

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—Wouldn't You Like to Hear That Parrot Sing a Song? ∴ Drawn for The Bee by Tad

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The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Hunting a Husband

The Widow Calls at Randolph's Studio and is Showered with Compliments from the Artist

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DEWATER.

Flowers from Maynard came to Beatrice early the following afternoon. Somehow these blossoms did not cause her the qualms of conscience that had been occasioned by her predecessors. She found herself regarding the widow and his behavior in a different light from that in which she had considered them twenty-four hours ago. She had lost a certain personal feeling toward the man. After all, she said to herself, he was only a friend and acquaintance who had appeared to her as a pleasant companion, but one in which she had no particular concern or responsibility, a person of whose conduct she often disapproved but who was none the less, an agreeable and amusing associate. If he chose to send her flowers, well and good. It made little or no difference to her what his actions were.

She compared the two men—Maynard and Randolph—and the artist did not lose by the comparison. She decided that he was all that she had admired in her former suitor, and more besides. Maynard was bright, Randolph was brilliant; Maynard had a light, easy manner, Randolph had poise and grace and a certain self-assured dignity that was courtly and fascinating. To Beatrice's facile feminine mind, Maynard was fast becoming an incident, Randolph the potential suitor. The woman smiled wonderingly at herself as she recalled the hot discussion she had had with Helen Robbins over Robert's intemperate habits. What difference did they make to her now? Women of Beatrice's type are, to a greater or less extent, like weather vanes, requiring only the puff of circumstances to make them turn their backs upon the object to which they have been steadfastly directing their attention, and to assume an entirely new viewpoint. Moreover, Beatrice's character had never been a particularly consistent one. She thought much of Sidney Randolph during that morning. He appealed to the romantic strain inherent in every daughter of Eve as Maynard never had. The artist had attracted her strongly and unusually in the little while she had been in his company, and she looked forward with genuine excitement to her appointment with him for that afternoon. Despite her eagerness, however, Beatrice was enough of an actress, with an eye to dramatic effects, to plan to arrive at the studio later than the time the artist had named. She felt she would be more welcome if the man had begun to fear she was not coming. "It is too bad I am so late," she exclaimed regretfully as Randolph himself threw open the door in response to her ring. "But I waited long enough to decide whether those clouds coming up

The Araucanians

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

August 15, 1562. It was 349 years ago today—August 15, 1562—that the Araucanians, in a bloody battle near Valparaiso, killed the great Spanish commander, Valdivia, scattered his army to the winds, and brought to a disastrous close the initial attempt of Spain upon the ancient liberties of Chili.



A wonderful people are the Araucanians. It is customary to think of the Iroquois or Six Nations as having been the greatest of all the Indians of the western hemisphere, but the honor belongs to the Araucanians of Chili and not to the Iroquois of North America. The Iroquois, great as they were among red men, were finally made to pass under the yoke, but the Araucanians were never conquered, and are today the same freemen that they have always been. When the Spaniards went to Peru in 1532, the Araucanians occupied a strip of territory on the western slope of the Andes. In Chili, between the thirty-seventh and thirty-ninth parallels. We learn that they were "of ordinary stature, but powerfully built; brave, hardy, hospitable, faithful to their word, generous to a fallen enemy and enthusiastic lovers of liberty."

