

It was the third dairyman who had been there that morning, all claiming that they served "most of the families in the house."

"Della, find out what these men want before you call me to the door again," instructed Helen impatiently.

Helen was up on the stepladder and Della was just handing up the mirror when the bell rang again.

"Oh, what a nuisance!" exclaimed Helen, angrily.

"Yes, I know," admitted Helen. "I intended to get a little gimlet, but forgot it. You get down—I'll try."

Helen worked until her fingers ached, but the screw made hardly more than an impression in the hard wood. Yet when Helen understood a thing she rarely gave it up. And now she finally struck on the plan of driving a nail and then drawing it out, which left a hole and made it easy to start the screw. But it was a tedious process, and it was after 4 o'clock before the curtains were up on the three dining room windows.

"Now, Della, let's see if we can't get these shades on the lights in the front room. Those white globes are so glaring."

"But we won't have time, ma'am. I ought to be seen about dinner."

"Yes we will, if we hurry. I want to unpack that box, anyway, and get it out of the hall."

The proper shading of electric lights Helen always considered most important. She had bought a number of rose-colored globes or the other apartment, and now she was eager to put them up here.

The fixtures were different and they were hard to adjust, but Helen, who really loved to tinker with things, finally got them on.

"There, now!" as she climbed down and touched the button by the door, flooding the room with a soft rose light. "Aren't they lovely. See how much better they make everything look? Oh, there's nothing that helps a room so much as the right kind of light! Now let's get this box out of here and you can go on with the dinner."

But Helen worked on, hurriedly getting things into place, trying to make every thing as attractive as she could before Warren came.

The men had not brought all the things in until late the night before and in the morning everything had been in hopeless disorder. Now almost everything was unpacked and even the curtains were up. Surely Warren would be surprised that she should have done so much in one day.

She told herself joyfully that he would expect to find her tired and disheveled, with the apartment only half in order, and packing boxes still strewn about. How surprised and pleased he would be to find everything so tidy.

The hall door opened and closed. It was Warren. A few last hurried touches to her dress and hair and she ran out happily to meet him.

She had pictured him standing at the door of the front room looking around with pleased surprise. He might even say "Fine, Kitten!" which from him was the highest praise.

But he was not at the door of the front room. He was not in the front room at all. She hurried through into the library. He was standing with his hands in his pockets looking frowningly at his desk.

"See here, Helen, this won't do! Why on earth did you put the desk that way? Can't get any kind of a light on it there. Here's the place for it," pointing to where the bookcase stood.

"I didn't think of the light, dear. It looked so well there. But it isn't heavy—we can easily move it."

"Yes, but you can't budge that bookcase now with all those books in it."

"Della and I can take them out and move it tomorrow," murmured Helen, trying to crush down her sick disappointment.

"Huh, lot of trouble for nothing. You never use any judgment—always making extra work for yourself and everybody else. Anyone would know that's no place for a desk. What's this? Stoop over and examining a scratch. 'Did they do that getting it in?'"

"Yes, but I can fix it with a little polish. There's several places I'll have to touch up. But, dear," laying an appealing hand on his arm, "don't you think it looks well? Don't our things fit in these rooms even better than you thought?"

"Um, yes—looks all right. These are good sized rooms—anything you look well. What about dinner? You say it's ready."

"Yes, but oh, Warren," tremulously, "I can't help but be disappointed. I worked so hard to get everything straight—and I—I thought you would appreciate"—she changed the word quickly, "notice it."

Daffydils

THE FANS WERE FIGHTING LIKE MAD TO GET IN THE POLO GROUNDS. THE DOORS HAD JUST BEEN THROWN OPEN AND THERE WAS A WILD SCRAMBLE FOR SEATS. THE LINE WAS A MILE LONG. AT LAST ONE OLD BUG BROKE OUT OF THE END OF THE LINE AND RAN STRAIGHT TO THE BOX OFFICE. HE CLAIMED HE HAD A NOTE FROM PRESIDENT TAFT FOR A BOX SEAT. THE TICKET SELLER LOOKED HIM OVER, THEN READ, "IF A COP ARRESTED 30 CROOKS AND BOUND THEM WOULD THAT TIE THE SCORE?"

