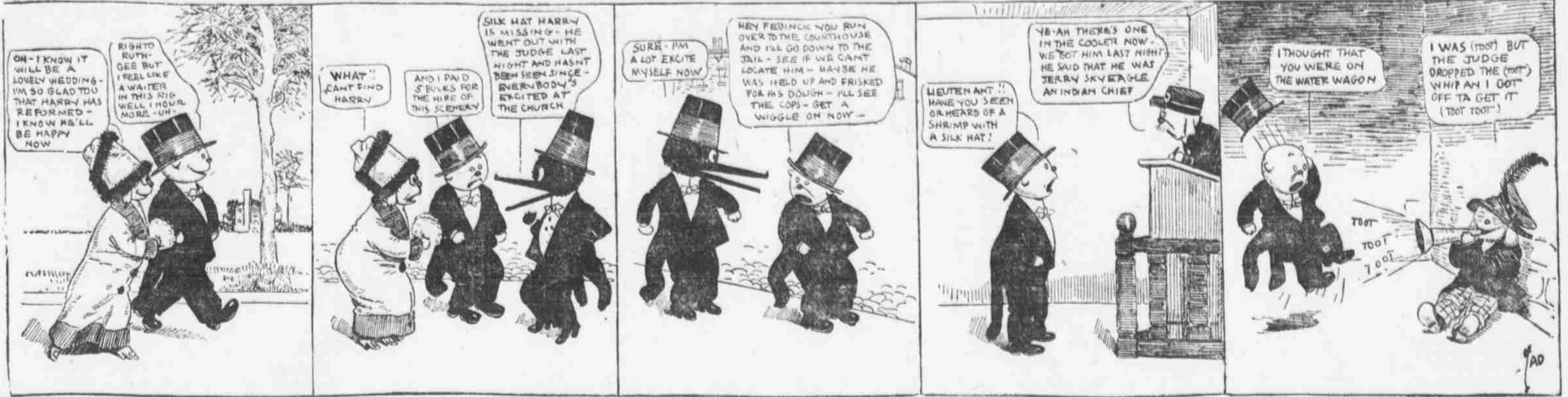


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY TAKES A BRODIE FROM THE SPRINKLER

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By Tad



Married Life the Third Year

No. 1—For Helen the New Year Does Not Begin So Happily After All.

By MABEL HERBERT ULLNER.

The only sound in the room was the occasional rattle of Warren's paper. It was New Year's Day, and for Helen it had been far from a happy day.

Warren still maintained toward her the sullen silence of the past week. Since her determination not to go to his sister Carrie's for New Year's dinner, he had hardly spoken to her.

It was now almost five. Helen knew Carrie's dinner was to be at seven, and that she wanted Warren to come early to make the punch. Was it possible that he was not going? He had said nothing of dressing. For the last hour he had been reading steadily without even glancing at the clock. In his smoking jacket and slippers and with the papers and magazines about him, he seemed settled for the evening. Could it be that after all he had decided to stay with her?

Her heart leaped at the thought. Even though he was still angry, even though he spent the evening in sullen silence—if he would only stay! If he would not leave her alone this New Year's evening!

All day she had had a headache, a throbbing headache, brought on she knew by brooding over it all, which made even harder the thought of the evening alone.

Suddenly Warren flung down his paper and glanced at the clock. Her heart sank—then after all he was going!

He rose from his chair, yawned, stretched, thrust his hands into his pockets and strode over to the window. For several moments he stood there looking out.

At last he swung around with an abrupt "So you're not going to change your mind? You're determined not to go?"

"Why, Warren, I couldn't go now if I wanted to. You know I'm almost sick with this headache."

"Headache! You've said all along you weren't going. Why put it on a headache now?"

"I'm not, I merely said I couldn't go with this headache, but I'll also say that I shouldn't have gone anyway."

Helen was sorry as soon as she had said this. Always above everything else she wanted not to irritate him, and yet at times he goaded her into making some such retort.

"That's a pleasant speech," sarcastically. "I suppose you know this is a nice way to begin the new year," as he kicked aside the paper he had dropped on the floor and started in his room to dress.

"Oh, Warren, you don't know how I regret all this—how I wish I could go. But how can I—after the way Carrie treated me Christmas? I can't go to her house for dinner. I don't think I ever can—and certainly not now."

"Well, you're not punishing anybody but yourself. Don't get it into your head that anybody's going to care. Carrie's dinner will go off as well without you, and probably a blooming sight better than if you'd go and make a scene as you did Christmas."

