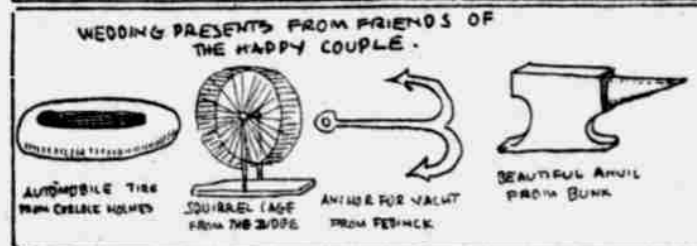


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## First Pictures of Silk Hat Harry's Wedding

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By Tad



### Daddydillo

PUT UP YOUR RAKE TUM IT MUST BE HOT IN THE FIELDS TODAY

YE BOOTHKEE FIERCEST COSSACK IN KUVENH, GEBERNEH WAS MADLY GALLOPING TO THE CZAR'S PALACE WHO GOES THERE, HISSED THE NIGHT SENTRY 'TIS I, SNORTED, YEBOOCH, A SIMPLE COSS-LISTEN HE WHISPERED. 'JFA DOG BITES TRAMPS, WHAT DOES A CATNIP?'

YOUNG JAY CUB THE REPORTER ON THE MUDVILLE MEANDERER WAS JOYOUS. HE CLAIMED THAT THE HEN CAME BEFORE THE EGG, SO YOU SEE HE HAD A CHICKEN SCOOP! DASHING INTO THE EDITOR HE CRIED: 'I HAVE SEEN A BRUSH PAINT BUT I HAVE NEVER SEEN A TOOTH POWDER!'

OFFICER!! DON'T BE BACKWARD IN COMING FORWARD.

OH YAHS - YOU SEE WHEN YOU'RE HOOKED UP TOAN HEIRRESS YOU'VE GOT TO GET UP AND EXERCISE THE RUSSIAN WOLF HOUND - POLISH THE PEARLS, WASH THE DIAMONDS,

JUMP THE HORSES, ORDER OUT THE SIX MOTOR CARS, PUT A CASE OF GRAPE ON ICE, DUST OFF THE OLD MASTERS, JOLLY THE WIFE'S SIX DRESS MAKERS, ORDER SOME TENDERLOIN

OR GOLD-FISH FOR BREAKFAST, BEAT THE BUTLER TO MAKE HIM BEAT THE 10,000,000, A MODRISH RUG THEN WHILE RESTING I ANSWER THE MAIL AND THEN GO DOWN TO WALL STREET TO CLIP SOME COUPONS

GEE YOU MUST OF A CERTAINLY BE JOYFUL

YEP - NUTHIN TO DO TILL THE MORROW

THE DAPPER ENGLISHMAN WAS REALLY SPEAKING HARSHLY TO THE BOWERY BEAUTS LITTLE BUX DARED TO SOAK HIM ONE ON THE EYE THE ENGLISHMAN YELLED 'BEE HIVE! BEE HIVE!' THEN THERE CAME A REAR FROM THE WINDOW OF THE CHOP SUEY JOINT ABOVE IT WAS NONE OTHER THAN CHUCK CONNORS HE WAS HEARD TO YELL 'IF ELECTRICITY IS A CURRENT, IS A BIG CROWD A JAM?'

MOTHER - I AINT A GOIN' TO JIT DOWN BY THE THAR CITY CHAP, MAY BE CAUSE HE HANT A DONE RIGHT BY OUR NELL

## The Restless Woman: A Distinct and Dreadful Type in America.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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The restless woman may be found here and there, in every part of the world. But only in America is she developed to a distinct and dreadful type. Look about you and you will find her. Fortunate are you if you do not find her in your own domicile; and still more fortunate if, being a woman, you do not recognize her as yourself.

And, again, fortunate are you if having recognized yourself, you set about the great work of changing your type.

The restless woman awakes in the morning, usually after a poor night of broken slumber, to plan enough work and pleasure, duty and charity to keep ten women busy.

There is no method in her planning; and before high noon she is all unstrung in her effort to decide which of the nine plans must be abandoned in order that she can carry out one of them. Whichever she decides to do, she is sure to regret it soon afterward and bemoan the fact that she did not select one of the other plans to occupy her time.

All day long the restless woman is fussing about the house, or going in and out, remembering things she has forgotten, or forgetting things she has tried to remember. She takes ten steps where she need only take one; and the sound of opening and shutting door, and hurried footsteps and swishing skirts, follows her everywhere.

