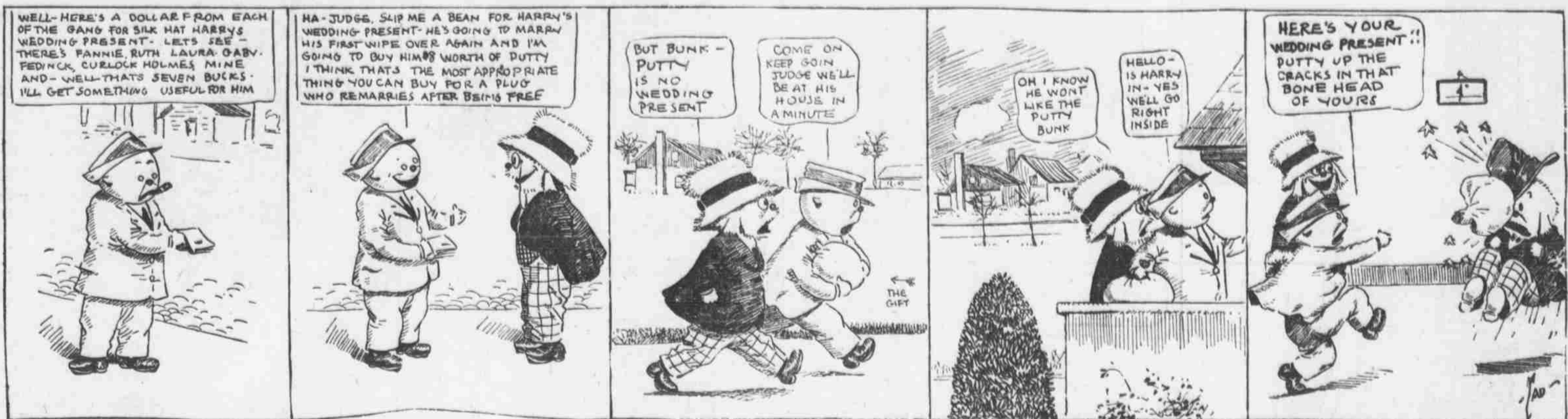


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Harry Gets a Present from Bunk and the Boys

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By Tad



Married Life the Second Year

Helen is Firm in Her Refusal to Dine at His Sister's on New Year's.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"Why Warren, how CAN you expect me to go?"

"After the way you people treated me Christmas—and Carrie particularly. And now you think I'll go to her house for dinner?"

"It was all your own fault. You no business to leave the room like that—stalking out with a high and mighty air. Creating a scene before everybody!"

"Warren, you know I didn't create a scene! I simply HAD to take Winifred out of the room because Roy persisted in blowing that horn in her face."

"Oh, well, other people manage to get along with Carrie's children. I don't see why you can't."

"Because they are always annoying Winifred. They're always doing something to make her cry."

"She cries entirely too easily anyway. You've coddled and fussed over her until nobody can look at her without making her cry."

"You know that isn't true, Warren. You know Winifred is more delicate and more nervous than Carrie's children. And she's!"

"That's just what I was saying—and it's your own fault. It's the way you've raised her. Carrie brought up her children to be hardy."

"Would you want Winifred raised the way Carrie has raised Roy? Why I've heard you say he's the worst boy for his age you ever!"

"Oh, I suppose Carrie should make him mind more than she does. But at least she hasn't made a hothouse plant of him!"

"Winifred is not a hothouse plant, indignantly. She's perfectly healthy, but her whole constitution is more delicate than Roy's. And I've never coddled her. I've always tried to—"

"See here, I've no time to listen to your method of raising Winifred. What I want to know NOW is—are you going to that dinner or not?"

"No, Warren, I told you I COULDN'T go."

"You mean you WON'T go—that you're stubbornly determined not to go. Why don't you tell the truth about it?"

"Because that isn't the truth."

"Well, I tell you right now—I'm not going to have any stir up in my family. You're going to that dinner, and you're going to act as though nothing had happened. And you'll not pull off any more high and mighty stunts either. It's about time you're getting some common sense. And right here's where you're going to get it!"

"Warren, I can't let you talk to me like that."

"I'll talk to you as I blame please!"

Without a word Helen rose and quickly left the room, closing the door after her. She did not cry. Her indignation was too great for tears. She had gone into the bedroom and locked the door. And now she stood with her hand still clutched on the knob—her cheeks aflame.

Would he try to follow her? She listened tensely. For several moments everything was very still. Then came the banging of the hall door.

