



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Aleckthander's Stronger Than Ever at Home

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Something for Breakfast

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Well, it has come true—the old song How many of us can remember the man who used to sing it? "The waiter roared it through the hall. We don't give bread with one fishball. What a joke it was, the no-bread idea, on the young man who went to breakfast with only a dime in his poor purse. No bread, unless you order it and pay for it, slice by slice, and no butter except as so much a dab. Oh! misery, what are we coming to, cafe au lait and a roll for breakfast as sure as you're born. Good-bye, ham and eggs. Peabody may be, but honestly now, honestly, cross your heart and tell us the plain truth. "Take a cool morning in early fall, the window has been up all night and every-thing indoors and out is crisp around the edges. Sniff, sniff—ham, country cured ham. Uncle Thomas raised the pig, fattened him on acorns, slaked his thirst with buttermilk, and built with his own grained old hands the fire that turned his meat to brown crispy bacon and sweet delicious ham. Eggs? There's just one way for them this morning, fried on one side, thank you, in the juice of the curing ham, and a few potatoes hashed in cream, please, and what is that?—blout, light, foamy, melting, as the first kites of youth. Hush, child, who is this talking about the European breakfast? Let them talk. We'll have the good old-fashioned American article, thank you, as long as we can get it. Tomorrow, if it's cold and snappy weather, what's the matter with home

made sausage, some hashed brown potatoes and buckwheat cakes? Where did you say you found that maple sugar? You have to get out a search warrant to find any these days, don't you? Another cup of coffee, please, not hot milk for mine, cream, please, all there is in the little fat blue pitcher. There, now, I'm ready to meet the world and fight whatever fights are coming my way to-day. Fruit, black coffee and nothing else? That will do for the dilettante, that's all right for the man with nothing to do but read letters and go to his bank and sign a check or so. Chocolate and a cracker? Oh, yes, I know you call them biscuits, but I don't. Crackers they are, and crackers they will be to me till the last cracker is cracked. That's well enough for the lady of the French romance. Give me the girl with a good appetite for breakfast and the good sense to order it and know how to cook and serve it, too, and I'll bank on her husband's chance to get on in the world against any dozen poor things who think the old-fashioned American breakfast vulgar. Get fat? Well, what if you do? When you are dead and gone nobody is going to get out the scale and see how much you weighed. They are going to get out the letters you wrote full of love and human kindness; they are going to get out the little gifts you sent them at Christmas time and birthday times. They are going to tell each other how good you were when they were in a little trouble, and they are going to love you for what you are and not for what you did or did not weigh. Who can be generous when they are starving themselves to death? Who can laugh and make the world laugh on a diet of dry hucks and milk? No bread for breakfast—not even a thin, cold slice of the thing bakers call bread. Not a bit of it for dinner; no butter on the table for luncheon. How smart we are all getting.

The Manicure Lady

"I hope that the election will come out the way I want it to come out, and I hope that we are going to have a nice easy winter without no real cold, and I hope that the old gent will come across with a nice Christmas present for me," said the manicure lady. "Well," said the head barber, "I see that you are up to your old trick—talking without saying anything." "George," said the manicure lady, "them is harsh words to come from a barber. If there is anybody in the world that doesn't know how to talk a little and say a lot, it is a barber. I see you get a lot of rebukes, George. In the few short years that I have been here, Goodness knows that I do not like to throw it up to you, but more than one man with a truly remarkable brain has asked you to shave him once over and talk to yourself after he has went. Don't talk to me, George, about talking a lot and saying a little. It won't make you any healthier or wealthier to give me the laugh. The back of your head is all right down near where you button on your collar, but the rest of it ain't developed enough to put you in the class with some of the folks that comes in here to have their nails tid. Now and then one of them kid me to a standstill, but the occasion is rare, as Mister Lowell said about a day in June." "Well," said the head barber, "cut out the personal remarks and tell us what

is on your mind about the election. How do you want it to come out, and what is your dope about the election?" "I kind of want to see Mister Taft win," said the manicure lady. "You see, George, brother Wilfred has wrote a song called 'Everybody Loves a Fat Man,' and a publisher down town told him that if the big fellow went back into the chair he would pay Wilfred \$500 for the song. It ain't that I am as big as Wilfred for Mister Taft or anybody else getting back into the White House, because between you and me I don't think that it makes a great deal of difference who is there, but I would dearly love to see Wilfred cop that \$500. Counting up the dollars and twos and fives, to say nothing of the car-fare that he owes me at least \$300 that he Jimmed out of me as soon as I got my inheritance. And I will say one thing for that boy, George. He will pay back every cent he owes when he has the money—only he never has it. So I am pulling for Taft to win." "I was kind of figuring that Wilson would win," said the head barber. "That's all you ever do," said the manicure lady; "you kind of figure. Don't talk to me about politics. Women has got more tuition than men about politics and everything. All I have got to say is that the day will come when women will have her say." "That day came when Adam shook hands with Eve," said the head barber.

