



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

## What a Baby She Was

By Tad

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## Even an Emperor Should Learn Something of a Woman's Nature.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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There is a pathetic little story going the rounds of the press about the empress of Germany.

This is the tale as the newspapers tell it.

The emperor, like all men has an eye for beauty and especially admires the human form divine of woman. He had expressed himself frequently, and in laudatory terms, regarding the perfection of several svelt and sylph-like beauties of the day, and the empress had listened to his words of commendation and then she had stood before the mirror and looked upon her own ample proportions and suffered all those miseries which only women who love and feel their physical charms fading can suffer when they hear the object of their love rave over younger and more attractive creatures.

Then (so the story goes) the empress decided to make herself like unto the fairies who had called forth the eloquence of the emperor. So she procured all sorts of patent medicines, fat foams, creams, and every apparatus for reducing weight through physical exercise.

All these things the emperor one day discovered and had cast into the ash heap (if emperors have ash heaps). At least, so goes the tale, he demanded that the empress abandon her many efforts to become a sylph and remain precisely as she was.

No doubt he assured her that she pleased him far more with her matronly proportions than all other women pleased him with their combined fascinations. At the same time it is to be hoped the emperor made a mental vow to be more tactful, and to avoid talking in the

presence of a portly wife of his admiration for slender, sinuous beauties.

A man who celebrated his golden wedding not long ago declared one of his rules for making marriage a success had been in avoiding praises of other women in the presence of his wife.

This seems scarcely a compliment to the wife.

The woman who can not hear sane and reasonable praise of another uttered by her lover or her husband must be dwarfed in mind and petty in soul.

But there is no woman so broad, so generous, or so well poised, who does not feel inwardly hurt when the man she loves exhausts his vocabulary of admiring words upon some woman who is her opposite in type.

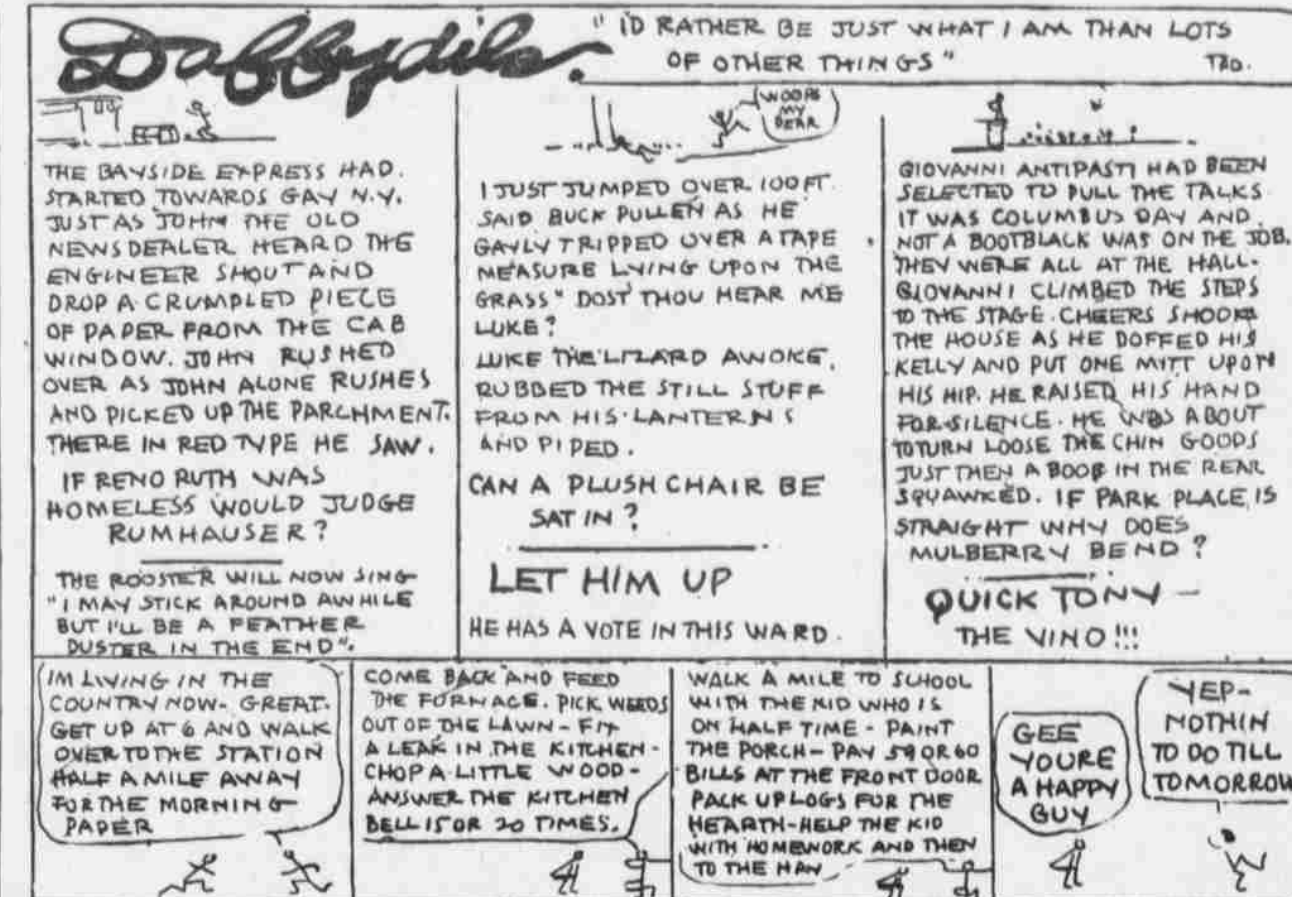
And yet that is what hundreds of otherwise kind, clean-minded and sensible men are doing daily.

