



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Never Did Like Mashers

By Tad



If Woman Had Three Wishes, What Would She Ask?

Love, Protection and Personal Beauty—All Strive for the Last, All Seek the Second and Every Woman Wants Love More Than Anything Else in the World.

By Mabel Herbert Usher.

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Were the fates to grant to each woman one wish—the one thing she wants most in the world—it would be Love. Love, Love, Love. Were the fates to grant to each man one wish—the one thing he wants most in the world—it might be love or it might be power or wealth. But with women the wish would be universal. They may conceal it, deny it, lie about it in countless ways, but in their hearts need-love. You will see that the one thing—love. And if the fates were to grant three wishes, as did the fairy of the old peasant legend, for the woman, they would still all three hinge on love.

Love, protection and personal beauty! Had she the courage to be wholly honest, and she so rarely has, these would be the things she would ask for. Because these are the things every woman wants. No doubt there are many things that would be more commendable for her to want than beauty. But this article is not written about the things she should want, but about those she does want.

And she wants beauty because it would make much more secure her greatest asset and character would do that. Possibly, but those are things every woman believes she can attain for herself. They do not have to be granted by a special dispensation of fate.

And I am not sure but that she is right. Given the happiness that would come from love and protection, it would not be all up to tomorrow, all the success, all the fame—yes, give it up gladly and live in a Harlem flat on twenty dollars a week—and make it home—with a man I love!

Which only goes to prove that every woman, at least every woman who knows, would ask first of all for—Love!

For without it, to a woman, nothing else counts.

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"Some-Day" Land

BY CHESTER FIRKINS.

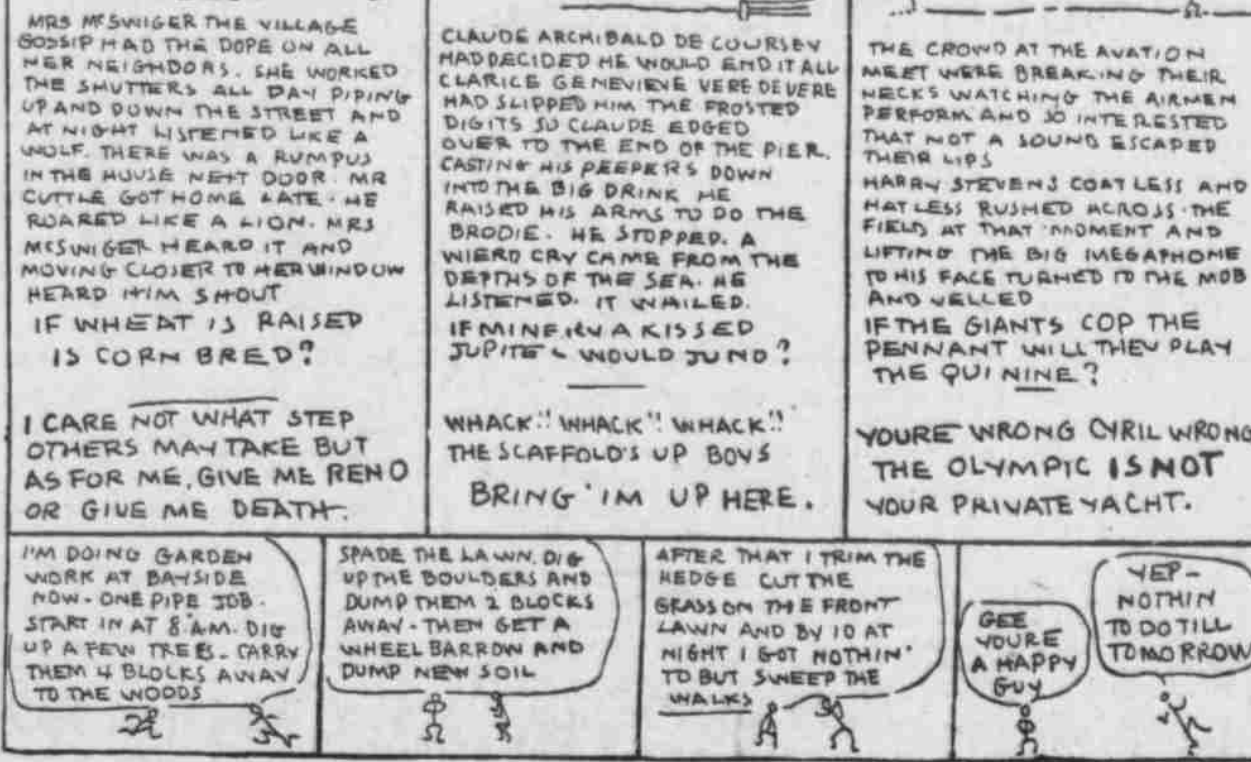
There is a country fair and free, Beyond the earth, beyond the sea, Where things never disagree, And always understand. There everything's forever new, There every happy dream comes true. As very well you know, if you Have heard of "Some-Day" Land.

"When'll you buy me a pony, Pop?" "Some day, some day." "Mamma, when'll the measles stop?" "Some day, some day." "Uncle, when'll I be a man?" "An' go to the ball game, like you can. An' be a regular grown-up fan?" "Some day, some day."

In "Some-Day" Land it never rains; Or, if it does, no boy remains indoors, unless by mother's chains. All things are better planned. You get ice cream most every day; Till ten o'clock you can play and play; No grown-up folks try to get ear With boys in "Some-Day" Land.

"When'll I have a collar, Pop?" "Some day, some day." "When I get big, ain't I be a cop?" "Some day, some day." "Grandpa, when'll I be like you, An' eat wif my knife, an' fingers, too, An' never get locked for wif I do?" "Some day, some day."

