The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Well, When You Stop to Consider the Thing

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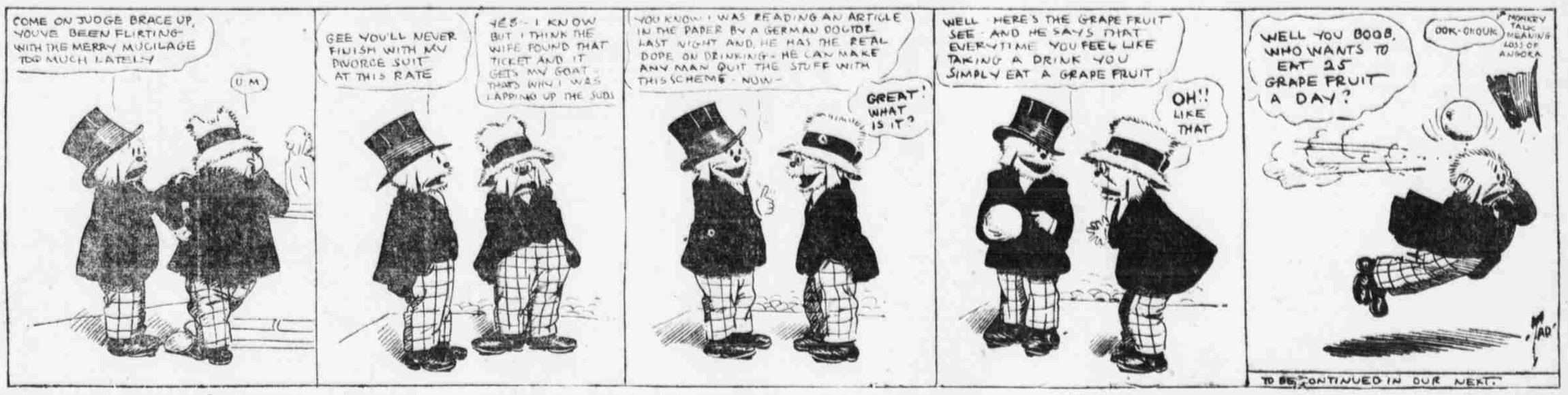
Drawn for The Bee by Tad



The Vaudevillians

The Guests of Mrs. De Shine's Theatrical Boarding House Are Dining.

By HELEN GREEN VAN CAMPEN.

The Landlady—Gelman an' ladies, I got a painful duty to perform. Several guests have lost valuable objets de arte from their apartments, an' the party who took 'em sets at this table.

Dora Dubb (of Dora Dubb and Her Six Delicious Dumplings), a singing and dancing act—Well, if the contract took from me room ain't returned I shall certainly see the police. It called for eleven hundred a week from the new syndicate, and no one but a' enemy stole it.

The Ingenue—My rubbers and two perfectly new rouge paws are missing. I'm sure I never lived in a house with robbers before.

The Property Man—I ain't lost nawthin', Gimme them prunes.

Little Minnie Mangle—I wanna susser of proons mommer.

Miss Murphy (billed as Texas Tessie, champion lady rifle shot of the world!)—One of my cowboy hats and a pair of yellow silk tights have disappeared, and I got my own opinion of who the guilty party is!.

The Landlady—Mis' Mangle, have you a loss to report?

Mr. Mangle (gloomily)—Well, I lost a bet yesterday, Mis' de Shine.

The Landlady (coldly)—A truce to humerous remarks, Mista Mangle." My question is addressed to yer wife.

Mrs. Mangle (with hauteur)—No, madam, the Mangles Four have no complaint.

Ned Noodle (of Ned Noodle's performing seals)—I left a receipted bill for a week's fish for my animals on the dresser and it's gone, and here the guy comes 'round the show shop trying to collect offer me again. Why, you can't out nothing down and find it.

The Landlady (with emotion)—I have before me a most dreadful ordeal. May I beg for a minnit's attention? Susy, go to the door an' see what slob is doin' all that ringin'!

The Ingenue—What can she mean?

The Property Man—Sumpin' doin' now, take it from me.

The Landlady—The culprit what has snuck into what yuh might well call the profession's vera home, an' like a loathsome snake in the grass stripped the guests of their possessions, is settin' at this table!

All the Boarders—Gee! What do you think of that?

The Slavey—Am I to call the bull on the block, Mis' de Shine?

