



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 school. The old dog lies on the mat making strange faces with his eyebrows—that's what he calls thinking—and the puppy plays a while and then runs to the street that swallowed her up, his little play-fellow, so mysteriously this morning, and looks wistfully at the scurrying clouds and tries his forlorn best to howl in a dignified way.

She's gone to school, the Little Girl. Her doll sits primly up on the little chair that belongs to her and to her alone, the little tea set stands idle under the red table, the queer little tin stove is deserted, Little Brother wanders from one room to the other wondering what on earth can be the matter with the world.

She started in at the beginning of the week. Such a time getting ready, such rustling of new ribbons, such a fluttering of starched petticoats—absurd, short little petticoats—such a finding of pencil cases and a-hunting of erasers and various highly important things—it was all bustle and hurry and interest on the first morning.

At noon she came home. What was it about her little face that was different? 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 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 in number work—that's what they call arithmetic now—and teacher didn't approve of the little girl's writing at all. The next day the little face was almost sad; at least the joyous love of existence 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 hair, and they didn't like her clothes—the new clothes that we all thought were so wonderful. 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-toed.

She did not know what it was to be pigeon-toed; she had never heard of it at home, but she knew it was something dainty 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?

Saffydils

A WOMAN SAYS HER HUSBAND IS SUCH A DILDERER THAT HE CAN'T TRY ON A NEW SHOE WITHOUT PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT

BANG! ZOWIE! KA-PLUNK! THE THREE MEN RUSHED IN THE LITTLE SHOPTY AND SEEING THE POOR VICTIM RIDDLED WITH BULLETS REACHED HIS SIDE JUST AS HE GASPED.

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

THROW HIM THE ANCHOR BOYS! HE'S ALL IN

HALT! WHO GOES THERE? ME AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT IT SEEMS STRANGE THAT A MAN SHOULD FROWL ABOUT WHO ARE YOU? WELL, IM THE BOOD THAT PUT THE NOSE IN NOSE GAY

What is the Ideal Proposal?

"Modern Proposal a Kind of Joke"

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

Consequently, Mrs. Minna Kaufmann, teacher as well as singer, when she was asked what she thought of the ideal proposal, said that one could tell what the popular form of love-making and proposing was by the trend of the popular music.

Mrs. Kaufmann is not a serious "high 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, love-making and marriage is illustrated in the popular songs of the day," said Mrs. 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 Minnesingers 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 song, and if we are to judge by modern plays and stories, the most popular form of proposing is a kind of joke.

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

"But I do think they look upon marriage in a different light, and love-making is a more jocular affair."

"The love songs of a hundred years ago are so sweetly 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 "Bring to Me Only with Thine Eyes," but he is perfectly comfortable and sure of himself when he calls her his "Ragtime Baby" or "The Beautiful Doll."

"At the mention of Beethoven our modern young people begin to yawn and feel oppressed, but the great classic master wrote one of the funniest love songs to a dainty and exquisite poem of Goethe's. You remember the lover who was alone with his Chloe and begged for a kiss. But Chloe was a prim young person and said she'd scream if he kissed her. He kissed her. Did she scream? Of course, she screamed, but—a long, long time after.

"That song is a gem; musically it expresses 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 the difference. The great poet leaves it to your imagination; the modern poet believes with Heine that you cannot underestimate the intelligence and imagination of the crowd. Few people have ever heard the Beethoven song and it will never be popular."

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

The Woman Who Smokes

By GARRETT E. SERVIN.

During my trip home from Europe this fall I saw the smoking woman in one of her most displeasing aspects. She inhabited the smoking room of a big steamship 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 singular number for convenience. Her age varied from 30 or 35 to 50.

She smoked, and she drank with the men. She was as skillful in imitation as the Japanese, but unlike them, she chose to imitate a vice instead of an excellence. She was, indeed, more graceful than the men in the art of handling the cigarette. With its gold tip, it became almost a thing of beauty in her slender fingers. But when she set it at a saucy angle in her lips, applied a match and blew the smoke through her nostrils all the charm vanished.

