



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



HARRY SPENDS A QUIET EVENING AT HOME

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By Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Helen Chaperones Alice Brooks at a Bachelor Apartment Dinner.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

It was with much reluctance that Helen had consented to chaperone Alice at this dinner in Dick Fairchild's apartment. And now, as she hurried down to the car in which they awaited her, she almost regretted that her "no" had not been more decisive.

Warren had been gone two days, and she had hardly been out of the house since he left. She knew the change and distraction would be good for her, yet she felt so little in the mood for anything of this kind.



"It was dear of you to come," said Alice as Fairchild stepped out and helped Helen into the car. "I wish you were around at all bachelor and bachelorette dinners. It's such a nuisance to have to chaperone me."

Even in the quick drive home, Helen discovered that something was wrong. Plainly they had been quarreling. Although they talked freely to her, they had very little to say to each other, and there were traces of tears under Alice's veil.

But she had never looked more beautiful than when she wrote for all the delicate fairness of her face. And Fairchild in his evening clothes seemed more distinguished and taller than ever, his shirt hat almost touching the top of the car.

When they reached the apartment the door was opened by a Japanese servant. The rooms were large and exquisitely furnished. Helen had never before been in a millionaire bachelor's apartment, and she was struck by the luxurious appointments. It reminded her of an elaborate stage setting of some society play.

The Japanese showed them into a dressing room where they laid aside their wraps. On a low table were all the silver and cut glass articles that could be found in the daintiest woman's boudoir.

"Of course, you saw something was wrong," murmured Alice as she fluffed up her hair before the mirror. "It's the same thing it always is! He says it's all my fault—that I'm insanely jealous. But how can I help it when he's flirting and dining with other women all the time?"

"But, Alice, you can't go on like this, looking anxiously at the beautiful face. Can't you see you're much thinner—that all this is telling on you fearfully?"

"Oh, I know," recklessly. "I suppose when we're married he'll break my heart—if he doesn't do it before. But what can I do? I love him too much to give him up!"

"Come, dear," urged Helen. "We mustn't stay here—let's know we're talking about him."

They went back into the music room, where he awaited them. The walls were lined with photographs of actresses with their heavily lined, wrinkled features. White beards and a number of deer heads, trophies of his hunting trips, hung about.

As the Japanese came to the floor to announce dinner, a telephone rang in the hall.

"Just listen! Is that the way he'd talk to a man?"

"Why, I'm sorry," came his voice from the hall. "I sent the car at 4. I thought, of course, he'd get there in time."

"Some woman borrowing his car," whispered Alice.

"Why, surely they don't do that," asked Helen in a shocked voice.

"They don't!" with a cynical laugh.

"Listen!"

"Yes, I'll see that it gets there in time Thursday. No, I can't now. I'll talk that over when I see you. Goodbye."

When he came back to the table, Alice kept her eyes on the plate in a strained silence. Helen tried to keep up the conversation. As the salad was served the phone rang again.

"Oh, would you disappoint one of your lady friends?" asked Alice sarcastically.

He laid down his knife and fork with a helpless gesture. "You see," turning to Helen, "she's absolutely obsessed on the subject. She's nagging me to desperation about it. If you could only make her see the unreasonableness of this jealousy!"

"Unreasonableness!" asked Alice bitterly. "Is it unreasonable to be jealous when four or five women call you up every evening?"

The telephone was keeping up a shrill, persistent ringing.

"I'll have that phone cut off," angrily, as he threw down his napkin and left the table.