The Landlady—Susy, onst more I command yuh not to use them common expressions. Be refined an' say fly mug. Can't I never learn yuh nothing?

Mrs. Mangle—I am not well. Pray pardon me if I retire to my room.

The Landlady—Nay, Mis' Mangle, I ast that you remain. Mis' Mangle kindly explain how these here yella tights—Susy, produce them—come to be found beneath the sofy in yer room.

Miss Murphy—My tights! She took 'em!

Mrs. Mangle—It is false!

The Landlady—An' do yuh deny that a B flat corner was enfolded in them tights, said instrument belongin' to the Swance River Musical Four?

Mr. Mangle—Louisa, speak!

Mrs. Mangle (unable to control her sobs)—If I had been guilty of this crime, kleptomania, superinduced by the suffering borne by an unloved wife, is my excuse. Minnie, come to the bosom of a parent, who, if scorned by the world, is still your mother!

Little Minnie Mangle—Aw, quit yr pullin' at me, mommer! I ain't et my proons yet.

The Ingenue—A kleptomaniac, indeed! Every shoplifter says the same. I always did have my suspicions of that woman.

Dora Dubb—I, for one, will prosecute her if my contract ain't returned!

Mrs. Mangle (throwing paper upon the table)—There! Oh, why, why did I do it?

The Ingenue (examining contract)—Eleven hundred, eh? This calls for a hundred and fifty a week for Miss Dubb and her whole mob of ex-burlesquers! Oh, the deceit of some performers is past belief!

Mr. Mangle—I hope you don't think I had no hand in this here business, Mis' de Shine. I've done my best to train my wife proper. It's hard on me.

Mrs. Mangle (moaning)—Kleptomania, kleptomania! Ah, just Heav'n!

Dora Dubb—Gimme that contract, Miss Montagu, before I slap you so's you'll remember it!

The Ingenue—Cat! I laugh in your face!

The Property Man—Maybe that name's on the level with that play. I've knowed of these bugs coppin' stuff and not bein' able to help it.

The Landlady—The dear knows, I never thought to see this day. I'm jest tremblin' in every nerve. I kinnot stand shocks as I onct could. The Mangles has allus' been gave the best of it here, and my own dollin' Fido ain't been treated better than Minnie.

The Property Man—Say, look a' here. Twenty minutes for a new hook all around, and everybody call it square if they get their junk back. Hey?

The Landlady—I suttenly have no wish to work hardship on one of my sex. Mis' Mangle is among her frens, an' kin count. I feel assured, on their seein' the matter in a homing manner.

Dora Dubb—I demand that she leave the house!

The Property Man—What's meaner'n one frail knockin' another? I never see one put in a plug yet, darned if I did.

Ned Noodle—That's right. You happen to have my fish bill around, Mis' Mangle?

Mrs. Mangle—I will make restitution, Mr. Noodle, only spare me for my child's sake!

The Landlady—Let us furget what has passed, folks, and be onct more a reunited, happy family. As fur Mrs. Mangle's lapse, the past is accidental, an' the future carved by our own mitts. Susie, bring the paddin'.—All Rights Reserved by the Author.

Cynical Remarks.

One wrinkle looks worse on a woman's face than ten on a man's.

There are lots of princesses in this country, but they are all attending high school.

This would be a better world if women were as critical when they select husbands as they are when they select dry goods.

The old-fashioned lover went with a girl for a year before he got up courage enough to hold her hand. Nowadays he meets her on Monday and on Tuesday he holds her on his knees.

I notice that in spite of the flock of Mays, Edythes and Alices, the plain Marys and Margarets seem to get the husbands.

When Daughter visits Mother she takes a whole trunk filled with dresses for gala occasions, but when Mother visits Daughter she knows that two kitchen aprons will be all the fol-de-rols she will need.

A man is judged by his works and a woman by her ability to work him.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hobo Dog's Ride.

This story comes from Ozark, Ill., and concerns a dog, not a houn' dawg, but a collie.

This dog "hoboed" his way seven miles on an Illinois Central passenger train, riding the trucks like an expert "knight of the road."

The dog's owner took the train at Simpson, Ill., and the dog tried to follow. The newsboy on the train booted the collie off the platform as the train started, and was amazed to see the dog run under the train.

At Ozark, the next stop, the news agent and O. H. Blarney, conductor of the train, took a look at the trucks. The dog was lying on a brake beam, very much alive and apparently not at all worried.

