

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Didn't Care a Bit About Base Ball-No!

Drawn for The Bee by Tad











Married Life the Third Year

Selecting Wall Paper—Helen Has Her Choice, but Warren Thinks It's His.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"Yes, I think that's very good." Helen, The rest of the morning Helen spent in with her head poised slightly on one side, going determinedly from one wall paper was gazing critically at the wall paper the salesman held up before them. "It's paper-exactly the same as her sample. so fresh and clean looking. Don't you

think so, dear?" "That's all right." agreed Warren. "It's a good bedroom paper. Want both

in that?" "Oh, yes, we want the bedrooms alike." "Now, would you like to see some borders?" asked the

salesman. "No borders," said Warren briefly."We are trying to get away from the overdecorated rooms. Now we'll look at something for the

The dining room and bedroom paper for the new apartment had been easy to select. But the library must harmonize with the front room into which it opened, and since that had been lately done over with a most expensive cloth paper, they had decided to leave it as it was. So, armed with a sample of that paper, they were trying to get something that would

The salesman brought out one sample book after another, but the front room paper was a grayish green, and there are no shades more difficult to combine

"Oh, no, that wouldn't do-that has a vellowist cast. You see how faded it roskes this look?" And Helen held up

the grayish green sample. "That's going to be a devlish hard shade to match," complained Warren.

"Don't believe we can get it. Why not brown? Browns and greens always har-

"But, dear, we want those two rooms the same tone," objected Helen. Well, we won't get it. Everything

we've seen so far kills that shade.' When the salesman went back for still another lot of samples. Helen left her chair and walked around the room. The walls were lined with shelves filled with rolls of paper. Her glance fell on a torn sample that extended from the end of one of the rolls. She held her own sample beside it and then eagerly drew out the

"Oh, Warren-look! I've found just the thing! It's exactly the shade!"

Warren held it up critically. "Yes, that's pretty good." "Why, dear," excitedly, "it's a perfect

But when the salesman came up he in

formed them that that particular paper was no longer in stock.

"Couldn't you get it?" persisted Helen, eagerly. "Couldn't you order it for us?" 'No, ma'am, they're not making it this season. We tried to get that for another

customer. Now I'd like to show you a paper in here," and he put the book on an easel and began throwing back the But there was nothing, anywhere near

the right shade. Having seen a paper that harminized perfectly. Helen could not be reconciled to anything else.

"What's the use to keep harping on that?" exclaimed Warren impatiently. "You can't get it. He's told you he couldn't get it. Now that's not so bad," as the salesman showed still another had caused her to whisk out of his office

"Oh, no, dear, that wouldn't do. Can't you see it has a bluish tinge?" "Well, we can't fool around here all

May. We've got to decide on something and decide on it quick." But, Warren, we might find it some-

where else." "We can't get it anywhere else. These people do all the decorating for those apartments; that's why the agent sent us

"But, dear, if we pay for it ourselves? I'd rather do that than spoll the room." "Well, I wouldn't! You've got this whole stock to select from. Anybody who wasn't so darned particular could find what they wanted right here."

And in spite of Helen's protest Warren finally selected a plain brownish green, that he declared would go "well enough." The next morning Helen went up to the new apartment, taking a sample of the paper Warren had selected. When she pinned it on the library wall and stood back to see how it "went" with the front room, her worst fears were realized. The really a wonderful match. I suppose one two shades of green clashed loudly. Then can't always judge by a sample." she pinned up a sample of the paper she had wanted and which the clerk had said Hereafter when there's any wail paper for me?" Yes, Manny, that's all the pro-

store to another. At last she found the They had only twelve rolls and could get

no more-but twelve rolls were enough. Then she went back to Gregory & Snell's, where she had been yesterday. She found the clerk who had waited on them and made her request-that they buy the paper from the other house, allowing her to pay any difference in price. It was such an unusual request that the clerk was puzzled.

"You'll have to see Mr. Gregory about that. I wouldn't have the authority to make such an arrangement."

He directed her to the private office Mr. Gregory was dictating some letters, to a stenographer, and Helen waited was awkward self-consciousness. She had not minded asking the clerk, but somehow she felt painfully desconcerted before this tall, gray-haired, rather distinguished looking man, who now wheeled around in his chair with brisk "Something I can do for you?

