

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Well, Steve Brodie Took a Chance

By Tad



No Reason in This Day for Stinted Vocabulary

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

It is related in the West that a ranchman once returned to his home from a day in town, and seeing no signs of life around the place, hurriedly dismounted and rushed to the house. Opening the kitchen door, he was horrified by the sight of his wife and children lying dead on the floor. They had been scalped by the Indians.

Stupified by the sight, he was at first struck dumb; then, recovering his voice, he said in tones of dull amazement, "How ridiculous!"

The story may be true, or it may not be true, but, true or not, it is not incredible, for the tragedy is one that has been told many times in the west, and the inadequacy of the man's vocabulary to meet the situation is not confined to ranchmen. It is universal, on the plains, where books play a minor part in the struggle for existence, and in the city, where dictionaries, encyclopedias, reference books and books of synonyms nudge a man at every turn of the elbow.

The discovery of the bodies of a mother and children under such harrowing circumstances was anything but ridiculous to the husband and father. He used the wrong word, but can you say you never do?

The knowledge of words, their uses and abuses, is as free as the air and the water, but not one man in a thousand has a vocabulary that isn't limited to the narrowest confines; he knows two or three ways to express admiration, twice as many to express hatred, and can't, to save his life, command a word that expresses a shade or degree of difference.

When he attempts a word with which he has never gained a speaking acquaintance, he flounders and falters and garbles it in sound and meaning, and says what he didn't intend to say, and doesn't know he said it.

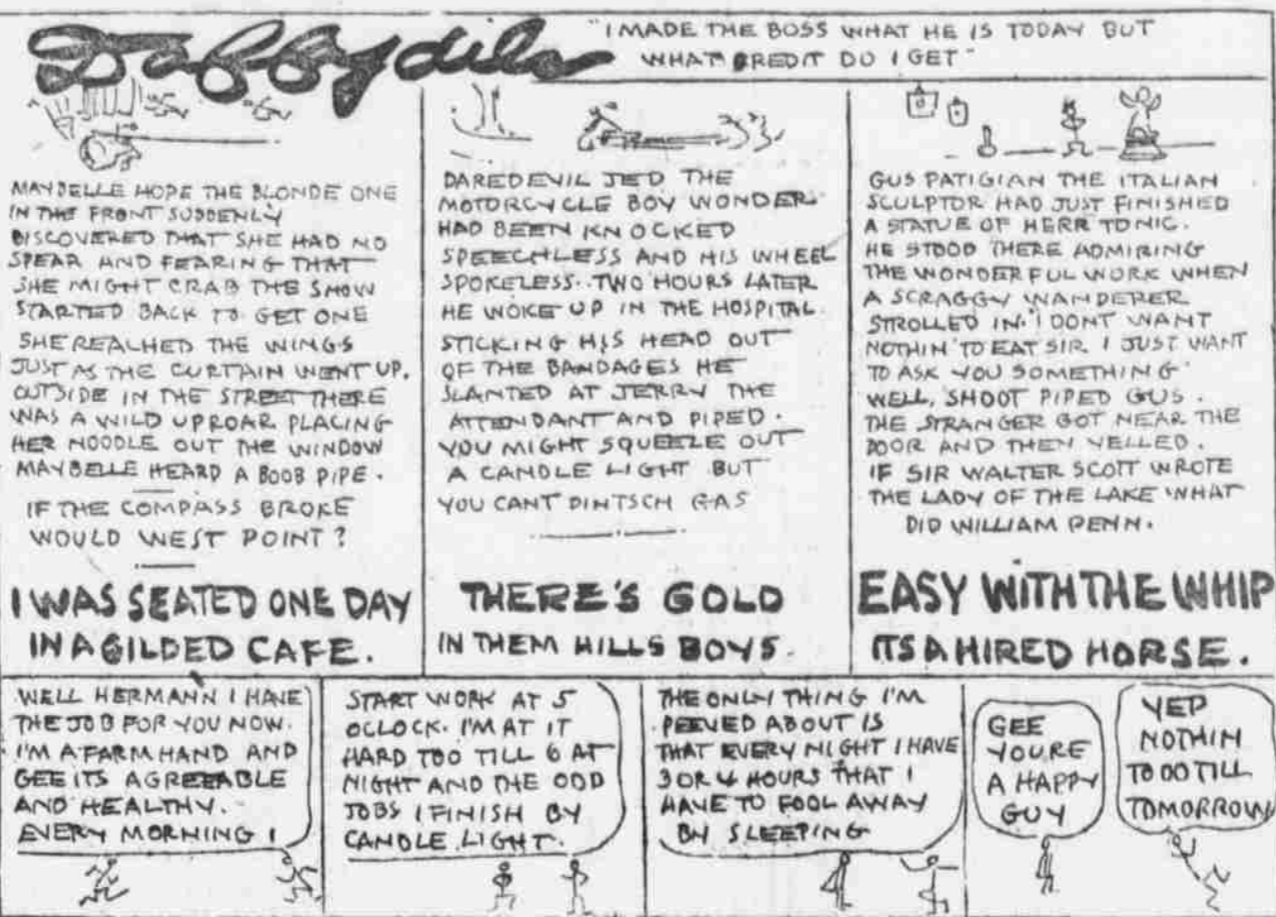
There is no aristocracy in words, but he doesn't know it, and looks on above as he has never used as something above and beyond him and an affectation to attempt.

