



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Knows a Number of Scary Hubbies

By Tad



Art and Impudence

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

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I am told by a famous impresario, who gained some valuable experience by marrying a great actress, that when it is a purely feminine attribute

This, though, is surely a mistake, for there have lived male men who had such an exaggerated sense of their own worth that they lost sight entirely of the rights and feelings of everybody else.

All through life they kept the stage waiting without punctilio. These men thought dogs were made to kick, servants to rail at, the public to be first crawled to

and then damned, and all rivals to be pook-pooked, cursed or feared, as the mood might surfeit.

Further than this, they considered all landlords robbers, every railroad manager a rogue, and business men they looked upon as greedy, grasping Shylocks. They always used the word "commercial" as an epithet.

Devotees of the histrionic art can not lay just claim to having more than their share of whim. All the professions are flawed with it.

In speaking to Mr. James McNeil Whistler of a certain versatile musician, a lady once said, "I believe he also acts!" "Madam, he does nothing else," replied Mr. Whistler.

It is not absurd to think that because a man has the faculty of doing a thing well that on this account he must assume airs and declare himself exempt along the line of manners and morals.

The expression "artistic temperament" is often an apologetic term, like "literary sensitiveness," which means that the man has stuck to one task so long and thought in one line so much that he has evolved into just a plain Ardenelaware Daffy Dill.

The artist is the voluptuary of labor,

and his fantastic tricks seem to be only nature's way of equalling matters and showing the world that he is very common clay after all. To be modest and gentle and useful is just as much to society as to be learned and talented, and yet a cad.

Still, cases of great talent and becoming modesty are sometimes found. Mozart, for instance, had humor. He had a sense of proportion and realized that there is a time to laugh.

And a good time to laugh is when you see a mighty bundle of pretense and affection coming down the street. Dignity is the mask behind which we hide our ignorance, and our forced dignity is what makes the Imps of comedy, who set aloft in the sky, hold their sides in merriment when they behold us demanding obeisance because we have fallen heir to tuppence worth of talent.

Mozart knew a big thing from a little one. When 9 years of age he once played at a private musicale where the empress of Austria was present. The lad even then was a consummate performer. He had just played a piece that contained such a tender, mournful, minor strain that several of the ladies were in tears. The boy, seeing this, reluctantly dashed off into a "barnyard symphony," where hens cackle, donkeys brayed, pigs squeaked and cows moaned, all ending with a terrible cat fight on a wooded roof. This done, the boy ran across the room, climbed into the lap of the empress and, throwing his arms around the neck of the good lady, chided her a resounding smack first on one cheek, then on the other. It was all "very much" like that performance of Liszt, who one day when he was playing the piano, suddenly shouted, "Pitch everything out of the windows!" and then proceeded to do it—musically of course.

The habit of merriment continued with Mozart, as it did with Liszt, all his life. As a companion, I think I would choose Mozart—generous, unaffected, kind—rather than any other musician who ever danced, played, sang or composed, this just because he could laugh—even at himself. He always remembered the Eleventh Commandment. And for fear some reader of this paper may not be familiar with the Eleventh Commandment, I'll just say it is: Do not take yourself too damn serious. And the recipe for reforming the world is this: Reform yourself.

Daffydils

HALF THE WORLD ARE SQUIRRELS AND THE OTHER HALF ARE NUTS

DO YOU GET HIM?

DEAR SIR: THE ENCLOSED ASSAULT UPON THE AMERICAN PEOPLE WAS COMMITTED BY "BORIS PERCIVAL" MANOR OF DEATH VALLEY ARIZONA SINCE THEN THE RECALL HAS AGAIN COME TO THE RESCUE OF FREE AND DEMOCRATIC INSTITUTIONS AND THE FAIR NAME OF OUR REPUBLIC IS FOREVER PURGED OF THIS UNSCRUPULOUS ASSASSIN OR WORD TO THAT EFFECT HIS GRAVE WHILE IN A SECLUDED SPOT IS A CONSTANT WARNING TO THE DELPOT AND A STAR OF HOPE TO THE GRUNELLING SLAVE

BABY EILEEN WILL NOW SING "THEY ALWAYS ALWAYS PICK ON ME"

AT MIDNIGHT IN HIS GUARDED TENT THE TURK WAS DREAMING OF THE HOUR WHEN HE SHOULD UNFOLD THE MAP OF THE MIDDLE EAST SUDDETHU THROUGH THE FLAP OF THE DOOR THERE APPEARED A HUMAN FORM ON ITS HEAD AND BENEATH ITS HAIR IT BORE THE MAP OF A CORNELL MAN WHILE IT WHIST AND COULD NOT UNWIRE ITS EYES IT SIGNALLED RATHER THAN SPOKE IF A CABLE IS EXPENSIVE IS A WIRELESS?

