

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Discovers Some "Ringers" on His Committee Drawn for The Bee by Tad











The First Day of School

By WINIFRED BLACK.

She's gone, the Little Girl, gone to about toes that would keep him busy. school. The old dog lies on the mat mak- And the old dog laid his faithful head on ing strange faces with his eyebrows- the little girl's chubby knee and looked that's what he calls thinking-and the long and sadly into her eyes. I wonder if he knew as much as he looked as if puppy plays a he knew. Good old dog; he'd make

while and then runs to the street that swallowed her up, his little playfellow, so mysteriously this morning. and looks wistfully at the scurrying clouds and tries his fortorn best to howl in a dignified

She's gone to school, the Little Girl. Her doll sits primly up on the little chair that be-

longs to her and to her alone, the little can be the matter with the world.

such rustling of new ribbons, such a Could you believe your senses? and interest on the first morning.

She had not played at recess, you see. She was lonely and didn't know any one, In the afternoon great excitement.

Little brother went to meet sister and he raced home with the news. Sister had could it be that she did it on purpose? won in spelling and her teacher said she was the best reader in the class. But when the little girl came we found that there was another side to the story of the day's doings. She had had zero

n number work-that's what they call "rithmetic now-and teacher didn't anprove of the little girl's writing at all. The next day the little face was almost sad; at least the joyous love of exstence had gone, when it used to shine through somehow like a lighted lamp.

What was the trouble? Nothing much, only the girls didn't like her. They didn't like her halr, and they didn't like her clothes-the new clothes that we all thought were so won-

Some even laughed at the new ribbon, too. How they could do that we simply couldn't imagine, and oh!-the tragedy of life-a boy said the little girl was pigeon-

She did not know what it was to be pigeon-toed; she had never heard of it at but she knew it was something darkly disgraceful; and couldn't little brother come and bring the dogs at recess and play with her, so she could pretend she didn't care?

"I have a corner in the yard all to myself," said the little girl, hopefully. 'I stand there all recess and look toward home, and today I thought I heard Raffles howl; it made such a queer feeling come in my throat."

When the little girl was talking the little boy's fists were opening and shutting, and his red little mouth was shut very tight. He could scarcely believe his ears. Laugh at his sister, make fun of those glorious clothes that he had pretended to despise, but has secretly ad-

mired-could such things really belt Of course, she was nothing but a girl, but compared to the rest of the girlswhy, it was a disgrace; he wouldn't stand How could mother laugh, or even pretend to laugh? He was going to go light straight up to the school and find the boy who said his sister was pigeoned. He'd show him a thing or two

mincement of the pigeon-toed boy if he could get at him-that one thing is cer This morning she started again, with a wistful backward look. No flirting of the foolish skirty coats now, no tossing of the much discussed ribbons. Changed

aiready, the little girl; changed, perhaps, for the better, too. But, oh, in my rebellious heart I can't help wishing there was no such thing as school-for her or any one else. It is so cruel, that schooling business,

so full of bitter knowledge.

Do you remember when you thought ail grown-up people were good just because they were grown up?

I can think of a time when I heard tea set stands idle under the red table some one discussed as a great rascal, the queer little tin stove is deserted, and when I saw him I could scarcely Little Brother wanders from one room believe my eyes. He was a full grown to the other wondering what on earth man, and I thought no one but children were ever really bad.

She started in at the beginning of Do you recall the first time you found the week. Such a time getting ready some one really trying to cheat you? fluttering of starched petticoats ab made a mistake; you'd explain it to him surd short little petticoats such a It was 10 cents you gave him, not 5 finding of pencil cases and a-hunting cents; he'd arrange it all the instant he of crasers and various nighly impor- knew. But no, he wouldn't even listen; tant things-it was all bustle and hurry he didn't want to know; he wanted your 5 cents. How could he want it when it was not bla? Mother never allowed you about her little face that was different? to take a thing away from little sister: how was that man brought up?

> And the first time the teacher punished you for doing something that the daughter of the principal of the school did,

School, school, all of it-how hard some of the lessons were to learn. I haven't begun to understand many of them even Gone to school, the fittle girl. I wonder

ordinary child. Of course, she is a little stupid in figures and her writing really her mind, her generous impulses-can it be that to that teacher she is just an other mothers' daughters? Curly haired instead of straight, blue eyes instead of brown-that's the only way she knows

are born blind-and then they go to teach. Gone to school, the little girl-what a great big lonesome house it is she has

left behind her.

her from the little Smith-Jones child, who

Poor Girl! "How long have you been married?"

"It will be six months next Thurs-

"And do you still regard your husband as the most wonderful man who ever was born?"

