



# 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

Copyright, 1912, National News Ass'n.



## Married Life the Third Year

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

By MABEL HERBERT URNAER.

"Yes, I think that's very good." Helen, with her head poised slightly on one side, was gazing critically at the wall paper the salesman held up before them. "It's so fresh and clean looking. Don't you think so, dear?"



The rest of the morning Helen spent in going determinedly from one wall paper store to another. At last she found the paper—exactly the same as her sample. They had only twelve rolls and could get no more—but twelve rolls were enough.

"That's all right," agreed Warren. "It's a good bedroom paper. Want both in that?"

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

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 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?"

"Oh, no, that wouldn't do—that has a yellowish cast. You see how faded it makes this look?" And Helen held up the grayish green sample.

"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 it."

"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."

"Guess they must be about through there now—painting and all. Let's go over and see how it looks."

"Oh, Warren—look! I've found just the thing! It's exactly the shade!" Warren held it up critically. "Yes, that's pretty good."

"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."

"Couldn't you get it?" persisted Helen, eagerly. "Couldn't you order it for us?"

"There! What'd I tell you," he demanded triumphantly. "Could you get a better match than that?"

"What's the use of keeping harping on that?" exclaimed Warren impatiently. "You can't get it. He's told you he couldn't get it. Now that's all so bad," as the salesman showed still another sample.

"How did it happen? 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 had caused her to whisk out of his office in a flash of resentment? There seemed almost a personal note in it all.

"Well, we can't fool around here all day. We've got to decide on something and decide on it quick."

"You see now?" he went on. "Perfect match, isn't it? Couldn't be better! And you were kicking like a steer! Wanted to go somewhere else and pay for it yourself—or some such nonsense. I knew what I was about. Knew that paper'd be all right when they got it on the wall."

"But, dear, if we pay for it ourselves? I'd rather do that than spoil the room."

"Stand back here where you can get both rooms together. Could you beat that? See I was right now, don't you?" persisted Warren, who could never resist rubbing it in when he had proven anyone wrong.

## Doffydulo

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 RESTAURANT WHERE WOULD YOU MEET THEM? BECKY ROSENBLATT! TAKE YOUR FEET OFF THAT TYPE WRITER!!

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX --ON-- RIGHTS OF BIRDS--WOMEN SHOULD ORGANIZE NO-BIRD MOVEMENT TO PREVENT SLAUGHTER.

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



WHEN YOU PROPOSE MAKE THE SAME SIGN THE PAPERS WITH DETECTIVE PHOTOGRAPHER AND A DICTAPHON NEAR SO THAT THERE CAN BE NO ARGUMENTS LATER ON.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER. "The modern proposal is flippant, for that is the fashionable attitude of mind toward all questions of the heart."

"What did you say, Mrs. Schultz?" I asked. "Me? I didn't say anything. I went to the water pail and got some water to wash my hands, and I looked at him severely, and then I told him I'd think it over, and that's what every right-minded girl ought to do when a man proposes for you—want to have time to think, no matter whether you set your heart on him or not. It does the fellows good to wait," finished this independent little lady.

me. Will I do for you? And, you know, they're very happy," said the mother. "But I think that all this modern slang robs the young people of a good deal of romance."

The Limit A tall, austere man, who was evidently a stranger in those parts, entered a church in a small town in Maine. He took a seat in the rear of the church and listened, apparently interested, for a short while. After that he began to show nervousness. Leaning over to an old gentleman on his right, evidently an old member of the congregation, he whispered:

Now, while the agitation for woman's right is going on, let all women give a thought to the rights of birds in God's beautiful world. The season for fall hats is here. And here is a little extract from some statistics given by Henry Salt in his booklet, "Animals' Rights," published in London:



Let every woman who claims to be more than a mere skeleton upon which fine apparel is hung, every woman who believes she has a heart and a mind, pause and consider the enormity of the crime against the feathered creatures of earth which fashionable millinery wages. And let her resolve to use her feminine ingenuity and taste in creating hats and bonnets for her own use which do not require the corpses of or feathers of dead birds to make them beautiful.

Uncle Sam's Conscience Fund There is really no department of the federal treasury which is especially devoted to what is popularly known as the conscience fund. All the money received from people whose consciences are pricked them for former delinquencies is turned over into the general fund of the treasury and expended as any other money might be expended.