



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

It's a Wise Client That Knows Its Own Lawyer

By Tad

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A Mother's Dilemma

By WINIFRED BLACK.

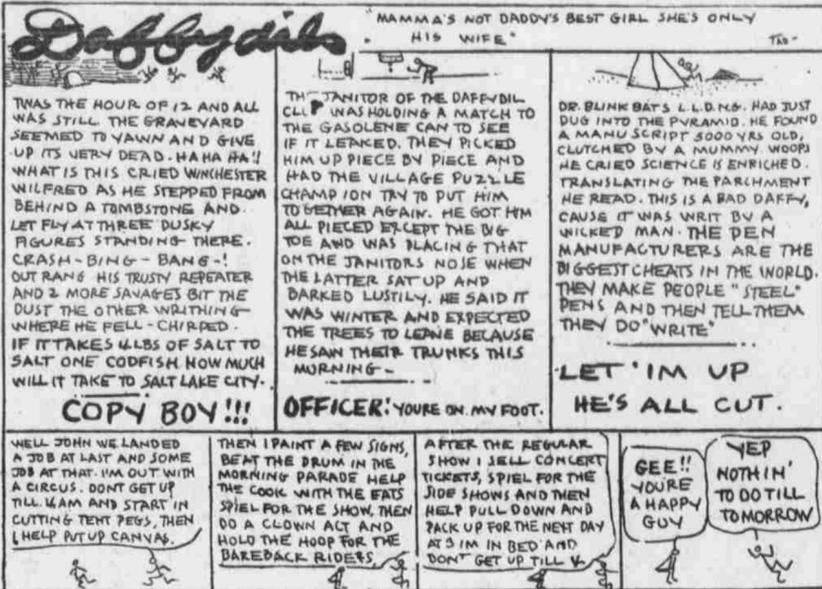
A friend of mine has a son—a handsome son, a clever son, an ambitious son, a good son. My friend is poor, and my friend's sister is rich. All these years my friend has worked and pinched and saved to get her boy through school with decent clothes and not too many economies before the rest of "the fellows."

doesn't care a straw for college in any way at all. "I don't like him to accept so much now," says my friend. "I hate to start my boy in life in debt to some one who has never paid the least attention to him before. My sister is lonely, she wants some one to love her, and I don't believe that my son can do that exactly if she does send him to college, and yet what shall I say?"

Now that he's graduated he wants to enter an architect's office. The architect wants the boy and the boy thinks he'll like the profession, and it won't be long, if all goes as it should go, before the boy is earning a dollar or two, and soon he'll be helping the mother who has helped him so long. Good news— isn't it?

I'd rather have my boy proud, independent—stubborn, if you will—than too grateful, too easy going, too used to accepting favors from any one. Least of all from a relative. "I'd rather owe a thousand dollars to the worst dun on earth than to owe \$50 to a relative. The dun will dun you and call it square; the relative will remember that money if you pay it back a thousand times—and she'll want every dollar of it paid back in heart's blood, drop by drop, if she's anything like most relatives who do that kind of thing for their kin."

Order the Ambulance :: :: By Tad



Radium Versus Coal

By GARRETT P. SERVINS.

Sir William Ramsay has stirred up a hornet's nest in England by renewing the warning, which already has often been uttered, that the coal supply, at the present increasing rate of consumption, will be exhausted in a relatively short time, and there is some source of power to take its place, goodby to the prosperity of Great Britain!

But what matters the precise time if there is a sure limit? Whether it comes sooner or later, the exhaustion of the coal supply will spell ruin—unless in the meantime a substitute can be found. Sir William Ramsay himself suggests the bare possibility that the needed substitute may be found in a radium.

Autumn in Town

By CHESTER FIRKINS.

A bit of a bite to the evening air; A livelier rush on the subway stair; A touch of shame for the clothes you wear. And the shivers that show their plight, Your tailor's sent you his bulletin—

The serge out and the woollens in— You haven't the price, and yet you grin— There's joy in the autumn night. When the early dusk of the cloudy day Falls swift and soft and gentle and gray On the busy end of old Broadway.

