

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Husbands and Wives and the House Bills

By WINNIFRED BLACK

A woman killed herself in a western city the other day because she didn't dare face her husband when he saw the last month's grocery bill!

Two respectable women were arrested in Berlin for shoplifting. They said they couldn't pay the grocer's bills and, either way or the other, I am almost crazy trying to think what to do when the first of the month comes. I can't stand it any more; I simply can't stand it.

"I want to go home and give the whole thing up, but I want to take my little girl with me. Can't I do it, Judge, without people saying I am a bad woman?"

And the woman's husband stood in the courtroom and grinned sheepishly when she told the court that he wouldn't eat hash and hated stews and wouldn't hear of fish balls for breakfast.

"Steaks and chops and eggs and hot bread he wants," sobbed the poor little woman, "and then when he has to pay for them he blames me."

She was so little and so young and so frightened and yet so desperately earnest that by the time she was through with her foolish little story the husband was the only one who had the heart to smile.

The judge took the matter under advisement. I hope he'll advise the little woman to go home and stay awhile and let husband hire some one to cook his steaks and chops and eggs for him—and worry over the bills, too. I think he'll begin to see the light before very long.

It isn't all a joke, the high cost of living. It's a serious thing in some homes and its a tragedy in many.

Men and women quarrel and turn love into hate, all over the grocery bills.

Children are left homeless and old people wander in and out of almshouses all because of the few extra cents on the price of a pound of meat, and every one seems to think of every kind of remedy on earth except going without the things that make so much misery.

What did you have for dinner a week ago tonight? Day before yesterday, was it steak or a chop, or let's see a roast? You can't think for the life of you and yet that very dinner may have cost the woman who is trying to make you happy and comfortable a whole heart full of anxious tears. Why must we all have such expensive things to eat?

I have some friends down in New England and every time I go to visit them I come home ten pounds lighter, ten years younger and happier than I have been for years.

Those friends eat to live; they do not live to eat. They have enough to satisfy hunger—and that's all.

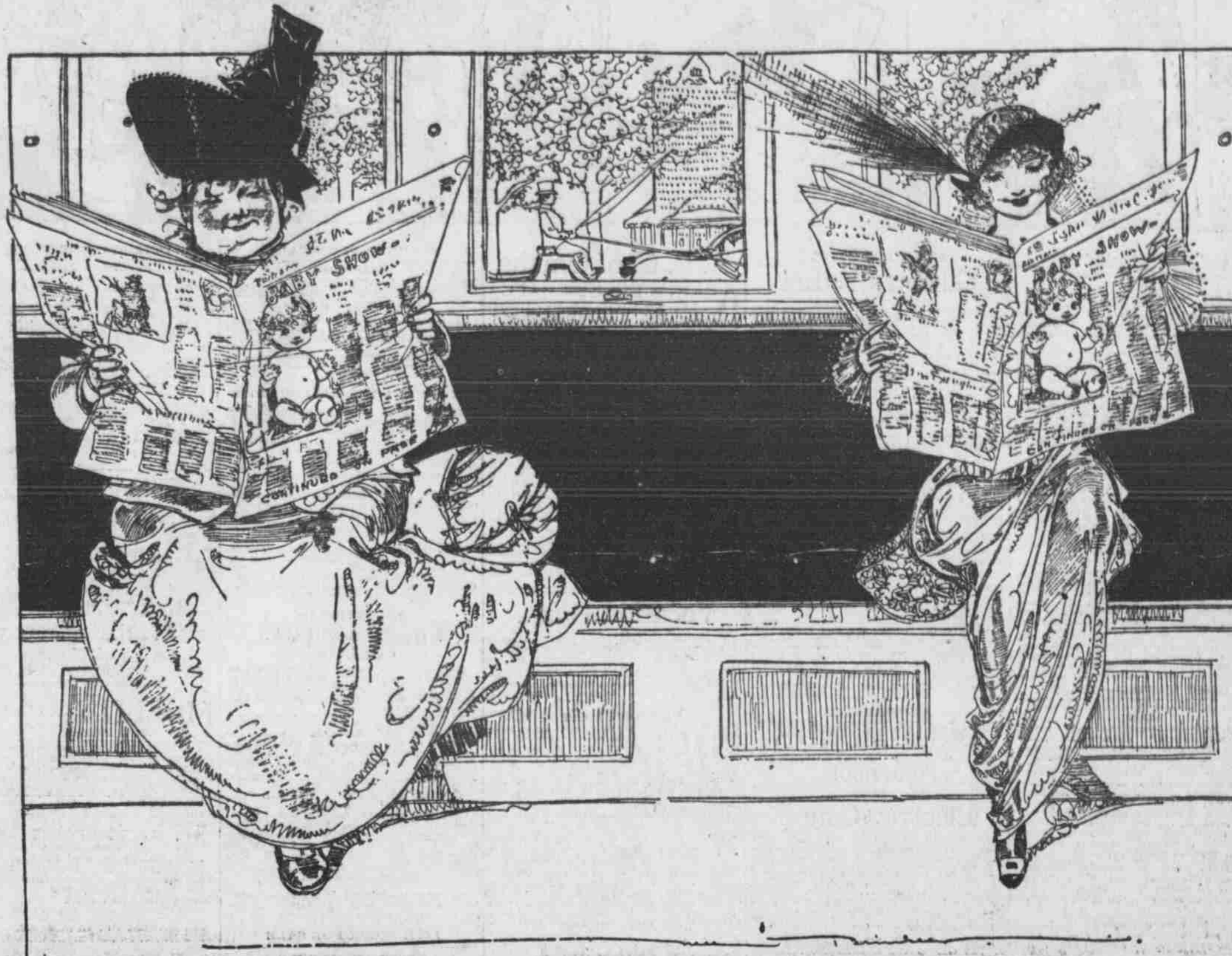
One chop, a couple of leaves of lettuce, a tomato, a few berries and we have dinner—and dined comfortably and prettily, too—and ten minutes after dinner we've all forgotten all about it.