In justice to the majority of such men be it said that they imagine their wives are absolutely convinced of their own supremacy in the hearts of their husbands, and that they are above and beyond any such emotion as jealousy.

Were the situation reversed, however, and were the wife of any man to expatiate frequently upon the fascinations of some male acquaintance, declaring that he was an ideal which could not be surpassed, one can easily imagine the wounded feelings, the surprised and probable indignation of the listener.

There are scores of wives who are conscious of their own fading charms who are still beautiful in the eyes of their husbands.

The added maturity which comes with motherhood renders a woman doubly attractive to some men. And such men may



## Married Life the Second Year

Getting Settled in the New Apartment—Helen Falls from a Stepladder.

By MABLE HERBERT URMER.

"There's only one thing to do," Warren's tone was final. "Have that radiator taken out and put the couch there. That's the only place for it."

"But can we do without the radiator?" Helen looked up doubtfully.

"Easy. You'll get all the heat you want from the other room. These apartments are always overheated. And why on earth don't they put these radiators under a window or behind a door, where they'll be out of the way—instead of planting them right in the center of the best wall space? Get the janitor up here now, and I'll have him take this out."



Helen phoned down for the janitor, who said he would be up in a few moments. It was the day after they had moved. Perhaps because he was a little conscience-stricken for having thrown all the work on Helen the day before, Warren had left the office an hour earlier to help her some before dinner.

All the pictures were yet to be hung, the rugs to be put down, and most of the things were scattered about, the moving men had set things down anywhere. There had been no time to study out the best arrangement.

"Why can't the bookcase come over here? Then that will leave room for the tea table in this corner."

"Wait," pushing her aside as she tried to move it over. "Let me do it—it's too heavy for you. Didn't I tell you not to strain yourself in this moving?"

It was only a little thing, and yet so rarely was he thoughtful or considerate of her, that just to be told something was too heavy for her to move and that he didn't want her to strain herself, gave her a sense of pleasure.

"Now, let's hang some of these pictures while we wait for the janitor," suggested Helen. "Here, this one goes over the desk."

Warren dragged the stepladder over beside the desk.

"This thing's not any too steady," as he stepped gingerly on the frail looking ladder.

"Wait, dear, I'll hold it," steadying it with both hands while Warren climbed up cautiously.

"That about right?" as he slipped the hook over the moulding and hung the picture from it.

Helen stepped back, still holding the ladder with one hand. "No, a little more to the left. No—that's too much. There—that's just right."

As Warren got down the ladder creaked loudly.

"Oh, dear, I'm so afraid that's not strong enough to hold you. The other pictures are all very light. You hold the ladder and let me hang them. No, no," as he protested. "I want to do it. Now this goes over the mantel."

