

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—But That Was 2 Mutch for His Honor

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



### Dr. Van Eeden's Happy Humanity Plan

Selected by EDWIN MARKHAM.

The world is shaped by its dreams. Dr. Frederik Van Eeden is one of the great dreamers of this age—yes, one of the great workers, also. He believes that all our labor and capital troubles can be settled, and settled right, by a voluntary system of co-operative industry such as he outlines in his new volume, "Happy Humanity," just published. He has worked on the idea in experiments made in Holland, and now he offers us "the scheme for America" as follows:

"The new organization will be called the Co-operative Company of America, or some such name. The title indicates that it is a business concern. No creed or political doctrine will be associated with it; except the creed that every normal human being holds—that of honesty and fairness.

"We will start with a group of market gardeners, and the land selected for that purpose lies in North Carolina, near the city of Wilmington.

"The opportunity there is exceptionally favorable. Colonization has been tried there for several years with much success. Italian, Dutch and German settlers have there attained prosperity by truck gardening. It is a great strawberry raising country, and the soil is fit for the culture of the most varied plants and vegetables. The climate is like that of Italy, and the rainfall abundant. Excellent fast trains, with refrigerator cars, place the country within easy reach of the greatest markets of the whole continent.

"We have secured an option on about 20,000 acres of land at a price of from \$15 to \$20 an acre. After a few years of cultivation the value should increase to \$200 or \$300 an acre, and more.

"Our intention is to select a group of high-class gardeners, expert in intensive farming, and let them have the land as tenants. We shall be able to select twenty-five families, of the very best, and locate them next to one another on plots of about ten acres each.

"The people should be immigrants, as yet unspiced by contact with city life. Since Hollanders have a high reputation as intensive gardeners and generally excellent qualities for settlers, it was considered best to select this advance guard from my own country. And I know now, after some months of investigation in Holland, that I can get hundreds of families willing and eager to come. In fact, a little group of half a dozen first-rate men have already answered my call and have settled there at their own expense. They will do excellent work as prospectors and advisers.

"They will pay no more than a fixed rent, which will never be increased to them. The settler will have the full reward of his efforts. When, after one or two years, he proves to be a desirable member of the new organization, he will become a conditional owner and stockholder of the company.

"Therein lies the essential and vital point of the whole experiment. This is the one feature that distinguishes it from all similar enterprises and its effect has to be tried.

"The usual form of colonization is simply to sell the land to the settler, the price to be paid from his earnings in a certain number of years. Then the man becomes a landlord, and is left entirely to his own devices, his own sense of justice and responsibility. What this means, with the raw material of immigrants annually let loose on American soil, is shown clearly and sadly enough by the immense waste and reckless spoliation of the vast resources of this rich country.

"So what we are going to try now is conditional ownership, under control of a co-operatively organized company, in the following way:

"The tenant will have full freedom in the cultivation of his farm. He may have all the rights of practical ownership, with the exception of selling, renting and neglecting the property. He will be able to leave the property to his heirs, if these accept the same conditions.

"If he wants to leave, the company will pay for his improvements. He need never pay more rent than a small sum, amounting to a percentage of the original amount paid by the company. This might be considered as a tax—a truly just and fair single tax levied by the company for the benefit of the whole organization.

"We believe that the compensation we can give for the want of the full title will prove to be more attractive to the intelligent farmer than uncontrolled rights of possession.

"This compensation will consist in the right to hold the dividend-paying stock. The tenant who may become a stockholder will then not be an owner of the land; but in common with the other members he will own the stock representing it. And he will profit by all the activities of the whole company, whether agricultural, industrial or commercial.

"The company will, moreover, act as a disinterested agent and market his products for him, so that he may give all of his attention to his farm. The company will also buy for him at wholesale his

### Daffydils

IF A MARRIED MAN'S A FOOL AND A SINGLE MAN'S A SIMP, WHAT'S A BACHELOR?

