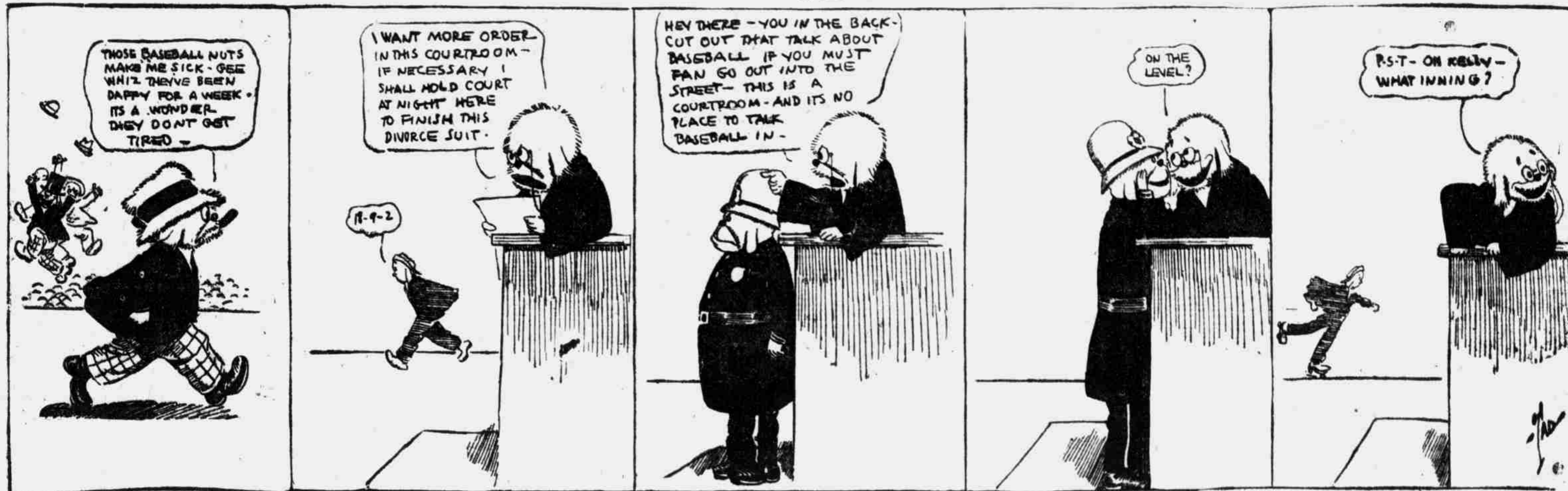


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Rumhauser Roasts the Fans in Court

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Delia Shirks the Extra Work in the Apartment and Finally Leaves.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"Why, Delia, you haven't cleaned the nickel in that bathroom!" "Can't do that every time," grumbled Delia.



"But I told you particularly I wanted that done. You can leave those shelves and do it now." Delia, sulkily threw down the oil-cloth she was fitting on the pantry shelves and got out the nickel polish. It was not often that Helen made her stop one thing to do another in this way. But all during the moving and for the two days they had been in the new apartment, Delia had been most sullen. She showed plainly that she disapproved of the larger apartment and had made several grumbling remarks about the work being much harder here.

You've spoiled her, that's the trouble. You've made her feel you couldn't get along without her. That spoils any girl. They take advantage of it every time."

"But, dear, Delia has been so good in so many ways, and she's so clean about the kitchen—that's everything."

"Lots of other girls are clean, too, and a darn sight more economical." The next morning right after breakfast, Helen said briskly:

"Now, Delia, I want you to clean this range thoroughly today. You can begin as soon as you get through with your dishes. Try to get all this rust off. Take a little kerosene. There's some in that bottle in the lower part of the cupboard."

When Delia was in one of her disagreeable moods she had a provoking way of not answering. Helen added sharply: "When you get through the range I want you to wash all these glass doors in the pantry. That should've been done before you put oilcloth on the shelves."

