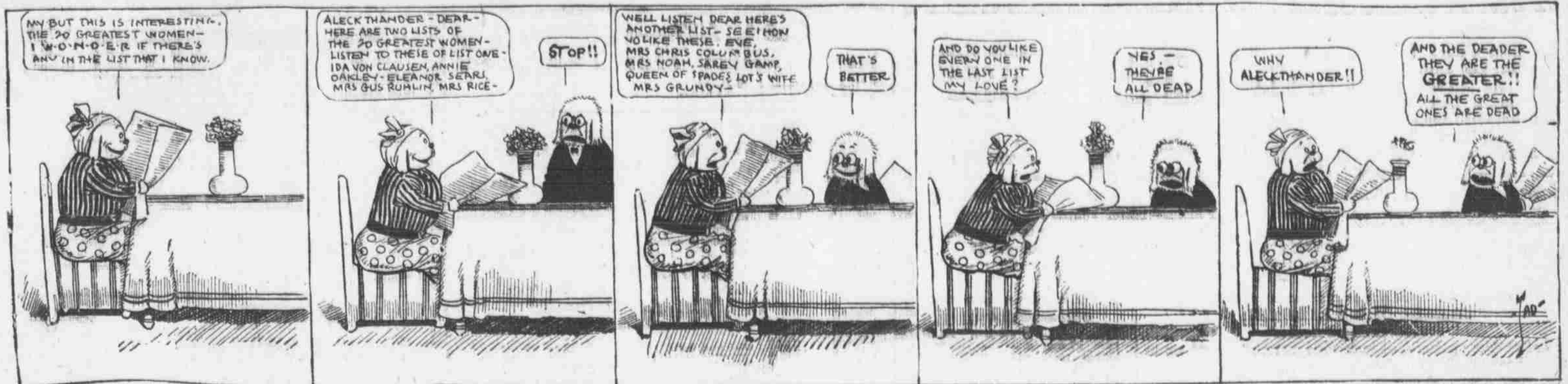


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

THE JUDGE HAS HIS OWN IDEAS ON GREAT WOMEN

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By Tad



The Parable of the Two Women

By ADA PATTERSON.

Two girls were talking their last year at school, during one of those hair-brushing confidences that correspond most nearly to the head emptying which men indulge in when their feet are on their desks. When men place their feet high enough and have a few free moments, all the sense and nonsense in them seems to pour out of their wide-open mouths.

The girls talk of the future and of that which all are seeking—happiness. Said the girl with the brown:

"How stupid of you to talk of a career. The only career for a woman is marriage. My mother says so, and I am sure she is right. I intend to marry as soon as I can, to have a home and children. I am satisfied to become an old-fashioned woman. Better be old-fashioned than a freak."

With that reminder of school days Eden before the serpent of self-consciousness in the guise of sensibility invades, the gray-eyed girl answered:

"What rot! I was nearly engaged once. He was a co-ed in the same school with me, but he didn't have co-ed ideas. The moment I said 'I'll see,' and he thought I said 'Yes,' he grabbed my shoulders with a cave man grip and said, 'You are mine.' I drew back and looked at him, and all my sentimental ideas vanished. 'How silly,' I said. 'You know as well as I do that nobody is anybody's. You talk as though I were a sheep or a rocking chair. I hate the idea of belonging to anyone. Well, there wasn't any engagement, and there never will be for me. I intend to belong to myself. Everyone has a work I shall find mine, and do it as well as I can without any human hindrances.'"

The girls met again. It was near the end of their earth school. The brown eyes of one had faded to the dull shade of the other were the color of the sea in a December twilight. The hair of each had grown white. The hands of both were large veined and fluted unattractively among the folds of their black gowns, as they sat and talked in the twilight, looking past each other at the vanished years.

"We chose different ways," said she of the gray eyes.

"Yes," answered she of the brown.

