

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Bringing Up Father

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



The Graduates

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Reprinted by permission from Good Housekeeping Magazine for June.)
I saw them beautiful, in fair array upon Commencement Day,
Lissome and lovely, radiant and sweet,
As cultured roses, brought to their estate
By careful training. Finished and complete.
They passed in maiden grace along the aisle,
Leaving the chaste white sunlight of a smile
Upon the gazing throng.
Musing, I thought, upon their place as mothers of the race,
Oh, there are many actors who can play
Greatly, great parts; but rare indeed the soul
Who can be great when cast for some small role;
Yet that is what the world most needs; big hearts
That will shine forth and glorify poor parts
In this strange drama, Life. Do they,
Who in full dress-rehearsal pass today
Before admiring eyes, hold in their store
Those fine high principles which keep old Earth
From being only earth; and make men more
Than just mere men? How will they prove the worth
Of years of study? Will they walk abroad
Decked with the plumage of dead birds of God,
The glorious birds? And shall the lamb unborn
Be slain on altars of their vanity?
To some frail sister, who has missed the way,
Will they give Christ's compassion, or man's scorn?
And will clean manhood, linked with honest love,
The victor prove,
When riches, ill-gained, dispute the claim?
Will each guard well her husband's home and name,
Or lean down from her altitude to hear
The voice of flattery speak in her ear
Those lying platitudes, which men repeat
To listening Self Conceit?
Musing, I thought upon their place as mothers of the race,
As, beautiful, they passed in maiden grace.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

Mister and Missus Riley was up to our house last night and had there little son Tommie with them. He was the freshest kid that I ever seen, and if I didn't know so much moar about boxing than he knows, I wud have took him out in the yard & handed him a few hot wallops, & besides, I felt kind of sorry for him becaus his Pa & Ma kind of spoiled him. All that his Ma sed to him wen he speak out of his turn was Now Tommie, that isent nice.

I dont think we will move back to the city till skol begins aggen, sed Pa to the Rileys. We like it out here in the country & besides I want Bobbie to stay here as long as possible. A boy is always better off in the country than he is in New York.

Oh, mercy, sed Missus Riley, how can you say that? Why, just think of the advantages that a boy has wen he is getting a city bringins up. Her husband doesn't think so, sed Ma. You see he was born & brought up in a small town, & he says that a boy born & brought up in a small town has more all around training. He can learn to swim & skate & hunt & fish & row & hitch up a horse & a lot of other things that makes a man out of him wen he grows up.

But a boy in the city can get such perfect manners, sed Missus Riley. Tommie has learned all he knows about manners by associating with nice little boys in the city that learn there manners from there private teachers, the little doers. You are always careful about yure manners, aint you Tommie, sed Missus Riley. I shud worry about manners, sed Tommie. What do I care about manners. People in Hoboken have all the manners, sed Tommie.

Now, Tommie that isent nice, sed Missus Riley. See what a quiet little chap Bobbie is.

That is becaus he is a bonehead & can't think of anything to say, sed Tommie Riley. He belongs rite up here in the minor league where he is, that kid. I got pritty mad, but I knew enuff to keep still. My Ma always told me not to start a quarl in the presens of older peepul.

I wudnt stay in this Jay town any longer than I cud help, sed the Riley kid. The peepul here dont know they are alive.

You know a whole lot for a yung man, dont you, sed Pa. You will grow up to be a regular New Yorker, all rite, one of them clerks that rides to work & back home in the Subway & talks a ouing on the ferry boats Sunday for a ride &

then goes around telling what a wise fish he is.

Tommie will never be that kind of a braggart, sed Missus Riley, looking at Pa kind of hard. My little son knows too much to be a braggart, dont you, Tommy?

Tell it to Sweeney, sed Tommie to his mother. Cheese on all that talk about me. Lay off on me and talk about somebody that doesn't know anything.

Now, Tommie, that isn't nice, sed his mother.

I shud fret and take a sweat, sed the Riley kid. I shud worry and git gray, he sed.

Tommie, sed Pa, as long as yure parents will not tell you the truth, I am going to. You think you are a very smart yung man becaus somebody taught you how to say "I shud worry." You can say that & you can sing "Snooky Oo-ums" & part of "In my Harum," and that lets you out, & then you cum up here in the country & try to make fun of grown up peepul that know moar wen they was babies than you will ever know wen you grow up. You ought to be spanked, Tommie, & sent to bed to think it oaver.

Then Tommie looked at Pa kind of fresh & sed Say, this is a queer kind of a country. They shot Lincoln & let you live.

Nobody lafed excep him, & then I toald him I herd that joak in a buriesk I show about five years ago & I toald him the joak didnt go any better then than it did wen he sprung it.

I guess if he had stayed long I wud have had to soak Tommie, but his Pa & Ma got kind of mad wen they see we didnt like there son, so they took him home. WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Why Is It?