The porter and newsboy chased the collie from his position, and the train drew out, leaving the canine hobo "ditched."—St. Louis Republic.

Wash With Persil

No soaping and no rubbing necessary. With Persil you soak clothes, bring them to a boil and rinse. Persil is harmless to fabric, color and hands. The same garment may be washed with Persil many times where one or two launderings with strong soap would ruin it. Persil saves clothes, saves time, saves labor. It saves money too. The only Self-Acting Oxygen Washing Compound in America is Persil.

10c—At All Grocers

Daffydils

YOULL FIND SYMPATHY IN THE DICTIONARY

Business Training Makes Happy Wives

MRS. RACIA WOOD

By ADA PATTERSON.

"If I were a multi-millionairess and had daughters I would place every one of them behind a counter in a big department store and let them study human nature so that they would become good wives."

Mrs. Racia Wood, from her standpoint of wife, mother, artist and housekeeper draws this conclusion gravely and from experience. She tried this training school of wifehood and housewifery herself, and there are many who would arise and testify to her success.

"When I was 18 years old my parents thought I was old enough to learn more about the world than I could see through the windows of my home," said Mrs. Wood, looking up from an easel of still brown and vivid scarlets, an impressionistic sketch of woods in autumn. "I might have gone into a studio, but life learned there is rather exotic and more or less unreal.

"In a store one looks at it with level eyes and hears it with ears unmuffled by poetry or romance. My parents believed I could learn more about human nature unveiled behind a counter in six months that I could learn in a studio in six years, or could ever learn in society, and they were quite right.

"The first lesson I learned was self-control. I could not turn over in bed for another nap on a cloudy morning. I must be at the store, and be there on time, else I would be fined or reprimanded, or both. If I fancied I wasn't well and wanted to stay at home and coddle myself I forced myself to get to the store, and soon my ailments were forgotten.

"Another lesson of value was that every day brought some new experience. I looked forward to what each day would bring of novelty, and it always brought it. I got the point of view, a valuable one, of regarding life as an interesting panorama, an entertainment. Arnold Bennett describes a class of persons whose lives are 'one long ecstasy of denying that the world is a dull place.' That is what business can do for a girl. It trains her out of herself and teaches her to take an impersonal view.

"In that time I was working for $5 a week and paying six for board. I learned what has been of tremendous value to me in housekeeping, system. I learned to have a time. I learned to live by schedule, which is the only way to accomplish much. If you live by schedule you can always do a little more in the most crowded day.

"It is the fairy wand that brings achievment out of chaos.

"When I married and managed my own house I always kept a daily schedule. I pinned it on the wall where my maids could see it, and I expected them to follow it. I set them the example by living by it myself. I insisted that the morning work be done by 9 o'clock.

"My life behind the counter taught me another valuable lesson, that, contrary to the old adage, we can do several things at once, and do them well. I had learned that I could send up the money paid by one customer and could turn and wait upon another actively while passively waiting upon a third. While customer No. 1 waited for her change and customer No. 2 was trying to make up her mind I would ask customer No. 3 what she wished, and hurriedly placing some articles before her, let her begin her preliminary sifting while I invited customer No. 2's decision.

"When I had married and was keeping house I applied the principle. While my roast was on and after I had peeled the potatoes and placed them in salt water I had an hour free. This hour I spent in painting. I keep my easel close to the kitchen door to be ready to act in an emergency like the kettle boiling over or the cat becoming intrusive.

"I found that I could go out to take the air myself, that I could give my little son a free airing and do my marketing—three in one.

"I learned economy. It was my counter experience that taught me that two stores may sell the same article at very different prices.

"Remembering this when I married I went to stores to ask the prices and then turned into side streets and less fashionable localities to buy at stores where the women did their own marketing instead of doing it by telephone and giving the merchant a chance for dishonesty. In this way I saved 5 cents a pound on steak, and other things in proportion. Think of what such a saving everyday means at the end of a month or year.

"But that counter experience my parents provided for me taught me deeper and more important matters. It taught me the value of patience. Learn to be patient with a captious customer, and you will be patient with a tired, querulous husband, whose day downtown has cut his temper on the bias.

"It taught me that in business one must now and then take a slap at the feelings. It isn't pleasant, but it is disciplinary and it cures over-sensitiveness.

"It taught me that the long pull and the strong pull means success and it enabled me, because of this vision to be a comforter and inspiration to my husband, as any counter trained girl may become to hers.