It is not a knowledge dependent on income, as the particularly limited vocabulary of the millionaire proves; it is a knowledge dependent only on personal desire.

Have you that desire? If you haven't, cultivate it. The command of a good vocabulary will not provoke the wish to talk more. You probably talk too much already.

It only means that you will talk better, and with this good sense that comes with knowledge, you will talk to a better purpose.

A new word a day means so many more planks when one is about to drown in a conversational sea. The right word in the right place has saved the day many times, and may save the day for you. Begin with the infants, the little simple words, and never stray beyond them.



War in the Air

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The French are serious in the intention to put a great fleet of aeroplanes into the air in the event of a war with Germany. By the end of the present year it is estimated that the French army will have 200 aerial vessels at its disposal, and it is calculated by military authorities that at least another 100 will be needed to complete the equipment.

There is talk of supplying the deficiency, in an emergency, by commandeering the large number of private aeroplanes which exist in France. Aeroplanes are very quickly constructed, the types are now well fixed, they are inexpensive and the number of French military officers trained in their management is rapidly increasing. Enthusiasts declare that it would be easy to man 1,000 within a few months if they were needed.

The aerial fleet of France at the end of the year, if only those now contemplated are put into commission, will consist of 120 monoplanes and eighty biplanes. In addition, there are a number of dirigibles, but the French are less enthusiastic over this kind of aerial vessel than the Germans, although it was in France that the first really successful experiments with them were made.

The great use to which aeroplanes would be put in case of war is for scouting. The atmosphere along the eastern frontier of France would be traversed in all directions by aviators, watching the movements of the invaders and giving notice of all important maneuvers. Since aeroplanes can now ascend to a height of many thousands of feet, carrying telescopes and wireless telegraph apparatus, it is easy to see that the cutting of telegraph lines would be ineffective in concealing the movements of hostile armies.

As to the carrying of an offensive armament, that is hardly to be thought of at present, although, where an aero carries two persons—and many now do that—one of the aviators might be provided with a light, high-powered carbine. Although the primary purpose of the military aeroplane is to collect and transmit information, yet it is practically certain that encounters between these birds of war would occasionally occur, and nothing more exciting to the imagination can easily be conceived than such a contest, fought out thousands of feet above the ground. It was comes it is safe to predict that the story of the doings of the aeroplanes will be read with an interest hardly second to that aroused by the battles. The maneuvers of the French army in the eastern departments this autumn made it perfectly evident that one of the first things the advancing hosts of Germany caught sight of would be a line of aerial pickets soaring above the woods and hills that concealed the defending forces, like warning birds giving notice to an ambushed lion of the nearing of his enemies.



Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Pa has been over in Flydelly for three (3) days, he rites Ma a lot of postal cards & on every one of the cards says "Luv to you & litle Bobbie, I will be hoam wen it starts drying-up." Ma just starts reading the postal cards & says to me Bobbie, I dont know jest what yure Pa means, the wether or hiself.

