

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Voice on the Car

BY N. P. BARBOCK.
Through every back and boulevard,
In every town you see,
They'll take you for a dollar or so
A large "right-seeing" car.
Sometimes of several makes, you
May make a cautious choice,
But be they black or blue or red,
You can't escape "The Voice."



'Tis pleasant when you strike a town
Like smoky Buffalo,
Or Cleveland's geometric streets,
To know just how to go.
The auto's waiting on "the Square,"
To cushioned seat you dart,
If several others do the same,
In course of time they'll start.

A young man with a megaphone
Will face the helpless "fars"
And say, "We're now on Peary street,
I hope you see the stars."
Or, passing through a park, he'll cry,
"Now this is Lover's Lane."
An old maid on the morning trip,
Said "Please drive through again."

"Upon your left," the young man bawls,
"The Works House grounds begin."
Our driver always hurries past,
For fear they'll ask him in.
The lake view from this hill," he adds,
"Is usually admired."
A blind man asked me why we stopped,
I said, "the auto's tired."

"Upon your right," he next calls out,
"You see this water works."
He pauses then to see if you
Have caught the wit that lurks:
"I don't know what it works at,"
Will presently let fly.
"It needn't work at all, because
This town is never dry."

With golden gems of wit like these,
The youth with megaphone,
In every city of the land
Will claim you for his own.
And if on the streets of Paradise
Right-seeing car appears,
I'll take the sulphurous subway, or
Put cotton in my ears.



Murders Steadily on the Increase

Since Dr. Andrew D. White, former president of Cornell, returned from his post as United States ambassador at Berlin, he has devoted a large part of his time to a study of crime and criminals. In an interview printed in the Chicago Inter Ocean by Karl Kitcher, Dr. White is quoted as saying: "Before the first day of October, 1911, 10,000 persons will be murdered within the borders of the United States, yet fewer than 100 persons will pay the penalty for those crimes. This is not a mere guess, but a statement based on statistics which I have been gathering during the last twenty years. Of their accuracy there can be no doubt. These wholesale murders and the lax administration of our criminal laws are the most disgraceful evils that confront our country today."

In that great document it is stated that all men are endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Yet without life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are, of course, impossible. The United States today has the highest percentage of murders of any country in the world. Even southern Italy, with its Camorrista and Mafia, does not have as many murders in proportion to the population as our country. "The only way for us to put an end to this disgraceful evil is to reform and administer our criminal laws as they are administered in England," he said with earnestness and conviction. "The conduct of most of our murder trials is a disgrace to our manhood, and the abuse of the appeal is even more disgraceful. One has only to familiarize himself with existing conditions in London and New York to appreciate what I say. Rarely are there more than a dozen men charged with murder awaiting trial in London. In New York at the present time, so I am informed, there are between thirty-five and forty men charged with murder awaiting trial. Yet the two cities are about the same size. Here in New York state there are convicted murderers who were sentenced to death more than a year ago still awaiting final action on their appeals. And conditions in New York state are typical of the entire country. I don't hesitate to say that the solution of this problem is the most important work before the country."

Once started on the subject which he is so seriously investigating, Dr. White became intensely in earnest and elaborated his views: "I repeat that this annual wholesale murder is the most disgraceful evil in America today, and conditions are rapidly becoming worse," he continued. "Ten years ago there were only 100 murders to 1,000,000, today there are 120. Ten years ago one in every seventy-four crimes was punished, today only one in eighty-six meets the penalty prescribed by law. "That this condition is due largely to the lax manner in which our criminal laws are enforced there is no doubt. Across an imaginary line in Canada there are only seven murders to the million annually. These British law deals with criminals quickly and effectively. It is a pity we do not do likewise. "As long as this condition holds true our Declaration of Independence is a

Ladislau, king of Bohemia in 1411, made the punishment of the soul by prohibiting their leaving the places where they were born.