Then the poor girl broke down and sobbed piteously. When she could trust herself to speak again, she said:

"No, Charles has disappointed me terribly. I'm af-fraid I have wre-wrecked my lu-life. Last night when I asked him to get up and see if there wasn't a burgiar in our room, he bumped his nose against the edge of the open door, and he said three simply awful swear words just as if they came natural to him."—San Francisco Star.

Wild Dogs Raid Farms.

Wild Dogs Raid Farms.

A pack of twenty wild dogs, led by a buge collie, is, with increasing boldness, making daily raids on farms near Thermalito, Cal. The dogs hunt with great cunning, and efforts to exterminate them have resulted in the killing of one. Hogs, chickens, rabbits and turkeys are their victims. The floods of 1907, when the Feather river reached the highest stage ever recorded, is responsible for the manaders, whose forebears were a few tame dogs, which were marooned on an island of driftwood. When the water receded the dogs burrowed into the debris and refused to return to domesticity.

HAPPY THO' MARRIED?

There are unhappy married lives, but a large percentage of these unhappy homes are due to the illness of the wife, mether or daughter. The feelings of nervousness, the befogged mind, the ill-temper, the pale and wrinkled face, hollow and circled eyes, result most often from these disorders peculiar to women. For woman to be happy and good-looking she must naturally have good health. Dragging-down feelings, hysteria, het-flushes or constantly returning pains and sehes—are too great a drain upon a woman's vitality and strength. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription restores weak and sick women to cound health by regulating and correcting the local disorders which are generally responsible for the



The Medical Adviser by R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y., answers heets of delicate questions about which every woman, single or merried orght to know. Sent free on receive of 31 stamps to pay for wrapping and mailing only.

BANG! ZOWIE! KA-PLUNK! THE THREE MEN RUSHED IN THE LITTLE SHONTY AND SEEING THE POOR VICTIM PIDDLED WITH BULLETS REACH ED HIS SIDE JUST AS HE

IF ROBINSON CRUSOE GOT UPON THE NIGHEST POINT OF THE ISLAND AND HOWLED ALL THE TIME HE WAS THERE TO SIGNAL PASSING SHIPS, WOULD YOU CALL IT A LONG ISLAND SOUNDI

THROW HIM THE ANCHOR BOYS! HE'S ALL IN

HALT

NEW SHOE WITHOUT PUTTING HIS POOT IN IT GENTLEMEN BE SERTED

TA-RA-RA-RA RASTUS-MISTAH JACKSON CAN YOU TELL ME WHO WAS THE GREATEST HOLD-UP MAN INTERLOCUTOR- WELL, SHOULD THINK JESSE JAMES

OR JACK CADE

THERE?

RASTUS-NO SUH. ATLAS WAS HE HELD UP THE WORLD CONNIE TRALTO WILL NOW FAVOR US WITH HIS FAVORITI SONG ENTITLED

HE SEEN HIS DOOTY AND HE DONE IT"

BUSINESS WAS DULL AND IT WAS AS SILENT AS A MORGUE IN THE SODA STORE LITTLE JUDGE DUFFY THE CLERK WAS POLISHING OFF THE COUNTER TILL IT LOOKED AS IF HED WEAR IT OUT SUPPENLY IN CAME A WHITE LIGHT GAY DOG WITH A SKIRT AND ORDERING TWO PHOSPHATES SAID FOR SHORT, GIVE ME PHOSPHORUS

A WOMAN SAYS HER HUSBAND IS SUCH

A BLUNDERER THAT HE CAN'T TRY ON A

SIX MONTHS, SAID THE JUDGE. "IF HE DONT SERVE IT HANG HIS OLD MAN



What is the Ideal Proposal? "Modern Proposal a Kind of Joke"

Love and music have always gone hand in hand, from the time the birds piped their songs in the first springtime of the world, and love is still the theme on which all popular composers harp to make their incomes come in steadily.

Consequently, Mme. Minna Kaufmann. if the teacher realizes what a wonderful teacher as well as singer, when she was little soul she is. Not at all like the asked what she thought of the ideal proposal, said that one could tell what the popular form of love-making and is poor for a girl her age, but her heart, proposing was by the trend of the popu-

Mme. Kaufmann is not a serious "high ordinary, every day child, like all the brow" person, but a charming young woman, and her criticism of modern love songs is given with a merry twinkle in her blue eyes.

"Our gratitude toward romance, lovacan't hold a candle-well, well, some folk making and marriage is illustrated in the popular songs of the day." said Mme. Kaufmann, "and you cannot get away from that fact, for it has always been so

"The troubadours of old sang love songs of a semi-religious character, and the Minnesaengers who came after them exalted romantic love and self-sacrifice to a height that has never been surpassed because it was the fashion.