"And you," pursued the gray-eyed girl, grown old in body, but with the power and zest of analysis still spring in her, "were you satisfied to be an old-fashioned woman, as you said?"

"They looked at each other, a reminiscent smile on their wrinkled faces."

"At first I did, but then—"

"But then?"

"I began to learn how insecure is the happiness of one who looks to any other human being for it. I began my married life as a hero worshipper, and when I found I was married to a creature who had an uncertain temper and who was

fussy about his food and who doled out his money for the household expenses as though it hurt him, I felt as children do who have just discovered that there is no Santa Claus. Romance passed and tolerance lingered. Often it seemed that that would pass, too. Three children came to us. Two died, and when I saw the coffins lowered into the grave I asked why they had been given only to be taken. The joy of motherhood was no compensation for the pain of loss. Our third child defied his parents and has gone out into the world to find success in his own way. Perhaps he will find it; perhaps he won't. It may be that only shame and failure wait for him at the end of the road. Sometimes I lie awake all night wondering where he is and having terrible visions of that shame and failure and death."

The gray-eyed girl, grown old, nodded. "Yes," she answered, "that is hard. But let me show you the other side of the shield. I set out to be self-sufficient. While I was young, ambition to succeed as a painter of portraits closed the gates of my heart to any other guest. Because I was always busy there was no lack in my life. The time came when there were knockings, even though faint, on the door of my heart. Ambition remained the only guest. I worked tremendously and my work was successful. When I heard the postman ring I looked eagerly at my letters, but only to see which contained checks. I had passed from the first age of woman when she looks for love letters to the second when she looks only for checks. I went on with my portrait painting, and as I painted faces and figures I knew I was also painting the hearts and souls of my sitters. It was a fascinating pursuit. But one day as I sat alone after a long sitting and glanced with weary eyes at a portrait I had just finished I wished that there was some heart I knew thoroughly and to which I possessed the absolute key. I was tired of guessing the secrets of the hearts behind the masks of those faces. I wanted one of my own. In which there was no mystery, one which I could read as a printed page. As I realized this there was an ache in my own heart. For the first time in life I was lonely. I got up and walked to my mirror. I laughed at the grim, tired woman it reflected. The awakening to the need of loving companionship had come, but too late."

"But we can never be sure that it will be loving companionship." The face of the brown-eyed woman hardened. The gray eyes looked at her with steady inquiry.

"Then you are not satisfied that marriage is the only career for a woman?" she quoted. The other woman shook her head.

"And you?" she asked. "Does the thought of belonging to anyone still revolt you?" Are you glad that you have walked the path of success without human hindrances?"

"In these latter years my arms have ached for them," confessed the woman with the sea-in-December eyes. They looked at each other across the fire that was dying into ashes.

"And there are but the two roads."

"There is no other way."

Daddydills

YOU'LL FIND SYMPATHY IN THE DICTIONARY.

IT WAS FRIDAY AFTERNOON IN THE SCHOOL ROOM AND THE TEACHER CALLED UPON MADEIRA WILBUR TO RECITE. MADEIRA HESITATED A MOMENT THEN STROLLED UP TO THE TEACHER'S DESK MADE HER BOW AND PIPED:

AND ONCE SHE SAID TO ME IF DORA LOOKED THROUGH KEV HOLTHERS NOW THAT, WHAT COULD DOROTHY?

AUCTIONEER!!

PLEASE STOP THAT SALE

THE STORM WAS RAGING FIERCELY. MIDNIGHT MIKE AND PROWING PETE STOPPED TO TAKE A SLANT AT A SHINING OBJECT IN THE DARK. IT MOANED MOURNFULLY. HARDENED AS THEY WERE THEY SHUDDERED. I CAN'T STAND IT PETE SAID MIKE SO HE KICKED THE THING. IT WAS A GLASSFISH. IT MOANED AGAIN AND WHISPERS.

