

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Pied Piper



By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

There is a legend of a "Piper Pied,"
Who charmed the rats with music of his reed.
Shrilling his way down to the river side,
He led them to their death. The Town in Greed
Withheld the promised price; the Piper then
Walked, blithely playing, past the homes of men.
The listening children followed on his trail
And none came back. So ends the olden tale.

Still lives the Piper; piping tho' the land,
He calls the children as he called of yore.
The greedy world, indifferent, sees the band
Follow him blindly, to return no more.
Shrilling his tune as blithely as of old,
Hard by the homes of men, unchecked and bold,
He pipes his music while the children dance
And disappear. His name is IGNORANCE.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

"Well, George," announced the Manicure Lady, "me and the playwright has broke up final. Love's dream is on the side track."
"Maybe it is just as well," said the Head Barber. "If you had married and went away from here I guess I would have to look for a job in another shop. Every time I would look at your vacant chair, I would feel rocky and some sad."
"I am glad you think something of me and like to have me around the shop," said the Manicure Lady. "When a lady knows that her presence is kind of helpful it makes her feel like sticking around instead of changing her environment. But about the playwright. It was just one of those things that comes in the discard and become one of them haunting memories which is a part of every lady's life."
"I was always kind of dreamy, George, and a fortune teller told me once that I had a sentimental temperature and would be very unhappy on account of it some day, but I don't think this is one of the days, because the parting hasn't made me brood none to speak of. Wilfred feels worse about it than I do, because he had a poem all wrote to read at our wedding. It was all about how grand my bridegroom was and what a splendid thing it was for a girl to marry a genius, and I guess Wilfred put his whole heart into it, because he knows the playwright is worth a lot of sugar, and I guess he was organizing for a touch. This is how part of them lines went:
"They looked so fair, that wedded pair,
While all did give their blessing,
The bride was sweet from head to feet,
And the groom was prepossessing."
"Some day when I shall marriage try
And tread life's pathway double,
I hope that she as well as me
Will make as handsome a couple."
"Your fellow wouldn't have gave him nothing for that," said the Head Barber. "I wouldn't, anyhow, if it was wrote for me at my marriage. I think it would kind of sadden the day."
"Well, there ain't going to be no wedding, George. As I was telling you the other day, I have made up my mind never to marry a genius. There ain't no question that this playwright is a real genius and a self-made man, and he is awful cultured, though his English grammar ain't perfect always. He said 'if I were' instead of 'if I was' the other night and I had a notion to correct him, but as long as I have made up my mind not to marry him I thought there wasn't no use of hurting his feelings about a little thing like a mistake in his English grammar."
"The thing I couldn't stand in him, and that I can't stand in no man or woman, was his conceit. He was all right, till he joined the actors' club, and then he found out how great he was so quick that it made his head swim. Even a stranger could hear him talk five minutes and know that he didn't hate himself a single little bit. I kind of figured that if he was swelled up when he was trying to win me he would be impossible after we was married, so little Cupid is hiding in the shadows somewhere with both wings broke and all bets is off."
"There is as good fish in the sea as was ever caught out," said the Head Barber.
"I know it," said the Manicure Lady, "and some day I suppose I'll think I've landed a salmon and find out I've got a carp."

A Fashionable Coat

Described by OLIVETTE

Coats will certainly be longer than last winter, although there is still a certain latitude of choice in this respect. In the shorter coats there is decided tendency to a square and box-like effect. Dark blue, black and brown are about the best colors of the season. They may be had in homespuns, chevots, serge, diagonal, cote de cheval, gabardine, bengaline and the most popular weaves—duvetyne, velour de laine, or peau de peche, which means "skins of a poach," and is of the same softness of texture.
The particular suit I am giving you today is of dark brown gabardine. The coat, cut in conservative length, will be much more becoming to most people than were the short ones. The collar and cuffs are of pancy duvetyne, and the front and back seams are finished with satin pipings. A stitched belt fastens in the middle front with a huge button of pearl and jet. The front seams are double-welted affairs finished by embroidered arrows. The long fitted sleeve is set in an ordinary armhole. The skirt is a three-gored model with a front panel framed by the same seams as the coat.