Helen bit her lip. Ever since Christmas day at his father's, when she had indignantly carried Winifred out of the room to get her away from the malicious teasing of Carrie's children, Warren had called it a "scene." He was always accusing her of "making scenes"—that was a favorite stock phrase of his because he knew she shrank from it so.

He had gone into the bedroom now and slammed the door. He was dressing rapidly. She could tell by the sounds of his moving about the room and of drawers being hurriedly opened and closed.

In a few moments he would be gone. And she would be left alone to spend the evening alone—New Year's evening! All day the tears had been very near, but she forced them back. Long experience had taught her that tears only irritated him to further harshness.

In a few moments he came out. Warren was always well groomed, but he looked particularly well in evening clothes.

"Where's that other cane—the one I just had a new ferrule put on?"

"Isn't it on the hall rack?"

He strode out in the hall. "No, it's not here. If you just would leave things where—"

"Oh, then Della must have put it in the closet. Wait, I'll get it."

She found the cane and brought it to him. He had his coat on now and was carefully smoothing his silk hat. He did not look up as Helen stood the cane against the hat rack and then went back into the sitting room.

Would he go out without telling her goodbye? Except to ask for his cane, he had not spoken since he had started in to dress. And now was he going to leave her this way?

Only the loud ticking clock accentuated the silence. Why was he lingering out in the hall? Was he still smoothing his hat? Or was he trying to decide whether to come in and tell her goodbye or to go out without a word?

To Helen the moments seemed endless before she heard his resolute steps toward the hall door. Then the opening and closing of the door—and he was gone.

With an effort to swallow the lump in her throat, she ran to the window. A moment later she saw him cross the street and wait on the corner. But he did not once look up, his eyes were fixed on the approaching car. Did he feel that she was watching him?

Still without an upward glance, he sprang on the car. When it had disappeared Helen turned back and gazed around the room. So this was to be her New Year's evening?

There was only one thing to do—work! It would be useless to try to read. No book could hold her attention now. And to sit down and brood, to give herself up to her sense of desolation and self-pity would only mean that she would cry herself ill.

Quickly she got out a waist, the collar of which needed altering, and resolutely went to work to swallow the lump in her throat. So this was to be her New Year's evening?

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And then her mind went back over the past year, over all their disagreements and the constant warring of their temperaments.

Then the whole two years of their marriage passed before her. She saw the gradual drifting apart, the lessening of common interest. If they had drifted so far in two years, what would be the third? What further estrangements did the new year hold? A year they had begun in this way—how might it not end?

Oh, if this was only not New Year! Of all days, how could Warren leave her alone today! She tried to think it only a foolish superstition—the belief that any unhappiness on New Year's day would shadow the rest of the year. But the tears so blurred her eyes that she could hardly see to thread the needle.

What was that? Helen started from her chair. It sounded like the opening of the hall door. Surely it was too early for Della! But how could any one else—

Then the sitting room door opened.

"Oh, Warren! Warren!" as she rushed toward him with a sob of joy.

"There, there," patting her clumsily on the shoulder as she clung to him. "Now don't be a little goose! Carrie's down stairs in a taxi. She says she's not going back until you come with us. Now if she's done this much you can meet her half way, can't you?"

"Oh, yes—yes! Of course I will!"

"That's the girl! Now hurry up and get ready, they won't sit down until we come."

She drew her head down to hers and kissed him with fierce, tender, little kisses.

"Oh, you couldn't—you couldn't have left me alone New Year's evening—could you?"

"Well, I haven't. Have I? Now, don't be foolish! Run along quick and get ready, they're waiting dinner for us now."

Once Was Enough.

One day Mark Twain was being shaved by a very talkative barber, and was forced to listen to many of his anecdotes.

The barber had to strop his razor, and when he was ready, brush in hand, to commence again, he asked:

"Shall I go over it again?"

"No, thanks," drawled Mark. "It's hardly necessary. I think I can remember every word."—Everybody's Magazine.

Hand Me the Long Wig, Watson

By Tad

Daffydils

WISHING YOU ALL THE BEST OF LUCK FOR 1912—WE ARE YOURS TILL THE STARS MELT THE DAFFIES

IT WAS AT THE RECEPTION OF THE RUSSIAN HILL SOCIAL CLUB IN THE 12TH ROUND GARIBOLDI LUCHI THE TAR FLAT TIGER COME WITH OTTO BLATT THE BUTHERTOWN WHITE HOPE AND OTTO DIB AN ANNETTE KELLERMAN ON THE BOARDS BEARER ABRAMSON THE CIGAR STORE REFEREE HAD COUNTED NINE WHEN GARRY RAISED HIS THROBBING KNOB AND LOOKING UP ASKED—IF A FELLOW STOOD ON A HOME MADE STOVE WOULD YOU SAY THAT HE WAS STANDING ON HIS METAL?

