



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Had a Crick in His Neck-Nit, Not

By Tad



James Whitcomb Riley

By WINIFRED BLACK.

James Whitcomb Riley is very ill, they say.

I wonder who is taking care of him—"Ole Aunt Mary," who had the beautiful porch where they all "sit" when the little "boy" went visiting, or maybe "Little Orphan Annie" is big enough by now to sit by the bedside of the only man who ever really seemed to understand her and bring him a drink of spring water from the well down at the foot of the hill where the "ole swimming" hole" was before the selectmen ordered it filled up.

Will warrant the raggedy man is somewhere about to run errands, and as for Elizabeth Ann, what appetizing dishes she will think up to nourish the sick man.

James Whitcomb Riley—why, it doesn't seem real! He ought not to be ill or failing or tired or discouraged or wishing for something different, not Riley.

He ought to be sitting under a spreading tree somewhere with a ring of happy children around him and old Riley at his feet, and he should be always whistling and whittling or telling stories or singing songs and making every one happy.

"Riley," said a man I met once, only once, thank goodness, "why, he's the fellow who can't spell, isn't he?"

And I took pains to inquire and I found out that the man who said this had only just learned that "just" isn't the way you pronounce "just," and he was a good deal surprised not so very long ago when he discovered that "and then" wasn't spelled "an en."

That's why he was so particular to disapprove of Riley. He was afraid he'd think he understood him only too well. Poor, empty-headed fool; ashamed of being a real American. Well, there's one comfort, a good many real Americans are ashamed of people like him.

Did you ever hear a man say "Give

me" when he really wanted anything? "Give me" is all right when there's company or some one from Boston is at the keyhole, but "Gimme" is for the man in earnest. "Gimme that gun." You didn't stop to sound the "v," did you, old Dan? Boston, or you, Davy Crockett, or even you, Colonel Carter, of Cartersville, that day at Gettysburg; or you, Major Smith, of Wisconsin, when the bullet's began to fly? "Gimme" was good enough then and is good enough to this day, when you really mean what you're trying to say.

Sick, are you, Riley? It's sick at heart we are to hear it, every one of us who loves little children, and every one who wears sometimes for the scent of red clover and a faint, sweet, aromatic whiff from the magnolia in an old-fashioned garden.

Shady roads, a quiet seat under a friendly tree, the hum of high voices from the little school house, the note of the meadow lark there in the newly plowed field, "squash, squash," the feel of soft, clear mud under the bare foot.

"Ting, ting," remember the "pink" of the hammer on the iron in the old blacksmith shop near the school? Every boy in the room was going to be a blacksmith when he grew up, wasn't he, except the moonfaced one from the big town nearby, who came to school while he visited his grandmother? He was going to be a tumbler in a circus, and it made us almost afraid of him to think of it.

"Talk, talk, talk," how the old hens drew their gossip in the barnyard across the road the first spring day when it was warm enough to leave the school house windows open.

Wild Kenyon, is that a hunk of slippery alum you're hiding? Elm, you mean. No, this is alum; grows down by the pond.

How the frogs are beginning to pipe. The pond will be afloat with water lilies come lily time. What! The Spring Beauties are out in Churchill's woods, and the May apples have spread all their little umbrellas by the side of the muddy road like so many little pilgrims going a-sailing!

Spring time, ring time, laughter time, love time, hope time, faith time, friendly time—you mean all this to us, the real Americans, James Whitcomb Riley, and it's a dreary bit of news to hear that you are ill today.

Daffydils

EVERYBODY WAS HAPPY IT WAS THE NIGHT OF THE BEAUMAN'S BALL THORPE WAS THERE WITH HIS TOMMYGUNS AND HERBERT WAS DRESSED UP LIKE A HORSE EVERYONE WAS SPIELING BEAUTIFULLY ON SUCH A JOYNESS, SUDDENLY THE ORCHESTRA CEASED PLAYING AND A JOBBIE WITH A GREEN SUIT WITH GOLD BUTTONS AROSE AND PIPIED IF A FELLOW MAILED HIS WIFE A CHISEL ON FEB 14 WOULD IT BE A JIMMY VALENTINE?

IT WAS MIDNIGHT AT REBORN'S. NO SOUND WAS HEARD SANE THE PATTER OF THE WAITRESS'S TRILBY. FAITHFUL TO HIS TRUST SYDNEY HASH THE DAREDEVIL ARTIST SAT WAITING FOR SPUDDIN; THE HAND CUFF KING HE WAITED THEN HE WAITED SOME MORE AND FINALLY DECIDED TO WAIT A WHILE LONGER. FINALLY THE SCRAWNMAN TOUCHED HIM ON THE SHOULDER AND ASKED: IF CARTER HARRISON IS MAYOR OF CHICAGO WHERE IS PETER NAHER?

OH, WASN'T SHE THE FOOLISH GIRL TO BE A BARTENDER'S BRIDE

DROP THAT OYSTER AND LEAVE THE WHARE.