As she was talking Delia turned on full the hot water in the sink, making so much noise that Helen had to raise her voice. This added to her irritation. Had Delia turned on that water purposefully? The incident rankled. Perhaps Warren was right—perhaps she had spoiled her. At any rate Helen determined that she would not put up with this sullen insolence any longer. And she would let Delia understand this at the first opportunity.

"Delia, I told you to take some kerosene and get this rust off."

"Can't get that rust off with kerosene. That stove needs to be polished; that's what it wants."

"But the gas company doesn't want you to use polish on these ranges. You ought to know that. Bring me the kerosene."

Helen poured some in a saucer. "There," showing the rust on the rag. "You see, that takes it off. Now, I want you to do this before you do anything else."

But Delia was already back again washing the glass doors.

"Don't you understand me, Delia? I said I wanted you to do this before you did anything else."

But with her back to Helen, she was obstinately polishing one of the doors. She did not stop to turn around.

"Delia! Do you hear me?" Still Delia did not turn.

"Delia, what is the matter with you? This began when we started to move and you have been growing worse every day. Now I'm not going to put up with it. If you don't want to do the work here and do it the way I want you to—then I shall get some one else."

Delia's face had flushed a dull brick red.

"You'd better get 'em right away. I'm ready to go now." She put down the rag, wiped her hands on her apron and before Helen could realize what had happened had slammed into her room.

Helen looked after her with a curious feeling of dismay. Was she in earnest? Was she really going to leave?

Then she remembered that this had happened once before and almost in the same way. Delia had even gone so far as to pack her trunk, yet a few hours later she had found her in the kitchen preparing dinner as though nothing had happened.

She tried to assure herself that this, too, would end that way. Delia was impulsive and quick tempered, but her anger was usually soon over. Helen went on about her work, trying not to let the incident upset her, but she found herself listening for every sound from Delia's room. At last she heard her come out, stalk heavily down the hall and bang the outside door after her.

"Delia, do you mean to say you call that nickel polished?"

"Good as I can get it the first time. That ain't never been polished before."

"But you didn't touch the pipes under the stand nor the shower."

"Couldn't reach that shower," sullenly. "Then get the stepladder. Now you'll have to go back, Delia, and do that right."

Delia muttered something under her breath and went back to the bathroom in a furious temper. Helen followed her in.

"And this thing—you haven't cleaned any of this."

"Those spots won't come off, them's paint."

"Get a knife and scrape them off," trying one with her thumb nail. "Now, Delia, I want you to get this bathroom clean. We've been here three days now, and it's almost as bad as when we came."

"Well, I can't do no more than I can," muttered Delia.

For the rest of the afternoon Delia maintained a sullen, resentful silence. At dinner, even Warren noticed that something was wrong.

"What's the matter with Delia?" he asked.

"Oh, dear, I don't know. She's been sullen and grumpy ever since we've moved, and today I had a perfectly dreadful time making her polish the nickel in the bathroom. She thinks this apartment is too big—that the work's going to be harder."

"Well, if she doesn't want to do the work here, fire her. We'll get somebody who does."

"But, oh, I dread to think of a new girl. We've had her so long."

"Too long, maybe. These girls get spoiled when they feel you can't do without them."

