



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S TAILOR CALLS AROUND

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By Tad



Memory Can Make You Beautiful

The Beautiful Events of Your Past Life Can Be Reflected in Your Face and Do More for Your Looks Than Any Cosmetic, Paint, Powder or Massage.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

This is truth the poet sings: That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things. —TENNYSON'S LOCKSLEY HALL.

That is a beautiful line from a beautiful poem—but it isn't true? A sorrow's crown of sorrow is forgetting happier things.

Truly crowned with sorrow is the person whose mind dwells on a disappointment of today and cannot live on the happiness of days that are past.

Thousands of human beings, especially women and girls, are made happy by dreams, thoughts and recollections of past hours. And those thoughts make the face and the mind as well beautiful.

It is commendable, my dear girls, to cultivate good looks, but don't in your zealous interest in teeth, hair and skin, forget the greater essential in becoming good looking, and that is the cultivation of a happy soul.

The eyelashes and eyebrows may be perfect, and the color of the eyes be beautiful, but unless the light that shines through them is clear and brave and happy and honest all the physical perfection is lost.

To begin with, cultivate a happy memory. Cultivate the art of remembering a pretty sunset, a pleasant outing, a friendly smile. If it rains today the memory of a bright sunshine yesterday will make it less gloomy, and its brightness may be extended to brighten up the clouds to-morrow.

Tennyson once said, "This the truth he poet sings, that a sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things."

It is daring to say a poet must often be wrong, but it will interest you to personally prove that he is. If in your sorrow you can recall a day when you were happy, and smile at the memory, you are wiser than a great poet, and that wisdom will keep your eyes bright, prevent the corners of your mouth from turning down, and make you better looking.

Get into the habit of storing bright, happy things in your memory box. Make it a charm string of bright beads; don't make it resemble a string of old, useless pants buttons, of which the world always holds a useless surplus.

When on your way downtown in the morning think of the most pleasant things that happened yesterday. Don't engrave on your face the story of its disappointments.

This may seem difficult at first, but practice makes it easier. Particularly do I entreat those dear girls to smile for whom the little pink sphere of romance has burst.

If a man has proved a recreant lover, nothing makes him so ashamed, nothing does so much to convince him of his utter unworthiness, and nothing so determines him to ask for a chance to try again, as a brave, happy smile on the face of the girl he ill-treated.

Tears can't be cashed in commercial life nor in the realm of romance. The lover who is wept back never stays longer than it takes him to break loose from his moorings and float off.

The girl who wins is the girl who smiles, and the best way to get the habit of smiling is to cultivate a memory of happier days. Don't enjoy a pleasure once, and then forget it. Put it away in that memory box, and get it out in dull and stormy weather, and enjoy it over again.

"For he lives twice who can at once employ the present well and e'en the past enjoy."

A Lesson from History

It is a relief to hear a story with a moral that even the dumbest intellect may grasp without difficulty. Prof. John Spencer Bassett, author of "A Life of Andrew Jackson," is accustomed to illustrate his lectures at Smith college with incidents in American history. On one occasion he repeated a story of Stephen A. Douglas.

Once when Douglas—so Prof. Bassett's narrative runs—was sitting sound asleep in the corridor of the capital Miss Adele Curtis, a Washington belle, passed by. She was struck with the intellectual face of the sleeper, whom she did not know, and was sorry for his discomfort. Stopping, she laid her handkerchief over his face to protect it from the flies. On awakening Douglas found the handkerchief, sought the owner and eventually married her.

There was a pause, and then the professor added:

"Young ladies, the moral of this story is, have your pocket handkerchief marked."—New York Sun.

Ballad of Hard Luck

By DAMON BUNYAN.

I'm settin' behind four oces, an' I opened, under the gun;
Eleven bucks an' a half in pot, w'ch I think is as good as won,
An' I'm dreamin' o' sirlin an' taters, w'ch a scuttle to come along—
When I hears a crash on the skylight;
A turrible smash on the skylight;
A turrible smash on the skylight;
So I figgers that somethin's wrong!



I'm holdin' a ticket on Rose Leaf, at a price o' fifty to one;
An' Rose Leaf leads to the wire, so the race is as good as done;
An' I dreamin' o' fiftin' a mortgage, an' my voice breaks out in song—
When I see her fall near the wire;
A yard or two from the wire;
An' the favorite busts past the wire—
So I figgers that somethin's wrong!

