

HUMOR THE BEE'S HOME MAGAZINE PAGE FICTION

Brightside and His Boy

"One woman in the United States has a public monument, according to this article," begins Brightside, "and she got it for making good bread."

Monuments to Bread Baking Wives



"She gave em bread and they handed her a stone, eh?" queries Son, with a mild display of interest, idly puffing smoke rings toward his respected parent.

A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK END

Oliver Cromwell—The Man with a Great Conviction.

Text I. Cor. 15:12 "Quit Yourself Like Men." History is of true value when it discloses to us the right principle of living—valuable when it gives us a vision of standards that endure.



By Rev. Dr. Thomas C. Hinkle, Pastor Pearl Memorial Church.

In our journey through this immense field we behold the springing into life of new empires, the kind of men who build them—what motives actuated these men in their life work; their achievements in war, in art, in literature—then we notice the subtle gathering of those forces of intestine discord and moral corruption that have summed many of these nations away forever.

perform a life work that will inspire and elevate in thought, morals and righteousness the individual citizen. And let the individual citizen live much in the history of men, for this inspiration is there to be found.

glorious splendor the deeds of the noble great. Whether the great man be the noble fish or the noble man, it is his quality of heart.

There are two arch enemies that strive to cause the downfall of every man. They are pain and pleasure. Pain says I will never leave you while you are struggling so hard to achieve, but if you will cease your toil and struggle, then I will leave you to rest.

Cromwell was wholly unselfish. In a letter written in 1667, when the burden of the English government was resting so heavily upon his shoulders, when he trod the wilderness alone, he said: "It has been heretofore a matter of philosophical discourse that a great position, a great authority is a great burden, but I know it is not."

The greatest benefactors of humanity—those whose memories we most love and cherish—are not they who have become opulent in material wealth, but they who have fought for and won a spiritual kingdom, a kingdom that lives and encourages noble achievement in every generation, and a kingdom that is won only by the warrior whose soul is on fire with a great conviction.

I love to think of Cromwell on the eve of the battle of Marston Moor, as I love to think of Washington at Valley Forge, and as I love to think of Lincoln on the eve of the battle of Gettysburg, three great men with a great conviction.

At last England found peace through the sacrifice of her Cromwell. A few fleeting years he bore the burden of government and then came the end. His last night on earth was spent in agonizing prayer, but not for himself—not for his family, but for the cause and for the people of England.

"That was good," he said, "though very unworthy, a man instrument to do them some good and their service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, the others would be glad of my death, but however I must dispose of me as I see fit."

The General Rule. Opinions are in scant demand. The players get the money and the umpire gets the blame.

THE LOVE STORY OF A HOTEL MUSICIAN

BY EMIL BRITENFELD.

A large, empty summer hotel, fitted out for the comfortable housing of hundreds, and now, a week before its opening, occupied by no one but the manager and his stenographer, the housekeeper and maid, was not exactly exciting, even for a clerk.

"It was late at night when I found an envelope, a large yellow one, which had fallen and almost disappeared down a crack under the mail slot in the desk. How it had slipped so far over was a mystery, unless the person mailing it had been very nervous or under the stress of great haste and excitement. As they rate, it must have been dropped while in the tin box meant to receive it being emptied by the bell boy assigned to that duty. A coincidence such as occasionally will occur sent it into the crack, where it had remained seven years, for me to discover. The address was quite legible.

"No one had witnessed the find. I returned to my room and to my usual pipe with nothing to disturb a quiet examination of the letter—for such I made it out to be. The letter read as follows: "BREAKWATER INN, Sept. 2, 1888. Madeline, my own sweet Madeline, don't you know that I cannot play but to you, that my violin is only myself vibrating with the marvelous wonder of your presence, that you are mine, meant to be mine from the very beginning of all things?"

"There, it is done, I have dared to get firm to my thoughts; dared even to put them on paper. And now that I have, when I think of you—a last melody come to life—and of myself, I am almost afraid to read them.