HE HAD JUST JOINED THE SECRET SOCIETY HE GOT HIS BUMPS AND PASSED O.K. THEY THEN ELECTED HIM CHIEF DOOR TENDER "YOU KNOW THE ROPES AND ALL THE PASSWORDS I HOPE" SAID THE PRESIDENT "YES PIPED THE NEW ONE 'WELL THEN SAID THE PRESIDENT IS IT YOU ASK THE NEW DINNER? OUR HERO HESITATED THEN SAID 'IF YOU SAW A PERSON LEANING AGAINST A PIANO WOULD YOU SAY THAT HE WAS MUSICALLY INCLINED?'

LIFT HIM UP GENTLY HANDLE WITH CARE LAY HIM DOWN TENDERLY HE TOOK A DARE

IT WAS THREE IN THE MORNING WHEN THE COP FIRS CAST HIS GLIMPS TOWARDS THE PIECE OF HUMANITY WHO SAT COOLING HIS HOME AGAINST THE LAMP POST "GET UP" PIPED THE BULL MASSAGING THE GENTS FEET WITH HIS CLUB THERE WAS NO ANSWER THE COP BIT HIS EAR BUT STILL NO CHATTER CAME HE SCRATCHED HIS HEAD THEN TURNING TO CALL THE BLACK MARIA HE HEARD A ROUSE IT WAS FROM THE BINGO GLADIATOR HE KNELT DOWN AND HEARD HIM WHISPER FAINTLY "IF A SETTING OF EGGS WEIGHS A POUND WHAT WILL THE HATCHMAN? HANDS UP LADS!! NOW WE'LL ALL SWEAR OFF

I'M A NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHER NOW AND ITS ONE GRAND PIPE I USUALLY GET TO WORK AT 8 RUN DOWN AND GRAB A PICTURE OF AN INCOMING STEAMER RUSH BACK FINISH IT UP AND THEN GO UP TOWN TO GET A SNAPSHOT OF A FIRE WHILE THERE I GET ORDERS TO RUN OVER TO A R. WREN COME BACK TURN OUT THE STUFF AND THEN I MAKE A FEW PRINTS FROM NEGATIVES THE EDITORS DAUGHTER SENDS IN AT 9 O'CLOCK TAKE IN A RUNNING MATCH AND THEN WAIT TILL 12 AND GET A PICTURE OF THE SAVAGE MAKERS BANQUET I'M ALWAYS THROUGH BY 3 A.M.

GEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

YEP NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Sherlocko the Monk

By GUS MAGER.

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Sherlocko the Monk
The Adventure of the Bombarded Cigar Store

SHERLOCKO— A BURGLARY!

SMOKE JONES' CHERROOTS AND CHEER UP!

YOU ARE LEARNING TO OBSERVE, WATSON— BUT LET US INVESTIGATE!

A REGULAR BURGLAR'S JOB!

SMOKE JONES' CHERROOTS AND CHEER UP!

NONSENSE, YOU'RE THIS GLASS WAS NOT CUT! IT WASN'T A CRACKSMAN'S WORK!

TOBACCO

AND FURTHERMORE, NOT ONE OF THESE EXPENSIVE BOXES OF CIGARS IN REACH OF THE WINDOW HAS BEEN TOUCHED!

SOMEBODY THROWING A MISSILE AT THE OWNER, PROBABLY!

NO WATSON, THE STORE ISN'T OPEN YET, AND THE WINDOW WAS BROKEN THIS MORNING—OTHERWISE THE CIGARS WOULD HAVE GOT WET IN LAST NIGHT'S RAIN!

SMOKE JONES' AND CHEER

BY JOVE THAT SIGN MAKES ME SORE, NOW THAT I'VE SWORN OFF SMOKING!

YOU SAY YOU DID SWEAR OFF SMOKING, MR. GROUND, I KNOW IT MAKES A MAN IRRESISTIBLE, BUT IT DOESN'T EXCUSE YOU FOR SMASHING THE CIGAR WINDOW WITH THAT CHEER UP SIGN ON IT!

SMOKE JONES' CHERROOTS AND CHEER UP!

AH, WATSON, YOUR CHANCE REMARK IS A CLUE! COME TO A DRUG STORE!

ASTOUNDING!

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

What is the matter with your face? I don't follow you, sed Pa, I think sed Ma to Pa when he came from the office for dinner, & what is it that you have in your arms?