LITTLE ALICE AROSE IN THE BOTANY CLASS TO CHIRP ON THE DAISIES AND PINKS. SHE BLUSHED LOOKED AT HER TEACHER THEN SLANTED AT THE CLASS AND IN A VERY THIN VOICE PIPED THE POETS SAY THE FLOWERS HAVE A LANGUAGE OF THEIR OWN— THEN WHY IS CHRYSANTHE MUM?

HARK!! TIS THE BAGPIPES OF SCOTLAND

TAKE EM OFF WE JUST GOT CHA -

NO MAN A CUB REPORTER NOW AN IT'S A FIVE GET DOWN AT 6 A. M. LOOK OVER THE PAPERS AND CLIP WHAT OUR PAPER DIDNT HAVE

WHEN I GO UP AND SEE POLICE HEADQUARTERS RUN AROUND TO GET THE MAYOR'S OFFICE GET A FEW BROADWAY NOTES AND COME BACK AND WRITE EM

WHEN I TAKE STORIES FROM OTHER MEN AND DO THE REWRITE JOB - AT 3 EVERY MORNING I'M ALL DONE

YEP NOTHIN' TO DO TILL TOMORROW

YEP YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

OUR ANTEDILUVIAN ANCESTORS!

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Nubs of Knowledge

Thirty thousand Christian slaves in 1530 began the construction of a mole in the harbor of Algiers. They completed it in three years.

Frenchmen of position in 1770 amused themselves by postering, card painting and playing with dancing paper figures.

Hatshepsu, Egyptian queen, in 1586 B. C. assumed male attire and the style and title of king.

The severity of the winter of 1659 drove the wolves into Vienna, where men were attacked and cattle devoured by them.

Forty-eight words in the English language have two distinct pronunciations. "Bow," "tear" and "invalid" are the best examples.

Heavy frosts appeared at Pittsfield, Mass., July 16, 1849, although the thermometer on the previous day registered 93 degrees.

Near the Abbey Beaupres, France, in May, 169, a bull was hanged for homicide after a formal trial and conviction.

The World as You Make It

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Mr. Roger Finnan was arrested for vagrancy in Chicago the other day. He told the judge that he had been a tramp for thirty years.

"No," said Mr. Finnan when the judge questioned him. "No I don't like to tramp I'd like to settle down somewhere, but I can't find a place on earth to suit me. It's too dry some places and too wet others. Some towns are too lively for a fellow like me and some are too dull. Some places cost too much and some are too cheap. I do wish I could find a place I like."

Poor, discouraged Mr. Finnan of Chicago. What a mess he is in, to be sure. He carries his world around with him, and wherever he goes there it is on his back—his miserable, disgruntled, restless, unhappy world; and he thinks he has found it along the railroad ties. "Dear me," said a woman I know the other day, "I've promised my little girl to visit her school this week, and it does bore me so frightfully. I'm a perfect martyr to my children, anyway."

"Oh," said another woman I know, "I can hardly wait for Friday to come. I'm going up to school to hear Betsy speak a piece."

"And the little Johnson boy is going to sing or something, and they are so excited about it they can hardly live. I'm always so glad of an excuse to go

there and see all those lively little tykes. It makes me good humored for weeks. Only when they bring I always have to cry somehow, no matter what they sing about—kitten or a tree or 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee.' There's something, so strange in their voices, so hopeful, so courageous, so innocent, I just sit there and cry away and have a beautiful time." All in the point of view, you see.

Now, the other woman finds that everything bores her but bridge and the theater and supper parties.

Poor, lonely half-alive thing, she doesn't really live in the world at all—the real world.

She lives in a queer, little, painted, stuffed, cushioned box, made of her funny little likes and dislikes, and odd little prejudices, and absurd little ambitions, and fears, and hopes; all about clothes, and invitations, and theater parties, and who's who, and what's what, and when in when, and she can't even peep through a crack and see the great, splendid, joyous, natural world swinging along out there in the sunshine, singing at the top of its voice.

She's bored all the time; bored to death. Why shouldn't she be? What is there to keep her from being bored? Not one bit of simple, honest sentiment; not one little, natural childlike impulse.

I declare when I get so I don't wait to pull the blue grass out of its sheath and bite the end of it to see if it's as sweet as it used to be; when I get so I can't see a tree full of red apples without wanting to steal a few and eat them right then and there; when I get so I can see a puppy chase his own tail and not laugh; I want someone to steal up behind me and chloroform me there and there.

No place to suit you, poor Mr. Finnan, of Chicago. I wonder if you ever suited any place yourself?

Getting His Rights

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

If report be true, the plain middle-class citizen is coming into his rights. The aristocrats are to have their monograms embroidered on their shirt fronts.

At first sight the connection between an aristocrat's shirt front and the plain middle-class citizen's rights may not be apparent, but it is there.

For generations and generations the plain middle-class citizen has paid his way to horse and automobile shows; he has bought tickets to exhibitions of long-haired cats and short-tailed dogs, in which the wealthy have been interested. He has been a first-nighter at grand opera and has paid the price without flinching, and what did he get for his money?