IF BUNK IS SMART IS EVIDENCE

TO ARMS! TO ARMS! YOUR FAIRY QUEEN IS IN DANGER—WOOPS MY DEAR THERE'S A KING AROUND THE MOON.

TOM MORELAND AND RAY DAVIS WERE TIED IN THE LAST FRAME. TOM PICKED UP THE BIG PILL AND WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE SENT IT DOWN THE ALLEY FOR A STRIKE. RAY THEN WENT TO THE KICK. HE PICKED OUT A BALL AND STRODE TO THE FOUL LINE. JUST AS HE WAS FIGURING ON HOW TO KILL THE PINS PHIL RICHER YELLED WHAT'S THAT WRITTEN UPON THE BALL. RAY STOPPED AND READ—

IF GEFILTEFISH IS TENDER IS MAZZELTUF?

OH WASN'T SHE THE FOOLISH GIRL TO BE A BARTENDER'S BRIDE

I'M WORKING IN THE ART DEPT OF A PAPER NON-GETTER. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY PAY US FOR. I'M ON THE JOB AT 8. DRAW A FEW BORDERS FOR PHOTOGRAPHS.

RUN OUT AND TAKE A PHOTO OF A FIRE. COME BACK AND TELL THE PHOTO UP. THEN RUN THE FREIGHT ELEVATOR. DRAW A FEW MORE ADS. RUN UP FOR ANHOLE. TAKE A BOWLE HUT TO THE BOSS' HOUSE.

DRAW SOME MARS AND DIAGRAMS AND THEN WHEN THE SLACKEN UP A BIT I FILE AWAY THE PHOTOS AND INDEED THEM IN THE BIG BOOK. I'M NEVER AT THE OFFICE LATER THAN I AM.

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

YEP NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Sherlocko the Monk

The Case of the Imprudent Intruder.

BY GUS MAGER

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As to Perfumes

Greeks of antiquity anointed themselves with a perfumed substance thrice a day, so that the delicious odor might never

cease. The custom was carried to such an extreme that Solon enacted a law forbidding the Athenians to use scented mixtures.

In England a taste for perfumes appears to have been prevalent in Shakespeare's day. During the lifetime of Dean

Swift the stores of perfumers were the resorts of loungers. He wrote: "First issued from perfumers' shops a crowd of fashionable fops."

Marriage would soon be a lost art if we could begin at the end—Hildie Davenport.

Fables of the Wise Dame

By DOROTHY DIX.

Once upon a time there were a man and his wife who had been married so many years that the silver plating had worn off of their wedding presents in patches and who had exhausted all of the pleasure and excitement of family spats. Consequently whenever they were left by their loneliness they found themselves in a conversational deadlock.

This was not because they had ceased to love each other, for, in reality, they were a devoted couple. It was merely a case of "too much Johnson," and of having gotten a surfeit of each other's society. At length, however, each began to perceive that it was rough on Rats or Reno for him, or her, unless there was a break away, or some variety was introduced into their daily menu.

But although the husband was so tired of his wife, it gave him the fantasy just to look at her, he never even suspected that she was a trifle weary of gazing upon his noble and manly form, and although the wife had gotten to the place that she felt as if she must hurl the coffee pot at her husband's head if she had to "listen" one more time to his chestnut anecdotes, it never dawned upon her that he was wondering why they didn't hand out Carnegie hero medals to the men who had been married fifteen years, instead of unworthily bestowing them upon mere pikers, who had done nothing but save lives.

Therefore the situation was fraught with complications. "I opine," said the husband to himself, "that my wife is a complete compendium of all that a female should be, but because you like a wholesome health food for breakfast is no sign that you want to gorge yourself on it from soup to nuts. I should not care to live on caviar and olives and tobacco sauce, but now and then I pine for them for a relish, and that goes for domesticity."