Daffydils

ALL THE POLICE HAD BEEN CALLED IN THE TRUST MANAGER WAS PALE AND SCARED. HE HAD RECEIVED A PACKAGE MARKED 'INFERNAL MACHINE. THEY SOAKED IT IN WATER, OPENED IT AND THERE WAS A BOX AND INSIDE WAS A PAPER THAT SAID, "WHAT MAKES THE PRUSSIAN BLUE?"

TAKE 'EM OFF MAURICE! WE KNOW YOU



THE DARE DEVIL DETECTIVE WITH FALSE GOGGLES ON HIS CHIN HAD ARRIVED AND THE CROWD CHEERED AS IT FELL ASIDE TO LET HIM PASS. HE WALKED INTO THE ROOM, THE POLICE WERE THERE SPENDING AN HOUR AT THEIR CLUB. THE MAN'S WHISKERS HAD BEEN CUT OFF IT LOOKED LIKE A TRIMMING. "LET ME ASK A QUESTION," SAID SHERLOCKO. "TELL ME, IF THE UNITED STATES SHIPS TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS WORTH OF GOODS TO EUROPE WHAT DOES AN AIRSHIP?"

TAKE THIS SEAT OLD LADY!



AS SORT ADAR SAYS, "THAT'S THE KIND OF A GUY I AM."

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED

INTERLOCUTOR: BONES, WERE YOU EVER STRANDED? BONES: YES SUN. WHEN OUR COMPANY WAS PLAYIN' DE SEASHORE FROM FLORIDA UP TO MAINE. INTERLOCUTOR: DIDN'T YOU PLAY TO GOOD BUSINESS? BONES: NO SUN. YOU SEE, WE WAS PLAYIN' TO LIGHT-HOUSES ALL ALONG DE COAST.

NATHAN CLANCY WILL NOW SING, "WHERE, OH WHERE HAD MY LIMA BEAN?"



The Trial Year of Marriage

Tells How to Train Girls for Wifehood



MRS. FREDERIC HATTON.

By ADA PATTERSON.

"I don't agree with him. He seems to me an unjust judge." Mrs. Frederic Hatton referred to the Connecticut justice who said that every married couple should be compelled to remain together for one year, whether they wished or not. He is of the opinion that if a bride comes crying home to mamma she should be bundled back home without more ado, and that a husband's presence at his own fireside should be compulsory for the first twelve months.

Mrs. Hatton, twice wedded and the mother of three children, a wealthy Chicagoan of high social position in the western city and well known in New York, has the wisdom drawn from the wall of experience.

"The first year of married life should be, and generally is, the happiest," she said. "It has the charm of early romance. It is an afterglow of the courtship. Many couples who are blissfully happy then get on badly afterward, for when the first flush of romance has faded it takes well-grounded character to make marriage a success. The Con-

necticut judge didn't go back far enough. It takes three generations to make a good wife. A girl's mother and grandmother and great-grandmother should have been trained for happy and efficient wifehood.

"As, for instance?" "First, and last in all the arts of housewifery. No man will be content unless his home is well kept. But even if a girl's mother is incompetent the girl need not despair. The poorest can learn household arts in one of the public training schools.

"And, after that?" "A girl should have a good education so that she can start on a companionable basis with her husband in their married life. And after that she should continue her education by keeping herself informed about current events.

"The reason I spoke of the three generations required to produce a good wife is not one of snobbery. But the good wife is considerate, and three generations of consideration make the exercise of that grace easy. It is a dreadful thing to be familiar with a member of one's own family." Mrs. Hatton's expressive dark eyes laughed. "My mother and I have always been formally polite to each other." She inflated upon it, and I've grown to like it.

"The three generations are more or less necessary for another quality in happy wifehood. That is the preservation of affections. Some of our girls are over-educated. They are educated until all trace of natural feeling is trained out of them. Ten high education or too much of it has snuffed the ordinary home ties for them. A girl goes to the ordinary girl's school, then to a finishing school, then to college, and she isn't through until she is 25 or 30 years old. That is too late. She should leave at 19 to give her time to learn the other things she needs to know, and one of the most important of these is how to be charming. A girl does not need to be beautiful. She should be rather glad she isn't a beauty. So much is expected of a beauty, if she makes a mistake in a speech, every one notices it because she is a beauty. But every girl can become charming, for charm means companionship, and being companionable is being thoughtful of others. Consideration is thoughtfulness of the heart, and as I before intimated, the overeducated girl has the heart educated out of her. The girl who has had good home training, has come from a good line of good wives and mothers, has not an overdeveloped ego, she has not been spoiled. She thinks of the well-being of others.

"Summing up the training of a girl for happy wifehood I should say she ought to know and be many things. A woman, especially a wife, is like an actress, of many parts. She should be versatile, and versatility can be trained as well as born. One form of versatility is tact, and a loving, tactful wife of a worthy husband has no reason to fear what his honor of Connecticut calls the trial year of marriage."

Our idea of a wealthy man is one who is eager to contribute to a campaign fund.

When Ireland Had Commerce and Culture

Selected by EDWIN MARKHAM.