Helen's color deepened, and as she nervously explained what she wanted it suddenly seemed rather foolish and unbusiness-like. "So you feel the paper your husband

selected will spoil this room? And you wish to buy this from another firm and substitute it-preferably without his knowledge. Is that it?" Helen, flushing crimson, rose from her

chair. She had not said anything about not wishing Warren to know-yet that was what she really wanted. But she resented fiercely this man's keen intul-

"I'm afraid I've made a very foolish request. I'm sorry I troubled you, Please let the order stand as my husband gave

Outside she walked blindly up the street going over and over again the scene in the office. It was not his words she so resented, but the lurking amused note in his voice and manner as he so quickly sized up the situation. All week the incident rankled in Helen's

mind. It was Sunday afternoon that Warren suggested they go over to the apartment. "Guess they must be about through

there now-painting and all. Act's go over and see how it looks." But Helen had little heart for the in-

spection. She knew that for her much joy of the new apartment would be marred by the library paper.

When they reached the apartment Warren led the way first into the bedrooms. They were charming. The selection of the bedroom paper had been excellent.

"Now let's see the library. You put up

such a kick about that paper. I'll wager when you see it on the wall, it'll be all right.' They went through the front room into the library. Warren threw up the shades

so the light fell full upon the walls of both rooms. "There! What'd I tell you," he de-

manded triumphantly. "Could you get a better match than that?" Helen gave an astonished gasp. It was the paper she had wanted! The paper

she had asked Mr. Gregory to buy of the other shop! How had it happened? Had he merely decided that it was policy to please a customer? Helen felt it was more than that, At the time she had been subtly conscious of his interest. Was this to show his regret for the amused note in his voice that

almost a personal note in it all. Since the paper Warren had selected had been also a plain green, and as his eye for shades was not particularly good -he did not detect the difference.

in a flash of resentment? There seemed

"You see now?" he went on, "Porfact match, isn't it? Couldn't be better! And or some such nonsense. I knew what I was about. Knew that paper'd be all right when they got it on the wall."

Helen controlled a hysterical desire to laugh. Should she let him know? For a moment the impulse to tell him was very strong, but she wisely repressed it. "Stand back here where you can get both rooms together. Could you beat that? See I was right now, don't you?"

sist rubbing it in when he had proven anyone wrong. "Yes, dear," Helen answered gravely, "Now that it's on the wall I see it's business. Well, Manny looked in at the old member of the congregation, he whis-

was not in stock. It harmonized perfectly, selecting to do-you leave it to me."

THE OLD PROFESSOR RECEIVED THE LONG EXPECTED PACKAGE FROM THE RUINS OF BABYLON IT WAS AN OLD BRICK AND ON THE OUTSIDE HAD SOME WRITING HE PUT IT UNDER THE LIGHT, STUDIED THE FIGURES INTENTLY AND FINALLY AFTER

56 HOURS OF DECIPHERING READ AS FOLLOWS. IF YOU CAME ACROSS DILL PICKLES IN A RESTAURAN

OUCH DOC!! YOU HIT THE NERVE ID RATHER BE JUST WHAT I AM THAN LOTS OF OTHER THINGS"

GENTLEMEN TAKE A LOAD OFF YOUR FEET

TA-RA-RA-RA SAM-MISTAH BURNS CAN YOU TELL ME WHY DE OLYMPIC GAMES OF 1904 ARE LIKE A CHOP FRIED IN DE PAN MR BURNS- NO SAM ICANNOT HOW ARE THEY CONNECTED! SAM- WHY DEY BOTH HAPPENED IN GREECE

WHERE WOULD YOU MEAT PIE BECKY ROSENBLATT. TAKE YOUR FEET OFF THAT TYPE WRITER!

I SUPPOSE THERES NOTHING NEW ON THE BILL OF FARE TO-DAY SAID TIGHT WAD TIM ASHE SAT DOWN TO A TABLE IN THE HASHERY AS USUAL HE PICKED UP THE LINE OF MARCH TO READ LOOKING DOWN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE EATS

LIST HE READ. IF AUNT TILDY PUTS UP SOME PEACHES AND PEARS THIS SEASON WHAT WILL THE ASH-CAN?"

WHERE THEY HAD THE DESSERT

ITS THE HEAT (HIC) MY DEAR

What is the Perfect Marriage Proposal? Read Reply from One Who Said "Yes" Through a Window.



WHEN YOUR PROPOSE MAKE THE DAME SIGN THE PAPERS WITH DETECTIVES PHOTOGRAPHERS AND A DICTAGRAPH NEAR SO THAT THERE CAN BE NO ARGUMENTS LATER ON.

