

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Some Jurors Were Suddenly Taken Ill

By TAD



Government on a Business Basis

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

Once upon a time, Elizabeth Fry, mother of mine, wearing her Quaker garb, stood in the presence of the King of France.



Mrs. Fry had just visited a prison that was being built in Versailles. Said Mrs. Fry to the King, "Your Majesty, there must build no dark cells!"

And the King exclaimed, "Why?" Mrs. Fry replied, "Because these and thy children shall occupy them."

Those who know French history realize how sternly true was the prophecy.

Emerson says that everything we do in life we do for ourselves. There is a natural law which decrees that to harm another is to harm ourselves.

He who dips a pit to entrap his neighbor is very apt to fall into the pit himself. The man who carries a revolver in order to protect himself is in much more danger of being shot by his weapon than are any of his alleged enemies.

"Remember the Maine!" We do. Also we remember the Camperdown, which in a naval exercise was rammed by a sister ship and sent to the bottom, carrying 1,000 men with her, caught like rats in a trap.

Just the other day the French dreadnought Liberté was sent to the bottom through a series of explosions in her magazines, and over 20 sailors were killed.

Guns burst, magazines exploded, boilers went wrong. Fire and sudden deaths follow. And these are some of the things that we pay for "preparedness."

The series of terrible accidents that have

On Laziness

Dr. Charles A. Eaton said in the course of an after dinner speech in Cleveland: "Laziness is responsible for too much of the misery we see about us. It is all very well to blame alcohol for this misery, to blame oppression and injustice, but to what extent might we not all have climbed but for our laziness?"

He paused and smiled. "We are too much like the supernumerary in the drama," he went on, "who had to enter from the right and say, 'My lord, the carriage waits.'"

"Look here, super," said the stage manager one night, "I want you to come on from the left instead of the right after this, and I want you to transpire your speech. Make it run hereafter, 'The carriage waits, my lord, and here I am.'"

"The super pressed his hand to his brow. "More study! More study!" he groaned.

Viper wine and viper broth were in old times in high repute among the Romans

and Greeks for purifying the blood and invigorating worn-out constitutions. These reptiles forming a necessary article in the shop of the apothecary.

turned on American warships in the last twenty-five years would fill a column. An endeavor to get such a list from the War department or the Navy department in Washington failed—naturally.

Governments no longer exist for the purpose of robbery, exploitation and annexation. It is simple a matter of business, and so intimately are the affairs of all nations connected that well has it been said that if Germany should invade Great Britain and loot the Bank of England it would break every bank in Berlin.

This war spirit is fostered by the men who thrive through the manufacture of warships and the sale of war supplies, and also through the fact that we are constantly educating men in the business of war, and for the most part these men are inefficient in productive work.

If the eight great political powers that now control the world would get together on a business basis and eliminate this unnecessary waste and risk of terrible accidents that follow through being prepared for murder, the men who bring about the betterment would rank in history with the saviors of the world. Some day it surely will be done. Why not now?—Copyrighted, 1911, by International News Service.

Daffydils

THE BOOB HAD MENTIONED THAT RICH GRAND FATHER TO THE GANG ONCE A DAY FOR THE PAST YEAR. SUDDENLY ONE NIGHT HE GOT WORD THAT THE OLD GUY HAD CROAKED A WIRE IN CIPHER CAME LATER UNABLE TO MAKE IT OUT HE RUSHED TO A DRUGGIST. THAT GENT STUDIED A MOMENT AND THEN READING FROM THE PARCHEMENT PIPED: "AUGUST 15 CLOSE AND STUFFY IS JANUARY?"

QUICK WATSON!! THE BLOODHOUNDS WE ARE LOSING THE TRAIL.

HELLO GEORGE HA HA I GOT THE SWELL JOB NOW I'M BOSS PRESIDENT ON AN UPSTATE PAPER. OH I SAY BUT ITS SOFT I DONT SHOW UP TILL 6 IN THE MORNING.