"I wonder just what I am to you. Part of the hotel, I suppose, like the waiters, the golf caddies, the ladies who wait from. My violin helps to pass your time, you must spend over your coffee. When you sit to whisper, to plead, to tremble with the message I would have it convey, it is still but a background, an accomplishment provided to enhance the beauty of your voice as you sing and chat on the broad, shaded piazza. Just as the tablecloth is provided for Mr. Marston to drop his cigarette ashes on.

"You must not love him, Madeline. You must not. It would be too great a wrong. It is inconceivable that you should love him. And yet you do; in every look, every word, I see that you do. And I cannot make you hear.

"One night as you were strolling through, after dinner, he asked us to play some dance number or other, I have forgotten which.

"To you really care for that sort of stuff, Ralph? You asked me, conceivably, and the way you drove your hand over your shoulder when you said 'stuff'!

"You were drawing it away from my music stand, away from me. It seemed so wrong, so terribly wrong. Whether I cared for that sort of stuff or not made no more difference than whether the horse you had driven that morning had preferred one road or another. But you were concerned because Marston liked it.

"So we played it, and you refused to listen and dragged him off by the arm; and, as I forced my fingers over the strings, I heard your laughter until you had been passed out of hearing down the path to the breakwater. So we finished the piece alone.

"Do not think I am prejudiced, Madeline. I know Marston; I know the very heart and soul of the man and what his measure is, as men go. We musicians and waiters and clerks somehow get to know people in a way that is remarkable. The world is all beautiful and right and good, but you, as you, and those that are to be shunned and avoided are clearly marked out for you by your kind. I know Marston, and I know him better this summer than I ever have.

"Have you found out, Maggie, from little Maggie, little red-haired Maggie, who waits on the table below yours. But I forgot; you would not know.

"Maggie was crying the other night she was leaning up against the little white gate at the rear entrance and crying. You shall cry these very same tears, Madeline, when you are crying. Every girl does, I suppose, sooner or later, and it is so much harder for some than for others. My dear Madeline!

"It was Marston she had been out with that night. Oh, I know she shouldn't have gone, and all that. I know it was all her fault. Marston was really not in her class, and she should have known. But, Madeline, isn't that just the tragic streak in most of us? Can you blame the poor little thing for believing in that one wild moment when he first deigned to cast his eye on her, that he really meant it; that he was treating her as one of his own class? It is not the same thing that I am doing in allowing myself to dress about you?"

"Then, on the one hand, you have Marston, playing billiards in the smoking room. There must have been something wrong, he thinks, with the little red-haired one that night. It was very amusing. On the other hand, you have poor little Maggie, crying softly against the white gate of disappointment, shocked and wounded pride. How horribly, how brutally wounded!

and started. Amusement, bewilderment, fright crossed your features. And then, very suddenly, you laughed, as you would have laughed at a circus clown. But not long. All at once your expression changed to one of scorn, and you surveyed me from head to foot with flashing eyes.

"Who, you said, 'why—your contemptible coward?'"

"Then you turned to walk off. I was half-choked with pain for you and with the pity of it, but I managed to speak.

"Please—one moment—you do not know—'You turned like a flash.' 'What don't I know?' 'I told you as rapidly as I could, about little red-haired Maggie. You checked your teeth at that, and your breath came more rapidly. Then you deliberately hid.

"Your kitchen gossip is of no interest to me, you said. 'You know it is true, I begged. 'You know.' 'And suppose I do?' 'Then you did walk off. I could hardly believe my ears. You knew. You admitted that you knew.

"Out near the lighthouse I could see where Marston was putting his beautiful soap through her pores, holding her before the stand until the red head flashed high above the water. Then, as you walked toward the breakwater, I looked at your slim shoulders, your frail, graceful body, the proud lift of your head and I could not go.

"As I came up you turned and your anger was the more genuine, for the tears I saw glistening in your eyes.