"Another lesson was one in moral value. Every week several women would come to my counter, make purchases of me and talk to me of my hard lot and hint to me of a manner of life they considered easier, and men would loiter and ogle and tell me I had a bright face and a trim figure, and waiving the ceremony of introduction invite me to dine or to go to the theater with them.

"So very quickly one comes to separate the human wheat from the chaff. The trained eye needs only a glance. I am thankful every day for what my behind-the-counter experience taught me and I recommend it to parents who want to bring up keen-eyed, level-headed, self-reliant daughters.

"Six months I should say generally are enough, but a year or two may not be too long. It is a practical school in human nature and the best training for wifehood I know. As in any other schools, some are quicker, more apt pupils than in another.

"Moreover, the bride of today may be the widow of tomorrow and her training behind the counter will have trained her in self-reliance and she will have confidence to seek her own living if she must, even though she finally finds it, as I did a long way from the counter."

"Mrs. Wood, standing well back from her easel, placed her head on one side and studies, with eyes half closed, her impression of a maple leaf.

The Trend of the Times

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

A Utopian has been described as a man who, when he suggests a thing, considers it done.

However, before any great reform is carried through it must first be suggested. Then, always, it is opposed, because we oppose everything that we are not used to.

Usually the man who suggests a great reform goes down to defeat, and the men who fought him to a finish take up his idea and carry it through to successful victory.

Before the people today, and especially before the United States, there are seven great tasks offered for our undertaking.

These have all gone through the stage of ridicule and indifference. We have accepted them, at least in a mental way, and it now remains for us to carry these reforms through to a successful conclusion. We have the truth in our heads, but we have not yet quite got the technique. In other words, we haven't the habit. The net result of these reforms will be the health habit and the happy habit.

When, as a people, these two habits are acquired, we will be well out on the highway toward the celestial city of fine minds.

These seven great reforms are:

1. Votes for women.
2. International disarmament.
3. Good roads.
4. Tree planting.
5. Children's gardens.
6. Oral righteousness.
7. Agriculture in all the public schools.

Any person who has not enlisted on the side of three or more of these great reforms and is not talking and working for them, should have his mentality rated in guinea-pig power.

There is a double value in working to bring about a great social betterment. Not only do we help it about, but in the process we evolve ourselves.

Some one asked Wendell Phillips what was his receipts for deathless fame. His answer was, "Choose an unpopular and worthy cause and then live for it."

The seven reforms just named do not call for sacrificial victims. They do, however, call for earnest thought and persistent endeavor.

Alexander the Great died sighing for more worlds to conquer. We will never die from Alexander's disability.

Self-pity is the meanest of the vices. Self-pity is introspection. Don't feel sorry for yourself—feel sorry for the people who have to live with you.

The motto of Edward Everett Hale. "Look up, not down; out, not in. And lend a hand," is in order now as never before.

And the most helpful sign of the times in which we live is the fact that these seven betterments are receiving attention and approval from pulpit, pew, newspaper office, school room, shop and factory, with scarcely a dissenting voice. Thinking men and women appreciate them and know that they must some day come about.

The only opposition is the tug of inertia.

But the world is surely moving, and moving in the right direction.—Copyright 1912, International News Service.

Families Are Buying "Sunkist" Oranges by the Box or Half-Box

Enjoy the rich, delicious meat and sweet, tangy juice of ruddy, thin-skinned, seedless "Sunkist" oranges.

Have this golden fruit for breakfast, dessert and "between meals." Cleanest of all fruits—never touched by bare hands. All the pickers and packers of "Sunkist" oranges and lemons wear clean, white cotton gloves.

"Sunkist" oranges are the finest, juiciest oranges in the world. Tree-ripened, fiberless. **Not a seed in "Sunkist."** Buy them by the box or half-box. That is cheaper than buying by the dozen. They keep for weeks.

Ask for "Sunkist" lemons—so full of juice that they go farther than other lemons. Try "Sunkist" lemonade—hot or cold. Lemons add flavor to fish, meats and salads.

Get Rogers Silver with "Sunkist" Wrappers

Cut the trademarks from "Sunkist" orange and lemon wrappers and send them to us. We offer 27 different premiums, all Rogers A-1 Standard **Guaranteed** Silverware. Exclusive "Sunkist" design.

For this orange spoon send 12 "Sunkist" Orange or Lemon Wrappers and 6 two-cent stamps. "Red Ball" orange and lemon wrappers count same as "Sunkist."

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