



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



HARRY IS REALLY PUZZLED AT THAT

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By Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Warren is Credited with the Bold and Daring Rescue He Would Have Made.

By MABEL HERBERT UERNER.

Helen awoke with a start. What was it? Where had that noise come from? Something had been knocked down or stumbled over. She sat up in bed listening tensely and quivering with the tremulous fear that comes with any such awakening.



Then came the sound of something moving stealthily in the dining room. Then again that cautious, creeping sound. Someone was there! The silver! All the accounts of burglaries and house-breaking that had filled the papers lately flashed before her. Warren!

Another stealthy movement from the dining room! With her heart in her throat she leaped out of bed, snatched her dressing gown from a chair as she passed and flew out into the hall. Down two flights of stone steps, with fearful glances over her shoulder, before she paused to ring wildly the elevator bell.

But by chance the elevator was just coming up with a passenger, a Mr. Bennett, whom Helen recognized as living in the room above. Both her and the elevator boy stared at her wonderingly.

"Oh, there's a man in my apartment," she gasped. "Quick—quick. He's in the dining room."

Mr. Bennett, who was in evening dress, gripped his cane and started up the stairs. Leaving the elevator where it was, they all three ran up the steps. Mr. Bennett started to open the door—then hesitated.

"These fellows are pretty desperate sometimes. Guess I'd better get my revolver. Wait here a moment," starting to dash up to his apartment on the floor above.

But Helen and the elevator boy, with visions of a black-masked desperado dashing upon them, both dashed after him. In a second Mr. Bennett had his revolver and they were all running down the stairs again.

Cautionally opening the door, with the revolver in one hand and his stick tightly gripped in the other, Mr. Bennett paused on the threshold.

Nothing greeted him but darkness and silence. "The button to switch on the light is right there to your left," whispered Helen.

Cautionally he stepped inside and switched on the light. It lit up the hall and part of the front room—but the dining room lay in darkness beyond.

Helen was waiting for Mr. Bennett to stride into the dining room, collar the black-masked ruffian and drag him out. But it seemed that such a course of action was not in Mr. Bennett's mind.

Just then came the sound of the same stealthy movement from the darkness of the dining room.

"There—don't you hear that?" whispered Helen. It was plain that Mr. Bennett had heard, but it was also plain that he was not going to risk his life by encountering a desperate burglar in a darkened room.

shrieking laugh, pushed Mr. Bennett aside and darted into the room. Picking up the chair she disclosed entangled in the tray and crib—poor frightened little Pussy Purmew.

When Helen turned back to the door, Mr. Bennett had disappeared. And she could only imagine his chagrin that he had been so intimidated and held at bay by Pussy Purmew.

"You poor little thing," taking up the kitten, who, glad of her release, nestled lovingly in Helen's arms purring her content.

When Helen once more crept back into bed, she lay there in the dark thinking of the absurdity of it all. How foolishly terrified she had been. And Mr. Bennett! After all not much courage is expected of a woman—but a man!

And again her thoughts turned to Warren and what he would have done. She lay there smiling into the darkness as she pictured just how it would have been had he been there.

She would probably have awakened him with a startled "Warren, Warren—some one's in the dining room!" And he would have turned over, indifferently and grunted a sleepy "Huh!" And then when she insisted that there was someone there and he had heard the stealthy sound, promptly he would have leaped out of bed and strode unarmed into the dining room, muttering some oath and an assurance that "he won't be there long!"

Helen laughed softly to herself as she proudly drew this picture of Warren's bravery. And then she thought with almost contempt of Mr. Bennett, standing grimly at the door, a cane in one hand and a revolver in the other waiting tensely until Pussy Purmew dragged Winifred's high chair into view.

And so this incident, as did almost every other, served only to enhance Warren's memory in Helen's idealizing mind. Every man she met was always compared to Warren and always suffered by the comparison.

And all this only goes to prove what a little foolish, adoring "one-headed" little woman is Helen.

His First Sled

By MINNA IRVING. Of odds and ends from the pile of junk That lay in the tool-house shed, Scraps of iron and bits of wood, I built me a rousing sled. I worked at night by a lantern's light, And the rudder was placed with care, And when it was done the first soft flakes Were afloat in the frosty air.