By PERCY SHAW.

Said the millionaire in his auto
As he sped by a purling brook,
"Say, wouldn't I like to drop in there,
With nobody near to look;
Say, wouldn't I like to be young again
And rest in that shady nook!"

II.

Said frackled boy in the swimmin' hole
As the millionaire ohog-chugged by:
"Say, wouldn't I like to own that rig -
An' wouldn't I make her fly!
Gee! that's somethin' most worth livin' for;
I'll go to the city an' try."

Beauty Secrets of Beautiful Women

Dainty Lois Meredith Talks on Beneficial Athletics



Lois Meredith, Who Believes in Exercise as an Aid to Beauty.

Do you know any little girls? Of course there are quite a few children in the world, and I know numberless young - very young - ladies, but I have just met a very sweet little girl and I am going to introduce her to you. Her name is Lois Meredith; she is 18, and is making a great success of the part of Helen Morris in "Within the Law." Off the stage she does not play the part of a sophisticated young lady - or a "Broadway favorite" - but fairly dawns on you in the absolute simplicity of a white middy blouse, black velvet tam-o'-shanter and the unstudied coiffure effect of a "head running over with curls."

Of course the very first question I asked Miss Lois was one ancient clothes and her ideal costume.

"I like my middy blouses pretty well," said she, "so well, in fact, that I would sacrifice all the sweets in the world rather than eat gaudies and get too fat to wear sailor suits. But my ideal costume is Greek drapery. I do love the classical lines of drapery that leave you free and untrammelled, so you can breathe and move naturally and look natural, too. I'd like to wear layer after layer of chiffon and sandals and give my whole body a chance to breathe. Think how wrapped up and shut away from the health-giving, fresh air our poor bodies are. Well, I wear as few layers as I can - dispensing with every unnecessary thing I can - corsets, for instance - and I wear white, so I'll feel cool and clean, and I try to give my body a chance to sway and move freely, so I'll feel all through me how good it is to be alive."

"I don't believe in jewels, either," went on this sensible girl. "If you are pretty, Jewels sort of attract attention to themselves and away from you. And if you are not pretty, anyway, showy jewelry makes you conspicuous, and then people notice how unattractive you are."

Dainty little Lois Meredith can afford to believe in "beauty unadorned," but every 18-year-old girl and the older sister of 20 ought to ponder the bit of philosophy. "Plain women are always adding some little fancy touches that make you notice how very plain they are!"

"My theory of living," answered Miss Meredith, "is work, for everything worth getting in this world you must work, work, work. To keep well and strong, to look attractive, and to get ahead in the profession you have chosen, you must keep working and striving. In my chosen calling I find that I have to keep developing my brain, so I can do better and better things all the time. I am studying French and music in the interests of my brain.

"Then I take care of my body, too. Of course I have to have plenty of sleep, because I am still growing. I have never in all my life been at a restaurant after the theater; most girls would think that an awful sacrifice, wouldn't they? Well, then, I get up at about 9 and have a glass of hot water, which is not a bit hard to take when you keep at it, and then for about half an hour I exercise; stretching motions, aesthetic dancing movements, and bending over, with my knees held taut and my body poised. Sometimes I

touch my finger-tips to the floor, sometimes I wrap my arms around my legs and see how far down I can bring my head.

"I have one little net exercise: A very great artist said that I had the most beautiful hand in America! Now I'd like to believe him - even if that would be conceded - but anyway, I take care of my hands and try to keep them soft and tapering. I go through an exercise as if I were wringing them and stroking them. I work at my hands as if I were putting on and taking off a new pair of gloves very carefully. I truly can recommend this exercise, for just think what it made Mr. Gibson say to me.

"Would you like to hear about my favorite part?" went on the girl ingeniously. Perhaps it would make a good conclusion to your interview. My favorite part was Modesty in "Everywoman." I thought it a compliment to

The New Remedy

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

"Mayor Shanks for a year," so the news item said, "By compound rheumatism was tied to his bed. But he got himself stung by a squad of trained bees, which banished forever the hateful disease."

When my aged Uncle Henry read this terse and terse dispatch, The long extinguished lamp of hope was lit beneath his thatch. "If bees," said he, "cures rheumatism, there can't be any doubt that the stings of other critters will ally the pangs o' gout." So Uncle spent an evening in a spotted adder's den And never had a touch of gout - or anything - again.

The item, sent from shore to shore, ranged over alien strands Until it reached a Zulu chief on Africa's burning strands. "I'll try it for the mumps," said he, and down beside the Niger, His face irradiating hope, he waked a sleeping tiger; The tiger rose and bit him, and the noble Zulu chief, From the malady that vexed him, obtained permanent relief.