Daffydils

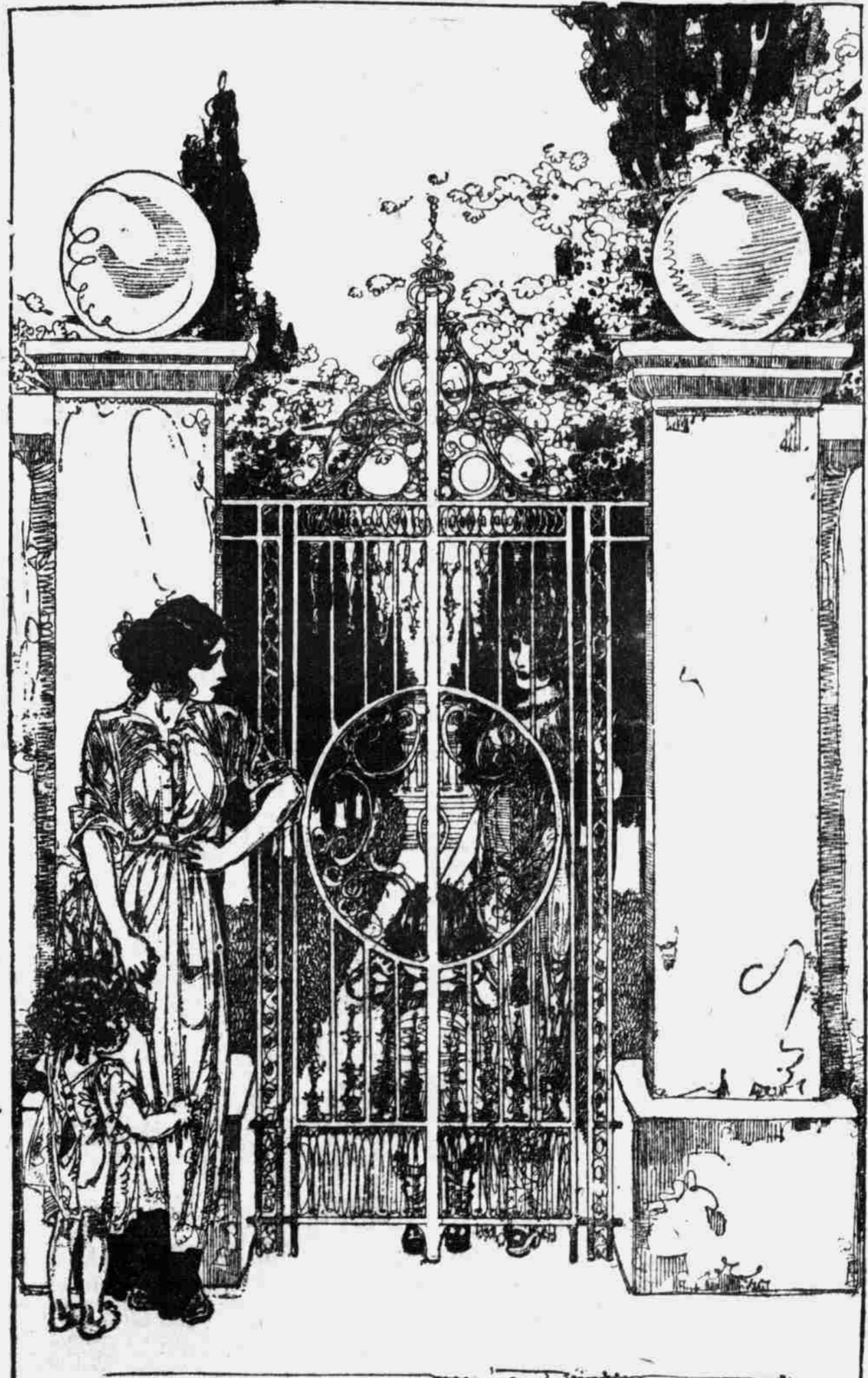
A BOOB IS AN AWFUL THING

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED
TA-RA-RA-RA
INTERLOCUTOR - MOE I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN DISCHARGED FROM HALF A DOZEN POSITIONS IN AS MANY MONTHS MOE - DAS SO MISTAH SHEEHAY BUT ISE GOT A NEW JOB NOW AN ISE GOIN TO WEAR A SUIT ENTIAHLY OF ASBESTOS SO DEY CANT DISCHAWOE ME ANY MO
INTERLOCUTOR - WHY, HOW WILL A SUIT OF ASBESTOS PREVENT YOU FROM BEING DISCHARGED MOE - WHY, I'LL BE FISH PROOF SUH
CHORUS BY THE ENTIRE COMPANY - DARLING I AM GROWING WHISKERS

THE OLD HOUSE WAS HAUNTED STORIES WERE TOLD ABOUT THE CRIES FOR POLICE AND THE CLANK OF CHAINS GABE SIMMONS PASSED THERE ONE NIGHT AND WAS ALL EARS TO CATCH THE SLIGHTEST SOUND HE HAD ALMOST GOTTEN BY AND WAS DREAMING EASIER WHEN SUDDENLY HIS KNEES SHOOK UNDER HIM AND HIS HAIR STOOD ON END AS A VOICE YELLED OUT "WHEN THE CANDLE FLICKERED DID THE TWILIGHT SIC 'IM PRINCE!! HE BIT YOUR FATHER