A POPPING THE QUESTION SUGGESTION BY TAD.

"The modern proposal is flippant, for asked. that is the fashionable attitude of mind toward all questions of the heart." "When is a proposal not a proposal-

posing to, and suit your words to her to think, no matter whether you set character, to her frame of mind, and to your heart on him or not. It does the

who won't take 'no' for an answer, unles he'd rather have that than 'ves.' " These are the gleanings from the wisdom of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Schultz, who have been happily married for such a long time that Mr. Schultz cannot remember when he proposed to his wife, though she could reall when and how you were kicking like a steer! Wanted to and just what he said, as she told me go somewhere else and pay for it yourself in the presence of her husband in the sitting room of their comfortable apart-

ment which overlooked Central park. "We weren't always well-to-do," my dear," said the motherly little woman who looks "homely" despite all her handsome clothes.

I was baking bread in the kitchen of church in a small town in Maine. He my father's farm. "Manny," that's what took a seat in the rear of the church persisted Warren, who could never re- I call my husband, Tooked in at the and listened, apparently interested, for window. He wasn't what he is now, a short while. After that he began to either. He was just a great big, hulking show nervousness. Leaning over to an fellow in a most unromantic kind of old gentleman on his right, evidently an window and I stood there with my hands in the flour, and he said: Say, Bessie, if "Well I judged by that sample all right I provide the flour, will you make bread the old man, "but I don't know exactly." posing you ever did."

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER. | "What did you say, Mrs. Schultz?" I me. Will I do for you? And, you know,

"Me? I didn't say anything. I went to wash my hands, and I looked at him romance. severely, and then I told him I'd think when it figures in a breach of promise it over, and that's what every right posal of marriage, Mrs. Schultz?" I inminded girl ought to say when a man quired. "Study the type of woman you are pro. proposes, for you want to have time fellows good to walt," finished this independent little lady.

"We did our love making afterward, when she'd really accepted me, though I know she kept me dangling round a long time before she'd marry me, and she's right too," said the husband. "We have a married daughter whose

husband proposed to her in the flippant, slangy style of today. I believe what he said was: 'Say, kid, you're just it with

The Limit

A tall, austere man, who was evidently "It is over thirty-five years ago that a stranger in those parts, entered a pered:

"How long has he been preaching?" "Thirty-five years, I think," responded "Pll stay then," decided the stranger. "He must be nearly finished."-

they're very happy," said the monther. to the water pail and got some water robs the young people of a good deal of

"What is your idea of an ideal pro-"The one that made me a happy wife

and mother and grandmother," she smiled back. "All proposals are ideal if the young people love each other. Mostly, the girl knows when the man is going to propose and from what I've read or seen in plays the boys are still as awkward and embarrassed about it and do it just as badly as Manny did. But if you're happy afterwards those few words are surely the most beautiful a girl ever listened to."

"Now you can answer a question," said Mr. Schultz with a mischievous gleam in his eye. "When is a proposal not a proposal? Give it up? When it figures in a breach of promise case. You've read of all these strange breach of promise cases that have come up in the papers, and the raft of passionate love letters that go with them. Now, if I were a young lady," continued the old gentleman, "I should insist that my sultor proposed to me in writing, and in so definite a manner that there would never be any trouble about it at all.

"If every woman was proposed to by letter no one could ever accuse her of him into a proposal of marriage. The of a second that followed 16 years later, or else extractions committed while proposal by letter is the ideal proposal, take it from me, and the man who proposes best is the one who won't take 'no' for an answer unless, of course, he'd rather have 'no' than 'yes,' which is amount received up to date is \$431,801. so sensitive as to be actually a credit often the case,"

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Rights of Birds--Women Should Organize No-Bird Movement to Prevent Slaughter.

Now, while the agitation for woman's ultimate purchaser, so that it is exceedright is going on, let all women give a ingly difficult to bring home a due thought to the rights of birds in Gdd's sense of blood guiltiness to the right,

beautiful world. The season for fall

extract from some statistics given by Henry Salt in his Rights." published in London:

"One dealer London is said to have received as a single consignment 32,000 dead humming birds, 80,000 aquatic birds and 800,000 pairs of wings. A Parisian dealer had

a contract for 40,000 birds, and an army of murderers were turned out to supply the order, and less than 40,000 terns have been sent from purposes. At one auction alone in London there were sold 404,389 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian, besides thousands of pheasants and birds of paradise.

