



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Roosevelt Has Nothing on Mutt When it Comes to Having a Convention

By "Bud" Fisher



CAMPAIGN PHOTO OF CANDIDATE MUTT WITH HIS FAMILY. ALL CANDIDATES MUST POSE WITH THEIR SPOUSE AND OFFSPRING.



THE HON. MR. JEFF, ONE OF MUTT'S MOST UNABLE MANAGERS. HE SAID:— "WE HAVEN'T DECIDED YET JUST WHERE WE WILL HOLD OUR CONVENTION— BUT I STRONGLY FAVOR CONEY ISLAND OR SITKA, ALASKA."



YOUNG BULL MOOSE, THE INDIAN DELEGATE FROM INDIANA, WHO WILL ADDRESS A LARGE MEETING OF CHINESE BARTENDERS TOMORROW BETWEEN WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY



COLORADO DELEGATION FROM HARLEM WHO THREATENED TO WITH DRAW FROM THE CONVENTION BECAUSE SOMEBODY WANTED TO KNOW WHO ORDERED THE LOAD OF COAL IN SUMMER



THE HON. WILLIAM ALWAYS TRYAN, THE PERPETUAL CANDIDATE. AFTER POSING FOR HIS PHOTO MR. TRYAN SAID:— "I DON'T CARE ABOUT BEING ELECTED, ALL I WANT TO DO IS RUN AGAIN. I'M TRYING TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF PERPETUAL MOTION."

The Siege of Maistricht

How a Garrison of Three Thousand Held off the Enemy of Thirty Thousand—Story of a Four-Month Siege.

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

June 29, 1870. The four months' siege of Maistricht, which came to an end 33 years ago today, is well worth remembering as an illustration of what human beings can do and dare, suffer and endure, when inspired by the devotion to a high moral principle. The Union of Utrecht was to Spain what the red flag is to the bull, and to break up the famous confederacy between the liberty-loving Dutch provinces the great duke of Parma put his legions in motion, the black flag fluttering in their midst while they were assisted in every arm, by the best military science of the time. Maistricht had a population of 30,000 and was garrisoned by a burgher guard of some 3,000 men. Parma laid siege to the place with an army of seasoned veterans equal in number to the entire population of the beleaguered town. After completely surrounding the place, so that help from the outside in the shape of reinforcements or supplies was impossible, Parma began operations. With his heavy guns he pounded the walls for a week without resting up day or night, and then sprang upon the battered walls with his trained veterans. But the plain burghers beat them back every time they advanced. Then 4,000 coal miners, furnished Parma by the bishop of Liege, were set to work digging underground approaches, but the



Dutchmen could dig, too, and in the dark subterranean passages the opposing forces fought like demons. By means of a dam the invaders were deluged with boiling water and hundreds were scalded to death. Others were suffocated by smoke from burning brush blown upon them by organ bellows taken from the churches. Above ground, along the walls, the besiegers met with the same heroic resistance. The peasants beat them down with flails and the women and young girls threw pails of boiling water and blazing pitch hoops upon them. Maddened to think that his veterans were being thus beaten by townsmen and peasants, Parma ordered a simultaneous assault all around the circle, but it did no good. The Dutchmen would not be driven. In the meantime, however, the chain was tightening about the brave burghers. Sixteen great forts, connected by a strong wall, surrounded them, and from these forts a constant rain of fire fell upon the city and its defenses. The burghers lived upon the ramparts, their food being brought to them by the women and children. There was no sleeping, no resting, and after nearly four months the garrison had been reduced to less than 400. One night a watchman in Parma's camp crawled through a break in the wall and was amused to find everybody asleep. Exhausted nature had at last given way. Hastening back, the watchman informed Parma of the situation, the walls were scaled and the city taken. Men, women and children were mercilessly butchered. Maistricht was taken, and the population of Maistricht had ceased to exist. They were not conquered. Put to sleep by the exhaustion of their heroic resistance, they were butchered while they slumbered.

