



The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Lets a Masher Off Light

By Tad

HERE'S THAT GIRL IN THE WINDOW AGAIN - I SENT HER A VALENTINE THIS MORNING - I WISH SHE'D LOOK OVER TO WANE AT HER - GEE IF WE COULD ONLY GET HER ON THE JURY

HER HONOR - CAN YOU POSTPONE THE DIVORCE SUIT A MINUTE - I HAVE HERE A CROOK WHO SENT A VALENTINE TO A YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE STREET HERE AM'THIN SIDD BELYON HER WINDER, THRONIN' KISSES UP

I'M AFTER YOU MASHERS - PUT HIM IN THE DUNGEON FOR 30 YEARS, CUT OFF HIS HAIR - PUT AN GREYHOUND BOOT ON EACH LEG, DONT ALLOW HIM TO SNEAK TO A SOUL - WAKE HIM UP 6 TIMES EACH NIGHT

AT 6 IN THE MORNING PUT HIM ON THE ROCK PILE AM'DONT BRING HIM IN TILL MIDNIGHT - GIVE HIM NOTHING BUT STALE DOUGHNUTS AN' WATER - TAKE HIM OUT

AND YOU WERE WITH THE PRISONER AT THE TIME OF HIS ARREST - I OUGHT TO SEND YOU AWAY TOO - BUT - YOU HEARD THE COURT JERTENCE THAT MAN - WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?

LET ME THINK WE GOT OFF LIGHT YOUR HONOR

HE GETS MY BOAT

PS-T-NEEY TAKE THE DOOR TO THE COOP

Woman's Lack of Pride

By DOROTHY DIX.



Consider also woman's lack of pride in her work. The great primal function of woman is to be wife and mother. That is what nature originally created her for, and the greatest and most important work that she can do in the world--the one vital necessity that she renders to society--is to be a homemaker.

Consider also woman's lack of pride in their work that they have so much trouble with their husbands on the money question. One of the potent sources of domestic discontent with women is that they have no financial independence. Their husbands pay their bills with mutterings and grumblings, but it is easier to get blood out of a turnip than it is to get the average man to make his wife a definite allowance for her own personal expenses. The result is that the wife of many a well-to-do man never has even a cent that she can do with as she pleases without having to give an account for it.

Now to be a good wife, and mother, and make a good home is the most stupendous, the most complicated, the most wearying and wearing job on earth. Moreover, it calls for the greatest diversity of talents and abilities, and the exercise of almost superhuman powers of patience and endurance.

Any fairly intelligent person can, by study and energy, make himself or herself into a reasonably good lawyer, doctor, preacher, diplomat, caterer, dressmaker, milliner, school teacher, nurse, shopper, financier, entertainer, cook, chambermaid or clairvoyant.

It is for women themselves to take wisdom and motherhood and home-making out of the ranks of the jack-leg trades and put it where it belongs, among the learned and highly paid professions. But they will never do it until they get to the point where they take some pride in their work.

RESOURCES OF COUNTRY ARE NOT VANISHING

The theory that the American people, individually and collectively, are too incompetent, dishonest and wasteful to settle freely upon our lands, open up our mines, irrigate our fields or establish industrial operations based upon the native resources of the country; that there is no further use for the prospector, the discoverer, the homestead settler, the miner, the industrial worker and the empire builder, is a fair statement of the contentions of the conservation propaganda.

According to official reports we have about 600,000,000 acres of timber land in this country. Germany has 35,000,000 acres and is not at all worried about its future supply. The forest growth of Germany is estimated at 60 feet of board measure per acre annually. If we estimate our forest growth at 20 feet, or less than one-half of the German increase, our total increase from forest growth amounts to 130,000,000,000 feet annually. As we consume about 50,000,000,000 per annum this increase alone is more than three times the amount we consume as a nation.

The chief forester a few years ago threw the scare of an impending iron ore famine into the American people. We were seriously notified that our supply of iron ore would last only forty or fifty years longer. The investigations of the United States geological survey in 1908 show that the known iron ore deposits of the United States amount to 62,646,000,000 tons, or enough to supply the country, at the present rate of consumption, 130 years. It should be remembered that a large percentage of the iron smelted in our furnaces consists of scrap iron, and, as the age progresses, every kind of iron manufacture will go back into our furnaces in an ever increasing supply, and this reutilization of iron will extend the supply to probably 2,000 years.

Twenty-five years ago a gold famine was predicted. Since then the output of gold in the world has been so great as to alarm our financiers, and it has become so cheap and abundant as to raise the scale of prices. Our copper resources are so immense that now the supply of copper is far beyond the demand, and hundreds of low-grade mines cannot be worked at a profit. For the same reason only the richest silver mines can be worked.--Leslie's Weekly.

Daddydils THE LIPS THAT TOUCH LICKER SHALL NEVER TOUCH MINE.

FERDINAND MANDONASSE, WAS BUSTED HE SEARCHED HIS CLOTHES FOR A THIN DIME. IT WASN'T THERE THEN HE HUNTED AROUND UNTIL HE FOUND ONE IN HIS HAT. HE GOT UP TO GO TO THE STORE TO BUY A NEW HAT. HE FOUND THE OLD MAN WHO HAD BOUGHT HIS HAT. HE SAID: 'IF DECEMBER COTTON IS WORTH 75 A POUND, WHAT IS F. W. WOOLWORTH?' THE OLD MAN SAID: 'I'M SURE MY OLD MAN COULD HAVE BOUGHT THAT PROPERTY FOR \$37. LOOK AT IT NOW.'