OLIVETTE

A Salvation Army Triumph

Carnegie Hall Meeting Proved Religion Is Not Lost in New York—An Engineer's Heroism, and Why He Is a Hero

By DR. C. H. PARKHURST
The splendid gathering which packed Carnegie hall to hear General Bramwell Booth of the Salvation Army was proof enough that religion is not a lost art, even in New York City. Any audience of 4,000 people that will sit for an hour and listen spellbound to the declamation of an old saint that has gone to his rest believes in religion when it is quite confident that the specimen of it that it is looking upon is that genuine article.
People who are alive 2,000 years after Christ, and double that number of years after Abraham, know what religion is and what it is able to do for a man, and are responsive to the appeal made to them by any man or woman who transparently exemplifies the religious spirit.
That to which the great audience answered back most impulsively was what the speaker said about his father's love, which he conquered the hearts of all classes and conditions of men, a power which lifted him above all denominational, national and racial distinctions, and that made him the servant of all and, therefore, the master of all.
The big crowd was moved by it. People do admire what is good, even if they are so busy with other things that they haven't time to be good themselves.
We are born into the world with fine appreciations. We love beautiful objects, even if we are not ourselves able to paint them. We enjoy fine music, even if we cannot sing.
In the same way we revere great and good men and women, even if our selfish are members of the popular order of reprobates.
It was a happy feature of the occasion

that District Attorney Whitman was the presiding officer. There was a fitness in it. The territories of the Salvation Army and of the district attorney's office overlapped.
In their working they touch each other, handle a good deal of the same material, so that Mr. Whitman's testimony to the efficiency of the army came from one who could speak with authority, and the eloquent cordially, therefore, with which he gave his endorsement to it went far beyond the range of ordinary eulogy.
Besides all of that, there was a distinct propriety in having both the law and the gospel represented on the Salvation Army platform. It was a quiet intimation that the purpose of the gospel is not to free men from the authority of the law, but to educate and discipline men to a loyal observation of law.
It was a great afternoon for the Salvation Army and gave it fresh nerve for the prosecution of its grand work.
That traitors are not all negligent and unfaithful to the interests and lives of passengers is evidenced by the account that has just been given of the engineer who was taking his train from Philadelphia to New York when the steam-chest of his engine exploded and he was drenched with steam and boiling water. He stuck to his post and applied the brakes. When found he was unconscious, his flesh horribly boiled, but with his hand on the throttle.
Such cases are not so rare as to be surprising, but they are so serious and have so deep a meaning as to be worth a word of comment.
Of course he was a hero. He offered that of his passengers? There was not much time for thinking.
Why did he do it? What was his motive? Did he in that sudden instant enter into a mathematical calculation as to the relative value of his own life and that of his passengers? There was not much time for thinking.
Or was it that simple loyalty to duty constrained him to the sacrifice? Perhaps he would himself have difficulty in making clear what went on in his mind; but this is evident, that there was some-

thing great in the man.
Heroism is always a form of greatness, for it means losing something in order to further someone else's gain.
If Mr. Carr, the engineer, had taken the risk, for the sake of some reward that might come to him in case he survived, his act would not have been heroic. It would only have been a species of investment, laying down one commodity with a view of taking up another that was better.
That was apparently not the case in the present instance. What occurred was the fruit of chivalry, not of speculation. He would have been a man to believe in and to bank upon in whatever circumstances placed and in whatever work employed.
He acted at the impulse of considerations that form no part of the experience of ordinary people.
There was something out of sight that sustained him. We cannot tell what; something that kept him from slipping. It might be called "crisis virtue." Such crisis he may not have encountered before, but he was ready for it whenever it might occur.
We may believe that there are a great many more men in the world like Mr. Carr that the world knows of.
They are undiscovered for the reason that nothing occurs that publicly tests their heroic stability; but there are more of them or fewer, they are what compose the fib work of society and ensure its strength and solidity.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Dear Beatrice: I am in love with a sweet girl—that is, she's sweet to me. The only thing is, she talks so mean about her sister and quarrels so with her mother and brother. My mother says she'll be a bad wife on that account, but I don't believe it. I think it's just a habit she's got into—do you think? HOPEFUL.
Well, Hopeful, you may be right, but I don't blame your mother for thinking that you are wrong. Habits are bad things to break, you know, and the family quarrel habit is about the worst thing there is.
I've seen a perfectly nice girl marry into a family that was quarrelsome—and that girl's heart was broken and her health ruined and her disposition spoiled for life—in less than a year's time.
And none of the members of the quarrelsome family had the least idea what it was all about. They thought nothing at all of picking a quarrel at breakfast over the way somebody's hair was combed—or not combed—sinking around all day

The Quarrelsome Girl

Christmas Greetings To an Editor

By CHESTER FIRKINS.