They are strong, healthy, happy people and they would laugh at the idea of putting their very hearts and souls and dispositions and every dollar they have in the world into the dinner pot. I wonder why some of the rest of us can't do the way they do?

Enough to eat; good, wholesome food—those aren't the things that count up on the bills. It's the extras—the pie, the cake, the preserves, the olives, the celery, the artichokes, the endives, the asparagus out of season—that's what brings that bill up to desperation point.

If I had a husband who drove me crazy over the household bills I'd have a session with him every Monday evening. I'd get him to help me plan a bill of fare for the week, and I'd know what every single item on that bill would cost.

"Sisters Under Their Skin" Copyright, 1912, International News Service. By Nell Brinkley



Nell Brinkley Says:

For the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady Are sisters under their skins.—RUDYARD KIPLING.

This I saw a week or so ago when the country was showing off its fat babies. Across the street car, from me, sitting with the seat spring sunshine streaming in on their two blond heads—coiffed, oh, so differently, was a large plain lady with her chapeau slightly on one ear and a fat bundle slung beside her, and a yard or so down the red

plush seat, an aristocratic woman in silk and brocade, a French hat over her pretty eyebrows, white gloves, rose point lace at her throat and wrists, perfectly groomed! And the whole middle of each was hidden by the newspapers they held. I had watched. They had climbed on at the same street, had settled their silken and cotton skirts, and their four eyes had homed straight to the "pic" of a fat baby on the front page. They had both flipped over to the second page, where more babies were promised to "continue"—and there they stuck—the two of them—the same tilt to their heads, the same unconscious gentle smile on their two faces. Under the lace-embroidered breast of the "colonel's lady" rose the same heart strings that walled the cotton and pearl buttons of the "Judy O'Grady"—"sisters under their skins."

and I'd see that he knew, too, when he ordered it.

Asparagus—yes, my dear—let's see, 10 cents a bunch—four bunches; you always want at least three helpings. Strawberries? A shortcake; yes, that means butter and cream extra—and sugar, too—that will run the bill up to—etc.

Make a business of it; put it down in dollars and cents; and then if you want to pay for it, have it. If you don't want to pay for it, go without and say no more; that would be my plan.

Managing? Oh, yes, there is a great deal in that. Lots of women have no more idea of managing than hens have of arithmetic. Let them learn that. Let them find out that one egg more in the cake counts. One chop left over is that much thrown away. One loaf of bread left to get stale means waste, and waste means incompetence.

Also, let the men of the family learn that a porterhouse steak costs real money and that two helpings to asparagus take just that much more money at the end of the week.

What's the use of talking economy and saving extravagance?

I know men who have madly over the weekly bills and make life a burden to the whole family for a day, or so after they have been paid, and who never think of paying less than 60 cents or 75 cents for a luncheon for themselves down town. They expect wife and children to get something out of the leeches for about 10 cents and they don't see why even that should be so very elaborate.