PHIL WAS TAKING HER PET DUCK FELIX FOR A WALK. FELIX WAS NOT FEELING VERY WELL HE WAS HAVING TROUBLE WITH HIS TEETH AND, BESIDES THAT HE HAD HAD AN ANNOYING ACCIDENT HAPPEN TO HIM THE EVENING BEFORE A WAITER HAD SPILLED SOUP ALL OVER HIS SOLID SILVER DRESS SUIT AN IN THE EXCITEMENT WHICH FOLLOWED HIS GLASSES DROPPED ON THE FLOOR AND WERE SMASHED. WITHOUT HIS GLASSES FELIX CAN NOT READ A THING AND HE WAS IN AN AWFUL PUGH. HE HAD TO TAKE A TAXI AND GO HOME WITHOUT EATING. HE WAS SO NERVOUS THAT HE DID NOT SLEEP A WINK ALL NIGHT LONG AND IN THE MORNING WHEN HE WAS TAKING HIS BATH HE SCRATCHED HIS CLUB FOOT ON A ROUGH TOWEL. HIS FUR TAIL WAS BUILT LIKE A PLOW AND HIS WHISKERS WERE TRIMMED LIKE A LAST YEAR'S WHEAT FIELD. HIS EARS WERE STUFFED WITH GREEN PEPPERS AND HIS WATCH CHAIN WAS MADE OF SPAGHETTI. ALL OF A SUDDEN PHIL SAID "!!! WITH A LOOK OF ANGER ON HIS CLUB FOOT FELIX ANSWERED. QUACK!

I HAVE A SUNCH NOW IM COLLECTING VOTES FOR MY FRIEND WHO IS ENTERED IN A BEAUTY CONTEST

I GET UP IN THE MORNING AND STEAL PAPERS FROM ALL THE DOORS OF MY NEIGHBORS, CLIP THE COUPONS OUT

OF THEM, MAIL THEM TO THE EDITOR AND THEN START IN TO GET SOME MORE

SEE YOU'RE A BOOB

I KNOW IT

### Virginia Dare

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.



August 17, 1587.

Virginia Dare, the first child of the English race born within the limits of what is now the United States, had her natal day 335 years ago today—August 17, 1587.

In the light of present day events there is something thrillingly significant in the fact that the first English child born in this country should have been a girl—a member of the sex which is today all over the earth making congresses, legislatures and parliaments "sit up and listen" to its demands for recognition as a factor in world government.

In this land of large hospitalities and untrammelled opportunity it seems but right and proper that the sex which was first recognized by the Almighty within the new world of the republic should be given all that is "coming to her." It is but putting it mildly to say that in the country of Virginia Dare women should have equal rights with men.

The circumstances in the midst of which little Virginia Dare was ushered into the world were not of the fairest description. The gallant knight, Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1585 sent his half brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, to make a settlement in the new world. On the American coast, probably that of Newfoundland, Sir Humphrey lost one of his ships with nearly all its crew, and in attempting to reach home in the other vessel sank in a great storm near Fayal, exclaiming as he went down, "The way to heaven is but near by sea as by land."

In 1584 another expedition, sent out by Raleigh under Amidas and Barlow, reached the country now known as North Carolina, passed into Albemarle and Pamlico sounds, touched at Roanoke island and returned to England.

The following year (1585) Raleigh sent out a colony of a hundred or more men under Lane to make the beginning of a settlement, but nothing came of it, and the remnants of the colony were taken back to England by the old sea fighter, Drake, who happened to be sailing around those parts looking for Spaniards. Unwilling to abandon the project, Raleigh, in the spring of 1587, made still another attempt, sending out some 150 men and seventeen women under the governorship of John White. The settlers reached Roanoke island the last of July, and there, on August 17, was born Virginia Dare, the daughter of Ananias and Eleanor Dare.

