

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

A Spenturist Wife is the Awful Thing By TAD

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Woman

What Would Be Your Three Wishes?

By DOROTHY DIX.

Of course, every woman's greatest desire is for happiness. That is a blanket wish that covers all other wishes, and every other wish is simply a means to that end.

But if a good fairy should suddenly appear, as in the old nursery tale, and offer every woman her three requests of the gods, it doesn't take any prophetic to tell what she would ask.

She would ask, without even stopping to debate the question, to be superlatively beautiful, incredibly rich, and romantically and passionately loved, because to the feminine fancy to be an affinity fills the cup of bliss so full it slushes over.

Yet the gratification of none, or all of these wishes, would make a woman happy unless they could be backed up by two more wishes—one that might be made eternal, and the woman's interest in them might not pall.

It were folly to ask for beauty unless it could be made perpetual, as, alas, it cannot be in this changing life. No agony can be greater than that of the woman who sees the years steal the bloom from her cheek, the luster from her hair, the brilliance from her eyes, and knows herself powerless to prevent the ravages of age. It is better to have been born homely than to have to listen to people tell you how you have faded.

Nor is there any tragedy more complete than that of the woman, who, having had great wealth, loses it and is reduced to poverty, unless it is that of the woman who has nothing but money and who starves in the midst of her gold for real love, real friends, real interests in life.

The wish to be loved of all of the average woman's three wishes would come nearest to bringing her happiness were it granted, but even that would have to be accompanied by a large bill of particulars and specifications, such as (a) must be loved by the one particular HE; (b) love must be of the special variety that suits my taste; (c) the temperature

of love must always be at the boiling point; (d) love must never falter, but I must be good for as much poetry when I am fat and forty and when I am slim and twenty, and must be guaranteed to be watertight and weatherproof and not to be affected by my temper, nor curl papers nor wrappers nor lathery steaks and heavy biscuits. (e) love must have enough ginger in it to keep my appetite for it perpetually keen, so I won't tire of a daily diet of too much sweets.

Now to my thinking if a woman were given three wishes she should ask:

For good health.
For a genius for little things.
To love.

To have health means to possess beauty of a type that does not fade. It also includes good nature, because practically all irritability and ill-temper are caused by shaken nerves, and it assures its happy possessor an unending fountain of enjoyment and pleasures, since whether life is worth living or not, depends entirely upon the liver.

It is the mentally and physically diseased women who fill the divorce courts, and burden the air with their lamentations over being forsaken and neglected by their husbands and sweethearts. The woman who has good health holds her own.

Next to good health I should wish, being a woman, for the genius for small things—to be eternally interested in small-gee gossip—what the neighbors next door have for dinner; how many ruffled petticoats Mrs. Smith has in wash; to be thrilled to my marrow about the cut of a sleeve or the hang of a skirt; to be able to be utterly absorbed in my own house, my own church, my own Browning society. And, above all, I should pray the gods to grant me that I might always think my particular John the oracle of the world.

Then I should ask to love. For a woman not to have been loved is a misfortune, but for her not to love is a tragedy. She may weary of the noblest love of the noblest heart; she may find a thousand imperfections in the most chivalrous lover, but her own love knows no tiring, and it glids the meanest object and turn it into a god.

In love, and in service, to the adored one, a woman finds her highest happiness; and, if she has of her own a man and a child on whom to lavish her affections, she does not need to ask anything else of fate. She has all wishes bunched in one.

Daughter at School

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Well, she's gone, has she? Did you go down to school with her and see her settled in her new room and acquainted with her new roommates?

First time she ever went away from home alone?

Hard, wasn't it, hard to think of her there in that great school with all the staring, critical eyes and those strict, unyielding teachers?

Who made her dresses for the year? Little Miss Stippit, who's been sewing for you for years, to be sure—pretty dresses they were, too, pretty extravaganzas. Dad thought, but phaw, she's your only daughter, and what is the money for, anyhow?

Lonely around the house now she's gone, isn't it?

Where's all that flock of girls that used to come fluttering and chattering around like a lot of pigeons? Gone—all gone.

And the young fellows aren't half so interested in you and your flower garden as they were. Why, hardly a day passed last summer that some of them didn't come in to see how your roses were doing, and, yes, she was on the porch, and, of course, she stopped to see her.