So he had gone out! Well, anything rather than a continuation of this! When he returned he would probably not speak to her at all. But she felt even such a silence would be better than to go on saying things that were more and more bitter—that perhaps they could never forget.

At 10 o'clock she wearily undressed and went to bed. It would only irritate him for her to wait up.

It was after 12 when he came. Although Helen lay very quiet and did not turn he knew she was not asleep. But he went to bed without speaking to her. The next morning he ate his breakfast in stolid silence and left without kissing her goodbye. For Helen it was a long, unhappy day. Before evening she had worried herself almost sick. She knew if she did not go to Carrie's dinner that for weeks Warren would show his displeasure by this scowling, sullen silence.

But how could she go? How COULD she—after her treatment of her Christmas day? And now to give them another opportunity to further slight her—to let Carrie's children annoy Winifred while the rest of the family looked complacently on! No, no, she would not go! It was not often that Helen took so

firm a stand, but now she did not waver. When Warren came home for dinner he maintained the same stolid silence as at breakfast. This was the way he was punishing her. And she knew if she did not go—he would keep it up indefinitely.

It was just as they left the table that the telephone bell rang. Helen usually answered the phone, and she did so now without thinking. It was Carrie. Helen knew her voice with the first "Hello." She had of course not seen or spoken to her since the Christmas incident, and now there was an embarrassed pause. Then Carrie said coldly:

"Is Warren there?"

"Yes, I'll call him—just hold the wire."

"Warren, Carrie wants to speak to you," she called into the sitting room.

Warren came out and took the receiver.

"Hello! . . . Oh, at 7? . . . Well, that's sensible—I loathe these noon-day dinners. No reason why you should ruin your digestion just because it's a holiday. . . . That's fine. . . . Yes, I'll be there in time to make the punch. . . . Helen's not coming. . . . I haven't the least idea. I'm only accounting for myself these days. . . . Yes. . . . I'll call you up tomorrow. . . . Goodbye."

Warren came back into the sitting room and took up his paper without comment.

Helen was standing by the window, pressing her flushed face against the cool pane of the glass. The hall door had been open and she could not help but hear.

And Carrie asked him if she was coming? Or had he volunteered the information? And when he said, "You'll have to ask her about that"—it was of course, in answer to Carrie's "Why?"

What would he have said had she not been there—had he not known she could hear him? What would he say tomorrow when he called Carrie up from his office?

For the first time Helen realized the possibility of Warren "talking her over" with his people. It is always a painful moment when this realization first comes to any wife. That her husband, the one to whom she is nearer than to any one in the world—that he can stand apart and discuss her in any way that is critical or disapproving!

And now Helen with her sensitive and vivid imagination tortured herself with questions as to what he would say—and HOW he would say it? When Carrie pressed him for a reason for her not coming—what reason would he give?

Of course Carrie KNEW the reason, yet Helen felt she would pretend NOT to know. That she would ignore the incident of Christmas and ask Warren, with well assumed surprise, "Why isn't Helen coming?"

And then what would Warren say? Would he refuse to discuss it and say, as he had tonight, "You'll have to ask her about that?" Or would he talk to Carrie about her? Would they talk over the incident of Christmas when she had so indignantly left the room? What would they say about it? COULD Warren "talk her over" with anyone—even with his sister?

Some such torturing thoughts as these must at some time come to every wife. And now to Helen they came with a sick realization that after all in many ways she stood alone. She could never again feel quite the same as when "being one" with Warren that she had before.

(END OF THIS SERIES.)

THE MENDICANT

BY N. P. BABCOCK.

Pity looked out of a window and spied Man with his hat in his hand; Motionless wreck in a swift human tide— Man with his hat in his hand.

Justice peered over her shoulder and said: "Yonder's the base of the land— Shiftness claiming its portion of bread— Man with his hat in his hand."

"Oh! he is crippled," moaned Pity in tears;

"Surely we must understand Offspring of squalor through limitless years— Man with his hat in his hand."

"Close your eyes, Pity, for are we not just. Temperate, equable, bland? Battle of life fairly fought in the dust— Man with his hat in his hand."

"Pray, you make way," spoke a calm voice above.

"Mine is an act of command. Here is my shoulder, lean on it, I'm love— Man with your hat in your hand."

Officer!! He's in Again!

