



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



YES, AND HARRY HEARS THINGS, TOO

Copyright, 1912, National News Association

By Tad

MRS CAROL'S HUSBAND IS JUST THE GRANDEST MAN EVER. HE ALWAYS WIPES THE BURNER, SCRUBS THE FLOOR, PASSES HIS OWN TROUSERS, FIXES THE FURNACE, HELPS CLEAN THE SILVERWARE.

TREES ARE EVERYWHERE, BUYS HER THE JEWELLED CLOTHES, GIVES HER ALL THE MONEY AND STAYS HOME EVERY NIGHT AND -

WELL, MY FRIEND BUSTER TELLS ME THAT HIS WIFE DOES HER OWN WASHING, KEEPS ALL HIS CLOTHES MENDED, MAKES HER OWN BREAD AND TAM -

MAKES ALL OF HER OWN CLOTHES AND THE CHILDREN, NEVER SPENDS A NICKEL FOOLISHLY AND EVEN CUTS THE KIDS HAIR - THAT'S MY IDEA - OF SOME - W -

WELL!!! FOR GOODNESS SAKE WHO INTRODUCED YOU TO ME ANYWAY

U. S. Navy an Excellent School for Young Boys

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"I have four brothers who are sailors in the service of Uncle Sam. They are all well educated, lovers of home, mother and sister and in short, are perfect gentlemen, whom any girl would be proud of owning as brothers.

"I have a fifth brother who is also well educated who, like many others, has put his education to no use. He is the kind who lounges on our street corners and frequents the many pool parlors of our city, the kind who live on their mother's money, who never work, and the kind who cause many a mother's heartbreak; still he is more respected than my brothers who wear the uniform of Uncle Sam's navy, and who serve 'dear Old Glory' for four years.



The life of a sailor is one which calls forth the very strongest traits in the nature of man. It necessitates the use of the entire mental and physical equipment; for there are all kinds of climates to meet, all kinds of disagreeable duties to perform and all kinds of men to encounter as superior and petty officers.

The small officer upon a ship is sometimes an intolerable being; who fears the difference between his position and that of the bluejacket will not be marked, unless he assumes airs of importance and superiority. And the bluejacket must submit to these airs and hold his peace. And by so doing he will grow in the power of self-control.

All these experiences fit him for a better citizen later in life.

The one obstacle in the path of the sailor lad, as he sets out on his career, is where he suffers from a lack of moral ideas.

If he has been allowed to grow into adolescence without knowing the dangers which attend uncontrolled sex impulses. If he has not been taught the awful physical punishments which come to the first, second and third generations of men and women who are promiscuously self-indulgent in these relations (meant for the highest uses), and if they have not been instructed in the chemical effects of strong drink on the brain and constitution, then the sailor boys do indeed often become a shame and a disgrace to their families and the nation.

Were the loyal sister of the four fine bluejacket brothers to travel about the world, and land in many ports, she would understand how much of the ill report attached to sailors originates.

Were she to see and hear the drunken revelry of ships' crews, which go ashore after many weeks at sea, she would find the darker side of the shield which presents only its golden color to her through her good and worthy brother.

All honor indeed to such sailor lads as these. And may all our bluejackets, wherever in all parts of the world, where they may land, deserve such praise as this good sister bestows on her good brothers.

All honor to the mother who bore them. All copyright, 1912, by American-Journal-Examiner.

Save Those Eggs, Silas!

By Tad

REMEMBER, MY BOY HE WHO LAUGHS LAST IS USUALLY AN ENGLISHMAN.

Daffydils

JARAH ZARTSKY PRIDE OF THE GHEED WAS BORN THE LONESOME ACT IN THE VOTEMEN WHERE SHE BATHED THE CROCKERY AND EATING TOUS, MICKEN ROBIN HAD GIVEN HER THE GATE FOR ANOTHER. WHEN AND OF SUCH A ALHIN SS. IN THE HEART HAD OUR SARAH. THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT NOW FOR OUR HEROINE BUT GAS OR PARIS GREEN IN THE GETTERFISH JUST AS SHE WAS ABOUT TO WRAP HERSELF AROUND THE TERRIBLE DUN A VOICE FROM THE RADIATOR PIPED

IF ALL THE DOGS WERE MUZZLED WOULD THE COLD SNAP?

TON AND FANNIE WERE SITTING IN FRONT OF THE OPEN FIREPLACE ALONE. PA AND MA HAD GONE UPSTAIRS LONG AGO. FANNIE APPEARED MUCH CHIRPING ON AFFAIRS OF THE HEART ETC HAD THE BIG BOOD ALMOST TO THE POINT WHERE HE HAD TO POP THE QUESTION. HE WIPED HIS BROW AND WITH THOSE CONEYNS SLANTED TOWARDS THE FAIRONE 'FANNIE HE MUMBLED I HAVE SOMETHING TO ASK YOU' YES YES GO ON SHE CHIRPED 'WELL DRAWLED TOM IF THE LAKE SHORE TRAIN RAN AROUND IN A CIRCLE WOULD IT BY-O?