When she tries to settle down to read a book she invariably remembers some unfinished duty which calls her away, and she rarely completes a letter without interrupting herself three times to go and do something else.

The restless woman was once engaged in the form of a beautiful young girl. Attracted by her physical charms, a young man asked the privilege of calling. It was a summer day and a summer home, and no sooner was the young man seated facing the restless girl than she suggested a stroll in the open air; she thought the house seemed close. But, they strolled; that six squares had not been traversed when the restless girl suggested an ice cream parlor, and ere the cream was consumed she proposed the roller skating rink, and after that the moving picture show.

"Never before or since in my life," quoth the young man, speaking of the matter afterward, "did I suffer such irritation of spirit as during that call. I would rather spend my life in solitary confinement than in the society of a girl that is afflicted with chronic restlessness."

The restless woman never amounts to anything, no matter how great are her gifts and opportunities. She cannot make progress in music, in art, in literature, in social or charitable work, while dominated by this little demon of restlessness.

She wastes her vital forces in foolish, petty, senseless ways, and has nothing left to give to a great purpose. She is a most unattractive friend, for her restless spirit causes her to break her engagements, and she never listens with any focused attention while others are talking. Her mind wanders, and she shows by her manner that she wants to get away.

The restless woman is always dissatisfied with her life and always believes it is the fault of others that she does not reach any goal.

The habit of restlessness is a vice. It eats into the character and destroys the moral fibre and prevents the development of individuality and power, which are factors in immortality.

For the soul is made of concentration of our divine powers.

If we waste these powers in useless ways, in habits of thinking to no purpose, we waste the soul and fail to build a place for ourselves in the immortal realms which are mental planes of existence.

Though you keep all the ten commandments and believe in the orthodox creed of your church, yet you cannot enter the heaven of which you dream unless you learn the meaning of the words concentration, rest, silence, peace, patience, perseverance, will.

And you can never make any man or child happy, as a wife or mother, until you overcome the vicious and destructive habit of restlessness.

Learn how to keep still. Learn how to sit down and read a book, with your mind on what you are reading. When it starts to run away, pull it back as you would rein in a restive steed you were driving.

Learn how to listen—and to stand you are listening to what your friend is saying.

Learn how to decide on a course of action and to carry it out. Learn how to resolve that you will stay at home for a certain number of hours, and do certain things, and enjoy them, and do not permit anything to change your plans. Learn how to keep your engagements. All this means building character.

It is good work to undertake this New Year.

## To Live Long, Keep Busy

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

The death of John Bigelow in his ninety-fourth year closes the life of an extraordinary man. And his soul goes marching on.

Up to the week of his death Bigelow took a hearty interest in all political and social happenings that were of import to the world. He was a humanist.

Bigelow was eight years younger than Abraham Lincoln when Lincoln died. Bigelow was 84.

Herbert Spencer once said that the majority of Englishmen who live to be over 70 have softening of the brain. And then he explained the reason they had softening of the brain was because they did not use their brains.

The brain is an organ, and the only way to exercise it is by thinking—pleasant thinking—and an interest in what the world is saying and doing, with the proper expression of your own thoughts, is eminently hygienic.

Lilias Rothschild, the mother of ten great Rothschilds lived to be 100, and when she was 88 she did not hesitate to express her disapprobation of some of the policies followed out in a political way by Nathan, her brilliant son.

Caroline Herschel, musician, astronomer, student, school teacher, also made the century run.

Bishop Bowman of England is 92.

John Tenniel, famous cartoonist, is 90, and at work.

Lord Strathcona, otherwise Donald G. Smith, is 90, and the other day he quoted Sir Humphry Davy, who when asked what was his greatest discovery replied "Michael Faraday." Continuing, he said that his own greatest achievement was the discovery of James J. Hill, "who would yet make a mark for himself."

Sir Charles Trueman and Clara Barton are both in their ninety-first year.

Alfred Russel Wallace is in his eighty-ninth year, and not long ago refused to buy a horse that was twelve years old, stating that he wanted a colt so he could break it, and it would last him the rest of his life.

Dr. Robert Collier, ex-Senator Davis and John Buckner are each 87, and still stirring up the animals.

Levi P. Morton is 86, and is out with an article in favor of the National Reserve association, saying that he never wants to live to see another financial panic.

Dozens of men can be named between 80 and 90 who are taking a very practical interest in the world of politics, business and literature.

The five great insurance companies report an average of fifty-seven deaths where a hundred were due to shuffing off the mortal coil.