In view of the home rule struggle now going on in Great Britain, the following extract is suggestive. I take it from "The Life of Oliver Goldsmith," by Frank Frankfort Moore.

"It is difficult for people nowadays to form a picture of the condition of Ireland previous to the conquest by England as it is for them to appreciate the glories of the early Hibernian republics from a casual visit to the chief cities of today. And, curiously enough, it is among the archives of those places of splendid decay, rather than those of England, that one must search for confirmation of the vague tradition of the place Ireland occupies in the enterprises of civilization.

"English historians have been long in crediting the stories of Ireland's brilliant past, but that was only because they failed to look in the right direction for such records as would have enabled them to correct some of their misstatements. It is now beyond the region of surmise that up to the fourteenth century the trade of Ireland with foreign countries was very great. Her splendid harbors were crowded with ships, and her produce, were exchanged for those of France, Spain, Italy and the Netherlands.

"In several of the chief towns, especially in the seaports, abundant traces remain of the advanced civilization of the inhabitants of Ireland and of their connection with European culture. It could scarcely have been otherwise. The island had a language and a literature of its own, as well as a definite school of art, a school of music and a school of poetry. Thus it occupied a place of distinction in the estimation of other centers of high culture.

"It has never, we think, been made quite plain that it was the wealth of Ireland that first attracted the attention of England. It was regarded in early Tudor times, when the spirit of adventure was rife, as a sort of El Dorado—one that was within easy reach of English ships.

"The spirit of adventure was the spirit of plunder, and there never was a time when robbery outside of the boundary of one's own country was so universally regarded as praiseworthy. Spain had been plundering America for more than 100 years and England had organized expeditions for the plundering of the plunderers.

"Unless one has been made aware of the wealth of Ireland one is quite incapable of understanding why England should have taken so much trouble to conquer the island and keep the people in a condition of subjection. If Ireland had been a poor country, or if her industry and enterprise had not been regarded as a serious menace to English trade, it is certain that England would not have taken the enormous trouble she did to get a footing on the island, and to maintain that foothold. Unfortunately, however, her rulers thought that the only sure foothold that could be found was on the necks of the people, and the result was, as is well known, deplorable.

"If both nations had recognized the fact that a strong alliance on terms of perfect equality would be of mutual advantage, stimulating industry and commerce on both sides of the channel, the

Couldn't Dazzle Mammy

The young man of the house really was making good in a way that delighted his parents and brought him much flattery from friends and neighbors, but old Mammy, the family servant, remained unimpressed.

One day, when he had done a particularly brilliant piece of surgical work and delivered an especially profound address before a great convention, he said to Mammy:

"I'm not a baby any longer, and I think you ought to call me Mr. Charles hereafter." The old darkey snorted her indignation.

"Who-me?" she asked. "I ain't never in gwine call you Mister! You ain't no Mister any more'n I see a Miss! You couldn't wiggle yo' fingers so pert a-cuttin' out folks' insides of I hadn't a-kep' 'em limber wid mackin' an' you Ireland were for me forever washin' yo' ears so clean! You ain't nothin' but a meanly little boy to yo' ole Mammy!"—New York Press.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Success cannot turn a man's head if he has a stiff neck.

Most of our so-called good intentions are base imitations.

Don't brag about yourself; jolly others into doing it for you.

Does a woman feel glad or sorry when she cries at a wedding?

Political arguments lose us more friends than they gain votes.

It is easy to feel optimistic as long as things are coming your way.

The more a woman's photograph doesn't resemble her the better she likes it.

Artists rave about the beauty of the sunset, perhaps because they never see the sun rise.

Only a lawyer or a detective can mind his own business when he prides into other people's.—Chicago News.

Clears Stuffed Up Head and Catarrh Disappears

Breathe the Healing Air of the Eucalyptus Forests of Australia and Quickly Get Rid of Catarrh.

HYOMEI will banish catarrh if you will breathe it a few times a day. It is the only remedy of its kind before the people that can penetrate into every nook, corner, fold or crevice of the mucous membrane and destroy the microbes.

HYOMEI is squeezed from the green leaves of the Eucalyptus trees of inland Australia, where catarrh does not exist, and combined with Listerian antiseptic. Four or five drops into the inhaler and breathe this mighty germ destroying air; an air more healing than that of the pine covered Adirondacks.

Notice how quickly that stuffed up head clears; keep at it a few days and your suffering and hawking and dis-

charge of obnoxious mucus will cease entirely. Then continue until every germ is destroyed; until the soreness and dryness in the throat have disappeared. HYOMEI is guaranteed for catarrh, coughs, colds, sore throat, croup, diphtheria, influenza, and all other ailments caused by catarrh or mucus. Complete outfit which includes inhaler can be obtained for \$1.00 at drugists everywhere.

To break up cold in head or chest in a few minutes, pour a scant teaspoonful of HYOMEI into a bowl of boiling water, cover head and bow with towel; breathe the vapor until blessed relief comes in a few minutes.—Advertisement.