"As a model of what a husband should be I apprehend that mine is the real goods that is all wool and a yard wide," reflected the wife, "and I would take him back to the matrimonial bazaar and exchange him for anything they've got in stock, but this thing of undiluted domesticity and monotonous marriage has gotten me woozy, and I am in that state of mind in which a woman smashes the crockery, or runs off with the chauffeur just for the fun of hearing the crash."

Now as neither the husband nor wife was on to it that the other was bored stiff, and as they were noble and conscientious creatures, they began to frame up on games for getting away that they could not across on each other.

"I fear," said the wife as she commended with her own soul, "that I am a wicked and selfish woman to leave my poor devoted husband, who is dependent on my society for his only happiness, but there's got to be a get away for much to save my life, and here goes."

Thereupon she went to her husband and turning on the tremolo stop, she thus addressed him:

"Alas," she said, "it wrings my heart to think of leaving you for even a few brief weeks, for I am always miserable away from your side, but our precious little Johnny is looking pale, and as it is a mother's place to sacrifice herself for her children, I feel that it is my sacred duty to take him to Florida for the winter."

At these words the husband secretly threw a fit of delight, but being a gentleman he dissembled his joy and drew a long face.

"What you say is true," he replied, "Parents must not consider themselves when their children's good is at stake, and while the house will be sad and desolate without your presence in it, and I shall pine for your society, I feel that it is only right that we should make this sacrifice for the health of our child, and I trust that you will not let the thought of my loneliness hurry you back."

After having handed over this soft talk the woman blew herself for a lot of swell rage, and bled off for Palm Beach, where she shunted little Johnny off on a side track, and proceeded to make things hum.

The man also was observed, as he returned from seeing his wife off on the train, to wear his green velvet lid on the side of his head, and a come hither look

in his eye, and in the subsequent proceedings he established a new record for swift action in looping the loop. He got up in little games until the cows came home; he was a good Samaritan who fed hungry choros girls and the bottles he opened raised the high water mark in the cafes.

Nor did he neglect his duty as a husband. The last thing, every afternoon, that he did before leaving his office was to dictate an affectionate letter to his wife, telling her how sad he was without her, and how he was counting the long hours until her return, but that the thought that she was well and happy and Dear Johnny improving, cheered him in the lonely city.

And on the way this voracious missive crossed one from the wife in which she related how dreary even a gay winter hotel was without her darling hubby, and how nothing but the thought of a mother's duty to her child kept her nailed to her cross.

And as neither husband nor wife for a moment suspected that each was being strung by the other, all went well, and when their vacation was over they were both glad to return to their happy home once more.

Moral: This fable teaches that it is a merciful dispensation of Providence that husbands and wives are not mind readers.

THE MANICURE LADY

"A lot of them newspaper men is vain persons, ain't they George?" asked the Manicure Lady.

"I always found them all right," said the Head Barber. "For fellows that has a lot to be vain about, I think they are kind of modest. Why?"

"Oh, nothing much," said the Manicure Lady. "Only like Dorgan was in here the other day to have his nails did, and it seems he has just won a big silver loving cup for playing the least worst golf of any newspaper man in the league. Honest to goodness, George, the way that boy went on and raved when he was describing the silver cup would have made your heart thump."

"I don't know much about golf, except that Wilfred told me it was something like educated shinney, but it must be some game when it can keep bright boys like Mister Dorgan interested enough to win silver cups. He told me all about how he came to win the prize. He said he had two or three tough men to beat out, but he said he was a good money player, meaning that he never lost his nerve or his heart when the playing got hard and close. He told me that he was Tad's brother."

"What difference does it make whose brother he is," asked the Head Barber, "as long as he can win silver cups?"

"I don't suppose it makes any difference," replied the Manicure Lady, "only I guess he wanted me to know that he came from a illustrious family. He told me that it was his brother that made up them 'daddydills,' like 'If a chapses down-ager loves to chew the rag, what would a Manchus?'"