IT WAS A DARK STORMY NIGHT THE RAIN CAME DOWN IN TORRENTS AS THE BURGLAR WAS SLINKING HIS WAY TOWARDS THE RIVER IN THE SHADOWS OF THE GREAT BUILDINGS. SUDDENLY HE HEARD AN OMINOUS CLICK AND A QUICK COMMAND GLARING INTO THE MUZZLE OF THE LOPS GAT THE SPAT OUT THE BULL HE WAS SMOKING AND MISSING THROUGH HIS CLENCHED TEETH WHISPERED HOARSELY: "WE CALL MINNEAPOLIS MINN WHY NOT ANNAPOLIS ANN IF YOU CANT TELL THE REASON WHY I'LL BET TOPEKA KAN."

BACK UP KITTY!! YOU'RE IN THE WRONG STALL.

PACK THE PLATES TO THE PRESS, RUN OFF THE DIVIDON, GET THE RIG OUT AND RUSH THE PAPERS TO THE STATION. WASH UP, GET A FEW ADS AND BY MIDNIGHT I'M AS FREE AS A LARK.

IT WAS THE RUBBER GAME UP BRIDGE AND FREDDIE DEAL. HAROLD AND HIMSELF STOOD ON TO 24 AND FREDDIE WAS DESPERATE HE DEALT HIMSELF A BEAUTIFUL MITT OF NINES, JACKS AND DEUCES HE TOOK ONE SLANT AT THEM AND THEN WITHOUT EVEN LOOKING UP DECLARED NO TRUMPS. HAROLD DID A BROODIE OVER BALKWARDS IN HIS DOPEY STATE HE MURMURED: "IF MOST WALKING STICKS ARE MADE OF ASH WHAT SORT OF WOOD IS IN A CHICAGO?"

SAY IF MY FOLKS COULD SEE ME NOW I'D BE DISINHERITED.

SEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY. YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW.

Woman Always the Victim

Has Shared Every Danger and Burden of Hero, but is Among Unrecognized Heroines.

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

In the tragedies enacted in the conquest of the plains, man has always been the hero and woman the victim. He turned his face toward the west because he was restless, ambitious or perhaps a dreamer. He had heard of a wealth of gold and fertile land on the other side of the plains and the mountains and wanted to move on. She, who rode at his side and left every friend behind, had no visions save that of love and duty.

He has come down in history as the conqueror of the desert. She who shared every danger and burden has joined the number of unrecognized heroines, a list that is tragically large.

If she lived to reach the promised land of her husband's dreams, it was to hear the praises sung of the man who had won the fight. There was never poured into her ears any praise of what woman had done.

If she lived to reach the promised land! Patriotic societies in every city and town devote much time and bunting to the decorating of the graves of this country's heroes, but it is not on record

that any effort has ever been made to mark the graves of the woman who rode out from civilization in a mover's wagon not dried of privation and suffering on the way.

The number of these graves on the plains is legion, and in the early days they marked a trail connecting the middle west with the Pacific coast, telling a ghastly story of what woman had done in the conquest of the desert.

The spectacular cry of race suicide, sent up by men who don't bear the babies, was unknown in those days, and every mover's wagon carried babies, and when a destination was reached and a home was dug, the babies kept coming and the women who had survived the journey worked beside their husbands in field and forest while bearing them.

The demand on their love and courage often proved too great for even the superhuman strength of a mother, and statistics show that nine pioneers out of ten had two or three wives and many had four or five.

With the fruits of her labor left for future generations of women to garner, those who had borne the brunt of the battle passed away to a woman's heaven of rest, and when their descendants came forward in California the other day to ask for the fruit, from the trail their mothers had planted the man dared to object. Ungrateful man forgot the part woman had played in putting California on the map and raised a howl of protest that was echoed in the hearts of ungrateful men throughout the nation.

The women asked the right to have a hand in the governing of the state their mothers had died to make, and the men who had ridden from the east to the west in a mover's wagon on some woman's lap, or who had made the journey later in a train that carried them over the graves of the women who had helped to make that railroad possible, dared to declare that women were not fit to vote!

It would have been to the eternal disgrace of the state that owes more to women than any other state in the union if they had been in the majority, but though their protests sounded like a majority their votes were not, and the women won.

It is a promising sign of man's growing intelligence when women win in a fight for the ballot, and in this case it is a sign of more than intelligence. It is a sign of appreciation. And appreciation is something that many, many women, working for homes and husbands and babies all over the world, never know.

Pithy Sentences.
Speak well even to bad men.
Unashably is the best fortress.
Trade is the mother of money.
An empty purse fills the face with wrinkles.
The taste of the kitchen is better than the smell.
When a wise man errs he errs with a vengeance.
The blind do not desire anything besides two eyes.

