



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



"US BOYS"---Looks Like Skinny Shaner Is Doomed

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By Tom McNamara



Women Should Pop the Question

By DOROTHY DIX.

George Willis Cooke, a lecturer at the Boston School of Social Science, electrified an audience the other night by declaring that women should do the proposing to the men nowadays, and that when any lady saw a man that she thought would make a likely husband she should pop the question to him as he would if he met up with a girl that struck his fancy.



"Women at the present time appear to be getting a better education than men, and therefore should be able to select a helpmate more intelligently than a man can do. They should take the initiative in love, and marriages will be happier when women do the courting," says Mr. Cooke.

Mr. Cooke is dead right. Women should at least have an equal share in the love making. There is no other thing on earth so cruel as the fact that women are not free to choose their mates, and nothing else is such a stumbling block in the way of human happiness as the idiotic convention that makes them stand helplessly by and take what they can get in the way of a husband, instead of going out and hunting up what they want.

Just think how grotesquely absurd is the situation in which women are placed. From the time she is born a girl baby is taught to look forward to marriage. It is the end and aim of her existence, everything from her meal ticket to the welfare of her immortal soul depends upon her getting the right sort of a husband, and yet when the momentous hour arrives when she must settle her fate, Mrs. Grundy ties her hands and gags her!

All the power that women have in matrimony is the veto power. They can refuse to marry the men they don't want to marry, but they are not permitted to pop the question to the men they would like to marry. They have no voice in choosing the man with whom they must spend their lives. They cannot pick out the fathers of their children. If is the monstrous injustice of civilization, because it is founded on nothing but an imbecile prejudice.

I honestly believe that nothing would do so much to stop divorce as for women to exercise the right of popping the question. To begin with, women have more intuition in matters of affection than men have; they devote more thought to consideration of the subject, and as a whole they would make a wiser selection of mates than men do. Women know instinctively what men are suited to them temperamentally, and when they marry men who are not congenial it is generally because it is the last call to the dining car for them.

Men marry in two ways. They become enamored over a pretty face or else marry on the grab-bag principle. A man makes up his mind some fine day to get married, and he proposes to the nearest and handiest woman, without ever investigating about the lady's intelligence, taste or disposition.

But if a woman had the privilege of picking and choosing her life partner she would turn over everything on the marriage counter and apply every test to find out whether the husband she was getting was all wool and a yard wide, and guaranteed not to shirk nor run in the wash of matrimony.

The main reason, however, that domestic peace and felicity would be augmented by women having the right to choose their husbands is that the happy wife as a good wife and a good mother. You hear nothing of matrimony being a failure in those houses where the wife thinks that she has got the prize package in the lottery of wedlock.

As long as a woman is madly in love with her husband no labor that she does for him is hard, no sacrifice is bitter. Nor does it make the slightest difference what sort of a man he is. She sees him except surrounded by the halo of her fancy, and to her he is a hero of romance, a fairy prince before whom she spends her life in blissfully burning incense.

There isn't the smallest doubt that the majority of disgraced wives—the hopeless, wailing, extravagant, wailing wives that afflict so many good men—are the direct result of the system of courtship that prevents a woman from taking any active part in love-making. These women all had to take the man

they could get instead of the men they wanted, and they are revenging their disappointment and chagrin on their hapless husbands.

Strangely enough, although they would be largely benefited by giving women the right to propose, man, especially Anglo-Saxon men, view the idea with horror. They seem to think that it would be a torturing experience to have a woman ask their hands in marriage. This is an error. To be made love to by a pretty girl is quite a delightful experience. Well, rather!

Men also seem to fear that if women pop the question they would have no change whatever to escape matrimony, and that they would lack the nerve to refuse to be hers when a lady asked him, no matter how little they might fancy the fair suitor. This is also a mistake. Men don't hesitate to say "No!" good and hard to the woman who tries to borrow money of them or who presents to them a spot-bribe business proposition, so why should they be shy about declining to go with her to the altar unless they so desire?