Mistrusted Lawyers

When Justice Buffum opened court in a small town in southern Georgia, one morning last week he called loudly: "Jones against Johnson!" A dignified gentleman came to bar and said: "I am Dr. Jones, your honor, the complaining witness. My chickens were stolen and found in the possession of—" "One moment, doctor," the judge interrupted. "We must have the defendant at the bar. Jones against Johnson!" Jones against Johnson! In the defendant's presence is William Johnson in court!" A tall and shaming negro shuffled to the bar, ducked his head, pulled his woolly forelock in token of respect, and grinned a propitiatory grin. "Ah! William Johnson's, please, sub. judge," he said. "Ah! don't you suffer from no 'tender' side? Ah! no! the man was took in chicken!" "Don't talk like that," the court warned William. "You ought to have a lawyer to speak for you. Where's your lawyer?" "Ah! ah! got no lawyer, judge."

Mother's Teaching

She will never be known as a wonderful woman or one who has wear tattered "house" in the world; but she has fulfilled one mission in life which, if viewed rightly, means more to humanity, the world at large and therein than the works of those women who create fictitious characters on paper or chase inanimate graces from nurse-maids. She taught her daughters to respect womanhood. It was a tiny niche, but one where the seeds of love, kindness and sympathy grew into radiant flowers. It was not an easy task. In fact, it was a difficult duty, and only by science and untiring effort did she build the wonderful foundations of those two girl characters. Today they are mentioned as true ladies, young women all can safely trust, those who are sought without fear and welcomed in all homes. Could any mother perform a lovelier work? Can any woman give greater evidence of true womanhood than this one has done? To take the history of any woman who has called been deserted by friends, suffered and sinned, and watch it turn to letters by young women is worse than crimes punishable by law. Sincerely, this good mother, filled with the true instinct of womanhood and motherhood, realize that the erring soul had best be left with Him from whose hands it came. She has taught silence that her daughters might never inherit the barbed-wire thrushes of death dealing scandal.

How Thrones Are Filled

In the year 1715 a girl called Marie d'Arbuthnot was hired as a servant in an inn at Pierrefitte, France. She was the daughter of peasants named Dominique Habas and Marie d'Arbuthnot. A Barons from the village of Rosilly, whose name was Jean de Saint-Jean, strayed in this inn, saw the pretty maid, fell in love with her and on May 30, 1715, wedded her in the church at Avesnes. They had several daughters, the eldest of whom, on February 3, 1734, was married at Rosilly to Henri Bernadotte, physician, son of Jean Bernadotte, master tailor. Their son was Napoleon's Marshal Bernadotte, who became King of Sweden and whose grand-grandchildren and great-granddaughters are respectively King Gustave V of Sweden, King Haakon VII of Norway and the queen of Denmark—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Look Out for the Jinx

Copyright, 1911, by National News Association.

Panel 1: "GOOD MORNING—JOY OF MY HEART—SHALL WE TAKE A BIT OF A HIKE OVER YON GREENWARD TOGETHER?"

Panel 2: "WHY TO BE CERTAINLY—BILL!"

Panel 3: "AN GLADYS DEAR—WOULD THAT WE COULD JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE LIKE THIS FOREVER, AND ANON."

Panel 4: "IT WOULD BE DANDY—BILL OLD SCOUT."

Panel 5: "THEN YOU WILL BE MINE—GLADYS MY OWN."

Panel 6: "WHY SURE—BILL! IF YOU'LL GATHER ME A NICE BUNCH OF WILD FLOWERS."

Panel 7: "I'LL JUST GET A BUNCH OF THESE GREEN LEAVES TO PUT AROUND THE EDGE OF THE BOUQUET."

Panel 8: "YOU'RE SO GRAND AND THOUGHTFUL BILL DEAR."

Panel 9: "POISON IVY."

Panel 10: "WAS THAT THE BUSH RIGHT THERE YOU SQUARE HEAD."

Panel 11: "HERE LITTLE HAPPINESS ARE THE BLOSSOMS OF MY LOVE."

Panel 12: "AND HERE IS A WREATH FOR MY HERO'S MANKY BROW."

Panel 13: "I JUST CALLED TO SEE IF YOU GOT POISONED TOO?"

Panel 14: "YOU HORRID THING—LEAVE THIS HOUSE OR I'LL SICK YOU ON YOU."