By Tad

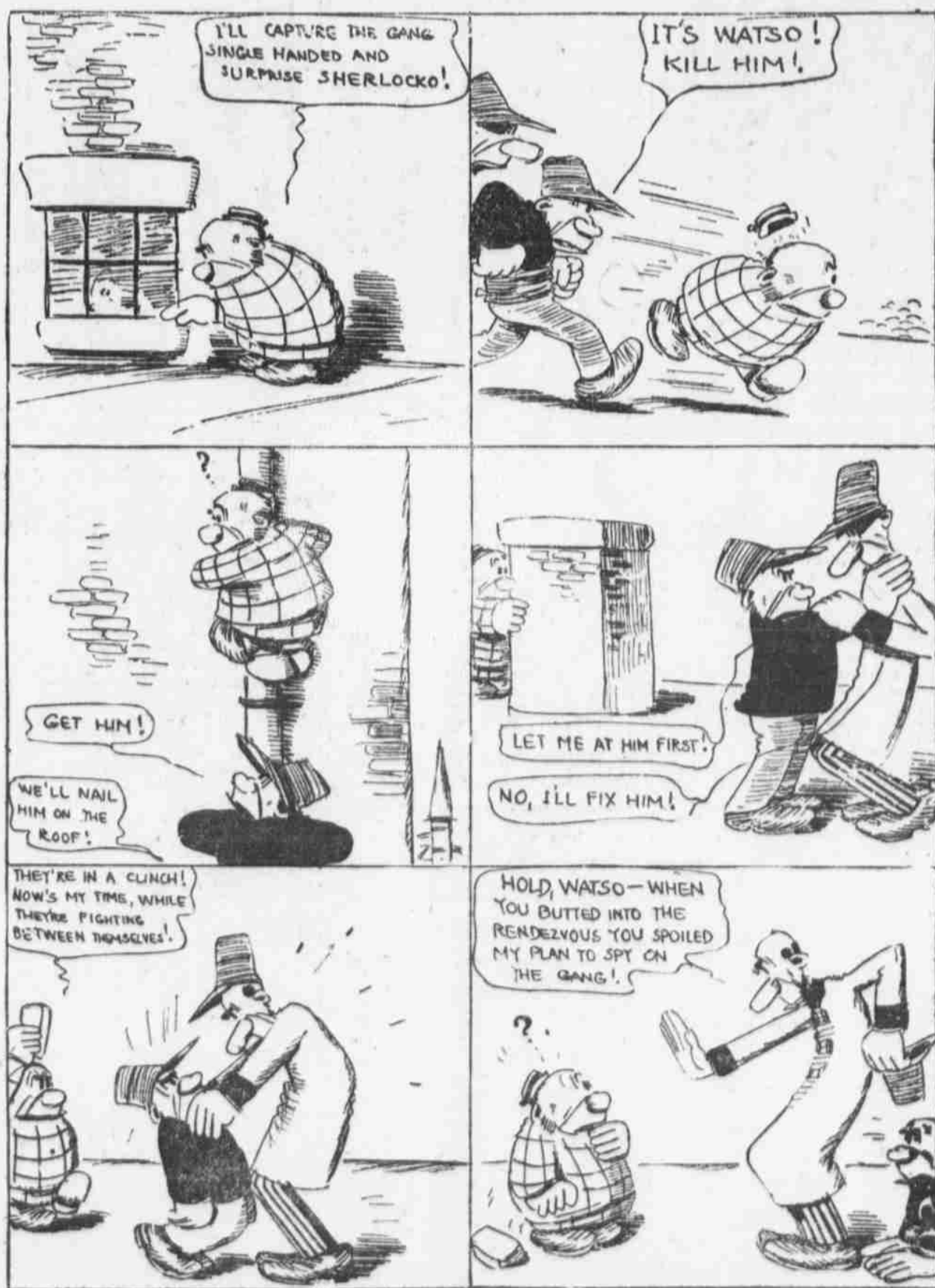


Sherlocko the Monk

The Adventure of the Quarrelling Crooks

By GUS MAGER.

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How to Keep Young and Pretty

A Lesson on Walking from the Paris Shop Girl.

By GABY DESLYS.

I wonder if it is here with you in America as it is with us in Paris, that women, and many, too, for that matter, have fashions in walking.

Sometimes it is the mode to affect the walk of a grenadier, and in a few months something will happen which will change the fashion entirely, so that you have to appear to glide or slide over the ground. One reason the French woman affects tremendous vitality, even when she hasn't got it, for it is a mistake to believe all French women are really vivacious. They aren't, but all of them can pretend, and they do that much better than American women do, though the American woman really has the vitality.