"We are in great need of Christmas stories with new plots and original Christmas ideas of all kinds."—From an editorial circular sent out by a popular magazine.
I cannot bring my poem to your sanctum;
I have no heart to visit the cold tomb
Where braver bards and happier (till you've "thanked" 'em)
Lead their brain-babies to the axe of doom.
Not that I fear such fate for my good verses—
That ain't the reason that I don't come 'round;
I simply haven't Nero's heart nor Cleopatra's,
And do not want to laugh when you are downed.
I write, inspired by forgiving pity,
I pardon all the things that you've sent back—
My smooth, sweet lines that you've made harsh
and gritty—
I pardon you upon your Christmas rack.
If you deserve to lose your joy, your slumber,
To curse your job, your staff, your stuff,
your space,
While you are getting out that Christmas number
It's not for me to flaunt it in your face.
If I behold you, in imagination,
Drowned in the Yuletide of "real lit'ry work,"
Or lost in some Pompeian excavation
While digging for the prehistoric smlrk,
I hold my peace. Go, do your best to be a
Discoverer of the unused Christmas plot—
A bold Columbus of the New Idea—
Columbus, too, was shackled, was he not?
Keep saying to your famed artistic prize-men:
"Our cover this year's got to be unique;
Then buy a red-gold pastel of the Wise Men,
When press-time looms—gosh!—Friday of
this week!
Refuse all poems about Christmas troubles;
Spurn quips that 'round the mistletoe stick fast;
Scorn stories of the gifts that come in doubles—
But save them all—you'll use them at the last!
Take heart, poor man! The wit that straws
your stepple,
Invented by the early Picts and Greeks
And blond-haired Eskimo, appeals to people
Who have the fashion's passion for antiques.
I wish that I could let you print this letter;
But no friend's burning shame shall boll my pot!
Ain't it too bad that Fate should forge a fetter
'Round this—the only new idea you've got!"

Battle of Narva

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The battle of Narva, fought 213 years ago, November 30, 1700, will ever be reckoned among the most remarkable conflicts of history.
Narva, a Swedish fort only ninety-five miles south-west from St. Petersburg, was earnestly coveted by Peter the Great, and in October, 1700, the czar laid siege to the place with 80,000 men and 150 guns. The garrison of less than 3,000 men successfully withstood the big Russian army for ten weeks; and in the meantime news came that the Swedish king was on his way to attack the besiegers.
Peter, hearing of the approach of Charles, ordered 30,000 reinforcements, and leaving the main body in the trenches, planted the 30,000 across the road a few miles out of Narva. Appearing suddenly before the outpost Charles attacked it with such impetuosity that the Russians ran in terror and confusion. Thirty thousand men ran like sheep before 8,000, and stopped not till they were within the trenches at Narva.
But Charles did not stop. With his 8,000 Swedes he dared to attack an army of more than 100,000 men and 150 cannon in position and strongly entrenched. In the midst of a blinding snowstorm, the Swedes, with fixed bayonets rushed in, Charles himself leading and in a little while the Muscovite line was wiped out. Before the charge of the Swedes the mighty army vanished like a cloud before the wind.
And still Charles kept on. There was still standing at bay an army of 30,000 men, and upon this force Charles was about ready to pounce, when there came a message from the commanding general of the enemy's forces. He had heard of the Swedish king's magnanimity, and he would surrender if the right terms were given. "Tell him," said Charles, "to lay down his arms and I will listen to him." The advice was accepted, and 30,000 Russian soldiers, bareheaded and in deep humiliation, plied their arms and standards at the feet of the conqueror.
When we stop to think that Charles the Twelfth was at this time less than 19 years old, and that he commanded but 8,000 men, while the Russians had over 100,000 and 150 guns, there is an occupying conclusion that Narva was indeed a famous victory.