Panel 15: "LOVE IS LIKE CUCUMBERS AND MILK—IT MAKES YOU SICK."

Panel 16: "THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE!"

Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to One Kind of an Old Maid



You know what you have missed. Some women have not found enough to do that. They have not found the right man, but they go around prating of the "independence" and the "freedom from responsibility." The right to think as they please and the "joy of self-sufficiency" with a violent assertiveness that deceives no one but themselves. Or does it deceive them? Some people have an idea that they would appear weak if they acknowledged their regrets. Maybe that is why they glory in single blessedness. But you! You will be as angry as a whole horde's nest when I say that you positively embarrass other women by the avidity with which you fling yourself into the companionship of men. It would be all right if the men you meet were unattached. But your age associates you with men and women who are married and settled—as you should be. As you would be if you had your way. But you are not. Probably you are a victim of this absurd "careering" idea that is making women miserable everywhere. It bites into a girl's mind when she is in high school. It drives her for the seven or eight years after she is out. She looks down upon merely "getting married." She glories in the reputation of being a "serious young woman with a purpose." That purpose is always an invention to "be something. And the years slide by and the men are snatched up by the girls who are normal and natural—or lazy! Then a time comes when the illusions about "careering" are gone, when you see that it's just a lot of terribly hard work with results that are almost wholly selfish and really resolve themselves into a scramble for a livelihood in most instances. And your nature, your woman's nature, cries out. Your unfunctioning body protests. Your lonely heart weeps. You know with a bitter no-learnance, that nature has her laws and that wise women follow them. And you become—if you are not very level-headed—a silly old maid. You try to feed your love-craving on the dribbling crumbs and drops from the love feasts of your friends. You playfully call yourself "the affinity" of the nice elderly husband of a woman who tolerates your foolishness. You jest about being the "soul-mate" of another married man who takes the opportunity to pat you on the shoulder and kiss you in a fatherly way. And crumbs and dribs are not food. Your heart is unsatisfied. And, now listen to this, your woman friends make fun of you behind your back and accuse you of being "unhappy to marry." Sensible, kindly women feel the tragedy of your love-lesion life. But they, too, are against you. They hate to see you making a laughing stock of yourself. You are the checker of men of culture and the speediest pursuer of suits and fads. It's the effort to fill your

Adventures of Piute Pete

"Yes, I used to be a preacher in a country village," said Piute Pete, as he removed his hat and took the boss' chair. "But I was in the wrong stall, as you might say. Eating time came around with the same regularity as it does now. I suppose, but, somehow, I don't notice it so much as I used to. I remembered when I turned in my resignation I preached a little sermon something like this: "Brethren, I said, I'm enclosing my resignation with this sermon. I might say that I am clothing my sermon with the resignation. It is the first clothing I have had a chance to possess other than that I brought to the field with me. The field, as I go to press, is about the barrenest patch of acreage I ever tried to harvest. It is about as productive of crops as a skating rink. You have scratched the word "salary" from your vocabularies, and no one will pass the hat for fear some brother will steal it. "I am preaching to you on the Golden Rule text, and on an empty stomach. I have labored here six months and my daily fare has consisted of bacon and ketchup for breakfast, cabbage and right-shoulder for lunch and prayers and apple sauce for the evening meal. "In a few moments I shall leave here and walk down the railroad track and secure a position from the section foreman and when you ring in another vic. Jim to get out the straight and narrow way I will come up here and drop a dollar in his hat with a low, mellow plow, and then I will stop long enough to say: "Judge." Then I will leave through the back door. "Those are about the words I used. I understand the church has burned down since then, however. I don't know whether the lightning struck it or whether the match I dropped onto a pile of shavings and kerosene in the basement caused the conflagration."

Scotch Modesty

Miss Lenora O'Reilly, in a suffrage address in New York, said: "The more intelligent a man is, the more respect he has, I find, for the intelligence of women. Intelligent men hesitate to say that women are their mental inferiors. But stupid men—fear me!" Miss O'Reilly smiled. "The object of this man reminds me of Sandy McPherson. Sandy in a Peoples public house told an Englishman that all the great poets were Scotch. "But how about Shakespeare?" cried the Englishman. "Can you say he was Scotch?" "His talents," was the reply, "would justify that supposition."—Washington Post.