BATTLENAKE ED WAS LOST IN THE WILDS OF COLORADO. HE HAD NOTHING TO EAT FOR 3 DAYS AND HIS STOMACH WAS CERTAIN THAT HIS THROAT WAS CUT. HE FOUGHT THE WOLVES OFF AS BEST HE COULD, BUT NOW HIS STRENGTH WAS FAST LEAVING HIM. HE HEARD A CLANK, CLANK CLANK. AN HA-HA REJOURER APPROACHED. HE WOLVES SCATTERED IN ALL DIRECTIONS. JUST AS HEY GOT TO BILL HE MURMURED: 'IF GAND G ARE 12 WHY IS IT THAT H-U-S IS ONLY A QUARTER OF 12?'

OLD CAPN SCHMERRCASE THE GRIZZLED VETERAN OF THE BRINY DEEP SAT IN HIS OLD CABIN REUSING A DAILY PAPER FROM THE BIG CITY. HE READ ALL THE DIVORCES, MURDERS AND ROBBERIES THEN TURNED OVER TO THE SHIPPING NEWS TO BE WISED UP ABOUT THE SEAS. THERE RIGHT AT THE TOP OF THE MARINE INTELLIGENCE IT SAID: 'IF THE NIGHTSHIRT IS PA'S ARE THE PAJA MA'S?' OH FIREMAN!! SWE MY CARNIVAL BADGE!

SAH-I GOT IT SORT UP IN UTICA NOW I'M THE NEWSPAPER AGENT UP THERE. I DONT HAVE TO DO A THING BUT MEET THE JAM TRAIN, CARRY THE BUNDLES UP TO THE STORE.

SEND OUT CAR BUNDLES, THE UP 100 PACKAGES FOR THE NEWS STANDS. SERVE 200 BOYS WITH PAPERS THEN DELIVER MY OWN ROUTE. READ COMPLIMENTS AND ANSWER THEM.

COLLECT BILLS, SEND MY ACCOUNTS TO THE DIFFERENT N.Y. PAPERS, TAKE THE TOWN WITH POSTERS ABOUT THE JUNDAY PAPER. THEN AFTER I AM THE REST OF THE TIME IS MINE.

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY JOE

NEP NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW

By Nell Brinkley

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THEY'VE BEEN SAYING SWEET THINGS TO EACH OTHER FOUR HOURS AND CUPID IS NEARLY FROZEN.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.



I cudden git hoam last nite. I just oudden. It is a long story, but I will do my best to tell it. I was out with my old friend Colonel Watterson. He was telling me what he thought of Mister Wilson, & it took him a long time to get all of it out of his system. Husband, deer, sed Ma, you are nothing if you are not a wonder. Sometimes I think it is simply superb the way you stall. Go on & tell the rest of it; I will believe part of it if you talk fast, Ma sed.

Well, sed Pa, the old Colonel was sure kind of sore at Wilson. He sed that he didn't believe he had been properly thanked, & befoar he got through talking I had to talk away his gun. Pa sed, He hung onto it a long time, like a true Kentuckian. Pa sed, but my superior strength toald in the long run, & I took it away. Otherwise he mite have shot Mister Wilson. You know how I dislike carnage, sed Pa, Carnage is like charity. It shud begin at hoam & end there. All the time Ma was laffing. You are a funny husband, sed Ma. Wen your little son & your litel wife was waiting at hoam, why did you have to stop down town & talk sotticks to a editor, if you really was talking to an editor, Ma sed, wich I doubt, you mite have remembered that you promised to talk me to a show tonite, & perhaps then you wud look a whole lot better. But, dearest luv, sed Pa, I have already provided for the show & I am going to talk you & litle Bobbie. Eddie Dunn galve me sum seets to see Mister Hitchcock.

The End of a Great War

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The great Franco-Prussian war came to an end forty-one years ago today--February 16, 1871. On that day the French garrison at Belfort, 12,000 strong, marched out with military honors, a little later stacked their arms and the bloody conflict was over.

The war which was that day brought to a close with such humiliation for France and such glory for Germany has not yet ceased to be a wonder to all thoughtful men. How did it happen that the most martial people on the continent turned out to be helpless when confronted by the soldiers of the Fatherland? What is the explanation of their overwhelming defeat at the hands of the Germans? How did it happen that the men who, under the first Napoleon, had proven themselves well nigh invincible, were repeatedly and ingloriously beaten under Napoleon the Third? The fact is undeniable, and it has been a source of much perplexity not only to the layman, but to military students of the world over.

The answer is not far to seek. The Germans were thoroughly organized. Their preparation was complete. They were led by generals who perfectly understood their business, who were masters of both tactics and strategy, and who, to crown all, were guided by a single brain--that of the great Moltke, who had arranged for every move that was to be made months before the war began.

Sonnets of a Lightweight

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

They said I quit last night. They call me yellow-- I guess they never got one on the chin That makes a fellow reel around and grin And hear swell music moaning from a 'cello. I felt just like a drinker, gay and mellow, Except some pains like stabbing from a pin And noises in my ears like falling tin: When I woke up 'twas "He's a yellow fellow."