It snowed and melted and froze again, Till the hillsides shone like glass, And offered a track for a boy's delight No glacier could surpass. The word was a wonder of carved pearl, With turquoise overhead, And down the side of the crystal slide With the speed of the wind we sped.

There were sleds behind and sleds before, Yellow and red and blue, And some were battered and bare of paint, And some were gaudy and new, And some were rakish, broad and long, And some were slender and small; But the little old sled I built myself Was the one that beat them all.

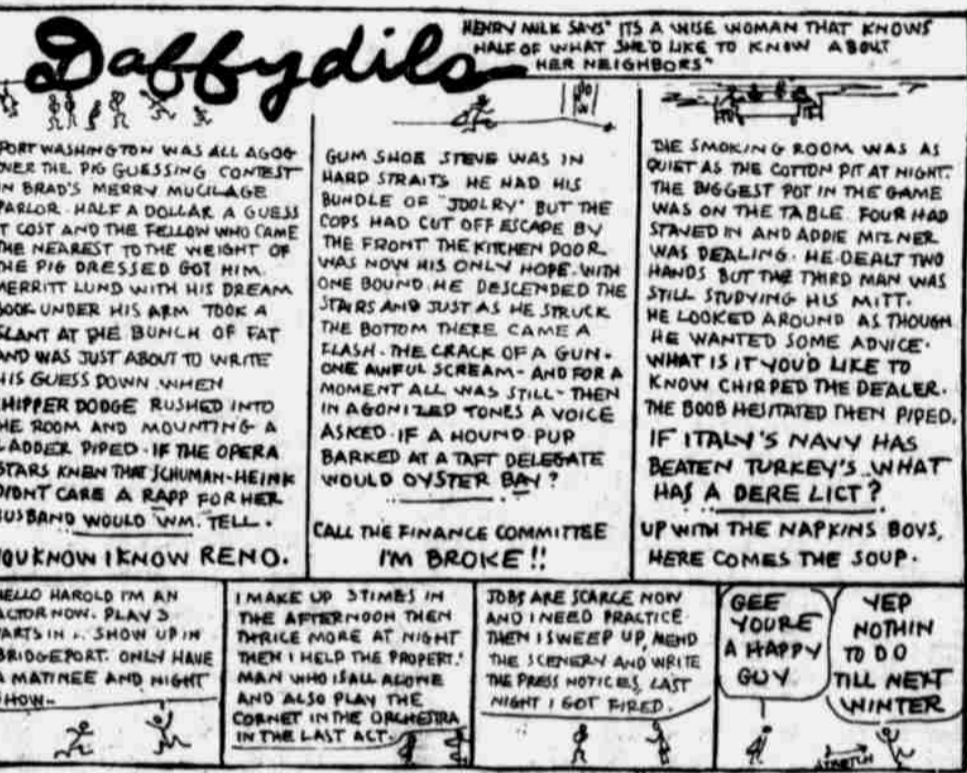
He who tastes every man's broth sometimes burns his mouth.