"The modern love song is frivolous in character, because people no longer take love-making and marriage with the same solemnity that they did in former times. 'The popular love song of the day is the ragtime love seng, and if we are to judge by modern plays and stories, the most popular form of proposing is a kind

"Now don't think that I am saying that there is not as much deep affection nowadays or as much married happiness store for the modern couple.

But I do think they look upon marriage in a different light, and lovemaking is a more jocular affair.

"The love songs of a hundred years ago are too aweetly sentimental for the popular taste. The modern lover would feel terribly embarrassed to think of himself as singing to his sweetheart, 'My Love's an Arbutus in her Kirtle of Green,' or 'Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes,' but he is perfectly comfortable and sure of himself when he calls her 'Ragtime Baby' or 'His Beautiful

"At the mention of Boethoven our nodern young people begin to yawn and feel oppressed, but the great classic master wrote one of the funniest love ongs to a dainty and exquisite poem of loethe's. You remember the lover who was alone with his Chine and begged for kiss. But Chice was a prim young person and said she'd acream if he kissed proposing and marriage comic. her. He kissed her. Did she scream? Of course, she screamed, but-a long, possible not to join the process on long time after.

"That song is a gem; musically it ex- things of hie. presses every change of feeling, and the words are whimsical and charming. In the modern version the young lady screams for more kisses. That is just to your imagination; the modern poet believes with Heine that you cannot underestimate the intelligence and imagin- u rule, but that cheap thing you're puffing ever heard the Heethoven song and it

"Popular songs of the kind we hear so much of do a great deal to drag romantic



MME. MINNA KAUPMANN

Nowadays, says the teacher and singer, marriage is looked up in a differnt, light, and love-making is a more jec ular affair.

verything connected with love-making, same as you do."

joke and laugh about the really serious Chicago Tribune.

Unconventionalities.

"Oh, you needn't apologize for stepping on my dress, young man; I can make the difference. The great post leaves it gillowances for people that haven't any sense." "Not sir; I don't object to smoking, as

at makes me sick." "Got your divorce, dld you, Glumley Well. I must write and congratulate Mrs.

"If I had your nose, Fladger, I suppose stuck on the position.

ove from its poetle heights and to make I'd poke it into other people's affairs, "I don't mind waiting a couple of trains When 'everybody's doing it,' it is im- more, madam; make the ticket seller change your \$10 bill, if it takes all day."- feet of bowels are clogged with waste from the taste and after effects. Syrup

> Journalism. Young Reporter-These new colleges of journalism will ture out a great number of journalists, don't you think?

Old Reporter-Sure thing! Young Reporter-Some competition in the game, ch? Old Reporter-Oh, I guess not!

Young Reporter-Why? Old Reporter-Well, we shall be just as shy of newspaper men as ever .- Judge.

The Woman Who Smokes

By GARRETT T. SERVISS.

During my trip home from Europe this, sions. This is a critical period in the fall I saw the smoking woman in one woman movement, and the slightest influof her most displeasing aspects. She in- ence calculated to prejudice men against habited the smoking room of a big steam- | it is of great importance.

ship together with the men smokers. and she set me thinking on the problem of her influence upon the cause of equal rights, which so many of her sisters now have at heart. (There were, in fact, three or four of her, but I speak of her in the singu-

lar number for convenience. Her age varied from 20 or 25 to 50.) She smoked, and she drank with the men. She was as skillful in imitation

gone in an instant. When she replaced the cigarette in ally or intellectually improving her mouth, leaned back in the padded I should advice the woman suffragists seat, crossed her knees and blew clouds to take up this subject very seriously, of smoke toward the celling, she needed and to make an effort to abolish the only the armholes of a masculine vest in smoking woman before she becomes eswhich to book her thumbs in order to tablished. give her the look of an angel transformed into a clubroom or barroom loafer. The influence of the environment and of the unfeminine act she was performing changed her whole nature. She became "loud" in voice and in manner. Her laugh penetrated even partially deaf ears She assumed a defiant air and glanced around with a look which said: "If you don't like it you can-go elsewhere. I'm

chic and up-to-date." The pretended, and possibly real, admiration of the thoughtless young men who surrounded her encouraged her in her defiance of the old-fashioned fellows who, as she was perfectly well aware. could not approve of her conduct. For my part I was sorrier still for her sisters. She was putting an argument in the mouths of the opponents of woman suffrage more powerful than many of ce and each year thereafter. them would have thought of for themselves. I know this, for I heard the remarks of the men who were not in her week. immediate circle. They said: "This is what the modern woman wants, is it? cigarette, the cigar and the pipe! She

Of course, such remarks were terribly unjust. The modern woman fighting for the rights of her sex usually wants none of these things. On the contrary, she abhors them. Under her influence, if it bins. could be justly exercised, the vices of couraged and imitated. But the smoking him with me again some day." woman, unconsciously to herself, no doubt, strikes a blow against the interests of her sex. Most men are not thinkers except in the line of their personal occupations.