White's settlement perished, being given in history as the "Lost Colony." Says Fiske: "When the Jamestown settlers came they were told by the Indians that the white people left at Roanoke had mingled with the natives and lived with them for some years on amicable terms, until, at the instigation of certain medicine men, they had all been murdered, except four men, two boys and a young woman, who were spared by order of a chief. Whether this young woman was Virginia Dare, the first American girl, we have no means of knowing."

### Captains All

By HAL COFFMAN.



Look at the captains sailing their ships, Built out of matches, paper and chips! You couldn't get greater excitement as If the race were for the America's cup. Each watches the course with an anxious grin, Till his ship goes down or comes safely in.

We pause for a moment upon our way To watch the kids at their earnest play. Then turn to the daily toil and strife, As we captain our barks on the sea of life; For it lies with each soul to lose or win— If his ship goes down or his ship comes in.

### Ignore Scandal Mongers

By WINIFRED BLACK.

What would you do if some one told stories about you—stories that were not true, stories that hurt you dreadfully—and what if that some one was an elderly man whom you had trusted and thought a sincere friend? Would you make him retract what he said, and how would you do it? How should a man like that be punished?

That's what a woman and her daughter want to know. They have written me a letter about it—such a troubled, excited, hysterical, frightened "what shall we do" letter.

I know what I'd do, my friends. I wouldn't pay the slightest attention in the world to the tales the elderly person told about me, for the very good reason that nobody else will pay any attention to them, either.

That isn't the first lie the elderly person has told, depend upon that. People don't begin to lie wantonly after 40 years of age. They get the habit early in life, and what you know about him everybody else knows, and that makes the matter perfectly simple, don't you see?

That's the beauty of a fibber. He thinks he's having a lovely time starting trouble, and so he is, but it's all for himself. The whole world isn't fooled very long in the character of any man, or any woman either for that matter. Take a new stenographer into an office, and it isn't a week before every wise boy in the place knows whether she's what she tries to make every one believe she is or not.

When the elderly person told his fine story about you and your daughter, my friend, all those who heard him simply smiled and looked at each other and changed the subject.

After he'd gone they smiled again. "Same old sixpence, isn't he?" they said and that's all the affair amounted to, or ever will amount to.

And then, what do you care what people say about you, anyway? The important thing is not what they say, but what is true.

That is true.

report? Well, then, not all the scandal-mongers in the world can hurt your standing with any one in the long run, and the long run is the only thing that counts.

It isn't what people say that matters; it is what we do. That's important, and the thing that I should do in this particular case is to go about my business and forget all about the old man and his idiotic stories.

The poorest use you can make of your time is to take it up hating some one

or planning how to get even. Forget them and their works, then you'll be even, and a little over.

A woman I know said something very malicious about me to one whose good opinion I value very highly not long ago. The next time I met that woman I was so sweet to her that I nearly frightened her to death. She never sees me now without wondering if I've heard and what I will do when I do hear.

She needn't worry. I shan't do a thing. I don't have to. All I have to do is to be myself; the rest will take care of itself.

Besides, maybe what the woman said was partly true. I may not see myself as she does. Perhaps she really half believes what she said. Why not? She has the right to dislike me if she wants to. Who am I to inherit the earth and the kingdoms thereof?

Perhaps she understands me better than I understand myself, and dislikes me for what she sees beneath the cloak with which I may have deceived my own self.

Well, what of that? More power to her discernment, say I, and more sense to my own heart to see myself as others see me. Maybe she wasn't mischievous, after all—only mistaken.

Well, if I go on being the right sort of woman she'll see her mistake and be sorry. What more do I want than that?

Time, time, time—what a great healer of feuds and mistakes and misunderstandings the old fellow with the scythe has! Time and a little healthy forgetting will heal all the wounds, if we'll only let them do it.

Why not try, and see how it will turn out?

**Nuts to Crack.**

The girl who is as pretty as a picture may have negative qualities. Many a man makes a speech that will never make him.