many ways, ahead even of the Mexicans and Peruvians. By natural disposition they were far less cruel and bloodthirsty than the other native American races, and in brain power and will power they were head and shoulders above them all. Upon the coming of the white man they soon learned the inefficiency of their old arms as opposed to muskets and cannon, and forthwith they laid aside their bows and arrows and armed themselves with spears, swords and other weapons fitted for close quarters. With their new arms they advanced rapidly within such a distance of the Spaniards as would not leave them time to reload after firing, and after receiving the volley, rushed forward in close combat, fighting the enemy hand to hand. When the Spaniards, after conquering Peru, set out under Pedro de Valdivia to try their hand in Chili, they soon found themselves "up against" the Araucanians, and it did not take them long to find out that they now had to reckon with a different breed of men from the Peruvians. These valiant Indians maintained a defense which for heroism is without a duplicate in the history of warfare, and had the other native races been equal to the Araucanians the Dons would never have gained a footing in Chili. Even as it was, Valdivia's army was broken to pieces, and he himself was slain. Well and truly has it been said that nowhere does history afford a more brilliant example of what a brave people, animated by the love of liberty, can accomplish. After resisting the best troops and the best generals of Spain for 300 years they at last compelled their proud adversaries to acknowledge their independence.

A collection of humorous text and small drawings. Includes phrases like 'Daffodils', 'APPLE HEADED JIMMIE', 'TAMBO-MISTAH DANIELS', 'SOME SAY HE WALKED THRU', 'I'M A BURNS DETECTIVE NOW', 'AT 4 I MAKE UP AS A CONDUCTOR', 'AT 7 I CHASE AN AUTO UP AND DOWN BROADWAY', 'GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY', 'YEP NOTHIN TO DO TOMORROW', 'BUT NEVERTHELESS HE YELLED OUT THIS', 'COULD YOU GET A JAM IN THE DOOR IF THE DOOR WAS A JAR'.

The Assassins

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

The word "assassin" was once eminently respectable. It was first used in the twelfth century in Persia. It signified a member of a Mohammedan religious order. These assassins devoted their lives to truth, justice, purity, right, and their business was to give everybody a square deal. They took their name from the leader, Hassan, and were called Hassanites, or Hashassins. Then some enemy of the order called them Hashassins, or hash-hish eaters. These men were fired by religious zeal, until they ran amuck, killing every one who tried to oppose them. People thought they were intoxicated by hashish, or the juice of the hemp plant. They may have been so, but a man intoxicated by religious zeal, or drunk on success and his own oratory, is quite as dangerous as an individual who is simply plain drunk on dope or drugs.



The word "assassin" was taken up by the French and circulated, first as a slang word, and then it got fixed in the dictionary and when the English adopted it, it became legitimate. These assassins of Islam were proud of the name and gloried in it. The secret Order of Assassins existed from the twelfth century down practically to our own time, and members of the order still endure. They were fatalists, and were taught that if they died in the particular work to which they were assigned, their souls would immediately gravitate to paradise. For 300 years the Order of Assassins held all Asia Minor in terror, and instituted some very dark ages. The assassin struck in the dark, and the government was powerless to locate the murderers. In fact, officers of the government themselves were often members of this Order of Assassins. The whole thing was very much like the Camorra of Italy, or the cheerful Ku Klux Klan, or White Caps, of which America has had a taste. The world should beware of men who come in the name of reformation, demanding that the world should be made over according to ideal plans which they themselves have formulated. Any man who is better (or who thinks he is better) than the common run of humanity is apt to be a dangerous individual and may easily gravitate into the Sacred Order of Assassins. The Mahdis that have appeared from time to time in the orient, especially in Asia Minor, Persia and Turkey, have belonged to this Order of Assassins. The word "Mahdi" means one who leads us out of captivity. Each of the dozen or so Mahdis that Mohammedanism has produced has called himself "The Mahdi."