When she replaced the cigarette in her mouth, leaned back in the padded seat, crossed her knees and blew clouds of smoke toward the ceiling, she needed only the armholes of a masculine vest in which to look her thumbs in order to give her the look of an angel transformed into a clubroom or barroom loafer. The influence of the environment and of the feminine 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 sorry still for her sisters. She was putting an argument in the mouths of the opponents of woman suffrage more powerful than many of them would have thought of for themselves. I know this, for I heard the remarks of the men who were not in her immediate circle. They said: "This is what the modern woman wants, is it? Along with the ballot she wants the cigarette, the cigar and the pipe! She wants to imitate us in our vices as well as in our virtues. No wonder she smashes shop windows and resorts to the methods of rowdies in order to gain a footing in politics."

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 could be justly exercised, the vices of men would be diminished, instead of encouraged and imitated. But the smoking woman, unconsciously to herself, no doubt, strikes a blow against the interests of her sex. Most of her personal occupations.

HAPPY THO' MARRIED?

There are unhappy married lives, but a large percentage of those unhappy homes are due to the illness of the wife, mother 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 the woman to be happy and good-looking she must naturally have good health. Dragging-down feelings, hysteria, hot-flashes or constantly returning pains and aches—are too great a drain upon a woman's vitality and strength. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription restores weak and sick women to sound health by regulating and correcting the local disorders which are generally responsible for the above distressing symptoms.

"I suffered greatly for a number of years and for the past three years was so bad that life was a misery to me," writes Mrs. F. DICKSON, of Utica, Ohio, Route 4. "The doctors told me I would have to go to a hospital before I would ever be better. A year ago this winter I read in a paper that you had a medicine called 'Pierce's Favorite Prescription.' I saw the mother of six children. I was so bad for five months that I knew something must be done, so I wrote to Dr. R. V. Pierce, telling him as nearly as I could how I suffered. He sent me a course of treatment which I followed to the letter. I took two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and one of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and a fifty-cent bottle of Smart-Sawing, and have never suffered much since. I wish I could tell every suffering woman the world over what a boon Dr. Pierce's medicines are. There is no one wearing time and money doctoring with anything else or any one else."

The Medical Adviser for R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y., answers hosts of delicate questions about which every woman, single or married ought to know. Send five cent receipt of 31 stamps to pay for wrapping and mailing only.



MME. MINNA KAUFMANN.

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

I'd poke it into other people's affairs, same as you do."

"I don't mind waiting a couple of trains more, madam; make the ticket seller change your \$10 bill, if it takes all day."

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, throbbing headache, stomach sour and full of gases, indigestion, biliousness and a sallow complexion, mean that your thirty feet of bowels are clogged with waste matter; that these drainage organs of the body are obstructed; liver stagnant and undigested, fermenting food not properly carried off.

Most of our ills are caused by constipated bowels. We all need a laxative sometimes; nobody can doubt that. The only question is, which one is the best? and that isn't a question any more. Syrup of Figs, being composed entirely of laxative fruits, senna and aromatic, must act in a harmless, gentle and natural way. Syrup of Figs can be constantly used without injury. Its action is the action

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 or 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 dollars to be paid at the end of the tenth year's continuous service and each year thereafter.

Beginners or student operators will also have their pay increased \$1 per week.

Just how many operators will receive bonuses under this scheme cannot be determined until the company has made a thorough study of its records, but it is roughly estimated that the increase in the pay of operators by means of this bonus will amount to, approximately, \$50,000 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 Tidd."

"Your little boy was just as good as he could be, Mrs. Jordan; you must leave him with me again some day."

"I'm glad they didn't invite me! I wouldn't have gone to their old party anyway."

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

"Easy method of learning German."

"Practically as good as new."—Chicago Tribune.