Some, all of 'em, gone back to college, the boys with their fool mandolins and their absurd jokes and their awful college songs, and gone to school the girls with their giggles and their sentimental spells and their passionate interest in clothes and the right way to "do" your hair. Heigh-ho, how empty the old house feels.

Well, it isn't long to the holidays; maybe you can slip in a visit about Thanksgiving. Better begin getting ready quite early.

And you'd better be a little careful of your language these days, too. Don't say the wrong thing at the wrong time, for goodness' sake. Why, there was a girl's mother went to boarding school last year, and she said "crap" just like a girl, and the girls really thought they'd have to get some excuse for putting daughter out of the sorority. Of course, she couldn't help

it. No doubt the mother was trying to be chummy and companionable, but that isn't good form for mothers this year.

Mothers this season are quiet and "sweet" and they dress in gray and wear soft, clinging things and old lace, and they lie down in the afternoon, and daughter gets white scarfs for them to throw around their shoulders.

What you're as well and strong as daughter, and you won't have her waiting on you, and you hate gray, and you would like to see yourself making an old woman of yourself just for daughter?

Very well, then, go to your doom, but the sorority won't approve of you and daughter will be miserable.

Last year the "smart" mother was the fad, and she was really a good deal harder to do than the "sweet" one. You had to wear tailor-mades, no matter how stout you were, and you talked horses and bench shows and polo and golf, and you were cynical and a bit world-weary, but at heart you were a "dear," you know. All the girls said that.

The year before that all the mothers had to be intellectual. It was a kind of rush of New England to the brain.

You went in for plain living and high thinking; you wore a neat black silk with a neat little collar, and you talked lben and the new school of domestic relationship.

All the girls thought you were a noble woman, and said so, ever so many times.

What, going to be yourself just as daughter knew you at home? Dear, dear, what a blow to daughter!

That roommate of hers is a good sort of creature, if she is "smart," an, she'll do all she can to keep the real way the girls feel about you from daughter.

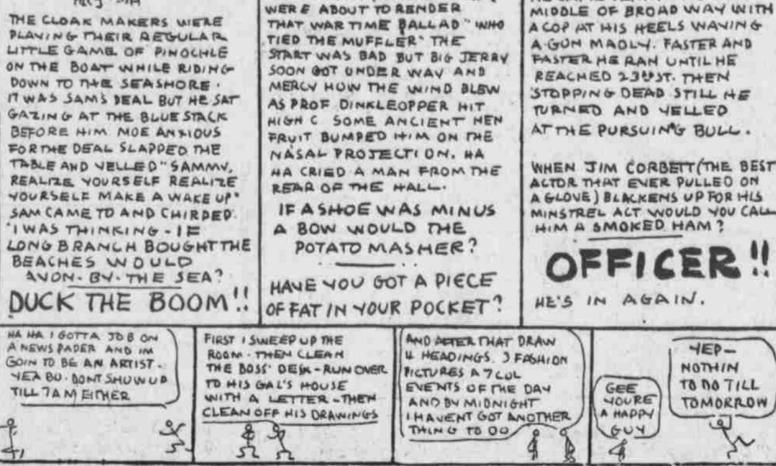
Blame the girls, who'd have them different? What would we all do without them—sorority, fads, languishings and all?

Gone, has she—gone. And the old house is empty and lonely?

Well, this is the time to get acquainted with that husband of yours. You've been so busy with the girl's affairs and the boy's adventures that father has been a bit of a stranger to your mind and heart.

Daffydils

I PUT THE BOSS RIGHT WHERE HE IS TODAY BUT WHAT THANKS DO I GET?



Married Life the Second Year

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"Now don't be foolish! Go on if they want you to," urged Warren. "Wilson and I want to play out our match of billiards."

Helen stood, reluctant. "Oh, but you know I don't like to go without you."

"That's absurd. You've been in all day—the ar'll do you good."

"Come on!" cried the Stevenses, who were already out in the car. "Mr. Summers will take care of you if your husband don't come."

Helen hurried down the path to the waiting car.

"I believe you're to sit back here with me," said Mr. Summers, as he sprang out to help her in. "Haden't I better get you a heavier wrap? Will that thin one be enough?"

Helen had shrunk from these little attentions because they seemed only to emphasize Warren's neglect. That anyone else should have to look after her when her husband was present seemed but a direct reflection on him.

And now as they sped through the night over the smoothly oiled roads, with Mr. Summers beside her in the seclusion of the deep back seat, Helen was conscious that by his very silence he was in some way creating between them a curious sense of intimacy.