"The meaning of such statistics is simply that the women of Europe and Amer. flowers and jet. ica have given an order for the ruthless extermination of birds.

quarter that the wholesale destruction, inartistic and senseless. effected often in the most revolting and or justification; yet the efforts of those who address themselves to the better that human beings need their skins to feelings of the offenders appear to meet with little or no success. The cause of in the general lack of any clear conviction that animals have rights; and the until not only this particular abuse, but all such abuses, and the prime source from which such abuses originate, have been subjected to an impartial criticism. In saying this I do not, of course, mean to imply that special efforts should not be directed against special crueities. I to your enemies, and make it familiar to have already remarked that the main the minds of all women. must lie at the door of those who de- portance to the progress of women. gated to other hands than those of the millinery.

person." Let every woman who claims to

more then a mere skeleton upon which fine apparel is hung, every women who believes she has a heart and a mindpause and consider the enormity of the crime against the feathered creatures of And let her resolve to use her femining. ingenuity and taste in creating hats and, bonnets for her own use which do not not require the corpses of or feathers of

dead birds to make them beautiful. There is no more grotesque sight to benefit hold than a woman's club luncheon where women, wearing every manner of birder decoration on their heads, meet together. to discuss the best ways of bringing kindness into the world and lessening cruelty..... Besides the crue! aspect of this question

tion (subject, rather, since it is no question), there is the appalling fact that the: decrease of birds means the increase of insects and moths, and the consequention Long Island in one season for millinery destruction of fruits, grains, vegetables and trees.

From an industrial, as well as a humanopes point of view, women should organize a no-bird millinery movement.

Beautiful creations in headgear arec fashloned out of ribbons, lace, ferns, Analyzed, the idea of carrying a dead, bird or anything which means the de-

"It is not seriously contended in any struction of life on the head is monstrous, The wearing of furs can be defended heartless manner, is capable of excuse by the argument that wild animals would soon own the earth if not destroyed; and

keep them from the cold. But no such argument can be offered this failure must undoubtedly be sought in excuse by the women who cause birds to be slaughtered by the millions for their use in head decorations.

evil will never be thoroughly remedied Tell the milliner, dear lady, to fashion you the most exquisite hat possible out of nature's and art's inanimate articles. Suggest ideas to her; and endeavor to produce something which shall be sobeautiful it puts to shame the miniat e butcher shops which other women sport. Talk this subject to your friends, and,

responsibility for the daily murders Refuse to belong to a club that does which fashionable millinery is instigating not consider this question one of impos

mand, rather than those who supply. Make the women who attend your these hideous and funereal ornaments, church ashamed of wearing dead birds, at "but I think that all this modern slang Unfortunately, the process, like that of Refuse to believe in their religion until. slaughtering cattle, is throughout dele- they cease to aid the cause of murderous

Uncle Sam's Conscience Fund

There is really no department of the was that the initial sum of \$6,000 is conscience fund. All the money received there was received from the repentant ago. and the reformed a total of \$6,514. Several hundred people contributed.

federal treasury which is especially de- United States bonds was received by the voted to what is popularly known as the treasury. An anonymous communication which accompanied the bonds explained from people whose conscience pricked that after a long struggle conscience had them for former delinquencies is turned triumphed in demanding the restitution over into the general fund of the treas- of this money due to the United States. ury and expended as any other money Hence the account came to be known might be expended. Nevertheless a familiarly, though not officially, as the record is kept of such receipts from conscience fund. It has since remained which it is possible to trace them if open, and all amounts returned to the necessary, and to estimate their amount. And thus the treasury department at of the inward monitor have been credited Washington is able to report that dur- to it. The sums vary in size from 1 cent. ing the fiscal year of 1912, just closed, to \$35,000 received about twenty years The majority of bona-fide correspond-

The ents either gave no explanation or conidentity of none of them is known. The tented themselves with very brief statelargest sum received from any one source ments of the reasons for the return the money. Judging from these letters Although there is a record of a small the frauds which it sought to condone sum having been received from this this fashion are mainly evasions of if having forced the young man or tricked anonymous source so early as 1811 and ternal revenue taxes or customs duties. it was not until 1861 that contributions of correspondents were acting as agents this sort became a steady source of in- officers of the United States with excome to the treasury. It has in-ceptional opportunities for graft. Some creased with the years, so that the total of these letters exhibited a conscience It was just after the beginning of the to their owners.-Boston Herald,