



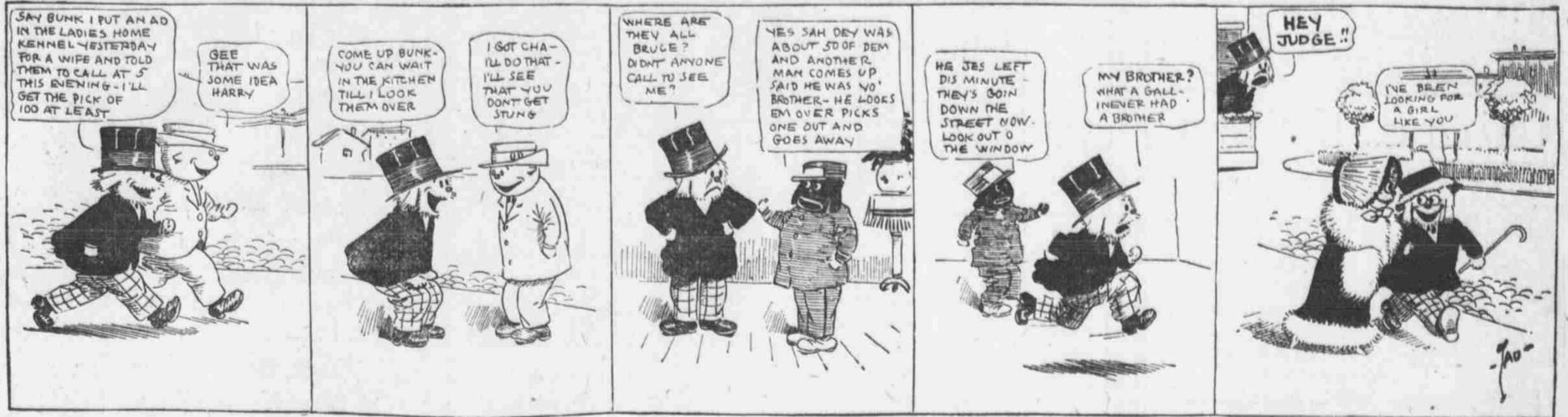
The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY ADVERTISES FOR A WIFE AS A LAST RESORT

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By Tad



Strange Objects in the Sky

By GARRET P. SERVISS.

Astronomers have been greatly puzzled enough to be photographed, but when it turned sidewise it was swallowed up in the darkness of space.



The existence of such an object in the solar system serves to recall attention to the theory of the German astronomer...

This remarkable object was first detected by Dr. Palisa of Vienna at the beginning of October.

On October 2 he was astonished to see close by his new-asteroid another object, which appeared to be moving rapidly away.

Its curious conduct as to visibility, now appearing plainly and now disappearing, led to the suggestion of Mr. Crommelin...

One of the principal objections to this theory has been that we cannot well conceive of any force which would cause a planet to explode...

"It must not be forgotten," he says, "that the atom, being an enormous reservoir of energy, is by this very fact comparable with explosive bodies."

On October 21 it was photographed at the Greenwich observatory. Curiously enough, however, on the very next night the Greenwich astronomers were unable to find the object...

It is curious to note that when turned edgewise toward the earth it cannot be seen. When the broad face

Daffydillo

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE BEFORE MEN - ESPECIALLY YOUR AUTO LAMPS BEFORE A COP.

THE FLOOR WALKER IN THE BIG STORE WAS ABOUT READY TO DROP FROM EXHAUSTION SINCE IN THE MORNING HE HAD BEEN BUSY DIRECTING BOOBS TO THE DIFFERENT DEPARTMENTS...

THE ETA BETA DE CHAPTER WERE HAVING A SMOKE R. POOR FATTY BABBY WAS ALMOST CRACKING FROM THE THICK OZONE THEY LUGGED HIM TO A PILL PARLOR AND HEN THE DRUG CLERK SLAPPED SOME DOPE DOWN HIS THROAT...

THE SMALL TIME GUYS STROLLED OUT AND STATED THEIR ACT. JOE SAID I MET A FELLER FROM HEAVEN THE OTHER DAY I SAID HOW MUCH IS A MINUTE UP IN HEAVEN HE SAID 1000 YEARS...

OUT OF MY THEATRE!! NO NICKEL SHOW HAMS CAN MAKE ME LET EM IN FOR NUTTEN

IF AN ACTRESS FAINTED IN THE POST OFFICE WOULD A LETTER CARRIER FRONT SHOW THE GENTLEMAN TO 46

IF YOU FED THE BABY SAUSAGE WOULD THAT WEINER? LEAVE THAT WOMAN BE!