Well, sed Pa, I will tell you, this is a Persian Rug, & my answer to your first question, sed Pa, will require a little more time. I got in a fight with a Russian, Pa sed, & I had a shade over him.

There seems to be a shade over your eye, too, sed Ma, kind of purple, like a purple twilight. With which hand did the Russian smite thee? Ma asked Pa.

It was all my way, Pa sed. You see, it was like this. I was walking along the street with this Persian Rug which I wanted to give you for a Holiday present, & along came a big fellow with

I don't follow you, sed Pa, I think that fitting with a wife or a child, for instance, wid be a pretty good sort of sham battling, but when a Russian with side & front wiskers calls me a pig. Pa sed, then fitting becums nobel, like labor, I sure did put a few oaver on that baby, sed Pa. One punch I landed knocked most of his wiskers down his throat.

Did you telephone all the papers & tell them about yure glorius victory? sed Ma. As far back as I remember our married life, sed Ma, I do not recall another argument which you have won. Why don't you send all of the city editors good pictures of you. I will rite a poem under it, Ma sed, & will call it Smite the

whiskers. He kind of butted into our crowd, Pa sed, & he seemed very nice at first, his manners was fine. The boys all took to him & they even let him treat out of his turn, sed Pa.

Then, Pa sed, something was sed about Mister Shuster, the fine young financier which has got chased out of Persia right in the middle of a lot of valuable work, & the man with the whiskers on his face sed what business has he got there? Then I told him, sed Pa, that a man which is a American citizen has business anywhere he wants to go. Then he called me an American pig, sed Pa, & something swooped thru the air like a falcon, Pa sed, and lit on the end of his beak. It happened to be my fist, Pa sed. Look at them knuckles, he sed, they are all swollen.

Dearest luv, sed Ma, I wish you wud dent fite. Fiteing brings out all the brutal instincts of man, sed Ma.

Muscovite, I will tell them, Ma sed, how out mused up the Grand Duke.

But I didn't tell you that he was a grand duke, Pa sed, I jest sed he fought grand.

Bobbie, sed Ma, yure father admits that he fought grand. He thinks, I guess, that we ought for to see the other fellow. I wish I cud believee him at that, sed Ma. After what I have been reading in the news lately, sed Ma, I doant think that a Grand Duke more or less wud make much differens, & I wish them Persians wud kill a lot of them Hassocks.

Them what? sed Pa.

Hassocks, sed Ma, them troopers, Hassocks.

Ha, Ha, Ha, sed Pa. Bobbie, he sed, did you hear what yure mother call Cosackch?

Then Ma got good & mad & she wud dent talk to Pa any moar.

Give

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Give, and thou shalt receive. Give thoughts of cheer, Of courage and success to friend and stranger, And from a thousand sources, far and near, Strength will be sent thee in thy hour of danger.

Give words of comfort, of defense, and hope, To mortals crushed by sorrow and by error, And though thy feet through shadowy paths may grope, Thou shalt not walk in loneliness and terror.

Give of thy gold, though small thy portion be, Gold rusts and ahrivels in the hand that keeps it, It grows in one that opens wide and free, Who sows his harvest is the one who reaps it.

Give of thy love, nor wait to know the worth Of what thou lovest; and ask no returning, And wheresoe'er thy pathway leads on earth There thou shalt find the lamp of love-light burning.

Life is a Privilege

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1911, American-Journal-Examiner.)

Life is a privilege. Its youthful days Shine with the radiance of continuous Mays. To live, to breathe, to wonder and desire, To feed with dreams the heart's perpetual fire, To thrill with virtuous passions and to glow With great ambitions—in one hour to know The depths and heights of feeling—God! in truth How beautiful, how beautiful is youth!

Life is a privilege. Like some rare rose The mysteries of human mind unclose. What marvels lie in earth and air and sea, What stores of knowledge wait our opening key, What sunny roads of happiness lead out Beyond the realms of indolence and doubt, And what large pleasures smile upon and bless The busy avenues of usefulness.

Life is a privilege. Tho' noontide fades And shadows fall along the winding glades; Tho' joy-blooms wither in the Autumn air, Yet the sweet scent of sympathy is there. Pale sorrow leads us closer to our kind, And in the serious hours of life we find Depths in the soul of men which lend new worth And majesty to this brief span of earth.

Life is a privilege. If some sad fate Sends us alone to seek the exit gate; If men forsake us as the shadows fall, Still does the supreme privilege of all Come in that reaching upward of the soul To find the welcoming presence at the goal, And in the knowledge that our feet have trod Paths that lead from and must lead us back to God.