Daffydils



Sherlocko the Monk

By Gus Mager

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THE EPISODE OF THE RELEASED CANARIES



She Ate Hardware.

Last spring a middle-aged woman was admitted to one of the insane asylums of Missouri. An account sent to the London Lancet says that from the time she was admitted, suffering with dementia, until she died in the hospital, she never showed the least sign of disease of the digestive system. The attendants often saw her picking up nails and pins, but no one had seen her swallow any. Death was due to nephritis.

An autopsy showed that in addition to foreign bodies in the stomach there was a needle in the oesophagus and another at the base of the left lung. The foreign bodies in the stomach weighed 2.38 grams (five pounds, avoirdupois) in the aggregate, after thorough washing, and consisted of 82 nails, 6 screws, 136 ordinary pins, 110 hair pins, 106 safety pins, 62 carpet tacks, 23 buttons and a miscellaneous collection of bolts, metal nuts, teaspoon handles, thimbles, needles, beads, coat rack hooks, fruit seeds, stones and pieces of glass and all sizes and shapes of similar objects, the total number being 1,448.

The Feminine Diplomat

By DOROTHY DIX.

Hats off, sister suffragists, and let's give three cheers altogether for the president of Uruguay, who has just appointed a woman to a diplomatic post. His, his, his! May he live forever, and may his office until he is tired of it, and go down in history covered with glory.

The woman who has been thus honored, and who is the first to enter the diplomatic service of any country in the world, is Miss Clotilde Luisi, who holds a university degree of doctor of laws, and she has been guyanan legation at Brussels, Belgium.

The appointment of this woman to a diplomatic post marks an epoch in feminine annals, and yet diplomacy is the one career in which both nature and experience have fitted women to shine, and for which they have served an arduous apprenticeship in subtlety, finesse, and jangling, and backbiting and filling, and generally walking on eggs.

As a matter of fact, every woman's entire training, from the cradle to the grave, is a continual drilling in diplomacy, for her comfort and well-being in life depends upon her ability to outstep her way through the world and wheedle advantage out of men that they have no intention of giving her.

Any woman who has lived in peace with a cranky and cantankerous man, or who has gotten pin money out of a stingy one, can show just cause and reason why she is capable of filling any place in diplomatic circles that may happen to be vacant.

When a man acquires the ability to smile sweetly and affectionately when he would like to be hitting his opponent in the eye; when he appears to back down when he is really advancing forward all the time; when he flatters his opponent into yielding him what he wants; when he lays a trap so cunningly that his adversary walks into it without perceiving whether he is going, why, we get out the brass band and celebrate that man's wonderful diplomatic genius.

But any sort of a little two by four woman is capable of such diplomatic coups. And, moreover, she executes them every day of her life, or else Reno would be the largest and most densely populated city on the face of the earth.

Think you it is a mere matter of chance that on the particular day on which little Mrs. Smith had to ask Mr. Smith, who is a tightwad, for the money to pay for her new fall outfit she happened to have all of his favorite dishes for dinner, and that she did not mention the matter to him until after he was gorged to repletion and in a mellow and melting mood?

Did you ever notice how deftly Mrs. Brown always turns the conversation when it approaches certain subjects that



Portrait of Dorothy Dix.

The Manicure Lady

"Base ball and horses, base ball and horses," sighed the Manicure Lady. "Honest to goodness, George, I haven't heard so much of that kind of talk since I went into the business of doing genteel nails. It makes me good and tired, too. What in the world do they suppose a girl cares about base ball and horses?"

"It had enough that a lot of ex-book-makers sit around here signing and telling about the days of their former greatness. Some of them can't get anything regular to do, so they just hang around and mope and talk about the races up in Canada, and try to figure out some way to beat a race for a two-ounce note."

"There was a time when they gave five-dollar bills for tips, then dashing young speculators. There was a time when they talked so much about horses and thought so much about horses that they had long hair on their necks, like manes. Now they just sit and sigh."

"And this base ball chatter? Mercy, George, I do sure get tired of it. Will the Giants win the pennant? Will Matty be fit for the world's series? Will Marquard be able to take turns and turn about with him? Will McGraw outguess Condie Mack? Bah! If I saw a base ball rolling down hill I would turn and kick it on its way."

"You gotta remember, kid," said the Head Barber, "that a lot of people is interested in baseball. I don't expect that girl would care much about it, because it requires a lot of quick and deep thinking, and that is something for which a girl was never noted for."

"Oh, I don't know so much about that," sniffed the Manicure Lady. "As reading a article the other day by a lady philosopher in which she said that ladies thought quicker and deeper than gentlemen and that there wasn't a thing in this world a gent could do that a lady couldn't do better."

"Of course, a lady philosopher would say that, admitted the Head Barber, "but you couldn't get a man to agree with her. What about the great things that have been done in this world? What about the pyramids? Who built them? Was it women?"

"It must have been," replied the Manicure Lady. "The history books say that they were built by slaves."

"Well, what about the great soldiers of history? What about Napoleon and Julius Grant and Ulysses G. Leo and a lot of other names like that?"

"What about the Amazons?" demanded the triumphant Manicure Lady. "They was all ladies, at least so I read in the history that I have wrote. There wasn't a gent in the crowd. And history says that they made the finest warriors in all time."

"Why not?" asked the Head Barber. "They had a great percentage with them. No real gent would strike a lady."

Two ladies, contending for precedence at the court of Charles V, appeared to the monarch, who decided that the elder should go first. Disputer of that character never occurred thereafter.