Abel Brown, the deep sea sailor, found the brief dispatch one day In a sailor's boarding parlor down at Magdalena Bay. "I will cure my corns," he muttered; and that evening after dark Abel Brown experimented with an ocean-going shark. That the cure is quite effective seems to be extremely plain, For since then our deep sea hero hasn't had an ache or pain.

Some of Nature's Abstruse Laws

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

How many of those who may read this note are able to repeat one, two, five or even ten of the now known laws that govern the universe? Perhaps there are as many as 50 demonstrated laws in the entire range of the mathematical physical sciences. The entire sidereal universe and all that it contains is managed by rigid and set laws. Every law of motion of bodies in space, as suns, planets, moons, comets and meteors, is known to very high mathematicians with a minute degree of accuracy.

Rates, and rates of variation of all motions of all comical bodies are watched with micro-telescopic care, and then placed in the clutch of the most powerful engine, by far, now in possession of man - the infinitesimal calculus. This has such enormous analytical power that all else human dwindles in its majestic presence.

But how many readers of The Bee can

stop reading and repeat mentally or orally even a few of nature's supremely magnificent laws? A professional novel reader cannot do it, nor can one whose entire career on earth is centered on one all-absorbing work of piling up gold. As a matter of curiosity, two or three standard laws are here given:

First - "The quantity of heat set free in any chemical reaction is a measure of the work done in the reaction."

Second - "The squares of the times of revolution of all the planets around the sun are as the cubes of their mean distances from the sun's center."

Third - "The intensity of all forms of radiant energy, such as light and heat, varies inversely as the squares of distances from the sun's center."

Fourth - "The sum of the products of resistance and current-strength in series equals the sum of the electromotive forces in the circuit."

Fifth, and mighty law - "The differential of the product of two variables is the differential of the first into the second, plus the differential of the second into the first."

Sixth, so valuable that all diamonds and gold in existence are as drops in comparison of the sum of differences of finites and infinites, the finites may be dropped without affecting the ratio."

These supremal laws and hundreds more equal in transcendent beauty and loveliness are so much higher than all other things human that they cannot even be compared - they are in a realm supreme - a world all by themselves. And the diggers and fifty-hour workers are constantly adding to their stores of sublime. They of the Master Mind.

Here are the menontological facts: One living in this beautiful world fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty years without being conversant with these and the hundreds of other fixed laws has scarcely glimpsed anything. The case is comparable to that of a person passing hurriedly through a gallery of fine paintings, looking at the floor, or going to a theater where all words spoken by the actors were in to him, an unknown language, or equivalent to the wearing of dark glasses from youth until the closing scene.

Here is a pathetic menontological fact: One not knowing a law of nature, not even one, misses at least three-fourths of the satisfaction and genuine, not imaginary, happiness that he is entitled to in this "vale of tears." One not knowing a law of astronomy to journey from high to death and if he looks at the stars shoot all he is able to say is:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are."

All he can do is to simply wonder. The stupendous modern sciences are as sealed doors; thus, the simply amazing truths revealed by spectroscopy are in a dead language. The endless wonders of the science of electricity are unknown to one who knows nothing of the laws supreme, sublime. Likewise, the unspeakable beauties of chemical combinations, reactions and disintegrations. But these were in the ineffable presence of the calculus, the most exquisite poem, the very poetry of motion and of all the harmonies, ever within the mind of man. Three-fourths of the beauties of all things in front of the human eye, of all things within the vision of man, are invisible to those not familiar with calculus - the magnificent - Lowe Observatory.

Abolition of Feudalism

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

One hundred and twenty-four years ago August 4, 1789, the Constituent Assembly of France wiped out feudalism and started the nation on the way of new life.

On July 14 the ominous cry: "Let us storm the Bastille!" had resulted in the popular upheaval which left that hateful pile a mass of ruins, and from the day on which the Bastille fell events moved with lightning-like rapidity. The people were supreme. The troops were dismissed from Versailles, and in the Hotel de Ville the king was invested with the tricolor of democracy. The National Assembly became the "Constituent Assembly" - the assembly to constitute things, to do things - and the great work moved on like the march of destiny. It was plain to everybody that the long-deeped populace was now in the saddle and could not be stopped.

And then something very funny happened. Part of the nobility folded its tent, like the Arab, and silently stole away, while the other part remained at home, advocating the rights of the people. On the morning of the ever-memorable Fourth of August the Viscount de Noailles stood up in the assembly and made the greatest leveling speech ever heard, winding up with the amazing proposition that every remaining vestige of the feudal system be abolished, and that the nation be committed irrevocably to the doctrine that all men are equal in their civil, social and political rights.

Inasmuch as the assembly was just about offering the same resolution, de Noailles' motion was carried overwhelming, and the infamy of centuries was blotted out.

It was a great day - that Fourth of August, 1789 - one of the red-letter days in the human calendar, the spirit of which is to live and work until the last bit of privilege on this earth, perishes and let their religion interfere with their business. - Chicago News.