Undoubtedly the greatest factor in longevity is an active interest in human affairs.

The fear of death, as a philosophic proposition, has passed from the world. We have no sorrow for the dead, and science has shown us that pain is an attribute of life that the dying have neither pain nor fear.

The orthodox religion, which was devised to give men comfort, gave them just the opposite thing. Happily, the devil is a joke, and the tears of pity have put out the fires of hell.

Life is beautiful, and for all we know death is just as good. And death, science shows, is in itself a form of life. The man who lives well is the one who is willing to go or stay. And the man who is willing to go or stay stays quite a while.

John Calvin and John Knox had a deal to do with devising and formulating a religion of sorrow, and each died old at 57. Unfortunately they took themselves seriously, attempting to say the final word. And any one who does this is suffering from arterio-sclerosis of his mind cells. Life is fluid, and nothing is permanent but a change.

## The Fable of the Wise Dame

By DOROTHY DIX.

Once upon a time there was a young maiden who was overladen with romance and sentiment. She was one of those moon-eyed females whose hair always seems to be coming down and who pass up straight fronts in favor of Greek draperies that look as if they needed to make a trip to the laundry.

In spite of this affliction the maiden was blessed with so much pulchritude that a worthy and industrious green grocer, who did not know when he was well off, hunted trouble by greatly desiring to marry her.

Unfortunately nature had not framed up the green grocer upon romantic specifications. When it came to chasing the almighty dollar he was a long-distance sprinter, but he had nary a yearn except for his dinner, and the sight of the amethystine sea never filled him with anything but seasickness.

When the maiden compared him with her Booth Tarkington ideals he did not fit in a single particular, and she turned him down good and hard when he tried to get an option on her for life.

This greatly grieved her mother, who was a fussy old dame, who had lived in this vale of tears long enough to know that a husband who is a good provider is worth all the romantic heroes on the cinder path, and so she took her daughter aside, and thus commensed with her: "I do not desire," she said, "to influence your young affections, nor to dictate your choice, but I have a curiosity to know what sort of a matrimonial hunch you have up your sleeve that causes you to hand the ice to a warm proposition like the green grocer. Foolish creature, do you not know that if you marry him you will be able to automobile through life and wear clothes that will give every other female heart failure every time she looks at you?"

"That is true," replied the maiden, "but I have a romantic soul that scorns the vulgarity of trade, and I could not even enjoy spending money that smelt of cabbage and onions. I must have something that deals with the higher side of life in mine, and no one who is not in a learned profession need apply."

"Forget it!" cried the mother, "the dough's the thing, not how you get it."

"Furthermore," continued the maiden, "I apprehend that the tired business man is not an exciting companion with whom to spend your evenings."

"Impudent!" exclaimed the mother, do you not know that it is only the unfortunate poor who have to spend their evenings together? People in comfortable circumstances never have to undergo this terrible suffering. Believe me, it is much more important for your friends to have entertaining husbands than to have one yourself."

Nevertheless the maiden refused to hearken to her mother's advice, but as she felt a trifle uncertain on the marriage proposition and was devoted to a search for her ideal, she packed her trunk and hiked out west where marriage licenses are sold with divorce coupons attached.

After some years of a variegated and checkered domestic career she returned home and was affectionately welcomed by her mother.

"I perceive," said the mother, "from your numerous wedding cards that you have been somewhat of a marrier, and I would like to ask if you have ever found your ideal?"

"I found several of him," returned the daughter, "but, alas, the road to happiness is always strewn with husks. My first husband was a clergyman who won my heart by spicing to me of spiritual things, but when we were married I found that I had to dress according to the congregation's taste and that got upon my nerves, so that I threw up the job."

"Next I married a doctor, but all of his time was spent in making professional calls and keeping dinner waiting, and as I did not desire to spend my life eating cold victuals, I cut that."

"Then I espoused a lawyer, but he was a cruel and inhuman monster who refused to tell his little toasty wootsle all the secret proceedings in his divorce cases, and as I believe there should be perfect confidence between husband and wife, I passed him up, too."

"My next experience in the holy estate was with a novelist, and all went well until I began comparing myself with his heroines, who were all tall and slender with golden hair and melting blue eyes. I do not answer to that description by a year and a half, and as I did not care to have a rival who made me look like 30 cents I resigned."

"I also ascertained that my dream of bliss as a politician's wife was a pipe dream. For my husband kept the glad hand for the public and never extended it at home. Finally, I married a musician with whom I expected to exist in perfect harmony, but, unhappily, we found that our natures were tuned in different keys, and when he began chasing a high C affinity I threw up my hands and quit the game."