Come home for luncheon a few times, father, and see if you aren't just a little bit ashamed of your ravings over the weekly budget when you think of your English chop and pickled walnuts, etc., that seems such a modest affair to you when you drop into "Henry's" for a bite at noon.

Mother would think that was a feast at noon—and so would the children.

We eat too much—every other one of us. We make it too important a thing what we eat. Good food is a fine thing, but when it comes to giving your whole life up to squabbles over it I'd rather live on stew and hash the rest of my life and call it well chosen.

We've all gone extravagance mad, spending crazy—\$20 for a hat, \$8 for a pair of shoes, \$3 for a raw steak—\$1 for the mushrooms to go with it.

Walk? Never. A taxi, please, and be quick about it. Flowers for the table every day; the beauty woman twice a week. Which will you have, red wine or white? Every sort of fruit from every sort of clime. And how much better are you off than your father, who never paid more than 40 cents for the finest steak he ever ate and who would have as soon tried to eat diamonds as to order fresh mushrooms at \$1 the pound?

Are you any wiser, any happier? Do you live any longer, love more deeply, laugh harder? Is your heart lighter, do you sleep more soundly than did he?

Click, click, they sound upon the pavement, the little high-heeled slippers. Swish they pass us in the corridors, the silken garments, birds of paradise parquets. Clash, clish, tinkle—the ornaments rattle like the chains of a galley slave.

Where is the slave who pays for all this? In his gaily rowing, with spilt hands, with bursting heart, with aching head, row, row—break your back, but bend to the oar—the great god money is your master and she who pretends to love you sits above there in the sunshade and laughs to see him ply the lash upon your shrinking skin.

Rich food, rich clothes, fine feathers—misery, discord, despair—what couples they seem to run in, don't they, in these brave days of ours?

A Sermon for Many

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

When the long, hard day has vanished and you seek your waiting bed, Try to live the dead hours over ere the pillow soothes your head. Try to find some explanation for each thoughtless thing you've done; Try to make some reparation for the trouble you've begun. After all the petty gossip that you scattered through the day, Think of how you knocked your neighbor, going calmly on his way. Drag the unkind slings and arrows down from Memory's dusty shelf— Then stand up before the mirror and begin to knock yourself.

Do not stand there smug and smirking; do not smooth your towied hair! Shake your fist at your reflection! Give yourself an icy glare! Don't resolve that you are handsome when you ought to know you're not; Rather tell the faithful mirror that it flatters you a lot. Make wry faces by the dozen; try a cold, contemptuous sneer— Such as you have tried on others. Give yourself a mocking leer. Then the mirror will remind you, as all honest mirrors do, That you're not one man in thousands—that you're only LITTLE YOU!

In Vaudeville

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

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At the Garden theater, Kansas City, I divided headliner honors with Beulah Fryer.

I occupied the eighth spot in a ten-act program, not counting the moving pictures, which were used as a chaser.

Number seven was taken by a black-face act. There was a man and his wife and a helper. The wife was made up as an octoroon, dressing her part with exquisite grace. She sang, danced and added a booming dash of polite comedy to the bill.

I noticed that the lady, off the stage, was dressed in mourning. It took me about two days to couple her with the swell, smashing, dashing, dancing yellow girl that I met when I went up the stairway and waited for my entrance music.

This woman was, say, 28. When her make-up was washed off, there was just a trace of care on her fine face. She was motherly, gentle, intelligent, modest.

And the funny part was that she had two little boys—babies, in fact—one aged 3 and the other not much older. One they called Billy and the other was Buster.

When the mother went on, she left the babies in the care of an old black mammy, a sure enough colored person, otherwise those babies would have crawled upstairs and waddled out on the stage and performed a little act of their own.

But it was not long before there were volunteer nurses, for Beulah, one afternoon at the matinee, held Buster in her motherly arms and I did as much for Billy.

Then it was that Beulah had a big thought come to her all at once out of the sky-blue painted ceiling of that wonderful Garden theater, where the stars twinkle even at the madings.

Here is the plot—and Beulah nicely fell over herself with gigglesome glee as she tried to explain the idea to me. Here it is:

We would send the nurse out on an errand, and, while the act was on, Beulah and I would black up the two little kids and send them out on the stage as the "Pickaninny Twins."

So that night we corralled the kids in my dressing room as soon as the father and mother and the artistic helper had gone upstairs, and we surely got busy blacking up those youngsters. The babies



entered into the joy of the thing with historic abandon.

We were afraid to start them on the stage together from one side. So Beulah took Buster around to the left and I had Billy on the right, where they could see each other across the stage. And while the father and mother were doing the Tango we started the kids out on their artistic career.