SENATOR PUNK HAD RETURNED TO HIS NATIVE HAMLET TO LECTURE. HIS SPIEL WAS 'HOW TO BE HAPPY THROUGH GOOD OR WHY THE SKY SCRAPER'S MAKE LIVING-30 HIGH - AFTER EXPRESSING HIS DELIGHT AT SEEING - 30 MANY FAMILIAR FACES HE GOT TO WORK AND GAVE THEM AN EARFULL OF HIS VIEWS WHICH WERE RECEIVED WITH CHEERS AS HE NEARED THE END HE THUNDERED, GENTLEMEN, 'IN CLOSING I WOULD ASK - IF THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM LASTED THREE WEEKS HOW LONG DID THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN?

BITE HIM REAL HARD PUD SAVE THOSE EGGS SILAS. HAMLET COME! NAIN HEFT WEEK THEM TIE UP BUNDLES, WRAP UP THE SHIRTS, IN THE STERN AND WASH BASIN THEN PACK BAGS OF WASH (10) LBS. THEN HELP STARCH AND REED COLLARS INTO THE MACHINE

DO NOT HIT HIM WITH THAT THERE'S NAILS IN IT.

SEE!! YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY YEP NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW

The Life Worth Living

By WINIFRED BLACK.

A man killed himself out west the other day, and left a letter telling why he did it. "I am in no trouble in particular," so wrote the man in the letter. "I am just tired of living, that's all. I have enough money so that I don't have to work, and my health is as good as I could expect at my age, after the nerve-racking life I have led. But what is there to live for? "I've seen it all, been it all, and I've made up my mind there is no longer any such thing as unselfish love in the world. The whole world has gone crazy on the self question. Women marry for money, men marry for ambition, to get a partnership with father-in-law; neither dress up and parade the streets, daughters lie ahead and let mother work and their clubs for anything on earth. All self, all self. I hate such a world, so I am glad to die."

And the very moment when that poor, foolish, overwrought man lay down to die because there was no more unselfish love in the world, a woman staggered across a Kansas prairie with her little boy in her arms.

The woman took off her coat and wrapped the little boy in it, and when they found her the next morning she was dead, but the little boy lived and will live.

And every woman who read the story of what that mother did drew her own children closer to her heart and said to herself, "I would do the same for you, my darlings; yes, for the least among you." And what she said was true, too—that's the best of it.

She would do it and do it twice over for any little helpless child of hers and count herself blessed to be able to do it.

Where in the world do these people live who talk so much about the selfishness of modern life? What sort of folk do they count among their friends, anyhow?

No unselfishness left in the world! No, nor sunlight, nor break of day, nor bright moon at night, nor wind that sings in the chimney corner—nothing there is true, if we believe what these people say.

The world was never so full of generous, unselfish thought as it is this very day.

Only a few years ago they tied insane people up in insane cellars, or carried them around in covered cars and exhibited their distress for money.

A few years ago when a poor man was taken ill he died alone in his hut or in his squalid room. Nowadays he has the best care, the best doctors the world can give, and the public pays for it all.

A horse cannot slip down in the street of any city in this country today without having some one from a humane society push through the crowd to see what the trouble is and what ought to



The Electoral Commission

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

January 30, 1877. It was thirty-five years ago today—January 30, 1877—that the famous electoral commission, appointed by congress to settle the Hayes-Tilden contest, buckled down to its work in the room of the supreme court.

Those still living who were old enough at the time to take an interest in the past events can never forget the thrilling excitement of those days. Thousands have earnestly prayed that such days may never come again. Only once before had the country ever seen the like—in 1860—when the north and the south sprang at each other's throats in the life-and-death struggle over secession.



But the days of '60-77 were even worse than those that followed Sumner, since they were ominous of a war as widespread as the country itself, a war that would have been felt in every home in the nation, as, from north to south and from east to west, through every section of the Union, it would have arrayed father against son and brother against brother.

The democrats were confident that their candidate, Mr. Tilden, had been elected; the republicans claimed that their candidate, Mr. Hayes, had been elected, and the conflicting reports coming in day after day only added to the already intense excitement. It looked like war. Thousands believed that war was inevitable and millions were all ready for the fray that appeared to be as close at hand.

Then it was that the electoral commission was agreed to by the congress—a one-sided affair from the start, an "eight to seven commission," eight republicans and seven democrats. And "eight to seven" it remained from start to finish. It was "eight to seven" when it took its first vote and it was "eight to seven" when it took its final decision on March 2, making Hayes president.

The commission worked a veritable miracle—it made the same votes down in Florida and Louisiana elect democratic

Dinkelspielisms

By GEORGE V. HOBART.

Money vas der root of much friendship. Riches may haf wings, but dey don't fly my way?

