

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Examined It Carefully

By Tad



The Omnipotent Mother-in-Law of the Orient

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1911, American-Journal-Examiner.

She was my dream's fulfillment and my joy,
This lovely woman whom you call your wife.

You sported at your play, an idle boy,
When I first felt the stirring of her life
Within my startled being. I was thrilled
With such intensity of love, it filled
The very universe. But words are vain—
No man can comprehend that wild, sweet pain.

You smiled in childhood's slumber while
I felt
The agonies of labor; and the nights
I weeping, o'er the little sufferer knelt,
You, wandering on through dream-
land's fair delights,
Flung out your lightening limbs and
slept and grew;

While I, awake, saved this dear wife for you.

She was my heart's loved idol and my pride,
I taught her all those graces which you praise,
I dreamed of coming years, when, at my side,
She would lend luster to my fading life.

An Indian woman author, Cornelia Sorabji, says in her stories of Indian woman ("by one of them"): "What of the ordinary widow of the highest caste, who, in olden days, would have fed the flames of the funeral pyre bound to a husband's corpse?"

"What of her? For the most part she lives the life of a willing drudge in the house of her mother-in-law. For it is so alone she believes that she can win merit for her lord."

"A widow is a thing of ill-omen in India, for it is regarded her fault that her husband is taken, even though he dies when she is a child-wife of 5 years. The mother-in-law considers it her obligation to curse the daughter-in-law; that is part of the process of punishing her for the evil she brought on the son and husband."

"Sometimes the daughter-in-law glories in her ill-treatment, believing it will advance her husband's state in Paradise; but sometimes she grows very weary of the long struggle and puts an end to her earthly existence."

"The oriental husband in China or India, or elsewhere, places his mother before his wife, and when he is absent his letters are addressed to his mother, and no mention is made of the wife, save as he sends greeting to the children and their mother."

"It is always the mother element which the oriental man recognizes, and the wife is made to submit to whatever indignity is placed on her by the mother-in-law."

"And, curiously enough, whatever she may suffer from this source she does not spare her own daughter-in-law when, in time and turn, she reaches that exalted position of supreme despotism."

"How peculiar seems this quality of woman!"

"And do we not find the same unfortunate selfishness running rampant in the nature of our women of the west—our Christian wives, who have suffered martyrdom from their husband's mothers, yet who make no effort to render life sweet to their son's wives?"



How to Be Beautiful

By M. H. AYER.

"At what age is woman most attractive?" This was the subject of a prize contest held recently in one of the big Paris dailies.

There is nothing new about contests on this subject. It is a much debated question and crops up periodically. In fact this same newspaper held one some years ago. The only point of interest is this: Ten years ago the discussion showed at least to the satisfaction of the reading public that woman was at the zenith of her powers of attraction between the age of 30 and 35.

This year the age was from 35 to 40.

"Yes," remarked the critic, "that's because they've grown older themselves."

And by the way, where does sweet sixteen come in? She used to be the lovely, fawning goddess of the novelist's ideal, but now she's in the nursery or at school, where she belongs, inactive, those arts and graces which later are to make her worth while as a social factor. Books dealing with the lives of very young girls are written as before, but they are written for other young girls and no touch of love-making, no pictures of real life are permitted to appear in their pages. The heroine of a romance grows older every day. One Meredith was the first man brave enough

to say that a single woman of 37 was still attractive enough to have a book written about her, and he merely started the ball rolling. Bella Donna, the somewhat lurid lady of Mr. Hitchens' brain, was over 40, and recently other heroines quite as mature have appeared before whose charm, beauty or wit the young girl pales and vanishes.

Sarah Bernhardt, at the age of 70, still commands attention and admiration. Several of our greatest singers who combine beauty with their other talents, are close on 50, and very few stars who shine either in society or on the stage are less than 30.

The French newspaper in its long discussion of the subject dealt especially on the charm of the older woman—a cultivated, refined and polished charm of manner, mind and conversation, which the young girl lacks, but which the older woman has evolved and which compensates for the loss of the fresh physical beauty of youth.

This beauty of youth the French call the Devil's Beauty, because it is already condemned to fade.

But first of all, stop thinking of yourself as old. The age limit is steadily going up. No matter how old you are it may reach you yet.

Daffydill



Married Life the Second Year

Warren Lends Some Money Against His Will and Then Regrets It.

By MAHEL HERBERT URNER.

"What did I say there?" demanded Warren. "Read that last paragraph." Miss Burns, the stenographer, read back, haltingly:

"As Mr. Schafer expects to sail the fifteenth, it is necessary, in order to have his signature, that the papers be drawn up before that date."

"Make that 'Mr. Schafer sails,' not 'expects to sail,'" corrected Warren. He paused a moment, and then went on:

"It is also necessary that there be a full release from the old contract. This can only be done under the conditions as a memorandum in my last letter. I am to have a final interview with Mr. Mathews Thursday at 11. And it is imperative that you send me the other papers before then. Very truly yours,

"Now make two carbons of that letter and enclose one in the letter to Davis & Schafer. That's all. Get those out as quickly as you can, please."

Miss Burns took her notebook to the typewriter and began rapidly typing the letters, while Warren straightened up the papers on his desk, and proudly made some memoranda on his calendar.

Everything had gone wrong that morning. There had been a tie-up in the subway which had made him half an hour late in getting down. Several annoying letters awaited him in his mail. A deal that he considered practically closed had fallen through, and an expected check had not come.