HELLLO TOMMY HA HA HA IN SOFT NOW FOR AN ORETELIN IN A HOSPITAL NOW I SLEEP ABOUT 2 HOURS A DAY BUT ITS JOFT ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TO MAKE THE BEDS FOR 98 PATIENTS

GET THEIR TEMPERATURE, PREPARE THE BANDAGES, SERVE THE MEN, ATTEND TO CALLERS, PREPARE THE ROOM FOR OPERATIONS, READ BOOKS TO THEM, HELP WITH THE LAUNDRY

AIR THE PLACE, WIPTE LESTERS FOR PATIENTS, POLISH THE FLOOR, WHEEL AROUND THE RICH PATIENTS, AND AFTER A CALL FROM THE HEAD DOCTOR, I CLIMB INTO THE CLOVER

SEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY.

YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Why Not a Reform School for the Training of Idiotic Parents?

By ELIA WHEELER WILCOX

There should be an institution called "A Reform School for the Training and Enlightenment of Idiotic Parents."

To this institution more than two-thirds of the parents in America would be sent, if a careful censorship were established over the fathers and mothers of young girls and boys.

In Brooklyn three parents gave little girls of fourteen and fifteen money to go unattended to a moving picture show.

No warning word had ever been said to any one of the three girls about making chance acquaintances.

"Criminal idleness" is the only term to use for parents who allow a daughter to reach the age of ten without instructing her that it is bad form, vulgar and

dangerous to permit strangers to make advances.

These three girls not only allowed a strange man to address them, but they consented to go with him to a club where he made them prisoners, and kept them for three days.

Eight men in all were their jailers. It is impossible to feel any pity for the parents.

But for the unfortunate children, whose lives are blighted by this terrible experience, infinite pity is awakened.

So many such tragedies are occurring in our land that our law-makers ought to awaken to a realization that a new punishment is needed for such male factors.

We have no right to take life. No matter what crime a man may commit, we have no right to make criminals of other men and create murderers under the name of hangman or electrocutor.

Our prisons should be changed into larger scientific institutions, where perverted minds are led into wholesome channels of continued activity.

Criminals should be classified, and those of similar degrees of intelligence placed under teachers who understand their needs, and the process of rebuilding the brain should be gone about with system and patience. The expense to the country would be larger at first, but after a few years it would decrease, because the criminals would rarely, if ever, return for a second offense, and they would go forth into the world again, producers, and not consumers.

But for a certain type of criminal there should be one punishment reserved which would make the crime against womanhood impossible of repetition.

When any man commits an attack upon a young child, or a helpless woman, the law should send him to the surgeon before he goes to prison.

After that, then train them to some useful occupation and keep their minds employed.

The states of Connecticut and Indiana have passed a law making it legal to perform this operation on confirmed criminals and hopelessly insane patients.

It is being done with success in both states.

But it needs to become a law that every man who attacks a woman MUST submit to this punishment.

Only in this way can the white slave traffic be stopped.—Copyright, 1912, by American Journal-Examiner.

The Girl at the Desk

In Which Miss Collins Dwells on the Proper Way to Sit and Its Aid to Health.



THE CORRECT WAY TO SIT. THE INCORRECT WAY.

I wonder how many thousands of girls there are in this town bending over typewriters and desks all day long.

When you see another girl leaning over her work table or sitting at her machine, can't you tell at a glance just how she feels mentally, as well as physically?

Don't you know that the one who sits there with her shoulders bent and her back describing a sort of semi-circle is dejected and discouraged as well as tired? While the one who sits up too straight, just as if she had swallowed a ramrod, is merely showing her "nerves" in that rigid way?

When they were staging the opera "Louise" where there is a scene in a dressmaking workshop, with several dozen girls seated at tables and sewing machines, the stage manager went around and showed each member of the chorus exactly how she should sit.

There were attitudes of dejection, almost despair; there were girls who bent over their work half-heartedly or dippantly; girls who were quite awfully over-laid, and some whose attitude suggested health, vitality and reserve force.

The right way to sit is the way which will be easiest for you in the long run, the way that leaves you least affected by fatigue after many hours of work.

The easy way is not the attitude of fatigue or one of a complete slump into the chair.

You will be less tired if you learn to sit well back in the chair, the hips back, and then bend forward from the hips, not from the waist or shoulders. Your shoulders should stay straight. Never allow the shoulder muscles to get cramped.

Never write or sew with your shoulders too high. This is often merely a matter of adjusting the chair on which you sit to exactly the right height.

I have seen girls sew or write at tables level for them and they would go on sitting there for years, knowing that something was wrong, but never finding out what it was and having the trouble renewed.

If your machine or table is too low you will get round shouldered almost without realizing it.

If your shoulders are constantly raised in order to get your elbows up to the table you will grow high shouldered—

By JOSE COLLINS.

The Manicure Lady

"I was reading in the paper yesterday that the earl of Yarmouth was all in and was living in a tenement," said the Manicure Lady. "I think it is a shame, George, to put a nice earl in a place where he has to lift his own ice out of the dumb-water and maybe fry his own herring over gas. Them things don't seem right to me."

