

# 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 supernaturally 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.

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!

## Daffydils

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

THE TINKERIN QUARTETTE WERE ABOUT TO RENDER THAT WAR TIME BALLAD "WHO TIED THE MUFFLER" THE START WAS BAD BUT BIG JERRY SOON GOT UNDER WAY AND MERELY HOW THE WIND BLEW AS PROF DINKLEOPPER HIT HIGH C SOME ANCIENT MEN FRUIT BUMPED HIM ON THE NASAL PROTECTION. HA HA CRIED A MAN FROM THE REAR OF THE HALL.

HE CAME TEARING DOWN THE MIDDLE OF BROAD WAY WITH A COP AT HIS HEELS WAVING A GUN MADLY. FASTER AND FASTER HE RAN UNTIL HE REACHED 23RD. THEN STOPPING DEAD STILL HE TURNED AND YELLED AT THE PURSUING BULL.

WHEN JIM CORBETT (THE BEST ACTOR THAT EVER PULLED ON A GLOVE) BLACKENS UP FOR HIS MINSTREL ACT WOULD YOU CALL HIM A SMOKED HAM?

IF A SHOE WAS MINUS A BOW WOULD THE POTATO MASHER? HAVE YOU GOT A PIECE OF FAT IN YOUR POCKET?

HA HA I GOTTA JOB ON A NEWS PAPER AND AM GOING TO BE AN ARTIST—NEA DU—DON'T SHOW UP TILL T M EITHER

FIRST I SWEEP UP THE ROOM—THEN CLEAN THE BOSS' DESK—RUN OVER TO HIS GALS' HOUSE WITH A LETTER—THEY CLEAN OFF HIS DRAWINGS

AND AFTER THAT DRAW UP HEADINGS 3 FASHION PICTURES A 7 CUL EVENTS OF THE DAY AND BY MIDNIGHT I HAVEN'T GOT ANOTHER THING TO DO

HEP—NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

## 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. "Hadden't I better get you a heavier wrap? Will that thin one be enough?"

"Oh, yes; quite enough," as she settled herself back in the wide leather seat. Mr. Summers was a cousin of the Stevenses and had been at the hotel for some time. Helen knew that he admired her. Her woman's intuition told her that. He had formed one of their party for a number of rides and outings and had been particularly attentive to her. Often when Warren, with his usual indifference, had left her to look after herself, it was Summers who had hurried to help her in and out of the car, and in many ways had been solicitous about her comfort.

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.

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

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I MUST GET A PAINTER TO DO THIS FLOOR ITS AFRIGHT

WHY PAY A PAINTER, I'LL PAINT THE FLOOR FOR YOU THIS IS MY DAY OFF

DEAR, DON'T GET YOUR SELF ALLOVER PAINT

NOW RUN A LONG MY MONA LISA AND DON'T DISTURBE YOUR LITTLE LEONARDO

DON'T MOVE

HE PAINTS SHE PAINTS

THIS IS A PIPE WHEN YOU KNOW HOW

DO YOU KNOW SHE'S?

YES—HE CAN'T PAINT

MY FRIEND LUKES TAUGHT ME HOW TO PAINT FLOORS

THERE! ONE MORE DAB AND SHE'S FINISHED

HEY! WIFE! I'M PAINTED IN—HOW AM I GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS?

STAY WHERE YOU ARE TILL THE PAINT GETS DRY, DON'T YOU DARE TRACK MY NEWLY PAINTED FLOOR!!

HE FORGOT HIS DRYER

I'LL BE DRYEST WEEK

### 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 extravagants. "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, they stopped to see her.

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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.

### 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.

### NEWS OF KNOWLEDGE

At Newmarket, England, May 2, 1793, a wager was laid by a young woman that she would ride on horseback 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours. She accompanied the feat in a little more than one-third of the time named.