In the speed of their business flight, And yet, in the photograph ear, The chatter of shopgirls passing men, And echoes of the merriment ring with cheer. In the clasp of an autumn night, The glowing heights of the building call From skylights to a glowing wall, As the dark of the windows, one and all, Breaks quiet into cheerless light.

Clock Children

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

Crowd closer together, all you who occupy positions on the platform of Fame, and make room for a man who has proved he is superior to his sex; who is so great in his achievements he is almost a woman! Make way there, for Frederick Elliston Brandt of St. Paul, Minnesota!

There was held in St. Paul recently a state fair, to which farmers brought hogs so fat they had lost all facial expression, prize calves, big pumpkins, horses with slender ankles and heavy tails and corn that grew high. The women were there with insane quilts, jelly of three colors in one glass, cakes of so many layers they looked like a band, stand, quince preserves, dollies on which were embroidered marvellous strawberries and panicles, green grape pickles, hair wreaths under glass frames and squash pies.

And the women embroiderers of St. Paul, who had sat back so cheery and complacent, threw one big fit that made the walls of the bazaar look like a demonstration of tooth soap. Frederick Elliston Brandt did it all himself, and he used ninety-three skeins of embroidery floss, and it didn't take him long; it was pick-up work, you know, and he worked at it in odd moments; and, yes, it was the first work he had ever done, and, no, he is not married and has no wife to come forward with her photograph taken in a low-necked dress and the claim that by her kindly encouragement she made him great. He climbed to the platform of Fame supported and sustained alone by his embroidery needle. No woman's hand gave him a boost.

Sherlocko the Monk :: :: By Max Mager

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THE CASE OF THE \$10,000 CHEQUE.



New York Nature Notes

By SAM SMALL, JR.

The modest violets are showing their tender blue and fairy-like faces along the lanes and byways. They can be seen nesting against a background of silk or satin, or topping the skirt and belt line. How charmingly they match with a pair of flashing blue eyes or contrast with the roses that these plucking days bring to the cheeks of the violet hunters.

Chestnuts are again in season, and all signs point to a plentiful and varied crop. We should say that the chances on chestnuts gathered now are about even, with the odds glowing as the season progresses. Chestnutters are out in force during the days and evenings, and the pungent smoke from their smouldering fires is caught ever and anon as a welcome whiff in the pervading odor of the product from Neighbor Rockefeller's refineries.

Constable Waldo and his hired men, as usual, are making things lively and interesting for the chestnutters. When one of the hired men appears the chestnutters scatter, and their lanterns flit and dance over the roads like will o' the wisp. Still the exercise adds zest to the sport. We haven't heard from the goosebone or our other neighborhood prognosticators, but there are some signs that we have noticed which point the way of the coming weather.

Lysander John

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

Lysander John Appleton, Kin Commissioner-General disposes of many troublesome kin questions for others, but his authority is not recognized in his own family.

He decides for an anxious public if a first cousin has any rights through the ties of kinship, and limits those rights to the minimum, but when his wife's cousins, seven degrees removed, appear with sine trunks, he meekly gives up his bedroom and den (i. e., the room where he is supposed to do all his growing) and climbs the stairs to the attic, taking with him his many volumes on kin questions, all works of his active brain, and which are regarded as masterpieces by his kin-ridden constituency.

He has seven volumes for the control of wives and can't control his own according to the rules laid down in one of them. Whatever influence the kin commissioner-general has over his wife is gained through a circuitous route.

The following instance is related for the benefit of husbands whose stomachs faint at the sight of the potatoes brought on the table meal after meal, either in half-mashed lumps, or without having felt the potato masher. It is the only occasion when Lysander John gets ahead of his wife. When he leaves from the sounds coming from the kitchen that she has taken the potatoes from the fire he scatters

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."