The office door opened and a tall, well set man, about 30, entered. Warren turned and greeted him cordially, glad of the interruption to his not too cheerful train of thought.

"I say, Curtis, I want you to do me a favor—and I'll consider it a mighty big favor just now."

"Fire away," said Warren, but with a slightly lessening note of cordiality.

"I want a hundred and fifty until the twentieth. I've got 500 coming in then, but I'm up against it hard just now."

He knew he was under slight obligations to Osborne for some business switched his way, and that he was in a position to influence other business in the future. But he knew too that Osborne was always in debt and that his reputation for prompt payment was anything but the best.

"You've struck me in a devilish bad time, Osborne. I'm not any too flush myself just now," Warren answered evasively.

"I wouldn't ask you, Curtis, but I've a note for two hundred falling due tomorrow and I've only eighty-five in the bank to meet it with. I'll be on easy street the twentieth—if you'll just tide me over until then."

Reluctantly Warren took his check book from a drawer of the desk, and wrote out a check for a hundred and fifty.

"Appreciate this, old man," as Osborne put the check in his wallet. "And if there's anything I can do for you—just call on me."

"Oh, that's all right," said Warren lamely.

When Osborne had gone, Warren walked up and down his office frowning savagely. He had known it at the time, yet felt that he couldn't get out of it. But now he thought of half a dozen ways of evasion. A man can always refuse to loan money and can do it tactfully, he mused himself, if he's prepared for it in advance. But Osborne had taken him unawares. He hadn't had time to think and couldn't afford to offend him. And now—well, it was mighty doubtful about the hundred and fifty.

Miss Burns, who had finished the letters, now laid them on his desk for him to sign. He sat down and read them over.

"Here, how do you spell 'inconvenience'?" And this should be a separate paragraph. What's this—specificity? I never said that."

Miss Burns corrected to her note book "That's what I have, sir."

"Well, I never said it. It doesn't mean anything here, Oh, particular—that was the word," crossing out and writing it with his pen.

"Shall I copy it over, sir?"

"No, we haven't time to recopy letters. Learn to get them correct. Now where's that carbon that I told you to enclose in this one."

"I put it in the envelope."

Warren read over and signed the other letters, making several curt corrections; then pushed back his chair with a brief, "You can finish copying that report. If anybody calls say I'll be back at half past one."

In a few moments Warren was shrugging into his overcoat and was striding down the corridor toward the elevator.

He pushed his way through the crowded streets to the restaurant where he usually lunched. Without looking at the bill of fare he gave his order: "Hashed chicken and corn fritters, piece of custard pie and a large cup of coffee—and be quick about it."

"Hello, Curtis." A man hung his coat in the peg next to Warren's and took the seat beside him. "Ordered yet?"

Warren nodded.

"What?"

"Oh, just chicken and corn fritters. I didn't feel like much today."

"Um," seriously intent on the card. "I think I'll try that English mutton chop. Well, you don't look very chipper."

Warren grunted, "I don't feel so."

"What's wrong?"

"Oh, a fellow touched me for a hundred and fifty and I was fool enough to let him have it."

"That's curious, I turned down a man this morning—turned him down hard."

"Who?" asked Warren indifferently.

"Hal Osborne."

"Osborne! Why, that's the man!"

"And you let him have it?"

Warren nodded.

Bradley whistled. "Well, you are an easy one."

"Oh, countfound it. I had too! It switched a little business my way some time ago."

"Oh, that's Osborne's game all right. He always manages to get you under some obligation and then touches you for a hundred or so. Well, you can say good bye to your money."

"Yes, yes, I suppose so," said Warren, bitterly.

On the way back to the office the thing rumbled more and more. So Bradley thought he was dead easy—and Osborne, too, for that matter, which made him more savage than anything else.

"Any body call?" he asked the stenographer, as he hung up his hat and coat.

"Mr. Hillard phoned, but said he would phone again in about an hour."

It was after 5 o'clock when he started home. As he bought a subway ticket an express train was waiting. He rushed through, but was just a second too late—the guard slammed the door in his face. And the incident did not tend to increase his amiability.

"Tired, dear?" asked Helen, when he reached home and threw himself in the big easy chair.

"Should say I was."

"Did you have a hard day?" sympathetically.

"A thundering hard day. Loaned Hal Osborne a hundred and fifty which didn't make it any easier," yielding to an impulse to tell her, and instantly regretting it.

"Oh, Warren, did you—did you do that?"

"Just said I did, didn't I?"

"But, dear, do you think that was wise—do you think he'll ever return it?"

"Of course, he will! With unnecessary emphasis, "Osborne's good for that much. You don't think I'd let him have it if he wasn't—do you? And a man's got to loan some money. It's part of the business policy. There's times when it's polite—when it's— But what's the use talking to you? What do you know about business?"

The Glooms Got Him

BY TOM POWERS

Copyright, 1911, by International News Service.



Terse Truisms

Mild speech enchains the heart,
Out of one quarrel, 100 sins.
A lame man is a hero before a cripple.
Give in this world, receive in the next.
The blind cannot see, the proud will not.
Want of money is the root of much evil.
Life is like the moon—now dark, now full.
When flatterers meet the devil goes to dinner.
To a gloomy eye all obscure things are demons.
Though the cloud be black, white water falls from it.
Who seeks a friend without a fault remains without one.
A word spoken, an army of chariots cannot overtake it.
He prepares evil for himself who plots mischief for others.
It is one thing to see from some woody peak the land of peace; it is another to hold one's way thither.