Even the fellow who blows his own horn may come out at the little end of it.

Blessings often come disguised, but misfortunes are not so clever as the art of making up.

It is easy enough to get along with some people if you can only conceal your opinion of them.

There would be more happy marriages if a girl would only exercise as much thought in choosing a husband as she does in choosing a hat.

A great deal depends on environment and mental suggestion. Some people can't see a pitcher without getting thirsty.—New York Times.

**Opinion of an Expert.**

Archibald, aged 6, son of a south side family, newly arrived from a small town, is against automobiles first, last and all the time. He much prefers wagons. He explained his point of view to his mother the other day. It appeared that he had found motor cars useless for "hitching on" his little red cart. Said Archibald: "They ain't no good. They ain't no good place to hitch on if you do hitch on they go so fast it pulls yer hair out if you stay on 'em. It pulls yer hair, they squirt stuff on you that makes yer clothes smell second handed."—Kansas City Journal.

### Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

It is a interesting study, I think, studying these gang men, sed Pa. I am thinking about several of them I know, Pa sed. There is Dip the Duke, and Strong-Arm Silas, and Winkle the Rip, and Santy the Claws, and a raft of them, Pa sed.

I wish you wud git sum day so you cud talk & think about sumbody & sumthing besides crime & gangs, sed Ma. I am afraid that your in-virment dont in-viron the way it used to. Why dont you talk about the political situa-shun, sed Ma. A deer gurl friend of mine from Jersey was telling me the other day that Mister Wilson was going to be elected the next president of these United States, sed Ma. Talk about sumthing useful, dont talk about gangs.

I didnt tell you that Whitman sent for me the other day, did it? sed Pa. No, sed Ma, you didnt, & if you had I wudnt have believed you. What did he send for you for?

Bobbie, sed Pa, isnt that just like a woman? First yure mother says that she dont beleeve that Whitman sent for me, & then she says she wudnt beleeve he sent for me if I swore it on the fambly album, & then she says "What did he send for you for?" Wimmen is awful hard to ferret out, sed Pa. I guess you & I had better give up trying, Bobbie, sed Pa.

Well, sed Ma, what DID Whitman send for you for?

He wants me to help him? sed Pa. He wants me to go out & see a few of the real runners that I have a intimate acquaintance with, & find out if any of them lived near St. James.

I guess the best thing you can do, sed Ma, is to stay rite hear at hoam. In the first place, sed Ma, I think you want to go oaver to the club, & in the second place, if you dont want to go oaver to the club, I dont want you to go oaver with them horrid o-p the Blood fellows. You havent got a very heavy life insurance, Ma sed, remember that.

But Pa sed he was the boss of the house, so he went out. After he had want Ma asked me to go & follow him & see that he didnt git into any danger. I knew all the time that there wasent any danger of Pa havng any danger, but I went. The first place Pa went was the place I was sure he was going to go, oaver to the club. I seen him play three games of pool & two games of bilyards & three games of bowling, and then wen I seen him cumming out of the club I sneaked hoam ahead of him.

Well, sed Ma, how did you cum out with the thugs?

I beat four of them up with my bare hands, sed Pa. Look at my nuckles.

Ma looked at Pa's nuckles & sure enuff, they was bleeding. I seen him skin them when he fell on the bowling alley, but I didnt want to squeal on Pa. Ma called Pa her poor boy & her brav hero.

Wen I git big & have a wife I am going to fall on a bowling alley & skin my nuckles.

**Over the Ashtray.**

It doesnt take many cigars for the average man's income to go up in smoke. What father does is often included in the after-effects of the first smoke. You cant smoke Havans cigars on a stogy income.

Gift cigars are not always the kind the donor smokes.

There is pleasure in a cigarette, contentment in a cigar, and philosophy in a cob pipe.

A wife's hardest task is to convince her husband that everything isn't an ashtray.

To many a man life's a loaded cigar—a momentary flash and then useless.—Judge's Library.