Yen ve get vot ve vant ve cheerfully find ve don't want it.

Of two evils always choose de vun least likely to be talked about.

Yen a man gets to be his own worst enemy der fight is always to a finish.

Sometimes der man dot weights his words makes der most heaviest talker.

It ain't so much vot ve know or vot ve say. It is vot ve know how to say.

All der world luffs a luffer, but yust der same dey vas glad ven he marries der girl.

I know a man vich reads all der latest novels und still cats pie mit a knife.

Unt I set to Spiegel: "Der man dot tries to please everybody is der same fellow dot can take a drink of whiskey or let it alone. He don't do needer."

"Sure," set Spiegel.

D. DINKELSPIEL.

Sherlocko the Monk

By GUS MAGER. Copyright, 1912, National News Assn.

The Adventure of the Diving Passengers

LOOK AT THIS WIRELESS MY HUSBAND SENT ME FROM THE MORRISANIA: 'SHIP DOCKS IN 3 HOURS. DELIGHTED TO BE HOME AGAIN.'

WELL WHY DO YOU COME TO ME WITH SUCH GOOD NEWS?

I MET THE MORRISANIA AND SHE TOLD ME MY HUSBAND WAS SEEN TO JUMP OVERBOARD ABOUT 2 MILES DOWN THE BAY!

NO SUICIDE, WATSO, WOULD SEND SUCH A CREEPY MESSAGE, NOR WOULD HE JUMP OVERBOARD IN SIGHT OF HOME! COME, LET US GO TO THE DOCKS!

SUICIDE!

AS THIS WAS NO SUICIDE WATSO THE MAN MUST HAVE JUMPED OVERBOARD DELIBERATELY, AND IN VIEW OF THE STRONG WIND I REDUCE THAT HE RUMPED AFTER SOME ARTICLES BLOWN OVER, UNDOUBTEDLY HIS HAT! LET US TAKE A BOAT DOWN THE BAY!

THE WAY YOUR HAT FLIES OFF IN THIS WIND, WATSO, CONFIRMS MY THEORY!

TIGHTWADDY, YOUR MAD ACT IN JUMPING OFF THE MORRISANIA AFTER YOUR HAT HAS ALMOST SHOCKED YOUR WIFE TO DEATH!

WELL, I WASN'T GOING TO LOSE A HAT I PAID \$1.50 FOR IN PARIS!

IT'S AN OXMOXEN! I DON'T ASK YOU TO GO TO THE HOLE.

WELL, AS I'M NOT FROM YOUR MAKING, YOU GOT TO TAKE YOUR OWN LIFE!

THERE'S A MAN ON THAT TUG, WHO'S BEEN IN THE WATER, WATSO! ROW ALONGSIDE!

The Superlative Age

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

There is a time in a girl's life when she sees everything through the eye-glass of exaggeration.

She is too wretched to live, and broods over a little sorrow till it becomes a big one.

She is the happiest mortal on earth, and irritates the sober-minded around her with her exuberance of spirits just as she annoyed them with the depth of her despondency.

She is starving to death, or has eaten enough to kill her. Life is a feast or a famine. She swings between the wildest joy and the deepest despair.

She is a creature of extremes. Some day the unetability of woe will change her into a philosophical woman, but until that time comes she will suffer more than older hearts realize.

Her griefs are greater because she has yet to learn that they will soon pass away.

Her joys affect her more deeply because experience has not prepared her for the frailty of their existence.

She goes through life dancing, or with head bowed. When she is older have cause for shame that we find fault with either mood.

It is to my girls in this superlative period, who have not yet learned to view life calmly, and to whom "philosophy" means decrepit age instead of the wisdom of experience, that I bring a motto today.

It is old. It is short. It lacks all ornament of language. Lacking the pretty trimming of sweet-sounding words, it is easy to remember.

It was a favorite motto of the Greeks of ancient times, in whose lives there is much we should emulate.

It is this:

"Not too much."

If that were cut out and pasted across a corner of your mirror, my dear girl, would it save you a wasted emotion? Would it restrain you if you applied the powder puff once too often? Would it control you in material excess as it controls you in mental?

If you are hating someone beyond sense or reason, would it call you back to normal?

If you swing to extremes in matters of attire, if you deal in exaggerations in speech, if you love or hate to excess, if your head is bowed because you can't dance all the time, if you are careless of health and thoughtless of manner, will not this motto help you?

"Not too much." Do you suppose the wise old Greek philosopher of so many ages ago who gave that motto to the world, was thinking of you, my dear girl?

It is full of warning to be simple and natural and honest.

Very Awkward.

"You've made a mistake in your paper," said the indignant man entering the editorial sanctum. "I was one of the competitors at the athletic match yesterday, and you have called me the well known lightweight champion."

"Well aren't you?" said the editor.

"No, I'm nothing of the kind, and I'm confoundedly awkward, because you see, I'm a coal merchant."—Cleveland Leader.