How to Kill Flies

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Every time you kill a fly you may prevent a case of typhoid. A few weeks ago Wilbur Wright, one of the greatest inventors of modern times, died a victim to typhoid, a disease for whose spread the innocent looking house fly has been proved to be more responsible than any other living agent. When you think of Wilbur Wright cut off in his very prime by this frightfully fatal disease, whose germs are carried by flies into your living rooms and kitchens,



you should swat the first fly you see, and if there is something vengeful in the force of your blow you need not feel ashamed of it, for Wilbur Wright's death was an immense loss to the world. You should even go in search of flies and hunt them down.

There are many ways of killing flies. To catch them in the hand is not agreeable, though justifiable in case of necessity. They can be hunted like other animals of the chase. Fly guns now exist, one of which invented in England, is shown above.

It consists of two flat metallic plates. The upper one is in the form of a spring, which can be set like the hammer of a gun. The plates are several inches long and fixed to a kind of a pistol butt. When a fly is seen against a window pane or on the wall, the end of the lower plate is deftly placed below it, a trigger is pulled; that is the end of Fly. Anybody can make for himself a similar device. I remember as a youth, becoming very expert in killing flies with the aid of a narrow strip of whalebone, borrowed from my mother's work basket. Pressing the edge of the whalebone against the wall or fly, bending it four to six inches at one end, and back like a bow held at one end, and then suddenly letting it go, I never missed the game. The fly, instantly killed, was shot away like a stone from a catapult.

Later I devised a miniature cross bow, with a stout piece of whalebone for the bow, and a gutted stick for the gun, which would hurl a bit of damp putty with sufficient force and accuracy to kill a fly three or four feet away—if the aim was good. Nobody knew then, how dangerous flies were, but everybody detested them for their persistent impudence and their filthy habits. It would not require much ingenuity to make a great variety of effective fly guns. A miniature air gun, shooting a soft pellet, would help to rid the house of flies, and at the same time cultivate good marksmanship. A folded paper, with quick arm action, makes an effective fly killer. Do not allow yourself to think that the destruction of a few flies in such ways is unimportant. You may kill the very fly that is bringing typhoid into your house. Remember, too, that every fly that is allowed to live may have millions of descendants within a few months. It is at the beginning of the season that such work counts most. Great pests have been arrested or prevented in this way.

Years ago up in the Mohawk valley, there was an invasion of potato beetles, which put the farmers of the state into the greatest of alarm. One of them that I knew, distrusting the use of Paris green on the vines, betought him of waging war upon the invaders with the aid of his boys. He called them to their play and offered them 10 cents a hundred for all the beetles they killed. His neighbors laughed at him. "Why," they said, "those boys can't make any impression on that army. There's millions of them." But the boys stealthily set to work in view of the reward, which meant riches to them. Evidently the destructive powers of the insects magnified their apparent numbers, for within a few days the potato patch of the farmer who had thought of this direct method of fighting the foe, was cleared of the beetles, and his vines

Ingenious Fly Guns and Other Devices that Can Easily Be Made.



A GAME OF "SNAP"—SHOOTING A FLY. The large picture shows a young woman about to pull the trigger of the new English fly gun. The drawings underneath show the "gun" ready for work, and after the trigger has been pulled.

grew green and luxuriant, while those of his neighbors resembled a mass of burnt weeds. I don't remember how many dollars the boys earned, but it was enough to satisfy them for the lost play hours. When you have a known enemy to fight

use all the means at your command. Don't depend solely on the wholesale methods. The sharpshooters, picking off the enemy, one by one, sometimes win a battle which charging columns would lose. Kill that fly!

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

There was a awful funny man at the house last nite. He had black hair & a red nose. His name was Mister Swift. The name of the wife was Misses Swift. She had black hair too. Mister Swift had never met Pa & Ma before, but he had a letter introduction to Pa from a friend of his that lives in Camden. Pa doesn't like letters of introduction very well, he got one once from a man that came all the way from Chicago without very much munny & went home with a little chunk of Pa's munny. Pa wud have gave him the family plate, but Ma was there.