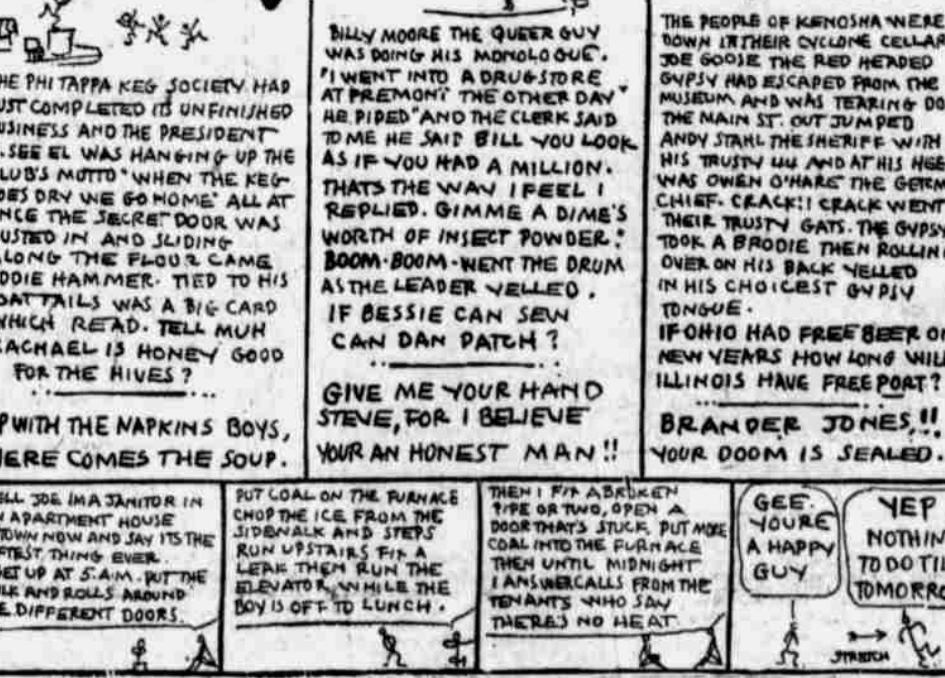
"I know you couldn't resist answering it," Alice called after him.

"Oh, Alice, don't—don't you see you are only aggravating him this way? If you won't give him up—you'll have to take him as he is. You can never make him over."

"Oh, I know—but I can't help it. You don't know what it is to be consumed with jealousy. Look, I haven't eaten a thing. I can never eat when I'm with him. There, listen," as again came his voice from the hall.