"Must you insist on insulting me? you cried. 'Are you just an ordinary coward, or is there after all an spark of honor left in you?'"

"Honor! I gasped. 'Honor! What is honor?'"

"You didn't know, you see, Madeline. I turned and went slowly back to the hotel. I played the Bruch for you that night and my violin told you all over again what I had said in the morning.

"Later, Miss Campbell came up with her usual request for a little dance music in the parlor, and you danced with the rest. 'It was like you, you used to say nothing of our talk in your mother or to Marston. I felt, of course, all during the terrible week that followed, that I ought to leave at once. Yet something told me to stay. And now at last I know why.

"Dr. Morris had a little talk with me when I was in the hospital. He was one of the physicians in charge of the Washington place, and he had found the hopeless case exclusively.

"They don't usually tell a man when he is an H. C. and I suppose it isn't as a matter of fact wise to tell me that he has only a year, or six months, or two months to live. My doctor, however, had not mentioned anything if he had known.

"Somehow or other I didn't seem to care as much as I might have. I promised Dr. Morris faithfully to see Borning at once; he himself left the next day. He had been very friendly and he could have told me Mr. Palmer or any one. Otherwise I don't see how they could have let me stay.

"But I did stay, Madeline. I saw you every day, and every day the wonder of you and the misery of it all grew greater.

"The fall, regatta takes place tomorrow morning if the wind is good. As Marston has asked me to go, I will go. I will go with him, as he likes. His coachman, whoever was to have gone, had the toothache. I told him it was ridiculous; that I didn't weigh enough to steady a catfish. But he insisted; said I could hang over the side better than any one he knew. In short, would he let me go? He said yes.

"There will be just we two in that boat tomorrow, Madeline, Marston and myself." "They say a man was drowned off Eagle Rock one time by the boom swinging around and hitting his head. His feet caught in the sheet rope." "I shall merit this to you tomorrow just before we start." "The manager put his head in at the door. 'Still up?' he asked, solemnly. 'What say to a mild intoxicant before retiring?' 'I'm on, if it's not too mild.' I said, flinging papers and pipe on the bed. 'By the way, 'Hop' (Hopkins) was a kind hearted old man and a very good clerk to call him 'Hop,' do they have yacht races here every year?'"

"With will this year, I think, if the Regatta association can put it through. There haven't been any, you know, since '08." "How '08? Why not?" "On paper, 'Hop' (Hopkins) was a fellow who was drowned off Eagle Rock during the race. The boat, somehow, and the boom struck his head. He was a good swimmer at that, only his feet got tangled in the sheet rope. Had the hotel violinist with him—nice, quiet chap he was, too—and played! He played the Bruch concert all through one night, and 'Hop' (Hopkins) brought the tears down to my eyes. I was a clerk that year, same as you are now. He was drowned, too. Kind of foolish for him to have gone away, seeing he couldn't swim a stroke. Anything in that old envelope?" "Only some old bills and receipts, 'Hop.' I said. 'Some old bills and receipts.'"

SIDELIGHTS ALONG WASHINGTON BYWAYS

If Olds James of Kentucky ever missed an opportunity to make a democratic demonstration, he did so on the day of the incident. When it comes to taking advantage of circumstances favorable to his party, getting the word "applause" well distributed in the Congressional Record, James is there with bells on.

These are the days of the "glad hand" around the capitol. Members of the house and senate, during the day, are so busy with their own hopes and dreams realized. They show us the glory in the living up to our highest possibilities. And best of all they not only enable us to see truth, but they inspire us to see it. They do not knock down, to brush aside, and to walk over those obstacles, but they inspire us to progress. It is unfortunate, indeed, that men should ever allow their own spirit to become weaker and less courageous, because of the achievements of other men. The deeds of great men and especially great and noble men should impart everlasting inspiration, and if we are not inspired by the works of these men we are not of harmony with the plan of our Creator.



friend of William Jennings Bryan occurred when Eugene N. Puse, the erstwhile republican, who was elected as a democrat in a republican district in Massachusetts, was taking the oath of office. The democrats had planned to give Puse a great reception. They proposed to make a demonstration which would make the significance of country wide importance.