Anyhow Mister Swift was certainly a funny feller. He only had one thing that he was all the time saying, he was all the time saying Suresst thing you know. This is the suresst thing you know, sed Mister Swift. We haven't been having what you mite call pleasant wether this June, sed Pa. That is the truest thing you ever sed, sed Mister Swift to Pa. Do you like our city? Sed Ma. Suresst thing you know, sed Mister Swift. There are a lot of good old sports in our town, Pa sed. Some of them may be a little ruff in thare speech, but they have true harts that beats beneath thare honest vests.

Suresst thing you know, sed Mister Swift agenn. Our schools here are the best schools in the whole state, sed Ma. The children in our schools learn more in a month than the children in other schools learn in a year. You sed something that time, sed Mister Swift. After Mister Swift had went home Pa began to knock him. It is this way, Pa toid Ma & Me. I don't care a rap for a man that is all the time agreeing with you, I like to see a man once in a while Pa sed, that has a mind of his own. I know one thing, & that is that I wud rather die than be on the easy side of a argument all the time. I wuddent say Suresst thing you know if I thought it wud save my life. You wuddent, sed Ma. I certainly wuddent, sed Pa. Then Ma winked at me & sed to Pa. Lissen now, I want you to give me that \$50 you promised me last nite. Are you going to do it? Suresst thing you know, sed Pa.

Depends on Point of View. Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture was praising in Washington the agricultural school at Cornell. "It is a practical school," he said. "It wastes no time in useless things. It teaches practical and scientific farming." This school's viewpoint reminds me of the young farmer who was asked: "Which should one say—a setting hen or a sitting hen?" "It's immaterial which one says," the farmer answered. "But it's tremendously material on the other hand, that we should, ask ourselves, when a hen cackles— "Has she been laying, or is she lying?"—Detroit Free Press.

Hunting a Husband

The Widow is Surprised While in the Midst of Denouncing Her Youthful Suitor.

By Virginia Terhune van DeWater.

It is unfortunate that the slow of self-satisfaction one experiences after having delivered a merited rebuke or snub should not be permanent. After uttering over the telephone her frigid reply to Maynard, Beatrice returned to the drawing room and to Henry Blanchard, congratulating herself upon her strength of will and purpose. But, as the evening wore on, she became less confident that she had acted wisely. Henry Blanchard proved to be a less interesting companion than Robert: He talked no more of his possible matrimonial ventures, but discoursed of his business life, his old friends, his political views, and, although Beatrice tried to appear interested, she found herself obliged at times to swallow a yawn and her eyes turned involuntarily toward the clock, ticking away so slowly on the mantel shelf. She contrasted this evening with the one Maynard had spent with her, remembering how that had fled all too fast, and how much she enjoyed it. She did not suggest playing and singing for Blanchard, for he had said he cared little for music. While she was glad that he did not make it necessary for her to express any more decided views as his right to marry if he chose, she felt that that topic would at least, have contained some degree of interest or even of excitement. She breathed an inaudible sigh of relief when at 11:30, he bade her good night and took his departure, asking if he might call again soon; but added, as she had with Maynard, that she did not know just now when she would have another free evening. But, unlike Maynard he did not ask her to notify him when she would be at leisure, but said that he would "drop in some evening next week," on the chance of finding her at home. After he had gone she was too tired and sleepy to consider the matter of her two suitors, but deferred such consideration to a more comfortable season.