What Would You Do?

Returning from two months spent on a Montana ranch, a local hunter tells a story of hunting in the Montana hills with an Englishman. "All of us went out hunting one day and the Englishman shot at everything that moved. If the wind carried a cloud of dust upward, you could depend on his looking to shoot at it. So it happened that he narrowly missed shooting a young woman, who, with her husband, was returning on the ranch. When our party returned, the husband, boiling angry, reproached the Englishman and said: "Look here, you started shooting at me, you missed shooting my wife by an inch. "Aw, missed her," said the Englishman, either astonished or perplexed. "By an inch, by jove! Well, old man, I'm sorry, very sorry."

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



September 23, 1911.

RENEE PAWL, 119 South Central Boulevard.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Eric Anderson, 842 South Twenty-eighth St.	Mason	1897
Andrew Alachia, 1229 Pacific St.	Mason	1901
Olga C. Anderson, 2608 Templeton St.	Saratoga	1903
Hazel F. Bryant, 2303 Grace St.	Long	1904
William Barnes, 233 1/2 South Twentieth St.	Castellar	1902
Alma Boyce, 1113 North Sixteenth St.	Kellom	1901
Alice Brulholz, 1240 South Thirteenth St.	Comenius	1896
Emily R. Barker, 4409 Jackson St.	Columbian	1900
Phyllis P. Buch, 3410 Pine St.	Beals	1904
Maria Carvete, 2427 Davenport St.	Webster	1903
Albert D. Claggett, 4850 Hickory St.	Beals	1887
Helen A. Chase, 210 South Twenty-third St.	Columbian	1900
Nellie Enright, 1422 1/2 South Sixteenth St.	Comenius	1904
Madeline Grack, 3015 Cumby St.	Webster	1900
Joseph Howard, Thirty-seventh and Fort Sts.	Central Park	1898
Hugo Howland, 2329 South Eleventh St.	Bancroft	1903
Raymond Johnson, 4214 Erskine St.	Clifton Hill	1901
Henry Jensen, 1204 South Third St.	Pacific	1900
Viola Lake, 1823 Dodge St.	Cass	1899
Donald Nelson Meyer, 4743 North Fortieth St.	Central Park	1903
Iona Nichols, 718 Hickory St.	Lincoln	1900
Alice Padgett, 2906 Harney St.	Farnam	1900
Margaret E. Powell, 3324 Meredith Ave.	Monmouth Park	1894
Renee Pawl, 119 South Central Boulevard	Farnam	1903
Adolph A. Rieser, 131 Woolworth Ave.	German Lutheran	1894
Fanny Riecke, 1405 North Eighteenth St.	Kellom	1894
Anne Rynarzewski, 2518 South Thirty-first St.	Im. Conception	1894
Clarence Rogers, 1514 Center St.	Comenius	1900
William R. Ryan, 4713 Marcy St.	Beals	1899
Amy Stevenson, 4230 Erskine St.	Clifton Hill	1905
Monta Stone, 2827 Cass St.	Webster	1901
Robert Smith, 3112 Webster St.	Webster	1898
Nellie V. Schwab, 1113 Arbor St.	Bancroft	1895
Beatrice Smith, 1818 Chicago St.	Cass	1901
Arno Truelson, 3551 Howard St.	High	1895
Raymond Pullis, 2304 Harney St.	Central	1902
Clark J. I. Tigh, 2275 South Twenty-eighth St.	DuPont	1900
Bert Travis, 195 South Twenty-eighth St.	Central	1894
Vern Armond Woodward, 8244 N. Thirty-sixth St.	Central Park	1901
Alfred Withrow, 3313 Dewey Ave.	Farnam	1905
Elizabeth Wagman, 1797 South Center St.	St. Joseph	1898
Constance Walters, 3209 Larimore Ave.	Saratoga	1904

The Men of Kansas

Recent Tarring and Feathering of a Girl Shows Much Room for Reform. BY FRANCES L. GARDNER.