When they toddled out in front of the footlights there was a great hush felt on the audience, then a roar of delight went up that shook the star-spangled dome.

It stopped the Tango, and nearly busted the show. But the actors were equal to the occasion. Each grabbed up a kid and went through the mad dance as never before. The audience howled, screamed, yelled with delight.

The hit was such a big one that it was repeated the next day, and then the Humane society got busy and put on the kibosh.

The week went through—for even vaudeville weeks have a finish—and I parted with my friends on the bill, shaking hands, kissing the babies, exchanging photographs, promising to write.

But before I parted with my friends of the black-face act, the lady in the case explained to me that Billy was her own sure-enough baby, but the other was her sister's child. The mother had passed away, and the baby boy into her sister's keeping. Buster and Billy, practically brothers, were to be brought up and educated together. When they were big enough they were to be sent to school and be taught to work and be useful.

None of this actor business for them—not much!

So we parted, there on the sidewalk, at the stage entrance at 10:40, Sunday night. The trio made my car wait while they sang one bar of "Farewell, My Own True Love."

In just eight weeks after I lectured in Muskogee. After the show I made a rush for the station to catch the Santa Flyer north. I had bought my ticket, checked my trunk; then, looking at my watch, I saw that there was time for a glass of milk and a dish of strawberries. So I moiled into the luncheonroom, and what would you believe there. Lined up at the lunch counter, I saw the black-face act—the man, his wife and the handsome helper. But there was only one kid, Buster.

I kissed the youngster on the top of his head, and, would you believe it, he remembered me and called me "Grandpa," just as them crazy actors had taught him to do eight weeks before at Kansas City.

I looked around, naturally, for Billy. But my question was anticipated. The mother said in a calm, subdued tone of voice: "Billy is dead. He caught pneumonia at Fort Worth. He was sick only three days. We did not miss a performance. The funeral was in the morning. Everybody on the bill came, and there were about twenty actors or more from the other theaters. The manager offered to give us the day off, but we were afraid that it might break in on his program—business wasn't very good, anyway. So we played just the same."

"We buried the little fellow out there in the cemetery. The monument cost us \$100. The grave was covered with flowers."

"We'll play down there again next fall, and we'll put a fence around the grave."

"All aboard for the Flyer north!" called the station master.

I bade my friends goodby. They followed me to the Pullman. As I climbed aboard they sang, "Farewell, Farewell, My Own True Love!"

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Perhaps She Has Reasons.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and in love with a girl as old as I. I asked her to keep company with me and she accepted. She went out with me six times, and now she has not kept company with me for two weeks. She is always friendly to me.

HARRY.

Ask for an explanation. Perhaps she realizes that a boy of 18 is too young to be taken seriously. If this is the case, the time is not far distant when you will agree that she is right.

She Was Wrong.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I took a lady friend of mine to an evening dance, and at 11:30 o'clock I asked her to come home,

and she begged me to wait until she had just one more dance. Seeing that she enjoyed it, I consented, but it was to be the last, as we had about two hours' time for home. After she got through with this dance she wanted me to wait for the next one, and I refused to give my consent. With this she claimed I offended her.

MARIE.

She did not keep faith with you, but her offense is not serious. If you took her to the dance for her pleasure, and that is always assumed, you should be glad to stay as long as she chooses, reserving to yourself the decision not to take her again if she chooses to stay too late.

Don't Try.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and deeply

The Fall of Louisburg

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The capture of Louisburg by Sir William Pepperell and his New England farmers and fishermen 106 years ago—June 17, 1745—will always be reckoned among the most wonderful of military achievements.

Louisburg, on the southeast side of Cape Breton Island, holding as it did a most commanding position with reference to France, Canada and the West Indies, had been fortified by the French until they felt quite justified in calling it the "Gibraltar of America." More than 100,000 had been spent upon its defenses and it is safe to say that with the exception of Gibraltar and Quebec, there was not a stronger place in the world.

Now, the New England fishermen and lumbermen thought they saw in Louisburg a menace to their business and they began talking of the capture of the impregnable fortress. The proposition was made to Governor Shirley of Massachusetts. The governor took the matter to the legislature and it was voted down. Nothing daunted, Shirley returned to the attack, and with the co-operation of the leading merchants, he appealed to the legislature again and won by a single vote.

And now for business. Massachusetts supplied 3,000 New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island men. The naval end of it consisted of one twenty-four gun frigate and twelve smaller vessels, mostly sloops of from eight to twenty guns. The expedition was placed under command of Sir William Pepperell, a rich merchant of Hittory.