But I was writing of walking and of the fashions in walking. I do not like to walk at all, though I know I should, because it is said to be so healthy. I get plenty of daily exercise in the theater and outside of that I prefer driving in a comfortable carriage or an auto, but I do walk I am afraid I do not faithfully carry out the doctor's precepts to carry myself very straight, breathe deeply and walk briskly.

Very few women who walk fast do it nicely. Usually they swing their arms, which is odious and most ungraceful, and a fashion which comes of your excessive American vitality, and which the French woman does not have to worry about.

I notice a great deal over here and the best dressed and most elegant looking women are often the worst offenders. The Parisian, even the little Midinette, the little shop girl, walks daintily, and she does not swing her arms around, nor does she make very long steps. Of course, our French women are not, as a rule, as tall as you Americans, but even the tall ones are much more conscious of their gait and manner in public, and a little less conscious of their clothes.

Even the badly paid shop girl wears good shoes, however, and she somehow always manages to look very neat on the street. I think this is because she is very careful about the way she does her hair. Most of our Midinettes walk about during the lunch hour at noon; that is where they get their name from, and they don't wear hats, even in winter.

Their hair is always beautifully shiny and glossy, and perfectly neat.

Then they are always very trim as to costume. Even when it is quite a poor little frock, it fits well, and the bottom of the skirt is well cut and does not sag. As you go up the financial scale in Paris you will find just those same characteristics emphasized. Daintiness in manner and bearing, sometimes a little affectation, then a great deal of care given to shoes and the fit of the costume, and carefully adjusted hat and veil, and I may as well say hair, too, for a curl pinned on here or there helps the general effect.

As to the walk. This season it is quite a languid walk and one almost drags one's feet, because of tight frocks and a burden of furs. Next season we may see our women swinging along with something very near a swagger. I remember once it was the fashion to walk with a most consumptive air and every one did it even the most robust looking women, which was quite funny.

Here in New York most women have a tendency to grow stout after, well I won't say what age, because it always is offensive. These women ought to walk a great deal, and the more energy they put into their walk the better for them, and the thinner they will get.

But mostly you see them driving or riding about, and it's the very thin ones who rush up and down the avenue.

That is always the way. The fatter you are the less you are inclined to exercise, while thin people continue to lose flesh they cannot well spare.

"The Gift of Sleep"

ARRANGED BY EDWIN MARKHAM

That interesting person, Bolton Hall, author of "Three Acres and Liberty" and other books, calls his latest volume "The Gift of Sleep." Here is some of Mr. Hall's advice on how to quiet the mind for sleep:

"Sometimes we cause our own sleeplessness unexpectedly, but none the less deliberately, by the false requirements that we lay upon ourselves. People often say, 'I could not go to sleep in a room like that.' If there is time and opportunity to put the room in order, why, do it! If there is no time we can resolve, as the boys say, 'to forget it.'

"Another person insists always on being waked up by the last person to come home in order to be sure that the house was closed up. Still another cannot go to sleep till he has balanced up every cent of petty cash spent that day.

"Many persons spend the most of their thoughts and exhaust themselves over things that are just as trivial and inconsequential as these; though they seem important to them. When anything has become such a habit, even though reasonable in itself, that you cannot sleep without it, you are paying too dear for it and it is time to change it. There is danger even in good habits—they may master us.

"If the mind has been so stimulated that it cannot relax, there is little likelihood that sleep will come quickly, but we cannot relax by impatience. Tossing and turning will not quiet the mind; we must either accept the condition calmly and follow out the train of thought that has started or deliberately sidetrack the exciting cause. This may be done by setting up a counter activity in the mind along quieting lines.

"For instance, if one had walked the streets late on some such instance as a

DINKELSPIEL'S NOTES

BY GEORGE V. HOBART.

Uneasy looks dere face dot years a frown.

Der only trouble about a human crank is dot it cannot be turned.

Mebbe it ain't such, but sometimes I tink a prude vase a female woman dot vieshes somebody vill say something to make her blush her face.

All laughs doan'd listen alike in dis countr'. Der laugh vich you see at der

marrying altar sounds different from der laugh vich you vill notice in der divorce court.

Vot a lot of motive power is vaster by der peoples dot cholly under peoples along.

De min dot is always building castles in der air is der architect of his own hunger.

Ven der vant to play on der sympathy of friends vich sometimes find dem out of tune.

Und I set to Speigel: "Post cards is a lot of peoples vich vill forget all about you before dey was born, alretty!" Und Speigel set, "Sure," D. DINKELSPIEL.