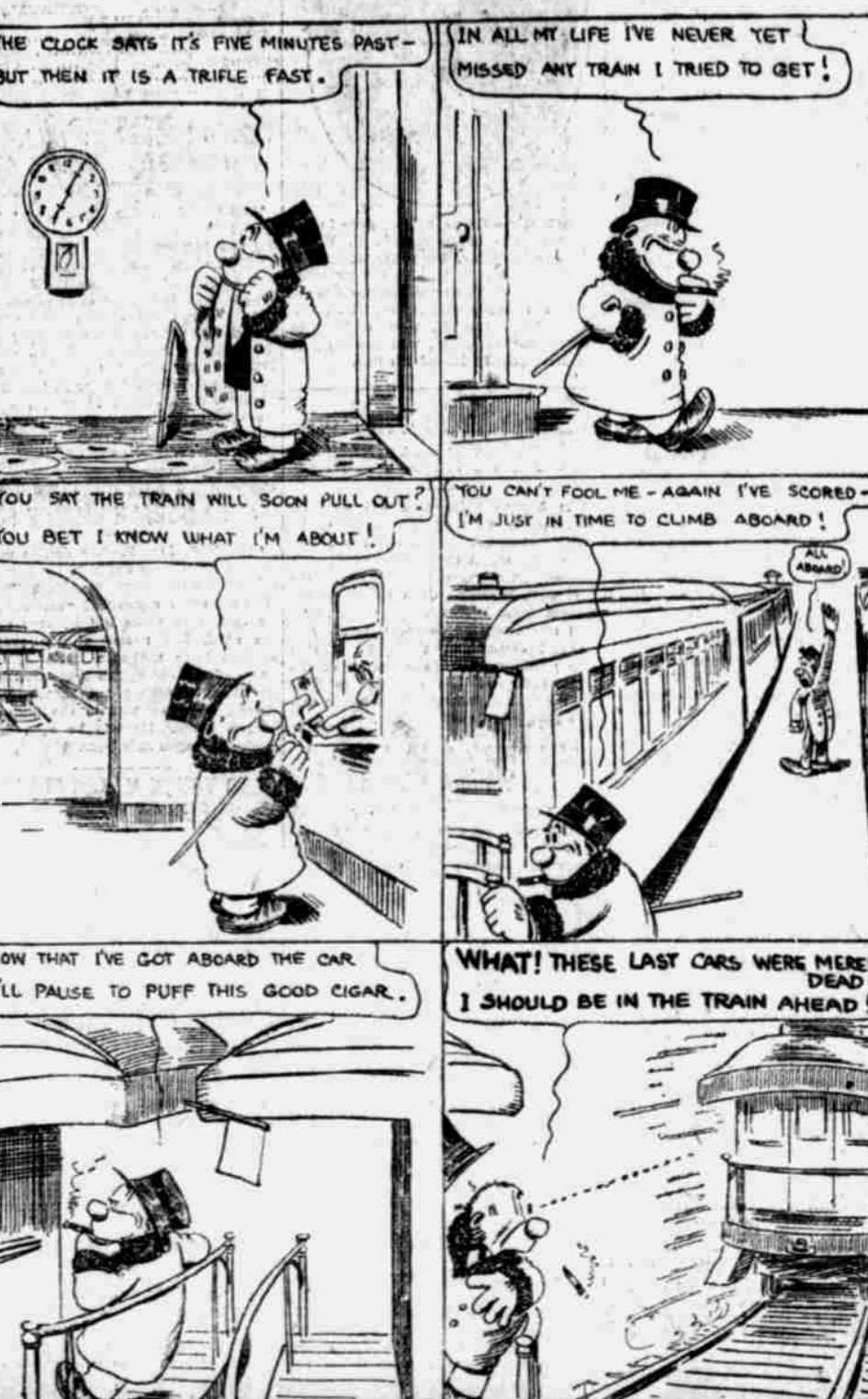
Here Comes the Soup! By Tad

OUTRAGE INHIBITS "CLEANLINESS IS NOT NEXT TO GODLINESS, ITS NEXT TO IMPOSSIBLE!"



Rhymo the Monk By GUS MAGER.

He Does Miss the Train, After All



Fables of the Wise Dame

By BOROOTHY DIX.

Once upon a time there was a woman, who, although possessed of the average measure of poise, and many ad-flagging down any masculine creature flagging down and masculine creature for a husband, and who began to perceive that spinsterhood would be engraved on her tombstone.



Indeed there were so many little counter-jumpers in the family would have been on the blink except that the old maid auntie was always good for a touch, and stood for the rent.

Notwithstanding this the married sister greatly pitied her spinster sister, and when she came to bring the children new shoes, mother would tell her offspring that they must be very kind to poor lonely aunt.

"How sad," she would exclaim, "it must be to be an old maid."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the spinster. "It is true that I miss the companionship of a husband, but as I also miss having some one to knock my faults and point out my weakness to me it seems to me that I break about even."

"But," went on the married sister, "you have no man to depend on, and have to earn your own support."

"Right-o," responded the spinster. "but when I want a new hat, or to go to the matinee I do not have to do any side-stepping until I can hypnotize a husband to a degree where I can painlessly extract the price from him."

"Alas," cried the married woman, "how terrible it must be to have to toil for your daily bread."

"Outside of being born a millionaire," replied the spinster, "there are few soft spots in life for women, but if doing stunts on the cooking stove and with the broom, and sewing machine, and nursing babies, and patching trousers in a pinch it has gotten past me, and speaking on the level, I advise you to keep your sympathy for home consumption."

"There are no nectarines so delicious," remarked the married sister, complacently, "as those that hang above our reach."

"I love a good huffer," replied the spinster, "but you please me too well."

Moral—This fable teaches that happiness consists in thinking we are better off than our neighbors.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Wife, sed Pa to Ma, wen he calm hoam last nite, there is a friend of mine waiting out in the hall. He wants to cum in.

You are the soul of curtesy, Ma sed, to leave a guest standing out in the hall. Why didnt you lock him up in the dog house? sed Ma, until you found out if I wud be glad to see him.

I wanted him to cum in, sed Pa, but he seemed to feel that it wud be better for him to wait until I found out that you wanted to see him. You see, sed Pa, he cum all the way from Liberty, N. T., just to buy a car at the ottombeel show.

Ma sed, that you used to shoot almost as many bears as he did.

Pa didnt say anything. I guess he was kind of mad becauz Mister Pinney wudnt talk a cocktail.

I always admired a man that cared moar for solid than for liquid stuff, sed Ma, to Mister Pinney. I have often wondered why men liked stuff that wasnt thick enuff to chew. No wonder, that you

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