YEA BO I'M A SWORD SWALLOWER NOW IN A ONE RING CIRCUS I DONT GET UP TILL 4 A M CUZ ITS A ONE NIGHT STAND SHOW I HELP PACK UP

PUT UP TENTS SELL TICKETS FOR THE SHOW PEDDLE PROGRAMS, PLAY IN THE DAMO SWALLOW (SWORD) HELPOUT IN THE ARAB TROUPE RIDE THE BUCKING DONKEY DO A FEW (ARD) TRICKS

THEY I HELP TAKE DOWN THE TENTS PALK THEM ON THE TRUCKS LEAD THE HORSES DOWN THEN I SLEEP WITH THEM FROM ONE TO FOUR TILL WE GET TO THE NEXT TOWN

"WOMAN" A Little Honey—And a Handful of Clay " A Rose—A Lily—A Dove—A Serpent—

By Nell Brinkley



"What Little Girls Are Made of."

Married Life the Second Year

Helen Plans to Make Christmas Eve Less Lonely for the Homeless.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"I forgot to write you that Laura Wilson is in New York. Her mother told me she had a position in some big law office and gave me the address of the place she is boarding. No. — West Twenty-second street. If you have any time you might call on her. I'm sure she would be glad to see you. It must be very hard for her to start out alone for herself in a strange city. But since her father's death I think they are in a pretty bad way. I left nothing but their home and the lot adjoining it, and they've already had to sell the lot. "Well, enough of this. Anna is washing downtown and I have to get supper. With much love. "MOTHER."

have only one chambermaid for the whole house and she only spreads up the bed and smears things over." Helen laughed. "I'm afraid dear, you haven't yet become reconciled to the New York rooming house." "Reconciled? I'll never become reconciled. Just as soon as I can afford it, I'm going to have a little two-room kitchenette apartment and send for mother."

Helen read this last page of her mother's letter several times. So Laura Wilson was here in New York trying to make her own way! Yes, it must be hard and particularly hard for Laura, who had always been a sensitive, delicate girl.

There were some cheap Japanese vases on the mantel, a black marble clock (not running), some shells and a dusty piece of coral. The once "old rose" upholstered furniture was torn, shabby, the worst places on the arms and back of the chairs being covered with ticks. Some faded chenille "portieres" hung over the folding doors that led into the "back parlor," now undoubtedly used as a bedroom.

"How long have you been here?" asked Helen, when the first greetings were over. "Almost three months now." "And you like it?" "Like it? Oh, I'm so home-sick with a catch in her voice. "I can hardly stay. The day at the office isn't so bad—but oh, the evenings and Sundays! I almost die of homesickness then. Sunday in a boarding house is the most depressing think in the world."

"Not a very charming outlook, it is," nodding toward the landscape of roofs and clothes lines outside the window. "At first those gray roofs and back yards gave me the horrors—but I'm getting more used to them now."

"You know I don't. I can understand it must be fearful to be here alone. And there is something about Sunday that does make it more lonely than any other day. Warren has only been away a few Sundays since we were married, but I know how hard they were. And a holiday must be worse. I wish I'd known you were here. I'd had you up for Thanksgiving. We had all his people for dinner."

"Thanksgiving! Oh, I think that was the hardest day of my life. If I could have gotten into the office I'd have gone down there and worked. I tried to work here, but I just couldn't! I wrote to mother in the morning, washed my hair, and then—but why am I boring you with all this? I suppose because it's so long since I've had any one to talk to."

"And there's time when it does help to talk. Then you didn't go out at all Thanksgiving? You stayed here in this room all day?" "Laura nodded. "I suppose I should have gone to church, but somehow I didn't have the heart to. And oh, it was the longest day! I tried to sew and to read—but I couldn't do either. And there wasn't anybody in the house after dinner. They had dinner in the middle of the day—and everyone went to the matinee or to call. The old maid on the floor below and I were the only ones here for supper. And oh, the supper! I didn't go down because I was hungry—but just for something to do. The halls were dark and there was just us two. They had only one gas jet burning in the dining room—and it's a basement dining room. I came back up stairs and threw myself on the bed and cried for the rest of the evening."

"You poor child," murmured Helen. "I do wish you could get your mother here soon. I can see how hard it is for you to live like this. But don't you think in the mean time you could get into a more cheerful boarding house?" "Yes, but I'd have to pay more—and the more I can save the quicker I can get mother here." A half hour later Helen was hurrying home, her mind full of Laura and her loneliness. Her cry of "Oh, the Sundays and holidays—I can bear anything else!" kept haunting her.

THANKFUL TO BE ALIVE

By James W. McGeie. The Beef Trust's up for trial. Though the price of beef's up, too; But, go on, we can be thankful. That the beef Trust's in a stew. The poor are doing the turkey trot. To eat they can't contrive; So the ordinary mortal Is just thankful to be alive.



The Leather Trust is thankful For the tariff that protects; The fact that people must wear shoes Is proof that it collects. The Milk Trust cries for ten-cent milk And butter forty-five; So the ordinary mortal Is just thankful he's alive.

The grafter, too, is thankful That the taxes got a boost. He'll get his little rake-off When the money is unclosed. The thankful landlord sees his chance To raise us four or five; So the ordinary mortal Is just thankful he's alive.

The barons of the Sugar Trust Are thankful to a man That sugar reached its highest Since the civil war began. With coffee almost doubled— For the trust knows how to thrive— The ordinary mortal Is just thankful he's alive.