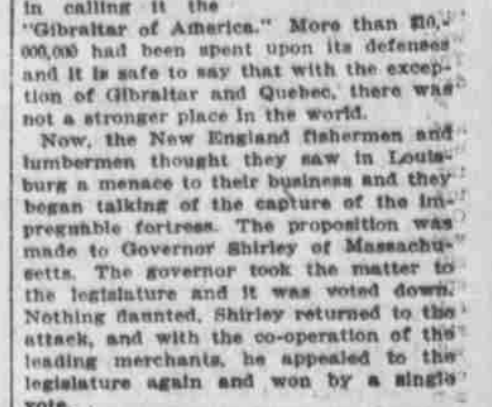
Sir William was made "lieutenant general" and Roger Walcott of Connecticut, raised to the rank of major general, was appointed second in command.

Hearing nothing from the appeal to England for assistance, the New England leaders started for their prizes, and, effecting a landing on May 1, immediately laid siege to America's "Gibraltar" and its 100 big guns and 2,000 French regulars, Swiss mercenaries and Canadian militia.

On May 2 400 of Pepperell's men, marching along the north shore of the harbor, came upon a large magazine of naval stores, which they set on fire. Near the burning stores was a powerful fortification known as the "Grand Battery," mounting thirty heavy guns and completely commanding the town. The thick clouds of smoke rolling up from the burning tar, pitch and turpentine and enveloping the battery scared the garrison out of their wits and the work was abandoned in panic haste. The New Englanders marched in, and from that moment Louisburg was doomed.

Pepperell pounded away at them from the Grand battery, and by and by the British fleet arrived, which closely invested the harbor. By the middle of June there was scarcely a house in the town that had not been riddled, and on the 17th the famous fortress surrendered. One of the strongest places on the face of the earth had capitulated to a small force of New England militia.

For this crowning achievement the colonists received no credit. The glory was all given to the British. And, to cap the climax of the wrong, the British diplomats four years later gave Louisburg back to France, thus necessitating its recapture in 1759 by Amherst and Wolfe.

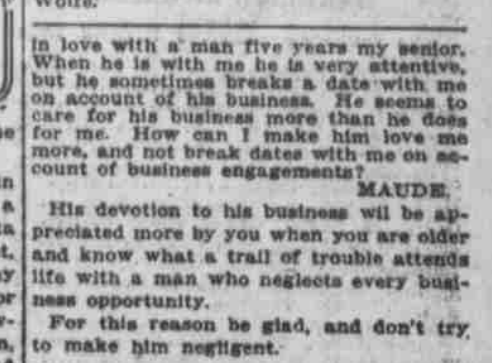


In love with a man five years my senior. When he is with me he is very attentive, but he sometimes breaks a date with me on account of his business. He seems to care for his business more than he does for me. How can I make him love me more, and not break dates with me on account of business engagements?

MAUDE.

His devotion to his business will be appreciated more by you when you are older and know what a trail of trouble attends life with a man who neglects every business opportunity.

For this reason be glad, and don't try to make him negligent.



A Social Leader's Advice to a Debutante—

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Rely on the habitual night and morning use of

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Prepared for nearly half a century by a Doctor of Dental Surgery.

Cleanse the teeth by the harmless method of polishing. Dr. Lyon's is safe. It is a smooth, gritless powder which prevents the formation of tartar and the beginning of decay.

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What Dr. Lyon's does not do only your dentist is competent to do.

Are you reading Dr. Lyon's magazine advertisement?

Coming of The Sunbeam

How to Avoid Those Pains and Distress Which so Many Mothers Have Suffered.

It is a pity more women do not know of Mother's Friend. It is a remedy that makes the stomachs, enables them to expand without any strain upon the ligaments and enables them to go through maternity without pain, nausea, morning sickness or any of the dreaded symptoms so familiar to many mothers.

There is no foolish diet to harass the mind. The thoughts do not dwell upon pain and suffering, as all such are avoided. Thousands of women no longer resign themselves to the weekly budget when you think of your English chop and pickled walnuts, etc., that seems such a modest affair to you when you drop into "Henry's" for a bite at noon.

It is a subject every woman should be familiar with, and every mother should have such a remedy, she will now and then meet some prospective mother to whom a word in this book Mother's Friend will come as a word of blessing. This famous remedy is sold by all druggists and is only 50c a bottle. It is for external use only, and is really worth the price. Write for a free trial to the Health Regulator Co., 117 Lancaster St., Atlantic City, for a most valuable book.