Of course, the one tangible objection heretofore to women's proposing was the feminine lack of money. A lady couldn't very well ask a man to assume her board bill for life, but now so many women have money of their own and so many more have good jobs that enable them to be financially independent that that obstacle has been practically removed.

There are those who contend that it would be a horrid, bold thing for a woman to go frankly up to a man and tell him that she loves him and would like to marry him and that she was satisfied that she could make him happy, but, rightly viewed, would not such a proceeding be infinitely more modest than the underhanded means a woman now has to take to catch a man's attention and lead him on through chicanery and deceit up the proposing point?

Give women the right to propose and every wife will be breaking her neck trying to please her husband, and there will be no more unhappy homes.

A Cardinal's Duty

As for the duties of a modern cardinal, if he resides in Rome he graces the pope's entourage, assists the holy father at great liturgical ceremonies and is his official helper and counselor in the government of the church. In a consistory or assembly of the cardinals about the pope he may confer with them on such matters as the naming of new cardinals, the appointment of bishops, the conclusion of concordats, the choice of nuncios and like questions. But private consistories are not frequent nowadays, so a cardinal's chief share in the government of the church is that of presiding over the various congregations which have been established for the dispatch of different kinds of ecclesiastical business. These courts, set up or remodelled by Pope Sixtus V. in the sixteenth century, were completely reorganized and adapted to modern conditions by the present pontiff. Cardinals in Rome also attend of course public consistories at which the pope confers red hats, brings to a conclusion a process of canonization, receives ambassadors, etc. But bishops and other prelates may assist at such consistories.

The cardinal's most important duty, however, is the election of a bishop when the See is vacant. This duty belongs to them and to them alone. On the holy father's death a commission of four cardinals at once takes charge of all current business, summons from all parts of the world their brother cardinals to enter a conclave and proceed to an election. Through a conclave is commonly chosen, there is no restriction on the electors. Any man who may be or become a bishop may be elected.

A cardinal's privileges are in keeping with his high position. He has a place and a vote in general councils, he is the only one to leave Rome as a legate, a legate, he takes procedure of all other church dignitaries but the pope, in secular courts he ranks with princes of the blood royal, must always be addressed as "Your Eminence," is robed in scarlet, has a scepter in his ring and wears a pastoral cross. Cardinals from religious orders, however, keep the color of their relations but do Cardinal Palamini will dress in blue and can say—Walter Dill Scott, in American Review of Reviews.

Teacher—What did the Philistines say after David had slain Goliath?
While—O, I suppose they said, "Never mind. The season's young yet. Wait till David hits a stump."—Puck.

A Ballad of the Brake Beams.

By DAMON RUNYON.

Do you know what a freight train says to a guy When he's ditched, and it goes rumbly by?
Rumbly along it sings a song, and this is the song it sings so high:
"Ham-gazzam-gazzam-gazzam!"

Do you know what it means to a travelin' gent When he's t'run from a train and broken, and bent He lies there hurt in the dust and dirt while the train sings back from the way it went?
"Ham-gazzam-gazzam-gazzam!"

Do you know what it is to suffer from cold, From thirst, and hunger, and their be rolled
Offen a deck on the back o' your neck while the song comes back where the miles unfold?
"Ham-gazzam-gazzam-gazzam!"

Do you know when a freight train hits a switch Wit' a roar and a slam and a snaky twitch—
The hymn so grim it sings to him as he lays watchin' it from the ditch?
"Ham-gazzam-gazzam-gazzam!"

That's what a freight train says to a guy When he's ditched wit' a boot from a brakeman spy—
Cussin' his luck he lays there stuck 'till another train comes a-rumbly by—
"Ham-gazzam-gazzam-gazzam!"

MODERN WOMEN

"A maid when there were none to praise And very few to love."—Wordsworth.

You're much too vain, the pulpit says— Too ebby, cheerful, chic, or chattery. Your soul-wrecked husbands strew Broadway From ancient Yonkers to the Battery. You're fond of fiction and of flattery; You do not seem a naively play. Why should my heart get piti-pattory. When you—the friendless—cross my way?