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED TA-RA-RA-RA SAM-MISTAH FLYNN DID YOU EVAH SEE DEW IN DE AFTAHNOON? INTERLOCUTOR-INEVER DID SAM-DEW TELL? I SAW DEW YESTIDY AFTAHNOON. INTERLOCUTOR-INEED. WHERE? SAM-DOWN AT DE GRAND CENTRAL STATION. IT WAS 3.30 AND DE TRAIN CAME IN. INTERLOCUTOR-WELL WHAT? THE TRAIN GOT TO DO WITH IT? SAM-DE TRAIN WAS DUE PASS AROUND THE HAT BOYS! HERE COMES THE COP

THE MANAGEMENT PRESENTS ZIRA, THE MAID OF MYSTERY WRITE YOUR QUESTIONS ON THE SLIPS HANDED YOU AND ZIRA WILL ANSWER THEM THUS QUOTH THE PROFESSOR THE QUESTIONS WERE WRITTEN AND ZIRA WENT INTO A TRANCE AND BEGAN TO TELL THINGS SHE ANNOUNCED THAT DAVE FULLER WOULD FIND HIS PLYMOUTH ROCK PULLED ON EPH TOHNGONS TABLE IF HE HAPPENED AROUND ABOUT DINNER TIME THIS CREATED A SENSATION AND GAVE EVERYBODY CONFIDENCE IN ZIRA BECAUSE THEY ALL KNEW EPH. THE NEXT QUESTION WAS-"IS THE ATLANTIC REAL OR IS IT ONLY A NOTION?"

"Common Sense in Everything Will Bring You Beauty," Says Miss Gladys Hansen

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

"She's the handsomest woman on the stage today," said a man in the theatrical business, when I told him that I was about to see "The Governor's Lady," in which Miss Gladys Hansen is playing.

I looked at the man wearily, for I'd heard that so often, but I think better of his judgment now, and, indeed, I shouldn't wonder if he were right.

Miss Hansen hasn't been in New York enough for our theatergoers to become very familiar with her until this season. Indeed, she hasn't been on the stage very long, and I found her looking much younger even as Gladys Hansen at her hotel than as Katherine Strickland on the stage of the Republic theater.

It is pleasant to say that she is really and truly beautiful. A tall and most distinguished looking girl, with a small, aristocratic head, beautifully set upon a pair of handsome shoulders, her face is a perfect oval with the pointed chin of the early Italian artists, her eyes a gray blue, are set in their sockets with nature's own smutty fingers, a beauty which one cannot imitate, despite all the best eyelash pencils.

"Now I am really going to tell you everything I know about the beauty question," said Miss Hansen in a charmingly modulated voice, which has a delicious trace of southern accent, as she leaned forward in her chair and looked at me with a serious determination to be conscientious and to stick to the subject of the interview.

"I suppose the most important subject is the question of diet. I am sure it is with me, especially when I go home to Atlanta, where I have to withstand the temptation of the most wonderful lemon meringue pies and jumbles, and all sorts of other things prepared especially for me by our old cook. Her grates is really pathetic, when she wishes me refuse one after another my old favorite dishes, and she moans as she stands in the doorway. 'Oh, lan, our Miss Baby she done get all these queer Yankee notions, she won't eat nothin' more.' That's what our old cook thinks about my efforts of dieting, and I can tell you she makes it very hard for me to refuse all the good things



MISS GLADYS HANSEN, A BELASCO BEAUTY, NOW APPEARING IN THE GOVERNOR'S LADY.

that I know are bound to make me fat. "When I am working I never take more than two meals a day, and I stick to this rule, no matter what it costs me in obligation."

"In the morning a cup of coffee and toast, and then nothing more until my early dinner between 5:30 and 6. After the theater I take a glass of buttermilk and a biscuit, but that's all. I keep in splendid condition on this diet, and I'm sure I eat any more I know that it is not good for me physically, and that it is correspondingly bad mentally. Of course, it sometimes takes real heroism to refuse to eat when one is invited to luncheon,

and I find that the only way I can avoid the temptation entirely is to run away from it and to eat by myself.