"That will be about all the romance in mine. What I am looking for now is a groveling creature who will charge my virtues and my faults up to profit and loss, and strike a good general average, and who is willing to stake me to bargain money."

Thereupon she married the green grocer, who was so stupid he had remained faithful to her memory, and they lived happily ever after.

Moral: This fable teaches that the business man is the preferred matrimonial risk.

## The Pick and Shovel Brigade

By DAMON BUNYON.

We march to the marks o' the blue print sharks, and the tune o' commands profane, As our captains drive us wit' pick handle swords in the heat and the biladin rain;

We're takin' the trenches along the route wherever the expert steers, And we're first in the firm' line o' work at the heels o' the engineers!

Our uniforms are a greasy blue; our haversacks battered palls; Our flag is a dirty square o' red that's planted where danger hails— An anarchist red which marks the spot that the expert eyes wit' dread— That we discover and show so plain wit' our flag—and a couple o' dead!

We charge to the rear o' the dynamite blast, and the music o' fallin' rock; Our lines swing first through the New-Found-Ways while the earth still shakes from the shock;

Mountains to move, and rivers to change, or a job on a railroad grade, Bobbin' ahead at the far' flung front are the men o' our queer brigade.

Fiddy and Marreoch stay at home and wait 'till our crew comes back (Some of us come on shutters, too, from the mill, and the hill, and track); Fiddy and Marreoch peck the palls, and watch the flag o' our corps, And weep, at wizzin' o' soldiers do, when we come home from war!

You'll find our strange corps over the world wit' our palls and picks to hand; Ready to move, and ready to do, in any ole part o' the land. Down in the sewers and subways, too, we fight for a dollar a day, And few of us speak in the same ole tongue, but we sweat in the same o' way!

## Sherlocko the Monk

By GUB MAGER.

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THE CASE OF THE MISSING BUSINESS MAN

MY HUSBAND HAS MYSTERIOUSLY VANISHED— I CALLED AT HIS OFFICE IN THE SPRINGER BUILDING TO TAKE HIM SHOPPING AND HE CAN'T BE FOUND!

YOU HAD BETTER GO HOME, MADAM, WHILE WE WAIT THE SPRINGER BUILDING!

YOU SAW YOUR EMPLOYER HERE TO-DAY?

SURE, I WAS TAKING DICTATION FROM HIM IN HIS OFFICE WHEN HIS WIFE CALLED!

I ONLY TURNED AROUND A MOMENT TO OPEN THE DOOR FOR HIS WIFE AND HE JUST VANISHED! SHE'S ALL GONE! SHE'S GONE TO THE DOOR, AND I WAS STANDING IN IT!

THAT'S THE DESK THE BOSS WAS USING!

STRANGE IT SHOULD BE CLOSED WHEN HE WAS WORKING AT IT!

VERY MYSTERIOUS!

AH, YOUR BOSS WORE A DARK BLUE COAT? HAVE YOU A SPARE KEY FOR THIS DESK?

WELL, MEMPENED, YOU FORGOT THE DESK CLOSED WITH A SPRING LOCK WHEN YOU HAD TO AVOID A SHOPPING TRIP WITH YOUR WIFE.

YES, BUT I GOT OUT OF GOING WITH HER— SHE MAKES ME TAKE AROUND THROUGH ALL THE STORES!

## An Echo of New Year's Eve

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

They stood at the gate of Justice, looking the Judge in the eye: One was a trim little masher, the other was six feet high.

"Well!" snapped the weary jurist, "what is the matter now? What is the charge? Is it small or large? Who was back of the row?"

The defendant squared away And then he was heard to say:

"It's just this way, Your Honor, I was standing at the gate Of the dear old Trinity Churchyard When along came this little skate. He grinned at my wife a minute, Then, grabbing her by the wrist, He tickled her face with a duster, And I tickled his jaw with my fist.

"I know he is small, Your Honor, five feet tall, no more, And I think he is looking smaller than ever he looked before. I was only a common fighter—that's all that I am today, But I treat my colleas like a little queen, and I brush the flies away. They can kick ME around like a cur, But they can't get away with HER!

"It's just this way, Your Honor, When we walks along the street A guy sweeps by, tries to grab Kate's eye, And steps on her little feet. Yes, Judge, I'm only a scrapper, But I hate this mashing twist. He tickled her face with a duster, So I tickled his jaw with my fist."