

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

## Oh! Mommer, What a Cold His Honor Had

By Tad



## What Would Be Your Three Wishes? By Dorothy Dix

### Progressive Millinery

An editorial, recently printed, asked readers to tell what three things they would ask for should a good fairy appear to them, as in the old nursery tale, and offer them their heart's desire.

Many letters have been received in answer to this question, and it is curious and pathetic to note how reasonable are the requests that most people make of fate, how little they ask, and how similar, how universal, is the cry that goes up from every heart to the high gods.

A few wish they might have the wealth of a Rockefeller, the power of a czar, the beauty of Venus or the genius of Napoleon, but in more than 50 per cent of the replies to the query "What would you ask for if you had three wishes," the

good sensible wife who knows herself and who would understand me, and, thirdly, several children. The result of having these wishes granted would mean health, happiness and independence."

Right—O—!

Here's another man who signs himself "Frenchman," and who only needs to stop wishing and go a-courting to be his own good fairy; and get what he wants. He says:

"My three wishes would be to marry a good true woman, about 40 years old, and with some money so I wouldn't have to worry about making a living. Second, to travel, and see the world. Third, to be a good, true husband."

Women, of course, aren't out-

third wish is that a man grown old with sorrow and labor should not be cast aside, but be able to find a position in which to work as well as a young man."

The best isn't any too good for Ct. V. Seymour, who writes:

Great Unit till all shall be a unit again. Secondly, I should wish for love. To those that love, life eternal is a magnificent reality; to the loveless, how dreadful is the thought of immortality! Then I would wish for faith, not so much in God as in my fellow man. These things I would wish for, and in finding them find all things."

Then comes two letters that glimpse two of the real tragedies of life—one from an old woman, who says that she would ask for only 20 a month to ease her pathway to the grave and make her last days comfortable. And the other letter is from a young man, dying with tuberculosis, and whose one desire is for life.

Till hope shall blossom once again.

Third wish—  
The third and dearest to the rest is for the one whom I love best; That while he toils from day to day,  
(This is the first article by Dorothy Dix, containing replies to the "Three Wishes" thought of me may light his way.)



Maud Stoutenburgh Elliot, like the late Mr. Webb, drops into poetry and writes:

Three wishes—  
Fairy dear of by-gone ages,  
Come from childhood storied pages,  
Touch with your wand my wishes three  
And so transform the world for me.

First wish—  
That I may never bitter be  
For what life hath denied to me;  
Learning to smile and bear my cross,  
That others may not know my loss.

Second wish—  
That I so blind may never be  
To fall a brother's woe to see,  
But rather share with him his pain.

answer has been health, moderate prosperity and love. They are the great eternal needs, and it grips one by the throat to think of the many pain-racked, hungry-hearted and empty-handed who ask nothing of life but that which should be the common heritage of all.

But these letters, lifting for an instant the veil that convention forces men and women to hold between their faces and the world, and showing their innermost desires, make a human document that is wonderfully interesting and suggestive. For instance read this from an intelligent young man who says that if he can realize these three wishes he will die content:

moderate in their desires, especially when they are young, and here's what a 17-year-old girl says she would ask her fairy godmother. She writes:

"I should ask first to be beautiful, second, to marry a rich professional man, and third, to have pretty children."

However, as women grow older they acquire more judgment, and one, who ought to be a good suffragette, if a tent, writes:

"My first wish would be that we might have a better government in our country. My second wish would be that men might have a better opinion of women."

As for me, I should wish for the following three things:

"First, Money, dreadfully much of it, much that I could give everybody just enough to get disgusted with it; second, Love, very much of it, so much of it that people would feel compelled by it to recognize their neighbors as such, and feel power to induce, and, if necessary, to compel people to mind their own business."

For my part, I hope he gets his wishes, socially that last one about compelling people to mind their own business.

Editor Burr is a transcendental philosopher and he doesn't bother with common mundane desires. He says:

I would wish for knowledge—power to rise in the heavens at night something more than so many points of fire that in the sky—light to read correctly the life page and follow the development worlds from the time of the first

**"Salted"**

In the ancient times new born infants were rubbed with salt.

During the Crimean war the price of salt in Russia was exorbitant.

Certain plants which grow at the seashore can not thrive without salt.

Salt is the only mineral substance universally required as an article of food by man and the higher orders of the animal kingdom.

From its necessity salt in many countries has been a favorite subject of taxation, and important political results have sometimes arisen from the extortion practiced by the collectors.

"First," he writes, "I desire a good wife; one who will make a man happy and comfortable home, but be not merely a housekeeper; a pal, a chum, a companion, a friend, a counselor, between whom and myself there will always be perfect understanding."