"So much for diet. Now comes exercise. I walk a great deal, but beside that I go through a number of exercises every day. Oh, I really do; you needn't look surprised, and I'll show you just what they are."

To Marry or Not To Marry

Selected by EDWIN MARKHAM

Earl Barnes, educator and writer, in his thoughtful new book, "Woman in Modern Society," touches illuminatingly upon many of the difficult and anxious problems of the time. Speaking of the career of matrimony for women, Mr. Barnes says:

"It will be pointed out that many men and women who marry fail to realize the ideal. Every form of living is dangerous, and not every one can hope to be a successful husband and father or wife and mother."

"Even devotion to religion furnishes many lamates for insane asylums; athletic contests leave a line of cripples behind them; and railroad disasters fill thousands of graves annually."

"The institution of marriage has had no such intelligence applied to its improvement during the past years as has been given to perfecting railroads; and

since founding a family is a more difficult undertaking than making a Journey, one need not be astonished at the number of fatalities."

"Even if the institution of marriage were as intelligently and carefully brought up to date as railroad systems are, it would still remain dangerous to live; either in or out of marriage."

"And yet the danger could be greatly reduced by proper education of youth—at present we are educating 10,000,000 girls in the state schools of America, and as many boys. They are spending eight or twelve years, under the direction of delicate women teachers, sharpening their intelligence. Their most important work in life is to be the making of homes, but they are supposed to master this art through imitating the home in which they grow up. Many of these are unworthy of imitation, and they are all in process of transition."

"Every girl should be trained in handling an income and in spending money wisely. She should have a general knowledge of household sanitation, of water supply and sewage, of foods and their preparation. She should know about clothes, their cost, wearing qualities and decorative values. She should have a sense of the family and its significance in life."

"She should have the beginnings of a eugenic conscience established in her, and she should know something of the care of infancy. All this should be given in the school, if it is not definitely given in the home; and no girl who goes through the eighth grade should escape it."

"Before the girl is married, she should have wise counsel from mature women who have lived and learned the art of living. Boys should, of course, also be trained in comparable directions for this great part of their lives."

"Something is already being done in this direction through the establishing of special courses in domestic science, and allied branches in our schools. The fact that educational leaders are awake to the need was shown by the applause that followed Superintendent Harvey's plea for this training in his paper on the education of girls at the superintendents' association in St. Louis in February, 1912. The leading educators of the country greeted his plea with an enthusiasm called out by no other paper of the session."

"In married life the woman should be as free as the man, an equal financial partner, and should share in all the social and political opportunities of the community. When she bears children, she should have special protection, support and reverence; and support should come from the father of her children. If she fails her, then the group, in its capacity as a state, should care for her honorably. But to justify this protection and reverence, she should bring to her special functions, as mother of the generation, a strong body, an intelligent mind, a eugenic conscience and an absolute devotion to the children born of her love."

"Our fable of the creation of woman is more poetical than our Christian one, which forms woman out of a man's rib, and a Hindu says he watched the girl's baptism in the sea. 'Listen, and see if you don't agree with me.'"

"Twashtri, at the beginning of time created the universe and man, but when he came to create woman he found that he had exhausted his materials and no solid elements remained.

"Twashtri mused a while. Then an idea came to him, and in order to make the first woman he took moonlight and the undulations of the serpent, the slenderness of reeds and their soft movement in the wind, the tears of a raincloud, the velvet of flower petals, the grace of a rose, the tremor of grasses, the vanity of the peacock, the softness of the down on a dove's breast, the hardness of diamonds and the sweetness of honey, the cruelty of the tiger and the warmth of fire, the cold of snow, the chatter of a Jay and the coo of a dove—and out of these things Twashtri created woman."—New York Tribune.

Creation of Woman

Advice to Campaign Contributors. Don't send checks nor drafts. Don't contribute large bills. Don't mail your contribution. Don't bring it. Don't accept a receipt. Don't correspond with campaign treasurers. Don't use marked money. Don't fail to claim that your sympathies are all with the other candidate. Don't give large amounts. Don't give at all. — Cleveland Plain Dealer.