Ma is kind of funny, tho. She sed that she wished Pa wud cum back & let the Giants & the Athletics play thare game any old way they wanted to, but won one of the nabeurs cam in & sed that it seemed queer that so many married men stayed oaver in Flydelly so long. Ma sed Oh, I dont know, there is worse places for a married man to be than in Flydelly.

Jest then a friend of Pa's cam in, his name is Mike Regan. Iesn't yure husband here? he sed to Ma.

No, sed Ma, my husband is in Flydelly, waiting to see the next gain of the World's Series. He is oaver there with a litle friend of his named Kenny, sed Ma.

That is funny, sed Mister Regan, I jest left Mister Kenny down town.

Just then the telephone rang, & Ma went to the fone, & it was Pa talking. He told Ma that he wud be rite hoam, & in twenty minutes he cam in the door.

Dearest luv, sed Pa, you dont know how glad I am to be back in the buzzum of my famby after so long & dree, a stay in Flydelly. It is a terribil town, Pa sed to Ma, nothing but scraps and scrapple. Eight Quakers tried to spike me on the way to the train, Pa sed.

You poor boy, sed Ma, I know what you need, you need a nice hot Scotch, & yure friend Mister Regan needs sum nice cold water, Ma sed. Tell me all about the series, sed Ma, wen are we going to have the rest of those games, so you can be a reglar business man again & cum back to live with us.

Well, sed Pa, there is a grate chance now that the glorius In'jun summer is here. I jest cam back to git a nice change of linen & sum new socks. Then I shall git rite hoam, & catch the midate train. Mike is cumming with me, too, arent you, Mike?

Jest as yure wife says, sed Mister Regan.

With all my hart, sed Ma.

Then Pa packed his grip & went back to Flydelly & he took Mister Regan with him.

Baseball is a grate gain, sed Ma, after Pa & his friend had went, but it dont buy us any Winter clothes, Bobbie.

Aged Apothecary.

The hand that gives, gathers.

How blessings brighten as they take their flight.

"Cothes Don't Make the Woman" -:- By Nell Brinkley



Never a rule holds good about the feathers of a little bird and the character that goes with the feathers. Thus the girl you see in the street car may pull a thin volume of high brow dope from her muff and the thin-lipped spinster be lost in the maze of a best seller.

How to Be Beautiful

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Being good looking is largely a matter of will power.

It is a question of self-control.

"Oh, you know, coffee doesn't agree with me, but I simply love it. Another cup, please."

That is the defeat of the early morning and during the day the woman who so ardently desires to be beautiful succumbs to one after another of the temptations which she knows she should resist if she wants to keep the looks she has and develop more.

Many of these temptations meet her at the table, but her road is beset with them at every hand.

There is the desire to be lazy, especially prevalent among the stout sisterhood. No woman has to be lazy unless she wants to, nor need she allow the accumulation of flesh to continue beyond a certain point. But it's easier to get fat and then bewail one's fate at Turkish baths than to control one's desires for too much and too many sweets and exercise both brain and body systematically.

The woman who is very thin and insists on worrying over that and other things might learn to banish her petty and unnecessary worries from her mind by making a determined effort of the will. She might cultivate a sense of humor and make herself look upon the bright side of things, even if it was hard. Personally I have never been able to understand why people who profess perfect faith in their Creator should go around so harassed and worried as if they were personally responsible for the universe.

Atlas, who carried the world on his shoulders, is always pictured as a most careworn, old person, with a visage seamed with wrinkles. Yet, if he had tossed the earth off his shoulders nothing terrible would have happened, since it has hung suspended for quite a while without his help.

There are thousands of lady Atlases. One sees their careworn faces everywhere, each carrying an unnecessary load of worry.

"Well, I am of that temperament. I just have to worry about something all the time."

I've had dozens of women say that to me in one breath and ask for a wrinkle remedy with the next. Worry with them is as much a weakness as candy is with others.

Great beauties are born, not made. They don't have to think about their looks until long after 33, then they need what all the lesser beauties have long resorted to, and what the French call "assisting."

Will power is the first aid beauty.

Cicely of the Great.

Cervantes, the celebrated author of "Don Quixote," died of hunger.

In England, the last days of Spencer, Otway, Butler and Dryden were spent in poverty.

Tasso was frequently obliged to borrow a crown from a friend to pay for a month's subsistence.