HALT!
STOP THAT FELLOW!
WHY HAVE YOU THAT GUN ON YOUR POSSESSION?
WHY DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
WELL WHO ARE YOU?
IN THE BOOB THAT PUT THE BOY IN BOYCOTT

"Kin" By Nell Brinkley



If you stop to think, you know they are "kin." One shoddy little kid and her little mother long to get in. And the other fussy little kid longs to get in. And maybe her pretty mother does, too. The other pair thinks a little dirt would be a nice thing. A big iron gate with a magic ladder on one side of it and the dusty street on the other looks like a mighty big barrier between folks, but it isn't, really. They're just kin.—Nell Brinkley.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

—ON—

The Blind—We Should Help by Kindness to Make Existence for the Sightless Ones Less Melancholy.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

When first the shadows fell, like prison bars, And darkness spread before me like a pall, I cried out for the sun, the earth, the stars; And beat the air, a mad man beat a wall. I turned my vision inward Lo, a spark— A light—a torch, and all the world grew bright.

For God's dear eyes were shining through the dark. Then, bringing to me gifts of recompense, Came keener hearing, finer taste and touch; And that oft unappreciated sense, Which finds sweet odors, and proclaims them such. And not until my moral eyes were blind— Did I perceive how kind the world, how kind.

There is so much we could all do, by a little concerted effort, to brighten and sweeten the lives of the blind. The benevolent people of wealth in America are many; and they give largely of their means to improve the condition of the blind, deaf, dumb, lame, halt and shut-in. But I doubt if there is any organized plan in America to provide music and flowers regularly for the blind. It would cost but little to give these pleasures once a week to all inmates of blind asylums, and it would afford incomprehensible to those of us who possess all of our five senses unimpaired. In Japan, blind people alone give massage. The business is wholly reserved for them, and the government provides schools where they are taught the Swedish movement, and all systems of massage. Good Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, has built a city for the blind in her land and she has had the blind people brought there from every part of Roumania, and taught all kinds of occupations possible for them to acquire. That was, indeed, a queenly act. It is the impulse of every human being, no matter how ignorant or how wicked, to be kind to the blind. But many of us, if not most of us, fail to do all we could do to render existence less melancholy to the sightless ones of earth. If there is a blind asylum in your town or county, try and interest your friends to make up a purse the next holiday and buy gifts of flowers to send to the institution. And send one or more of your friends with the gifts; also they may never proceed further than the office of the asylum or the room of the attendants. Then the following holiday arrange with the officers of the institution to have some of your musical friends sing or give instrumental music for the pleasure of the blind. These little acts will cost you little in time or money, and they will not only give others happiness, but they will sweeten and soften your own character, and render you more sympathetic and more lovable. Copyright, 1912, by American-Journal-Examiner.

Second Childhood

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I'm celebrating, sweetheart; I am seventy today. I saw the neighbors laughing when they saw me getting gay. "He's in his second childhood," was one sly remark I heard. "He's in his second childhood"—and I laughed at every word. They did not understand, dear, when I danced in childish joy; There is no second childhood when a man remains a boy.

I've been a man for fifty years, all wearing, tearing years; For fifty years I've laughed away a million tears and fears. The joy heart is the boy heart, that never stops its beat Until the soul speeds, laughing, up to the Judgment Seat. And so I mock the Reaper, who finds nothing to destroy. There is no second childhood when a man remains a boy.

A Memory

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Faults? I have fifteen hundred— Some of them big, some small. Thousands of times I have blundered, Answering some strange call. Thousands of times I've wondered What is behind it all. But once on a time I met a child Who crept up into my arms and smiled.

Lies? I have told a million— Some of them big, some small. None of these lies escaped the Eyes That watch for the sparrow's fall. My soul is seared by the wrong, the weird— The painted cheeks, and the brawl. But once on a time I met a child Who crept up into my arms and smiled.