The following afternoon she sat down quietly to think out the situation and to review mentally once more Robert's behavior after his various litanies, and again her anger rose. Her indignation was increased by the recollection that she was, apparently, now in the position where she must make the next advance if she would see him. She longed to have the opportunity of feeling some invitation from him in such a way that he would understand that he had incurred her displeasure and ask for an explanation. "And he shall have one if he asks for it," she muttered between set teeth. Yes, she was angry with him for having taken a little too much liquor, but she was, perhaps unconsciously, also vexed at the knowledge that he had destroyed her ideal of him as a probable husband. He had, in fact, upset her plans. And while she thus mused, Mrs. Robbins stopped in to see her on her way home from a shopping expedition. Beatrice was not overjoyed at Helen's visit, but she welcomed her pleasantly, wondering meanwhile if her caller had come to ascertain if Henry Blanchard had served at last night. If so, she would find Beatrice on her guard. To her surprise, however, Helen chose another method of irritating her friend and possible aunt-in-law. "My dear," she said, after she was comfortably seated and had begun to sip a cup of tea which Beatrice always had served at this hour of the afternoon. "I have come to talk to you with regard to something I heard a few days ago. Is it true that you went driving with Robert Maynard?" "It is true," said Beatrice drily. "And, pray, why should I not go with Mr. Maynard if I choose?" "Now, dear," protested Helen, "don't get cross at my asking such an innocent question as that! Were I not fond of you and interested in him I would not pay no attention to the matter. But I was so pleased to hear that you are encouraging the dear fellow that I just couldn't resist the temptation to tell you so."

the truth that hurts, you know. And, my dear," dropping her bantering tone and looking tenderly sympathetic, "I am glad to think that you are good to poor Robert. He deserves it. "Which," she added significantly, "is more than I can say for some men." Beatrice looked at her, perplexed. "What do you mean?" she asked. "Oh, nothing, except that Robert was a very generous husband and always gave his wife everything she wanted—which is not what most husbands do for their wives. Perhaps I appreciated it more because all the men in my family—excepting, of course, my husband—are so close in money matters. Why, even dear old Uncle Henry will pinch a silver dollar until the eagle on it screams with anguish." Then Beatrice knew that Helen had come with the purpose of lessening Henry Blanchard's chances with the widow by representing him as parsimonious and with the intention of furthering Robert's suit by extolling his liberality. And, although Beatrice saw Helen's game, she could not help wondering if, after all, there might not be some truth in her statements. Had not Robert taken her to supper and brought her home in a cab, given her costly violets and taken her to tea, while Henry Blanchard had never done anything except call on her? Was their conduct really indicative of the character of the two men? And then, suddenly, she resented anew Helen's interference. "It is no concern of mine whether any man is stingy or not," she said loftily. "And as for Robert Maynard, he cares no more for me than I do for him—and, goodness knows, I'm not breaking my heart for any widower!" Helen looked grave. "I think," she said, "that he cares a great deal for you. You are the only woman to whom he has paid attention since his wife's death."

"Well," announced Beatrice, her temper still ruling her tongue, "I am tired of hearing of his wife, anyway; and, besides that, I would not trust any man who is as fond of liquor as he is." "Since when," queried Helen coldly, "have you become such a stickler for temperance? I did not notice that you disapproved of my husband and Robert each taking a highball when we were at supper at the Plaza." "No," retorted Beatrice. "I did not mind, nor should I ever mind if a man took only one drink and no more. But your friend, the widower, does not stop at one—more the pity!" In her excitement Beatrice had spoken loudly and excitedly. Before Helen could reply the drawing room portieres were swept aside and the maid announced the startled pair: "Mr. Maynard!" "THE TRICK OF LOST PAWN TICKETS—SUCKER BAIT" "While walking through one of the prominent streets the other day," said an innocent looking individual, "I espied an important looking piece of paper on the sidewalk and picking it up found it to be a pawn ticket for a diamond scarf which some careless person had apparently dropped. "According to the ticket the pin had been pledged several weeks before for \$15. How am I to find the owner?" thought I. "I shall I take it to the pawnbroker? Perhaps if I do the owner will never see it anyway. The pin must surely be a good one and doubtless worth three times the amount for which it was pledged. Why not appropriate it to my own use?" "The name on the ticket was Brown and my conscience was relieved when I found several hundred of that name in the directory. I soon made up my mind and started for the broker's office. I asked to see the pin before redeeming it, stating that I had bought the ticket, and upon the payment of 25 cents was allowed to examine it. "It looked all right to me, although I am not a qualified judge of diamonds, so I paid the principal of \$15 and the pin became mine. "The next day I showed it to an expert, who declared it to be worth far less than I had paid for it. "It is a trick of some people," he said, "to defraud unwary persons like yourself. The scheme consists of issuing tickets for spurious pieces of jewelry for amounts many times in excess of their value and dropping them on the sidewalk in different parts of town where unsuspecting persons might find them and redeem them, as you did, thus yielding a handsome profit to the perpetrators."—Philadelphia Record.