The doctors criticize your dress, From hat to heel, with stern severity. Your diet and your stays they guess, Are both impelling poetry; But, I, aspiring to asperity, Seeking to break you, only bless. How can you have the wild temerity To be so rich in loveliness?

How does this blindness come to be? Where is my sense of true morality. When, every day, I hear and see New diatribes 'gainst your rascality? It's grim—the verbal liberality With which the "experts" all agree That "Modern Woman" spells Fatality. Why doesn't she seem dead to me?

Oh, wicked ones, so worldly-wise, Cultured and gentle and imperious, From your emancipated eyes Comes the same age-old and mysterious Thrill that old lovers, staid and serious, Got from prim James and Margerys. Oh, you are dear, if deleterious, Though I alone apostrophize.

Broadway and the Rubes

By WINIFRED BLACK.

"How in the world do you manage to live so far from Broadway?" said the good detective to the reformed Get Rich Quick Man in the play.

"Oh," said the Get Rich Quick Man, "wait and see."

And the detective does wait and he does see.

Such wondrous things he sees—drescoats, automobiles, valets, butlers and old men of eighty-odd, going to make a night of it at the club after a wedding supper. "I see," says the detective, "Broadway hasn't got much on you rubes after all."

And the whole theater full of rubes who were seeing the play sat and laughed and laughed so hard they nearly forgot to applaud. I wonder why?

Automobiles, valets, footmen, a night at the club—what a glorious ambition to know all these variegated things, to drink them in with your mother's milk, even if you have to root in a flat and go in debt to your tailor to do it.

Get rich, get rich, get rich! Don't live in a home; live in a cave. Don't have a friend; have a waiter. Don't have children; have butlers. Don't have a wife for a sweetheart.

Why, the idea of doing such a "Rube" thing as that when there's a whole street full of show girls just waiting for you.

Choose a good girl and marry her as soon as she'll let you find your happiness in her sweet eyes, your comfort in her simple faith, your wish to live because she lives, and you can make her happy! Tut-tut. You'll never get very far on Broadway with any such idea as that.

And yet there are people who take that view of life, millions of them right in this very country of ours, and, whelp, they jog happier when you look right at them than these wise folks who are so much "in the know," as they'll call it, it seems to me.

Good morning, Mr. Country Cousin. Just in from Cleveland, are you? What, you find the rooms small here in little old New York, and the houses are ugly and not comfortable in any way? Well, just think of Broadway, what can you say about that?

Lonesome, here in New York? Why, the idea. The town is full of waiters and taxi drivers and auto chuk men. They'll all be mighty pleasant to you if you only treat them right, but for goodness sake don't let them know you come from a place where you have a front porch all to yourself, and three bath rooms, and lots of real friends, and a library full of real books, and room enough to keep them, too, or they'll know you're just a "Rube" and laugh at you, and that would be a fearful thing.

Yes, yes, I know your kind. You're in love with your own wife, actually in love with her. You work together hand in hand you two. Poor today may be, but what hopes for tomorrow. Bad times now, but never mind; think what's ahead of you. What's the difference if the road you walk is a little rough in places. You're together, you and the woman you love, together all the way.

What's that ahead in the turn there, a bogie man, sickness, poverty, discouragement? Poo! poo! Sing the bogie out of existence. Why, what a sweet, clear voice she has, the little woman who walks with you.

Well, that was a breather that hill. She'll be tired to death. What, not even panting, the little woman who seemed so delicate when you chose her out of all the world to be your companion down the long road? She's laughing at you for being tired. She's as fresh as paint herself.

Oh, on again. Now the road is smooth for a while. What a charming bit of shade. Who are these coming to meet you down the sun-flecked shadow? Little fellows they are.

See the one ahead there—his mother's very eyes. Who is the red-checked nuisance in the boots? Your own father alive again if ever a man stopped in his grandfather's shoes.

How many friends there are about the way. There's the fellow you helped when he was down and out. Doing well now is he? That's good.