Wouldn't anyway!

"I know your name as well as my own, but it has escaped me for the moment."

"Easy method of learning German."

"Easy method of learning German."

"Practically as good as new."—Chicago

Men are not likely to do much to discourage the growing habit of smoking mong women except in their own families, and not always there. The women themselves should make a crusade against it. They should recognize the fact that

it is a question affecting not only the moral, but the social standing of their sex. When woman deliberately throws away the sources of her charm over man by adopting his vices and sinking herself to his lowest levels of self-indulgence she cuts away her own hope of advancement, which can come through the conscientious recognition by him of the fact that he needs her aid and counsel in all human affairs because her nature is finer than his and more free from vice.

But just because woman's nature is as the Japanese, but unlike them, she finer than man's the inroads of mascuchose to imitate a vice instead of an line vices upon it, when once they have excellence. She was, indeed, more grace- become established are certain to be more ful than the men in the art of handling rapid and more destructive. It is an the cigarette. With its gold tip, it be-old adage that a bad woman is worse than came almost a thing of beauty in her a bad man. "But is smoking such a terslender fingers. But when she set it at rible vice?" some one may ask. In ita saucy angle in her lips, applied a self it may not be very terrible, but match and blew the smoke through her smoking leads to drinking and is, in clubs, nostrils all the charm vanished. When restaurants, steamship smoking rooms she clasped it between her fingers and and other places of public resort, invartook a sip of coffee or chartreuse between lably accompanied by drinking and by puffs, all the fascination of her sex was conversation which, to say the best of it, is far from elevating, or either mor-

Holding the Operators

The New York Telephone company has adopted a plan in New York City for making additional payments to operators who remain in the service two years of more. All classes of operators day and night, chief operators, assistant chief operators and supervisors-are included. Twenty-five dollars to be paid at the end of two years' continuous service. Fifty dollars to be paid at the end of each year from the third to the ninth

year's continuous service. One hundred dellars to be paid at the end of the tenth year's continuous serv-Beginners or student operators will

also have their pay increased \$1 per Just how many operators will receive bonuses under this scheme cannot be de-

Along with the ballot she wants the termined until the company has made a thorough study of its records, but it is wants to imitate us in our vices as well roughly estimated that the increase in as in our virtues. No wonder she smashes the pay of operators by means of this shop windows and reserts to the methods benus will amount to. approximately, of rowdles in order to gain a footing in \$350,000 per annum.-New York Journal of Commerce. Favorite Fiction.

> "O, George, this is so sudden!" "A few months' training will do wonders with that voice of yours, Miss Tib-

"Your little boy was just as good as men would be diminished, instead of en- he could be, Mrs. Jordan; you must leave "I'm glad they didn't invite me! I

Cleanse Your Liver and Bowels With Delicious "Syrup of Figs."

Removes the sour bile, gases and clogged-up waste without gripe or nausea. No headache, indigestion, constipation, biliousness or coated tongue.

Foul breath, coated tongue, dull, throb- of fruit-of eating coarse food-of taking games, indigestion, billousness and a and bowel cleanser and regulator.

properly carried off. Most of our ills are caused by consti- without griping or weakness. pated bowels. We all need a laxative Ask your druggist for the full name,

bing headache, stomach sour and full of exercise. It is a true and effective liver sallow complexion, mean that your thirty Most folks dread physic-they shrink

matter; that these drainage organs of the of Figs is delicious, and, besides, you body are obstructed; liver stagnant and don't realize you have taken anything stomach full of poisonous gases, sour bile until morning, when all the clogged up and undigested, fermenting food not waste of the system is gently but thoroughtly moved on and out of the bowels

sometimes; nobody can doubt that. The "Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna." only question is, Which one is the best? This is the only reliable and only genuine. and that isn't a question any more. Syrup Refuse, with contempt, any other Fig. of Figs, being composed entirely of luscious figs, senna and aromatics, must act imitations meant to deceive you. Read in a harmless, gentle and natural way, the label carefully and look for the name Just because a man does the things his Syrup of Figs can be constantly used California Fig Syrup Company.—Adver-