I'm always grabbed near the finish, when my dreams are a rosy hue
(Always up at the finish, just when the pay-off's due!)
When I'm reachin' to take the money, an' feelin' so very strong—
I hears a thump at my portal;
A turrible clump at my portal;
An' the landlord bawls through my portal—
So I figgers that somethin's wrong!



Ask Any Diplomat!

By Tad

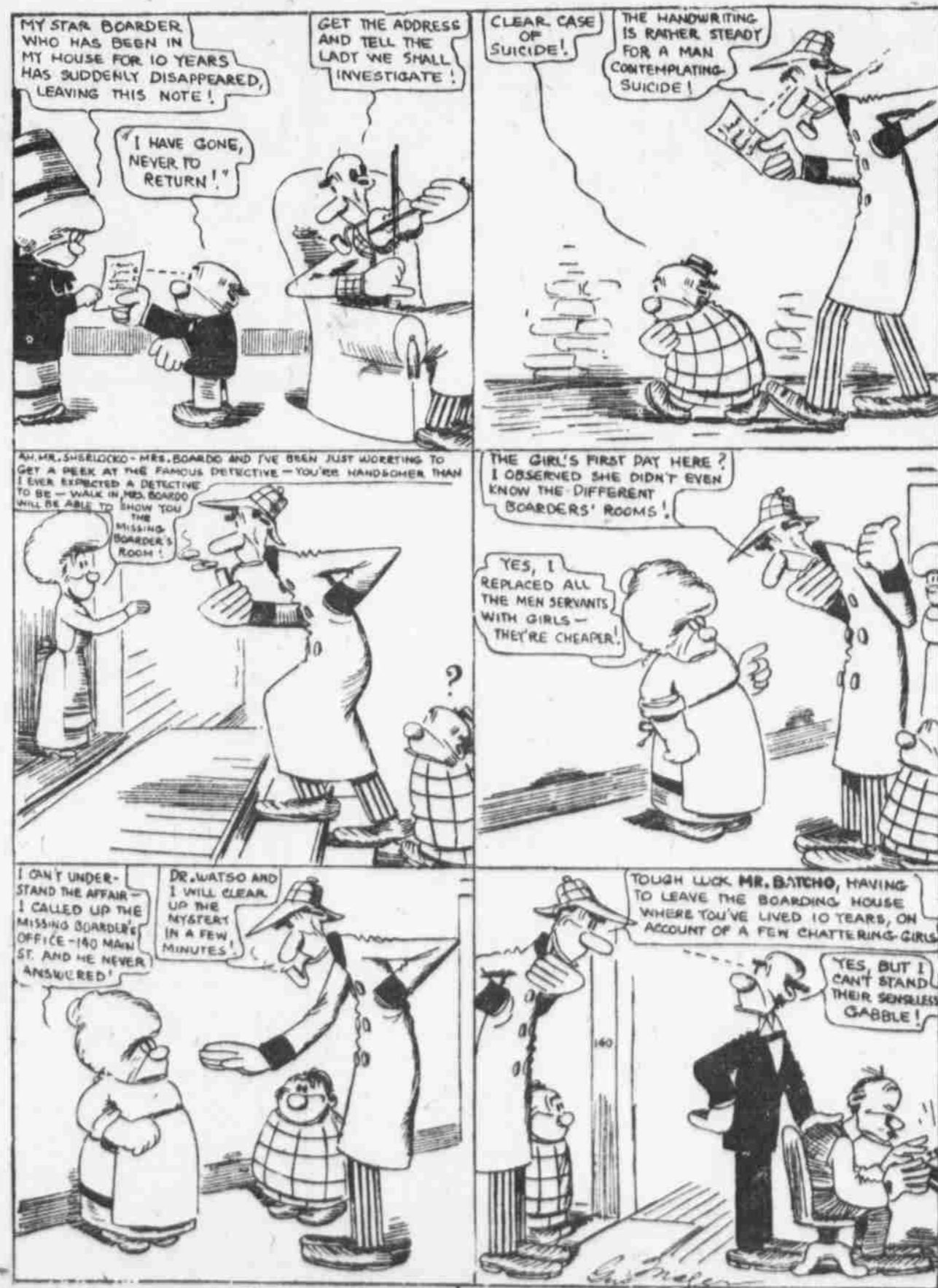


Sherlocko the Monk

By GUS MAGER.

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The Episode of the Runaway Boarder



Employers' Liability or Compensation Law

By PROF. HENRY R. SEAGER of Columbia University.

No country has more need of a wise policy in reference to the problem of industrial accidents and the need of a compensation amendment than the United States.