How his face lights up when he sees you. See, there's the poor girl the Little Woman stood by when she was in trouble. She'd die to serve either of you now.

What a company you are by now, you and the Little Woman and the little fellows, and your friends and the Little Woman's friends, all traveling together, singing sometimes, laughing sometimes, crying a little, too, sometimes. It's a long road you travel, and there are bad places in it, but together, all together, all the way.

Growing old, nonsense. You just hint that the Little Woman isn't the prettiest woman in the world to little Boots there, and see his fat fist double up of its own accord.

You commonplace, a little dull? Just let any one say that about you to Blue Eyes and hear what she'll answer them.

Together, together, in sun and rain, together, together, in tempest and in peace, always together, warm hearts and true, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health.

What, not a show girl among you, not a single affiant? Don't even mention such words in such company as this.

No butler; never heard of a valet, couldn't mix an up-to-date cocktail to save your life? Wouldn't dream of making a night of it at any club? Never saved money enough for an automobile?

Stay off Broadway, Mr. Rube, you and your family and your friends. They wouldn't know what to make of you there.

But while you're in town, Brother Rube, go to the theater and see one of those foolish, foolish plays about the Boobs and the Rubes.

It will make you laugh, not at the Rubes, not even at the Boobs, but at the funny, funny people who laugh at them.

"Broadway hasn't got much on you Rubes, after all," said the detective in the play. I wonder if the clever man who wrote these lines has the faintest idea how true, how gloriously true they are.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Merry Christmas, wife, sed Pa, wen he calm in last nite with a bundle. The saint in you, deer, sed Ma, & a scappy new year.

& a what? sed Pa. & a scappy new year, Ma sed. What is in the bundle?

Well, sed Pa, I will tell you, I was just thinking you may want down this morning that the best deeds peepal does to other peepal in the deeds that is did long beforer & sum time after Christmas. That it why I bought these little gifts, sed Pa, altho it is a little after Christmas. Here is a slate for Bobby, sed Pa, in order that he may rite on it sum of the good things that his father does from day to day. I know it sent you a big slice, Pa, sed.

Well, sed Pa, I have here a fine kimono wich was bought for me by a Chinese merchant I met downtown on Mot' street last week, sed Pa, & he promised to get me a fine kimono. He made good, too, sed Pa, look at the change-able colors in it. It looks like the dawn cumming up like thunder out of China across the bay. Doesn't it? sed Pa.

It is the worst looking piece of work I have ever saw, sed Pa. The colors dont blend, sed Pa. They dont what? sed Pa. They dont blend, sed Ma, the thing looks like one of them crazy quilts wich was made in the old days by the honest pilgrims. You can't ever make me believe that a regular Chinaman artist ever wave any such fine cloth as this. Why, sed Ma, out in Frisco we saw kimono for two dollars that looked as much better than this, sed Pa, as turke looch better than Zhyso, sed Ma.

I am sorry you do not like it, sed Pa. He gulped kind of hard & put it away, kind of gentel, out of the window. Maybe you will like these Dutch shoes. They came from Holland. If they are too big I can talk them back & git them changed. That it what the yung girl sed, anyhow, Wen she sold it to me, I know she will keep her word, too, sed Pa, bekas she had eyes as blue & trust-ful as two twin lakes.

She did? sed Ma. Yes, sed Pa, she did.

In that case, Ma sed, I do not feel that I can accept the shoes. To begin with, Ma sed, I do not know where or wen you had a pair of wooden shoes without gitting all my lady friends after me. They wud say that a pair of wooden shoes was the only pair of shoes I had, Ma sed, & that wud brake my hart.

Well, sed Pa, I am glad you liked the other gifts wich I brought home the other nite, such as the birdseed & the dog biscuits & the pre-prepare food for the gold fish. I had hoped for a better recepshun wen I calm hoam tonite with this bundle.

Sherlocko the Monk

The Adventure of the Missing Ferryboat

By GUS MAGER.

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See, there's the poor girl the Little Woman stood by when she was in trouble. She'd die to serve either of you now.