Mlle. Gaby Deslys on How to Keep Young and Pretty



FIVE STRIKING PORTRAITS OF THE FAMOUS FRENCH ARTISTE, WHO IS WRITING ON YOUTH AND BEAUTY FOR THE BEE.

It seems to me that we French women as a rule take better care of our hair than you Americans do. Possibly that is because I am French, and the idea was drilled into my mind when a child that a girl's beauty depended very largely on the way she kept her hair.

Oh, I have suffered to be beautiful, as our French proverb says it is necessary to do, for when I was little my hair was always full of snarls, and having to stand still while the curls were being brushed out was constant torment, besides being immensely painful, for there was the son slipping out of doors calling to me to come and play, but I had to stand, and often wept while the comb and brush were applied upon my offending head.

To console me I was told that I would keep the sunlight in my hair longer if I stayed and had it properly brushed, and now that the torture is over I am sure that was quite true. At first my hair was not very curly. It only showed a sort of inclination to kink up in wet weather. This inclination was carefully fostered, and every morning it was curled over a maternal finger until it finally got into the habit and curled by itself.

Of course, if it had been perfectly straight nothing would have made it curl naturally, but like lots of other tresses it had just the least little wave

enough of it and that the hair shows the sheen of health and vitality. Over here I think you use too strong acids or chemicals on the hair, both in washing in and in intensifying the color. These things rob the hair of its natural oil and it looks dead, and what I call wiggly.

"I make me sick to see a seven foot intellectual female doing a song and dance before a sawed off man with pistols in order to hold down her job, and when I observe a sister pushing the velvet and spreading the salve to Jolly her employer into giving her what she earns, I want to go off somewhere and die."

"Believe me, there will be no pink bows and red tails on my work, but I shall win out on simple merit and industry and ability."

"With this the intellectual maiden put on serviceable working clothes, and fared forth into the commercial arena, strange to say, however, although every-one complimented her work, and said how competent she was, no one desired her services, and she soon found that she was being distanced in the race of life by a pluffy haired little girl who had no brains whatever but possessed the

knack of getting there.

"I do not understand this," said the intellectual maiden to the girl-girle. "For in ability you are not a marker to me. Your spicereeting looks like chicken tracks, and your spelling is wozzy, yet you are able to clinch a good situation while I am on the bum."

Once upon a time there was a large, tall, athletic maiden who had the benefit of a college education and otherwise fitted into the highbrow class. The embalméd tongue was meat to her, and when it came to doing problems in higher mathematics she was a wonder.

No, the maiden blew in all of her dough at the education mill, and so when she got her cute little blue ribbon diploma it was up to her to either marry a meat ticket or else hustle out and chase down the wherewithal.

Unfortunately neither her prize nor her phis entitled her to a share in a beauty show, and in consequence of this there was no mad scramble among the jobless for the privilege of paying her board bill and supplying her with a shopping ticket.

Perceiving that she was destined to be one of the hens who are doomed to scratch for their own breakfasts, the maiden went aside and thus commended with herself.

"It grouches me," she said, "to perceive the way in which my sex kow-tows to mere masculine creatures, and, as far as I am concerned, I am going to cut out the supple spine act and show them how an independent woman plays a stiff



SHE SOON FOUND SHE WAS BEING DISTANCED BY A PLUFFY-HAIRED GIRL.

The Fable of the Wise Dame

By Dorothy Dix

can possess is how to rub the masculine for the right way.

"I do not approve of this way to doing things," said the intellectual maiden, severely. "Female pulchritude and blarney should cut no ice in a woman's success. The value of her work should be alone considered."

"Very likely," responded the girl-girle, "but when you butt into another fellow's game, you've got to play it his way or get out. Men run the business end of life and handle the pay envelopes, and if you want to annex any of the swag you have to string along after their tip."

"Intelligence and ability and industry should always pull down the purse, but as long as the masculine contingent are framed up to their present lines you will find that little ditty dimple, who looks cute and is a hot air artist, will have the call over the lemon visaged female who is perfectly accurate and a conscientious worker, but who lets all of the men about her see how much more she knows than they do."

Moral—This fable teaches that the wise woman takes 1000 as they are, without trying to cut them over, according to her own perforated paper pattern of what a man should be.