"Second, congenial work at a task that I like, and that will return sufficient financial returns to give me the comforts and harmless luxuries of life, and enable me to make provision for old age. But I do not ask for wealth, as a man must have some occupation to be happy."

"Third, children; I place this last because a man should not bring children into the world until he has the means to care for and educate them well."

One who has seen the world written—and his wishes come pretty near to securing a cinch on happiness—thus:

"If I could have my three wishes I should ask for a country place with sufficient acreage to enable a worker to get a yearly profit. Secondly, for a

notion, always monotony! Always the same side of the bed to get out of, the same way, the same time every morning; the same routine in getting in my clothes, the same round of duties all day, the same monotonous circle to be traveled till I go to bed at night, trying to be grateful that I have a good bed, and can sleep and be refreshed for to-morrow with the same circles to be traveled over again.

"You ungrateful creature, my conscience cries: 'have you forgotten the girl who cried for anything to break the monotony, and whose wish was answered by misfortunes that came thick and fast?'

"Have you disregarded the warning in the life of every one who suffers the jolts and jares that come to those who leave the rut and know monotony no longer?"

"I do not forget, every punishment sent to the ungrateful is my danger sign always in sight, but must I always keep these dismal signals in view? Will I always have to whip myself into a reconciled mood to this spending of life, moving in a circle? Will the battle never be fought, and contentment be won?"

"Must my life be devoted to conjuring up the misfortunes of others that I may be able to look my few burdens in the face and see that they are not burdens at all? Will I ever find peace in monotony?"

Then the woman wailed and wailed, and those who heard and who believed their troubles were real sniffed in scorn. They didn't know that she suffered as much as they; they didn't realize that all who wail and groan and lament have troubles that are imaginary.

They didn't know that it is always the one whose affliction is lightest who makes the most sound; that it is the one carrying the smallest burden who stops oftener to drop his burden to the ground and wail.

Neither did they know that the only sop to an imaginary grief is a real one.

**MODERATE PROSPERITY.**

THE BATTLE RAGED FIERCELY BETWEEN THE RUS MEN AND THE PEANUT DEALERS. IT MEANT THAT WE WERE TO DO WITHOUT PEANUTS OR RUS. THE ITALIANS WANTED THE NATIONAL FLOWER OF ITALY TO STICK AND BATTLED THE TURKS NOSE TO NOSE. GIOVANNI MAKARON THE DAGO BEAR RUSHED AT 300 TURKS WITH NOTHING IN HIS MITT BUT A CHUNK OF GARLIC. HE WAVED IT FRANTICALLY IN THE AIR. ONE BY ONE THE RUS DEALERS FLOPPED. AS THE LAST ONE BRODIES HE PULLED OUT A PEANUT SHELL AND FIRED IF THE TURKS DOUBLED BATTERY D WOULD IT TRIPOLI?

HELLO KATE ANNA I HAVE A DANDY JOE NOW. I'M KEEPIN' A HOUSE FOR A WIDOWER WHO HAS 6 KIDS. SHE NEVER GETS UP BETTER SIN IN THE MORNING.

AFTER SUPPER I HELP THEM WITH HOMEWORK. WASH THEIR LESSONS, MAKE UP THE BEDS, WIND THE CLOCKS, DARN THE SOCKS, AND BY ONE O'CLOCK I'M ALL THROUGH.

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Years of conscientious and unflinching effort on the part of the Audubon society finally was rewarded in this state by the passage of a law forbidding the sale of feathers of certain birds of rare plumage. Such feathers were used almost exclusively for the adornment of feminine headgear. The law was intended to halt the wanton

hatched young left to starve in order to obtain the prized feather which is her badge of motherhood, was enough to banish this particular feather from hats and bonnets and cause women to inquire how the ornaments to their bonnets were obtained. But it required the law to bring about reform.

Millineryism is nothing is not progressive. Hats of the fall mode are now seen

**An Imaginary Woe**

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

There appeared at the wailing place recently a woman who apparently had more than the average share of the good things of life, but she wailed, and wailed, and wailed, and finally her wailing drowned all other complaining.

"When I set up in the morning," she wailed, "I try to be grateful that I am able to get up, and reflect with a thankful heart that I am not sick or crippled."

A procession of the bedfast passes before me, and I am grateful that I am not as they.

"Then I think of those who are able to work, but can't find work to do; who seek with willing hands for employment, and face want with an army of unemployed, and with these two reasons for contentment in my mind I begin my daily fight against monotony."

"For that is what I am wailing about," lifting her voice to a piercing shriek—"Monotony, monotony, monotony! mo-

## Ain't You Sorry? By F. Opper