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You Know I Know Reno

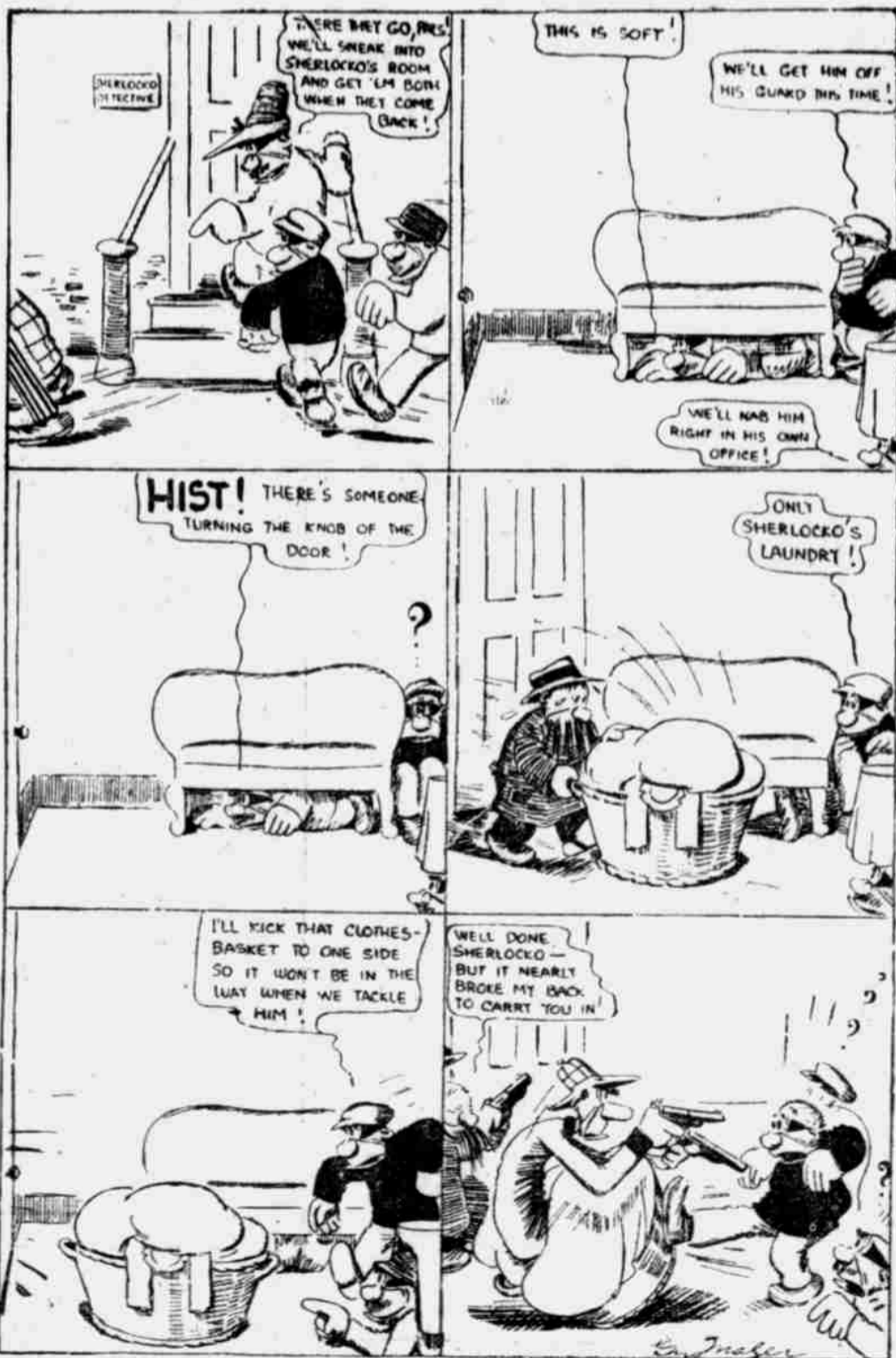
By Tad



Sherlocko the Monk

By GUS MAGER. Copyright, 1911, National News Assn.

How the Great Detective Foils the Gang



The Sewing Machine

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

January 27, 1846.

The first real practical sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, of Spencer, Mass., sixty-six years ago today. Before that time, however, much progress had been made in the direction of this most useful invention. In fact, it may be said that the story of the great invention belongs to many men.



Way back in 1775 Charles F. Wiesenthal laid the foundation of machine sewing by the invention of the double-pointed needle with the eye in the center, and in 1790 Thomas Saint devised a machine for stitching, quilting or sewing, principally in leather work.

In 1801, the Frenchman, Barthelmy Thirionnier of St. Etienne, made a real working machine which he used in his tailoring business, very much to his profit, however, as an ignorant crowd wrecked his shop and came very near killing the unfortunate inventor.

Thirionnier was not discouraged by the near-tragedy, however, and kept on until he got his machine patented both in France and Great Britain. The machine, which was entirely of metal, was a decided improvement on the first one, and promised great things; but a conspiracy of untoward circumstances blasted the

inventor's prospects, and he died unfriended and unwarded.

Then it was that Howe, apparently quite unconscious of what had been done by others, began thinking of the machine which he succeeded in patenting in 1846.

But again the plural character of the honors of the great inventor appears. The two most important features of the Howe machine—the curved eye-pointed needle and the underthread shuttle, without which his invention would have been no improvement upon the machines that had gone before it—were invented by Walter Hunt twelve years previously.

Says a high authority: "Hunt reaped nothing of the enormous pecuniary reward which has been shared among the introducers of sewing machines, and it is all the more necessary that his great merit as an inventor should be insisted upon."