There was one particular Mahdi that turned the Sudan into a trail of danger and death about the year 1880. This Mad Mullah's business was to restore the Sudan, and eventually the entire world, to a condition of peace, equity, justice and prosperity through destruction of the forces that he said were strangling the plain people. This man took to the desert with a few hundred followers. At first they were unarmed. They lived on the contributions of the faithful. A little later, when contributions were not forthcoming, they made raids into the towns and villages and collected their own. Soon they were transformed into a formidable mass of cavalry, riding stolen horses. The restless, the worthless, the uneasy, all those who had nothing to lose, quit work and followed the Mahdi. Ideal communities were to be organized. A new distribution of goods was to be the rule. The rich and the governing classes were to be eliminated. The rule of the people was to be supreme. The revolt grew so great that the khedive abandoned the Sudan. General Gordon, known as "Chinese Gordon," was sent out by the English government to treat with the Mahdi, and, if necessary, to destroy him. Gordon arrived in Khartoum in 1884. He issued a request to the hostile Sudanese to lay down their arms and return to their homes and go to work, promising them immunity from punishment for their offenses. The reply of the assassins was to cut off Gordon's communication with Cairo. Gordon did not have any idea of the number of men he had to deal with, and nobody yet knows how this disorganized, unorganized mass of humanity, that fed off the land like grasshoppers, shut Gor-

don up with his 10,000 soldiers in Khartoum. The besieging forces held him captive for ten months. Finally Great Britain dispatched an army to the relief of Gordon, under General Wolseley, who arrived within two days' march of Khartoum. But through the treachery of certain people in Khartoum—for whom General Gordon was fighting—the gates were thrown open and the hordes came tumbling through, and Gordon went down to his death. Only the death of Gordon aroused the British nation to the danger of this rule of the mob. Kitchener was sent to the Sudan with an army, and it took him twelve years to put down the rebellion started by these religious progressives who thought to make the world over.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Bobbie, sed Pa to me last nite, wga he was reading the sporting page in the paper, I see that our old pal Matty is booming along in grate shape. I always feel kind of sorry for poor old Matty, sed Pa, the poor old fellow never wins any moar ball games. It is too bad that men like McGraw and Matty have to go back like they have, sed Pa, after the good work they used to do for New York City. Please, please, sed Ma to Pa, stop all the time reading and talking about base ball & them heavy subjects. Nobody is interested in things like that except a few fool men that never stop betting on boys. If you have got to do any reading in the summer, why dont you read sum its summer fiekshun, like this book I am now reading, a beautiful love story by a man that sum day will be as grate a story riter as Robert Chambers. The nam of this story I am reading is When Love Was Golden. Just listen to this beautiful passage, sed Ma, & then she red to us: Glory O'Brien, debutante though she was, inused as she was to the ways of the world, felt a rich blush suffuse her countenance when Lord Everhope fixed her with his ardent gaze. His dark orbs were the orbs of a mystic, and something in the tender yearning of them made her faint, fluttering, almost feeble. It was as if some canary in Eden had seen a golden mate and fluttered into its pulsing wings. Isent that pretty? Isent that divins writing? sed Ma. Wonderful, sed Pa. As I was saying, Bobbie, the Giants have got the pennant so near clinched that all they need to do now is to go down to the department store & get the flag pole & the bunting. I guess I won't catch this year and send a few of my Chicago friends looking for loans, sed Pa. Ha, ha, if there is anything I like it is to see Frank Chance & his followers getting the consuet took out of their heads. Didnt I ask you to listen to me a minnit & stop that foolish base ball talk? sed Ma. I havent finished reading to you from this beautiful, story, Lisson: Lord Everhope gazed into the flower-like face of the girl who was soon to be his bride. The exquisite contour of her face was wonderful. Her roselipped lips were half parted, like the first parting petals of a honeysuckle. Her perfumed breath, sweet as white clover in a June meadow, seemed to sweep his eager face. Com to me, sed Lord Everhope. Glory O'Brien crep like a littel wood nymph into the sheltering arms of her adoring lover, and sobbed on his unformed shoulder—sobbed from sheer happiness. Isent that divins, sed Ma. It is, indeed, sed Pa. But dont forget one thing, Bobbie, after we have got that flag won we still have a fast team to beat, probably the Red Sox. Always remember that there's many a slip between one pennant and two. We must cop the world's series this year. Then Ma took her book of lile summer reading and went into the library to read.



The "Good Fellow" Gets Home

By HAL COFFMAN.