He drew the stepladder before the mantel and held it while she ran up lightly. It took only a few minutes to hang the others. Then they went into the dining room. In hanging a large fruit picture over the sideboard, Helen dropped the hook on the floor.

"Oh, never mind, dear, if you can't find it," Warren stooped down to look for it. "There's plenty more in the sitting room on the woodwork."

"Where 'bout? I don't see them," he called back.

"Then look in the bed room on the bureau."

"Don't see anything that looks like picture hooks in here."

"Then Della must have moved them. Wait, I'll come and see."

She started to hurry down the ladder, but in some way her foot missed a step and with a startled cry she fell.

Warren rushed in and picked her up. "Are you hurt, are you hurt?" almost savagely.

"No, no, it's nothing," between a laugh and a sob. But she was holding her arm as though it pained her.

"Let her see," pushing up her sleeve and showing a bruise on the white skin. "Why did you try to get down alone?" he asked. "You might have hurt yourself bad. Now run, put something on that bruise."

But she still clung to him. "I will in a moment—but first hold me," drawing him down on the couch. "Dear, just for a moment," pleadingly.

She crept into his lap and held her face against his neck with a quivering sob.

"Now, now—none of that."

A sob at the hopelessness of it all was her only answer. For a moment she clung to him in silence. Then perhaps a little ashamed of his attitude, she stooped over and kissed her cheek. She pressed closer against him. There was another silence. Then he stooped over and kissed the bruised arm.

"Now run and put something on that."

"Oh, let me stay—just a little longer! It helps and rests me more than anything," drawing his head down and kissing him softly on his eyes and lips and forehead. They were hungry little kisses, with all her yearning for love in them.

He submitted passively.

"Oh, why, why do I love you so much—when you care for me so little?" sobbingly. "You simply let me kiss you. You just tolerate it—you don't want it."

"No, Helen, for heaven's sake, don't begin that! What's the matter with you today, anyway?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing—I didn't mean to be like this."

"Well, I should hope not! I came home early to help you straighten up here—not to be treated with a dose of hysteria. If I'd known this I'd stayed at the office."

"Dear, don't—don't say that! I'm not hysterical—I'm only a little tired and unstrung."

"Then go lie down and rest. I'm not so keen on doing this work."

"Oh, but we must get straightened out," sitting up and pushing her hair back wearily.

"Give Della a day or two longer and she'll get things into shape. The trouble with you is you want everything done in a minute. We only moved yesterday—and here you're trying to get all straightened out today. You never use any judgment! You go ahead and overwork and get tired and hysterical—and then there's the devil to pay!"

## The "Off Season" . . . By Nell Brinkley

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The time when Summer kisses her fingers good-bye to Man and Love and Winter is just reaching her fur-clad arms to them.

## Pudd'nhead Maxims

By MARK TWAIN.

We ought never to do wrong when people are looking. Let us be thankful for the fools. But for them the rest of us could not succeed.

Few things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example. When in doubt, tell the truth.

There are two times in a man's life when he should not speculate: When he can't afford to and when he can. Hunger is the handmaid of genius.

Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond; cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education. Wrinkles should merely indicate where smiles have been.

It is easier to stay out than get out. Man is the only animal that blushes or needs to.

In salesmanship get the formalities right: never mind about the moralities. October. This is one of the peculiarly dangerous months to speculate in stocks. The others are July, January, September, April, November, May, March, June, December, August and February.

The old say says, "Let a sleeping dog lie." Right. Still, when there is much at stake, it is better to get a newspaper to do it.

Few of us can stand prosperity. Another man's, I mean.

Names are not always what they seem. The common Welsh name, Eryddliop, is pronounced Jackson.

Often the surest way to convey misinformation is to tell the strict truth.

Remark of Dr. Baldwin's concerning upstarts: "We don't care to eat toadstools that think they are truffies."

Let us endeavor so to live that when we come to die even the undertaker will be sorry.

The universal brotherhood of man is our precious possession, what there is of it.

Be careful in your dress if you must, but keep a tidy soul.

If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous he will not bite you. This is the principal difference between a dog and a man.

It is more trouble to make a maxim than it is to do right.

Pity is for the living, envy is for the dead.