The two industries for which we have reliable statistics—railroading and coal mining—show how great this need is. Our American railroads kill, for every thousand employees, every year, two and one-half times as many men as railroads of the United Kingdom, and three times as many as the railroads of Germany.

In our coal mines, three and one-third men per 1,000 employed have been killed every year for the last half dozen years, as compared with one to every 1,000 in Belgium and almost as low a percentage in other European mines.

The fact that we cannot say how many are killed each year is one indication of our backwardness in this field.

What shall be done for the victims of accident? A wise system would seek to prevent as many accidents as were preventable and, next, to indemnify the victims as completely as could not be prevented.

It is foolish because under it relations of employer and employe are constantly unbalanced, when under a different system it would be possible to have the employer and employe working together in harmony in an effort to keep down accidents and provide properly for victims.

Fifty per cent of the Employers' Liability company's money is expended, not in the paying of claims, but in paying lawyers' fees and expenses in the fighting of claims. Forty-five per cent is expended by wage earners on their side, in the expense the system entails on them.

It is ineffective because it fails lamentably to remedy a serious social problem. More than half the accidents are not due to personal negligence. More than three-fourths are not due to negligence of the employe. Not more than one-fourth of those injured have any legal claim to damages. The returns from employers' liability companies are that, of the accidents reported to them, not more than one in eight led to a settlement of a claim.

It is absolutely inadequate to deal with this great social problem of industrial accident, and it is barbarous because it is revolting to the elements of justice. Under the law's technicalities, any effort on the part of the employer to settle is likely to be presented to a jury as evidence of guilt.

It has encouraged perjuries on both sides. It has degraded bench and bar until you can hardly find a reputable lawyer who has much to say of the system in its operation.

Practically every important civilized country but the United States has now abandoned the principle of our employers' liability law, and substituted for it what is known as the compensation principle. The compensation principle is that injured men ought to be treated in connection with industrial enterprises in just the same way that damaged tools, machinery and buildings are treated.

How is that cost of maimed limbs to be imposed on the cost of industry? The most satisfactory way is to impose it, or a reasonable part of it, on the employer. The expenses for used or lost tools, materials, etc., are placed upon the employer. If this other item is properly an expense of production, why should not this expense also be put upon the employer and by him shifted along with the other items in his expense?

In countries that have adopted this principle the employer shifts the risks in compensation of the injured men to an insurance company, which, for the return of a reasonable premium, carries this risk for him.

In this country interest in this question assumed important proportions with the creation in 1899 of various commissions. The Wainwright act was passed in 1910. In framing this law this commission almost bent backward in its effort to draft a law that would be constitutional. For that reason it was by no means a model statute. It was the first try in a difficult field. Last March our court of appeals decided it was unconstitutional.

During the last two years twelve states besides New York introduced it in one form or another. Washington has the compulsory plan in the form of state insurance. The supreme court at Washington, after reviewing thoroughly the reason given by our court of appeals—that it was not in harmony with the constitution—held that it was in harmony and unanimously upheld the same law that was condemned by our court of appeals.

It would be a very grave mistake to allow the view taken by our court of appeals—that this change is not in harmony with our fundamental law—to be final. If it is not in harmony our fundamental law should be changed so that it will be in harmony.

A Mohammedan View

By CHESTER FIRKINS.

'Twas on the Day of Christ the Cossacks came.
It was a time of peace—none knew of war.
Men tell me that the Cossacks hail their czar
"Vicery of Christ," and that their Christ they name
"The Prince of Peace." We do not understand
The "peace" of monarchs in our sister land.

A merchant whom I met in Ispahan—
An Irishman, kindly, yet full of pride—
Told me that, yearly, at the Christmastide
The western people paused; no caravan
Set forth; the blessed day, he said, was given
To peace and charity by will of heaven.

What is this word called "peace"? I think 'tis "death,"
For death is peaceful by Mohammed's law.
But I, who, 'mid the crash of powder, saw
Babes on dead mothers' breasts, that gasped for breath,
And, wailing, waited for the Cossack sword,
I ask: Why is a czar Christ's underlord?

It cannot be; for those of other lands
Are not as Cossacks are. There is a man
Who holds the people's love in Teheran;
And he no Persian, but, one understands,
Was sent to us from far America,
Where every man is equal of his shah.

He is a man both generous and brave,
Who has enriched us and would aid us more—
A Christian whom Mohammedans adore,
Who has defied the Briton and the Slav.
Allah protect him! He would not abide
This Herod butchery of Christmastide!