"There's no use talking, George, brains is brains, and I'm glad to hear that Tad's brother won that cup. Most young brothers is up against it when they have famous older brothers, like the case of Bob Dalley. All the managers used to say 'Why, yes, to be sure, I know Hob. He is Peter Dalley's brother.'"

"Now I know something," said the Head Barber. "Now I know why it is that your brother Wilfred never got no real fame. He was the younger brother of the cleverest girl that I have ever met."

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that," confessed the Manicure Lady, with all due humility. "I know that Wilfred gets kind of jealous sometimes when he hears about my popularity and my success, but I don't think that he cares a lot after all, just so I have enough of them ducks in my pocketbook so I can make him feel that it ain't going to be such a long and hard winter after all."

"That's one thing I gotta admit about Wilfred. He never begrudges one of his relatives any success as long as he knows that they can cash enough of the success to declare him in on the kale fifty-fifty."

"You're getting too plangy for me to talk to you," declared the Head Barber. "Declare him in on the kale, fifty-fifty. That's a fine line of talk for a young lady to spread out. Just between you and I, if I was a girl, I would take better care of my English."

"Well, George," snapped the Manicure Lady, "it may be a little slangy, but I have never sank so low as to say 'Between you and I.' If I didn't know enough to say 'Between me and you,' I wouldn't talk at all."

LITTLE BOBBIE'S PA

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I got a fierce letter the other day from a knocker, sed Pa. he had red one of my articles in which I said that I had picked sum of the greatest poets that ever lived & sum of the other greatest men. I had Burns in the list, sed Pa, & this knocker sent me a printed slip which was out from a artikel rote by a grate riter who said this Burns was a obscure Scotch poet which left nothing behind him but debts & broken hearts.

I think it is a sham for anybody to say that about Burns, sed Ma. I wish my old Scotch dad had seen the man that rote them words befor he rote them. I am sure he wud never have rote them.

Well, sed Pa. I wish my old Scotch dad had seen him rote the lines. He wud never have lived to rote any other lines. If Burns was obscure, sed Pa, so was Shakespeare.

Ma, I asked him, what does ob-scure mean?

It means, sed Pa, sumthing dull & un-herd of, like a Up-State Tammany politshun.

Maybe Burns left nothing behind him but debts & broken hearts, sed Pa, but I don't be-leave it. He mite have owed a few grocers, sed Pa, but there is a lot of peopul in the world which have done that. The same as a lot of grocers has died & left a lot of over charges, & as far as the broken hearts he left beehind, sed Pa, there is a lot of grate & good men today which has left more broken hearts beehind them every fiscal year, than Burns ever left beehind. I know a

man named Rockefeller, sed Pa, which left a broken heart beehind him when he left Minnesota & the ore district. The kind of broken hearts which Bobbie Burns left beehind him, Pa sed, is the kind of hearts that was made to be broken & that broke themselves.

Well, sed Ma, doant git so excited about it that you are habel to bust a blood vessel. Burns is dead & gone, & I cant want you to go the same way.

Wife, sed Pa, & he was very sad & he sed it, he was the soberest I have seen him for sumtime, wife. I wish I cud go the same way Bobbie Burns went. I wish I cud die as he died after having lived as he lived & I wish I cud have left to the world a lot of lines like

O Wad sum power the Giltie Gie us To see oursel as Others see Us.

Why, sed Pa, Bobbie Burns left something beehind him that all the Carnegie libraries in the world contain. Bobbie Burns wasn't a very good man himself, according to the way our grate men nains good men & define good men.

Bobbie wasn't good to himself, he didnt live to a good old age playing golf & going to church but the Heaven that these caring good men will never reach will be full of the sunshine that Bobbie Burns made, & Bobbie will be there, & he wont be ob-scure in that Heaven, sed Pa. Bless Bobbie Burns, sed Pa. What we want is less Wuld Makers & Wuld Brakers, & more men like Bobbie Burns.

My Pa is Scotch all right.