"I ain't worrying about it," declared the cold Head Barber. "If I remember right, he was the guy that held up the wedding at the door of the church until he got his bit of the Thaw millions. A rat like that ought to live in an attic."

"Maybe you are right, George," said the Manicure Lady, "but I have always been kind of tender to princess since I dreamed when I was a kid that I was going to marry a prince. I have always thought that dream would come true, George. Maybe, that is why I passed up a lot of good American providers like Tom Casey and Joe Blow, the bookmaker."

"I don't think you made much of a mistake in passing up Joe Blow," said the Head Barber, "because the way the racing game has been going of late it looks like curtains for bookmakers. Them that knows arithmetic, from having been sheet writers, can go back and be expert accountants, and them that has a knowlidge of electricity can go back to an honest profession like wire-tapping. I don't think you made no mistake in passing up Joe Blow. He owes me \$5 for shaves and haircuts."

"Well, sighth the Manicure Lady, "I don't suppose it makes any difference one way or the other. I may never be able to marry a prince. I have worked so hard for so many years that I guess my shoulders is getting a little stooped and maybe by the time the prince comes along he won't want me."

"Don't fish for compliments," said the Head Barber, looking sideways at the pathetic little curves on the girl's pretty mouth. "You know you are a queen, and you are just trying to make me say so."

"You're a regular fellow, George," she declared; all of the puckers going out of her brow in a flash. "I snt so sure after all that I wouldn't rather marry a man like you than a prince."

"There's only one like me," said the Head Barber guardedly, "and I'm the one and I'm married now."

"Don't get nervous, George," said the Manicure Lady. "I wasn't making no

plans to be a co-respondent or anything of that kind. We had enough of that co-respondent stuff the time they yanked poor brother Wilfred into one of them divorce suits. The old gent was that mad when he seen an item in the paper that his son was named as a co-respondent Wilfred's poem, and all the time the poor boy didn't know that she was married. This was the poem, George: "Thou goddess of grandeur, thou beauty divine, Though but a poor poet I bow at thy shrine. Oh, fly with me darling, for thee, love, I sigh. We can live at Bath Beach, where the "rent isn't high."

"When your brother called himself a poor poet," declared the Head Barber, after a pause, "he was right!"

Dyspeptic Philosophy.

It sometimes takes a quick-witted man to go slowly.

Fortunate is the man who can pick his own brand of success.

Many a fellow's only source of income is a lath key.

So long as he is on the level a man isn't apt to go down hill.

Any girl can learn to love a man if she thinks some other girl wants him.

One good thing deserves another, but it doesn't always act as a boom-rang.

The average man is more ready to lend his ears to a hard-lock story than to lend a hand.

Some people have such a dread of taking something that doesn't belong to them that they won't even take a hint.—New York Times.

He Knew His Boss

John R. McLean, owner of the Cincinnati Enquirer and the Washington Post, tells this story of the day when he was actively in charge of the Cincinnati newspaper. An Enquirer reporter was sent to a town in southwestern Ohio to get the story of a woman evangelist who had been greatly talked about. The reporter attended one of her meetings and occupied a front seat. When those who wished to be saved were asked to arise, he kept his seat and used his notebook. The evangelist approached, and taking him by the hand, said, "Come to Jerux."

"Madam," said the newspaper man, "I'm here solely on business—to report your work."

"Brother," said she, "there is no business so important as God's."

"Well, maybe not," said the reporter, "but you don't know John R. McLean," Cosmopolitan Magazine.

Realism in a War Picture

A strongly entrenched body of untrained troops at Creedmore, L. I., the other day when a courier brought word of a Confederate advance in force. Camp was struck at once. By the time a line of skirmishers had been thrown out a second courier brought word that the enemy was approaching by train.

The first of the troop trains had come into view along the spur of the Long Island railroad running from Queens to the old rifle range at Creedmore before sappers were able to mine the road and blow it into a tangle of steel and wood. The cowcatcher of the locomotive was at the edge of the hole torn by the explosive, so swiftly had the confederate detachment approached.

In the action that followed the federal troops found cover in the stretch of woodland. The rebels fought from the ditches along the railway line, while off at one side a masked battery raked their lines. This battery was just in the rear of one of the cameras that were making pictures of the battle for Pathé Freres of Jersey City.

Henry Hoffman of Jersey City was in command of the battery. It consisted of a burly bag filled with bombs, known behind the flicker scenes as firepots. Hoffman lighted and tossed the bombs into the air at intervals. They drew a crowd of spectators to his immediate vicinity.

One of these spectators finally tossed away a cigarette. It fell on the burly bag, and presently a dozen bombs exploded at once. Hoffman was hurled off his feet, unconscious. Half a dozen of the men and boys nearest him were peppered with the powder, which smouldered on their clothes while its smoke blinded them so that they could do nothing to help themselves.

Four hundred soldiers from Fort Hamilton had received leave for the day in order to fight the battle, the pictures of which were to have made a "fifty years ago today" civil war film. Hundreds of persons had gathered on the range to watch the progress of hostilities, many having come in carriages and autos. It was in a park of the machines that outsiders first realized there had been an accident. Most of the others thought it part of the staging.—New York World.