Truth in Print

By CHARLES FERGUSON.

If newspaper men were subject to governmental prosecution and possible imprisonment for every honest mistake they might make in their criticism of an administration the government would soon cease to be democratic. Few journalists would be found to take the inevitable chances of error and of the failure of their witnesses. The lure of the financial and social rewards of the newspaper business would lie altogether on the side of a studied cynicism in the praise and promotion of the political news that stand back of them.



There would be but a short run back to that political absolutism—that worship of power in spite of every defect of title—from which modern society has so painfully emerged. Shall he say then that the thing to do is to declare for absolute freedom of speech and print and to go abroad through the land stirring men up to flaming indignation against every restriction of tongue or pen? I head a brilliant man make a speech to this effect at a club dinner of literary men in New York the other day. The speaker called himself an "anarchist" indeed, but his doctrine was not so very different from that expounded so classically by John Milton in his famous essay, "On the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." And it was hardly to be distinguished from a notion entertained by many scholastic people concerning what they call the rights of academic freedom. It is said by these theorists that teachers in colleges—if they will but invoke the sacred names of art and science—ought to be permitted without hindrance or accountability to say anything they please. Now this freedom to say anything one pleases—in a well-endowed moral vacuum—may be an academic ideal. But to practical men it has always seemed too academic. And modern society is likely, in accordance with its own genius, to become not less but more insistent in holding people responsible for what they say. A society that passes the title to a million dollars by a single word uttered

in the exchange, and that gets great enterprises afoot by the faith in a signature, is likely to acquire a new and vivid sense of a man's responsibility for his uttered word. And in general, as human relations become more delicate and intricate in their adjustment, words acquire a prodigious power to hurt or help. It might be safe to set down the rule, provisionally, that it should be lawful for a man to propose and recommend by speech the doing of anything that it is lawful to do. Thus it should of course be a crime to advise the commission of a crime. And it should be unlawful to use words in such a manner as tends to subvert the meaning and purpose of the law. But such precepts need to be pressed closer home before they can amount to much as working principles. We need to clear our minds as to what is the genius and spirit of modern law before we can judge what kind of speech should be condemned as libelous or against public property. Now the actual social order in America is industrial, and is based on property rights. This is it working society and its master aim is to put the people in possession of the materials of existence. This aim it set to be thought of as necessarily sordid, for the process of earth-subdual and material production is seen to involve the fine goods of art and all the spiritual issues. Therefore it is not and should not be lawful in America for a man to use his tongue or pen to destroy rights of property so far as they are genuine and legitimate rights. Speech and the press cannot be too free or too bold in attacking ostensible property rights that are not authentic. The whole battle for freedom of utterance is likely to be waged around the question of the authenticity of certain contestible property rights. When the battle is over we shall probably settle down to the general conviction that property is inviolable, whatever its amount in the hands of an individual, so long as the manner of its use and tenure tends to diffuse property throughout the whole community, and that otherwise it has no legitimacy. A man may be as rich as he can, if his being rich helps to make everybody else rich. But if his riches make the community poor he will be fair game for anybody with a barbed tongue or a trenchant pen. It's easy to believe as you hope. One way to break a friendship is to go broke yourself. Truth is indeed mighty if it prevails in a horse trade.