"Did you see the Astors?" he is asked when he gets home. "Were the Vanderbilts there? What did the women wear?" To which he replies in disappointed tones that he saw a lot of languid women and bored men, dressed to be stared at, but they wore no labels and he couldn't tell who was who. In his limited knowledge, he was unable to tell an aristocrat from a commoner, since the commoners are also guilty of wearing acres of diamonds, and some of them are presumptuous enough to be better looking than the Four Hundred.

It would have made the prancing of the horses or the yelping and meowing of the short tailed dogs and the long haired cats a more vital entertainment, so much more of an event, if he could have said when he reached home, "I was so near Mrs. Astor as I am to you, and she wore so-and-so," or "I think the Coleman Draytons looked unusually well this evening," and he might have added in a tone denoting long and intimate acquaintance that Mrs. Vanderbilt had on too much powder.

He will walk from box to box when the aristocrats are licensed and numbered like so many gasoline cars, or prize exhibits at an animal fair, and peace and satisfaction will fill his soul.

He will at last see for himself the personages who have been giving excess weight to the Sunday papers, will no longer be the blind groping in the dark trying to decide who is who. He will know, and the glory of being so near the presence will radiate on him.

With monograms in their shirt fronts for the men, and labels where the front of a woman's waist should be, there will be a means more tangible for picking out the illustrious aristocracy than a languid air of boredom or an unpaid milliner's bill.

Tripoli

By CHESTER FIRKINS.

Grim bordered by the Bleak Saharan sands And Libyan wastes and the unharbored sea.

Unblessed by fortune or fertility— What Demon laid on thee his fiery hands— When Earth was young—and amongst the prospering lands Crowned thee with thorn of endless misery!

Swept by the dust-winds from the southward plain— Burned by the white beams of a tropic sun— That can forbid thy very streams to run— And kills thy people as it kills the grain— Who earned for thee this heritage of pain— This doom revisitant yet never done?

Britty the brave Crusader was thy lord, Till crept o'er thy walls the Turk's white crescent sword. Then, through the travail of a hundred years, Thy shame was heralded the wide world o'er— When the frail cities of thy northern shore Were prey and shelter to the buccannars; When France and England armed their galleys against thy spears, And even far America made war.

Again—today—the shock the battle's flame! Again the Death that rides the beaten gale! Again the hunger and the mother's wail— Poor barren country, never known to fame! Sad, stricken people, with no people's name! Thy age-old Fate returns to turn thee pale.

"Why do they call these dentists' offices dental parlors?" asked Smith of his friend. "Why, parlor is the old-fashioned name for drawing room."—Presbyterian Standard.

The Great Mystery Case

By THOMAS TAPPER.

In the course of this article there is something about a potato down cellar.

Let us assume that you are a great detective. You are called upon to solve a mysterious case. What would you do first?

Get all the facts in the case. And then?

Determine from these facts the conditions and circumstances they point to or suggest.

Stated in other words, you have before you:

1. The mystery.

2. The facts in the case, as they appear at the present moment.

You must discover what led up to these facts. They are of the past.

Now, a boy born to citizenship in the United States (or anywhere else) must be just this kind of detective. He has a great mystery case on his hands. And he must solve it.

It is called the Meaning of the Present or How to Make Good in the World.

This is really a great case. If you are the great detective you ought to be, to solve it, your Sherlock Holmes method will be something like this:

During the early years of life you will be getting acquainted with the place of the mystery, getting your bearings—so to speak. Having become old enough to think for yourself, you will begin to examine your surroundings carefully.

work is, and also, constantly studying the past to know how we came by the thoughts we think; thoughts which we have received, and which we apply to the present, and from them govern ourselves about the future.

So it is a great case. Now, this group of facts which lead up to the present, and which also make the present, are recorded in books. As you become educated you may form the habit of reading books. If you do, you may be thankful, for you will possess a habit that can be made valuable.

This habit becomes valuable when you use it as one of the aids in your business of solving the meaning of the present. Used otherwise, it may be a pleasant habit, but not a thoroughly useful one.

Therefore, do not underestimate your power to read. It is the key that will unlock the past for you, and it is the past alone that unlocks the present and sets you in, as the expression says, "on the ground floor."

Books that do this for you are many in number, but they are grouped under few heads, like history, biography, education, science and the like. It is never necessary to read them all—and, besides, it is impossible. A few books, wisely selected, will let you in to the meaning of the past. In one of these articles we will present such a list as a suggestion for those who are determined to solve this mystery case.

But before the American boy touches a single book, it should be clear to him that the act of making good in the case is worth his highest effort.

It should also be clear to him that:

1. The world about him is a great world and it demands his study.

2. The world of today is the daughter of yesterday, and he must study both with great care.

If you do not care to take this point of view of this trouble (and there is a lot of it), you can go down cellar and shut out the light, and tell the past and the present that you do not care to bother with them.

In your study of the world of today, you will be surprised to find how many people do live down cellar, where, like a potato in the spring, they throw out a sickly sprout or two, and then are carried out and buried.