In Lincoln, Kan., one evening last week a young man asked a pretty 15-year-old girl to go for a ride, and when they had reached a dark spot in the woods, he jumped out of the buggy, gave a whistle to a crowd of men concealed in the bushes, who sprang out, dragged the girl out of the buggy, stripped her of her clothes, and applied a coat of tar and feathers. Then they put her in the buggy and her secret drove her home. Their claim is a reason for their deed that the girl had been saying uncomplimentary things about other girls in Lincoln. Nothing else! She had committed no greater crime than talking too much, and if every one who talks too much were treated similarly the streets of every city and country would be filled with animated feather beds. These good men who sought to reform a woman whose sin is never as great as theirs, are seeking shelter behind other women; they assert that the woman slandered revealed upon them to invest in the tar and feather bed; that they could not have conceived such a diabolical plot if the woman hadn't thought of it first. A defense that no one will credit who knows human nature. When a woman finds another woman is slandering her, she appeals to no man for protection; she takes care of herself and defends herself, and in her attack on her defamer uses no weapons so crude as tar and feathers. She knows that if she told a man that some pretty 15-year-old girl (the description given the victim in his story) was vilifying her, the man would assume an interest in the pretty girl he did not feel, and add fuel to the flames by telling the first woman she is jealous of the other's looks. Under no circumstances would he feel called upon to put on his war feathers and sail out on a sea of tar, prepared to avenge her. He would dismiss the complaint from his matter brain with the statement that it is "woman's row," and "why can't you women get along?" The men don't set that way. The attack of one woman on other women would never disturb him to the extent of getting him into action. He has weightier matters on his mind. In a state that demands a nine-foot note, bed sheet, an individual case of glass for every prairie, a barber's shop to cut the whiskers off the cats, a railroad train without a drinking cup, and abolishment of the roller towel, reform is going into the by-ways for work when there is an appalling mass of debris to be cleaned out of the main field. A germ coated prairie is less fatal to the progress of a state than a germ coated man, and there are men and morals more infectious than a cat's whiskers. The men of Kansas give women the privilege of voting on all municipal questions, a privilege they do not always embrace because of what they consider a "lack of vital issues," and the intricacies of an Irish croquet pattern are regarded as of more consequence than a problem as the reform of the state needs most. It needs a reformation of the kind of men who apply tar and feathers to any woman, no matter what her crime.

Nobility

Representative Henry of Texas was condemning at a banquet in Waco, those American hostesses who marry noblemen for their titles. "There is no romance," he said, "there is an illusion, no glamour about such matches. "An American courtesan, at a dinner party in Grosvenor square, had opposite her a dowager duchess. This wicked and cruel old dowager put her eyes against up to her eye and said: "You American girls have such poor complexions, haven't you? You look so pasty beside our rose-leaved English maids. What do our noblemen find so attractive in your yellow faces?" "The American courtesan, blinded by no illusion, laughed coldly. "You are a duchess," she said "it's not your yellow face that attracts your noblemen; it's our greenbacks."

Repartee

Said an English clergyman: "Patriotism is the backbone of the British Empire, and what we have to do is to train that backbone and bring it to the front."—Christian Register.

Brown: "That is one of the worst-labeled kids I ever saw. Do you know his parents?" Jones: "His father is one of those scientific management experts—Puck."

Waiter (to night nurse watching patient)—Have some coffee, ma'am? Night Nurse—No, I greatly fear that that would keep me awake.—Lo Ritz.

Mrs. S.—Oh, what a beautiful face! Who is it? Waiter—That, madam, is your daughter. Mrs. S.—What a perfect likeness! I think I'll have you paint me too.—Harpers' Weekly.

She—But how did you make the acquaintance of your second husband? Beattie—It was quite romantic. I was out walking with my first when my second landed on him with an aeroplane. —Allwaukee News.

"Well," said mamma, severely, as she noted his dispirited condition, "you've been fighting again." "Yes, mamma."

"And didn't you promise me that when you wanted but anyone you would always want still and sound?" "So I did, mamma. And this is what Jacky Jones did while I was counting."—London Chronicle.