Identified members of the senate who, for five out of their six years, term cultivate the glory state, who hold themselves aloof from ordinary folks and who are hard to approach, are now quite accessible.

Evidently democrats and republicans either forgot that Puse was to be sworn in or were indifferent about the matter. When James reached the house there was only a handful of members present, and these, of course, could not make the demonstration which the Kentucky had been looking forward to. It was necessary, therefore, to get more members into the chamber. The clerk had scarcely begun reading the journal when James made the point of no return. The reading was suspended, the speaker began to count and messengers went scurrying into corridors and committee rooms ordering members into the house.

The same situation exists over on the house side at the present time. Even the old regulars are guessing which way the cat is going to jump next fall and they are spring no shoots. All the members are anxious to have good reports of them go back home and they set about the circulation of such reports by being good fellows with whatever assistance happens to be in town. The democrats declare themselves absolutely certain of the vote, but they are not so sure that the republicans will place hospitality, while the republicans, already on the defensive, are not missing any bets in the entertaining line.

By the time the speaker finished counting members were streaming through half a dozen doors. "Check, Joe" announced that a quorum was present and James sat down with a satisfied smile as he observed the full attendance. When Puse stepped to the speaker's desk to take the oath of office James started the noise, but the speaker, who had plenty of assistance, and the full members of the Congressional Record will find that application of the party (which democrat before he took the oath of office) and afterward.

... the United States senator does not just himself out until the fifth year of his term. Then his cordiality is once more on tap. The same situation exists over on the house side at the present time. Even the old regulars are guessing which way the cat is going to jump next fall and they are spring no shoots. All the members are anxious to have good reports of them go back home and they set about the circulation of such reports by being good fellows with whatever assistance happens to be in town. The democrats declare themselves absolutely certain of the vote, but they are not so sure that the republicans will place hospitality, while the republicans, already on the defensive, are not missing any bets in the entertaining line.

HOW TO MAKE BULBS BLOSSOM DURING SECOND YEAR

To get the best results from bulbs the following year containing the roots after the flowers are gone should be put to one side to die. This they will do anywhere, either in the garret or cellar, or even out of doors if danger from heavy frost is past. The process of extinction may take a month, during which time the bulbs are not watered.

If the bulbs are to be used in the house the following year they should be given different treatment, for in the late autumn they must be put into pots and placed where they make roots slowly. This means simply leaving them where it is warm, but not light, and keeping them constantly moist, but not overwatered. They will not make any growth until they are brought to the light. The plant should be two or three inches high before exposed to the light, for such top growth in the dark necessarily makes stumpy root development. With the result that the plant will flourish and do its best when sun and light are given.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BAD HALF DOLLAR

A series of comic panels showing a bad half dollar's adventures. The panels include: 'I BET I CAN PASS DOT BAD HALF ON HIM.', 'ANY PEACHES GRAPES OR PEARS BOSS?', 'BOSS YOU LET ME EAT ALL AS I WANT AN I GEEVE YOU FEFTY CENT.', 'ALL RIGHT MISTO-DATS A BARGAIN.', 'BY VIMMINY I LOVE GREEN GRAPES.', 'VO'S MO'S DONE NOW-WHERE'S DAT MONEY?', 'NOW YOU SKEDO!', 'DAY MONEY AINT NO GOOD.', 'I GUESS IM HUNGRY YET I EAT YOU UP I YES?', 'PLEASE MISTO-AHS PIZEN-AH AINT GOOD TO EAT!', 'AHS GLAD AH SAID AH WAS PIZEN.', 'BY VIMMINY-IT TAKES A SMART FELLER TO PASS OFF DOT BAD MONEY!'.