

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Told by the Troubled Tourist

"Another bold highwayman put to flight by that dangerous weapon, the umbrella," remarked the Troubled Tourist. "An umbrella, you know, is a dangerous weapon in the hands of a woman and, of course, it is a woman who put the highwayman to flight. Highwaymen have come to be that much nowadays that the mere sight of an umbrella in the hands of a desperate woman makes them shudder."

"In fact, the highwayman's club, the best, best-up man's social and literary acquaintance, will soon have a debate on the subject. 'Resolved, That the umbrella is mightier than the halberd.' Affirmative—Dave Davis, Denny, the Dynamic Duke, Negative—Thump, the Thug."

"I once heard of a horse man that held up a highwayman with a nickel plated monkey wrench, but the highwayman was probably only fooling, and was glad of an excuse to back out. A rolling pin makes a neat, not gaily, weapon, too, for household use in case of sneak thieves or dishonest burglars, but it doesn't offer near the advantages that a perfectly good umbrella does. It would be a good idea instead of fooling around with fads in fencing lessons, for women to form a few umbrella clubs, now that they have found it so handy in laying out desperate characters. A good stout handle with a few copper wires or a bit of wire in it might also help in combating the rash desperado."

"It will soon be carved thereon in the history of the umbrella industry, too, the day when a woman who vanquished a highwayman whanged him three times over his automobile cap and broke three or four ribs—the umbrella, not the burglar's—so that he staggered away wailing and wailing. Highwaymen are so sensitive that way. Their systems seldom get over a



THE UMBRELLA DRILL.

whack with an umbrella or the jab of a hatpin.

"A well filled umbrella rack is now an indispensable part of the equipment of every woman's club. Highwaymen, to meet this alarming situation, are devising defense plays to make the execution less terrible."

"A few of the rules of the Highwaymen's club regarding umbrella attacks, follow: 'Rule 1—On discovering that a woman has an umbrella, try to remove it.'"

"Rule 2—If she refuses to lend it, offer to raise it."

"Rule 3—If she raises it first, be the first to beat it."

"Observance of these simple rules has lessened the mortality among the leading hold-up lights recently, though the slaughter is still heavy enough to cause them to seriously entertain the idea of a closed and open umbrella season."

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## How Ariadne Made Algonern Happy

The girl looked drearily out over the sea, and from time to time she sighed deeply, and then on a sudden the pale glamour of perplexity that had glazed her expression faded away and a look of stern resolve, of sturdy determination, took its place. She rose up from the little hollow in the sand dune in which she had been reclining and waved her parasol, summoning, toward Algonern—De Bray, who was waiting some-where in the blue waters of the sea, calling her while in commanding tones, and he came running toward her.

"What is it, Ariadne?" he panted as he climbed steeply to the top of the dune, tripping from the sand, and shivering somewhat as the cool breezes pranked playfully about him.

"I have decided not to keep you waiting longer for your answer, Algonern," she said, dreamily gazing away from his ankles. "You may remember that last night you asked me to be your wife. It was on the beach."

"How could I forget?" he murmured softly.

"And I—I asked you to consider," she said, drawing her mackintosh more closely about her. "You may not know it, possibly, but I am an ambitious woman, Algonern. I have been through Gassar college, and have taken post-graduate degrees in law, ethics and philosophy, and my hesitation in giving you your answer was due entirely to the feeling that with your great wealth my disposal all incentive to work, to go

into the world and make a career for myself, would be taken away. I feared that I should become an idle woman—a woman without a great purpose in life—a thing which I despise."

"Yes, dear," he answered, soaking the salt water out of his ear. "Go on."

"But since you came out of your bathing house I have seen that those fears were idle," she resumed, "and that there is a real life work that perhaps only a woman of exceptional firmness of purpose could accomplish in the position to which you have called me. You have offered me my opportunity, and I cannot turn my back upon it."

"My beloved!" shivered Algonern.

"A man who will wear yellow spats with a bathing suit, Algonern De Bray," she hastened on, "will require the most constant, unremitting, arduous, and at times discouraging labor of a lifetime on the part of a devoted wife to knock any kind of decent sartorial sense into his so-called head, and so I have decided to undertake the responsibility of which you had just invited me."

"And then there, wringing wet as he was from the waters of the waves, Algonern De Bray reached out his arms and embraced her so tightly that the dampness of his bathing suit swept over her like a catarrh."

"We shall be so happy!" he whispered hoarsely in her ear.

"I hope so, Algonern," she replied, simply.

"At least we shall have no spats after we are married!"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## Scurvy Trick on Poor Pickpocket

The most low-down trick ever played by one white man on another was played on a poor fellow who admits he was not always so honest as he is now. "It was the diabolical invention of a man from whose pocket I one evening extracted a roll of bills. Along with the money which I did want, I secured a letter which I did not want, but which I could not refuse to read. It was a letter from a woman, and she was my former sweetheart with his financial affairs."

"When I got to my own room I read this letter. I wished a hundred times after that I hadn't. It was an appeal for assistance. The writer was a woman. She was living in a small Indiana town. Apparently she had some claim on the man. She told him of the death of two members of her family, the sickness of another, and of her own ever-worsening condition. She was destitute and she begged him to send her at once as much money as he could possibly spare. I don't mind saying that that letter made a powerful impression on me. I read several times before going to bed, and in my sleep I dreamed about it. I saw that

poor woman's tears, I pictured the dead and dying children, and toward morning I sat up on the edge of the bed and called myself names."

"You beast," said I, "you miserable brute, you!"

"But I won't repeat all the hard names I handed out to myself that morning. They don't sound well when you say them out loud."

"By and by I counted the money again that the man and I had swapped the night before. There was just \$4. Since the money was wrapped in the woman's letter I had no doubt that he had scraped it together to send to her. I could not return the money to the man, for I didn't know where to find him, but my sense of humanity forced me to do the next best thing. The woman's name and address were on the letter, and I resolved to forward it to her. It was hard up, but I knew that the woman's need was greater than mine, and I added the last \$4 I had in the world to the other man's \$4 and sent it to her."

"That ought to have ended the incident, but it didn't. Two years later I met that man again. It doesn't matter where or how, but I met him, and it was what I learned then that killed my faith in human nature. That letter was a fake. The man always carried it for the benefit of gentlemen of my profession. A friend out west wrote it. She wrote a fresh letter every week, and the man carried it wrapped around whatever money he happened to have in his pocket. He figured that the most hard-hearted criminal alive would be melted by an appeal of that kind and would give up the hood. He figured right in my case. It got me, and it got my \$4, which the man hadn't counted on. But I leave it to any unprejudiced witness if that wasn't playing just about as low a hand as it is possible for any man to play."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## The Unseen Playmate

When children are playing alone on the grass, it comes the playmate that never was seen.

When children are happy and lonely and good, The friend of the children comes out of the wood.

Nobody heard him and nobody saw, He is a picture you never could draw.

But he is sure to be present, abroad or at home, When children are happy and playing alone.

He lies in the laurels, he runs on the grass, He sings when you think the musical glass.

When you are happy and cannot tell why, The friend of the children is sure to be nigh.

He loves to be little, he hates to be big, He is the invisible friend that you dig.

He is the playmate you play with your soldiers of clay, That comes with the Frenchman and never goes away.

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## What's On Your Mind?

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