There is nothing more subtle, nothing that can be made more pregnant with meaning than a conscious silence. Now and then a sudden rattle of the machine swayed her toward him, and she was conscious of his arm against hers—and conscious of his consciousness of it!

She tried to think of something to say—something simple and natural, anything to break the silence that grew more and more insistent.

"All the roads around here are so well kept," she murmured at length. "I wonder how often they oil them."

But the remark was so banal and its purpose so obvious that it only increased her discomfort. And when he answered: "Every few days, I suppose," and then offered no further comment, the silence was more pronounced than ever.

Helen was intensely glad when a little farther on, they stopped at a road house.

She sprang out quickly without giving Mr. Summers a chance to help her.

"Let's take a table out here on the porch," suggested Mrs. Stevens. "It looks so hot and stuffy inside. Isn't that red wallpaper horrible?"

The porch was lit only by the light that shone through the window.

Helen would rather have gone inside where the bright lights would have helped to dispel this atmosphere of subtle romance that Mr. Summers was deliberately trying to throw about her.

"Wait Stevens, I'm doing this," and Mr. Summers promptly beckoned the waiter and gave the order. "Now you are sure that you've had a sandwich or a salad?" he asked, leaning toward Helen, who had ordered only a claret lemonade.

She shook her head. "No, that is all I care for."

"Oh, I forgot your footstool!" as the waiter disappeared. "I'm afraid I'm not taking such very good care of you after all."

"Oh, I don't need a footstool for the few moments we'll be here," answered Helen, keenly conscious of his intimate tone and yet not knowing how to resent it.

They had all dined together several times and when he had found she always seemed unable to throw off in some subtle way he was making her keenly conscious of his every movement and of every inflection of his voice.

Oh, why had not Warren come with them? Why had he insisted on her coming alone? There was nothing in this that she could tell him; it was all too subtle for that. And yet, she knew she never wanted to be with Mr. Summers alone again.

When they went back to the car he helped her in and insisted that she put on her wrap. He held it for her and drew it slowly and carefully about her shoulders.

It had been rather a cloudy uncertain night when they started. And now to Helen's dismay it began to sprinkle.

"Want the curtains up back there?" asked Mr. Stevens.

"Oh, no-no, it's only a few drops, and I love to feel it against my face," answered Helen, quickly, feeling that to be shut in back there by the rain curtains would only add to the intimacy of it all.

"But I can't have you getting wet and talking cold," protested Mr. Summers. Helen felt her face flush at the proprietary words. "I can't have you," but there was nothing she could say.

COULDN'T BE WORSE; OR, HOW JONES PAINTED HIMSELF IN WITH THE GLOOMS!

By Tom Powers



Primitive Race

About thirty miles east of the canal zone, in an irregular line, running from the Atlantic almost to the Pacific, begins the habitation of the most peculiar tribe of people living in the Western Hemisphere today. Their country comprises the numerous, beautiful and fertile islands along the Atlantic coast between Puerto Belle and the gulf of Uraba and extends inland, approximately dividing the eastern end of the republic of Panama. Within this territory, civilization has cast no lights nor shadows, nor introduced new customs, nor gathered titles for the propagation of foreign superstitions, nor taxes for governments of questionable integrity. These people still hunt with the bow and arrow and have the poisoned dart in reserve for their enemies—Outing.

John Barleycorn

By N. P. BABCOCK.

"Hello," says he, with friendly smile, "Ain't seen ye fer a year; Been ridin' on the wagon, eh? Yes, all the boys is here.

"O' bizness is about the same; What? did ye get that same? I don't lay up no pridge, I guess I'm kind o' soft and slow.

"Ye cursed me for a crook? Ye did? Ye vowed ye'd lay me flat? Ye swore I was a murderer? Well, now, just think of that!

Saving Money

"I hate to boast," said a lawyer, "but my wife is one of the most economical women in the world. The other day she told me she needed a new suit. I said she ought to have it, by all means, but asked her not to spend a big bunch of money without letting me know about it. Well, the next day she said: 'The tailor said he couldn't make that suit for less than \$20. I thought it was too much, but told him to go ahead.'

"Well, I suppose it is all right," I said, "but why didn't you consult me first?"

"Why, dearie, I didn't want to spend carfare for two visits."

"I tell you, it's these little economies that count, eh?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