Howe had received in royalties up to the time of his death in 1857 more than two million of dollars, while Hunt, the man who invented the essential features of the Howe machine many years before Howe got out his patent, received nothing. Such is "justice," as it is seen "in the corrupted currents of this world." One soweth and another reapeth, and so it will probably be to the end of time.

And yet there is a sort of justice in things even as they are. It appears that Walter Hunt failed to patent his invention, while Elias Howe patented his. Had Hunter done what he ought to have done he would have received both the glory and the reward.

Little Pu Yi

By PERCY SHAW.

Over the hills to fairyland, To the royal palace, Jehol, Gaze little Pu Yi with sober eye, On touching his Manchu doll: The road is hard, the road is long, But the penguin moves fast From the dragon throne and incense blown Full with scraps of the past.

Over the hills from Nowhere Land, With the naked lust for power, Swept an eager horde whose biting sword Crushed the world in an hour, Little Pu Yi, your kin were there That day in the ages gone, They squeezed the land with a hungry hand And took it for their own.

"Your gods shall pass," the victors said, "Our Buddha shall hear your prayer; Ye shall creep and crawl and cringe and fall, And we shall watch ye there;

Ye shall say the word we bid ye say, Ye shall praise our haldest wife, Ye shall hail our place with servile greed And crave our lightest smile."

Thus they spoke in the long ago When you were a dream, Pu Yi: The thing that was done 'twixt sun and sun,

How could it come to die? Three hundred years to crawl and creep, 'Twas how could the millions stand? But the gods of brain shook wide their reins, And stirred the paled land.

So that which was done 'twixt sun and sun Has happened again, Pu Yi: And the dragon chair must shimmer bare,

Food for the vulgar eye, Over the hills you go, Pu Yi. To the wondrous place, Jehol: One will be true as he looks on you—Your little Manchu doll.

Close Relation of Sciences

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

All of the standard physical sciences are now so closely related and joined, one with another, that they seem to form a highly complex network. Electricity, astronomy, chemistry, physics, geology, botany and biology are a union by themselves.

The earth was once of the dimensions of a pin's head. Then a similar minute body joined this in space; then another, and still others. The process has not stopped for a moment, and is now in activity, since meteors fall on the earth all the time.

But the early earth by this primal bombardment soon became hot. Then it was a chemical laboratory in which minerals, solids, liquids and gases were formed, first in confusion and later in regular order, the diamond being of the highest order.

But the laboratory of the forming earth's interior was an electrical machine also, a vast geological electrical display of turbulent forces, actions and reactions. After unknown ages crust appeared, strata of the globe, soil, water, air and sunshine; later in this atmosphere freed from noxious gases, then plants were formed, then animals—and, to crown all, man. Botany, geology and another anthropology, the science of man, were ready to be added to the catalogue of sciences.

But from the beginning of the earth electricity, chemistry and physics were in existence. Physics treats of the relations of objects to each other, and of their physical and chemical properties. Geology, the science of the earth, really includes mineralogy, the science of minerals. But mineralogy includes a most remarkable branch, really a majestic science—the

science of crystal formation. But electricity is at work when crystals, those beautiful objects form in symmetry in solutions. The moment they began then the greatest of all physical sciences in existence had a beginning—the magnificent mathematics. For every crystal is intensely mathematical. For every angle, facets and parts are in the sway of the rigid law of numbers.

But while the chemical, electrical, geological laboratory, the earth, was in the maximum of activity, the same processes were at work in every direction in space, in other words, hundreds of times, and in huge suns from two or three million times larger than our little earth. The largest and most powerful telescopes now look into these colossal laboratories—distant, glowing, boiling suns—now. And especially into the scorching cauldron, our own sun, 86,000,000 miles away. When human high-grade brains appeared on earth, and when, after a few centuries of the closest study had been passed in the most intense application, very high mathematics was worked out, and a branch of that is named astronomy.

Not a Regular Child. A small Norwegian lad preceded himself before a Minnesota school teacher, who first asked him his name. "Pete Peterson," he replied. "And how old are you?" the teacher asked next. "I do not know how old I have," said the lad.

"Well, when were you born?" continued the teacher. "I'll not keep at all; I got registered," Metropolitan Magazine.