



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## Sherlocko the Monk

## The Adventure of the Empty Room

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## By Gus Mager



## Fables of the Wise Dame

By DOROTHY DIX.

Once upon a time there was a woman who was the proud mother of an infant phenomenon. He exhibited his marvelous intelligence by crawling in the cradle, and by saying goo-goo-goo-goo just as cute as any thing.



At a tender age he learned to recite pieces of poetry, and sing for company, and to inflict other tortures on innocent people with a heartlessness surprising to observe in a mere babe.

His mother, however, mistook his nerve for genius, and in consequence thereof she went about bragging what her little Willie did and said until her friends, who did not care for sterilized baby talk, looked out for the peace when they saw her coming.

"We opt," they said, "that life is full enough of trouble and afflictions without adding infantile babble to it, and that it is apt to be justified in passing up the mother of a precocious child. Besides, we have juvenile wonders of our own that we desire to talk about ourselves."

Now the mother of the infant phenomenon had no manner of doubt but that her son had headed for the temple of fame and that he could break all of the speed regulations in reaching it, but one thing worried her. She could not decide which laurel wreath would most become his noble brow.

"Personally," she said, "I should not object to his wearing a few plumes like Shakespeare, but a theatrical manager says that the bard of Avon is a dead one now, and that there is no money in poetry any more."

"Neither should I refuse to let him become president if it were not for the exhausting nature of a political campaign. To be an admiral in the navy, or a major general in the army, is well enough for ordinary creatures whose places can be filled if they should be killed, but it would not be just to the world to risk such a valuable life as my son's in battle, while as for his being the president of a trust I cannot bear to think of his wasting his great talent in merely piling up millions."

Unfortunately for little Willie his fond mamma would never let him go to school with other boys for fear he might be kept back in his classes, nor would she let him play with other kids lest he might be injured by association with his fellows, so he grew up thinking he was the greatest ever and without ever finding out what a piker he was. But by and by it became necessary for him to

get out from under his mother's sheltering wings, and to go out into the world and scratch for his own living.

"I shall not be gone long," he said to his weeping parent, "for you know I have always displayed great talent and it will not take me as long to achieve fame and fortune as it does people who have only ordinary ability. I opine that all I will have to do will be to show myself, and I will win all of the blue ribbons, and return to you overloaded with dough and covered with honors."

With these words little Willie started forth, but greatly to his surprise he did not appear to create a single ripple of excitement in the world.

Nobody seemed to be waiting about with any bouquets to hand to him, or to solicit him to accept a large and lucrative position in the financial district, and when he began to tell about how precocious he was as a child, and to explode some of his baby fireworks they mocked him.

"Go to," they cried, "this is not a kindergarten, and we will not stand for any of little Willie's cute speeches. Furthermore, we are leery of infant phenomena, for their stock has been bulled beyond its market value, and it is apt to slump when you try to realize on it. The question is not what your 3-year-old record, but what is your present form of speed?"

Now little Willie had not made good on his juvenile promise, and he soon found that he was not a soon enough bird to catch the early worm, so he went to a wise old man and put up a moan.

"I do not understand this," he said, "for from my earliest youth my mother has considered me a genius, and I expected fate to hand me out hunks of cake. Instead of this the best I have been able to do is to scratch up enough for a hand-me-out lunch, which sets heavy on my chest. Why is it thus?"

"Some of us," replied the old man, "are hatched out with all the brains we are ever going to have, and we use them up in the cradle instead of saving them to do business on."

"Your trouble is that you were a bright child and when you said smart things, your mother repeated them in company and that swelled your head. Moreover, you exhausted your visible supply of gray matter on infantile tricks that did not pay. The result is that instead of being a face card you are merely a three-spot, and you will get lost in the shuffle of the game of life."

And as the old man had prophesied so it came to pass.

Moral: This fable teaches what becomes of all of the wonderful children that we hear so much about when they are little and nothing of when they are grown.

## Hello, is the Telephone Busy—If Not Listen to These Beats

The most insolent thing in modern civilization is the telephone. It is as imperious as a pretty woman, as insightful as a dim, as clamorous as an office-seeker, as important as a beggar, as impudent as a newsboy and as temper-wrecking as a termagant. It is berated and reproached early and late; it is damned as a nuisance and condemned as a meddler; it invades our privacy and insults our pride; it sends the roar of the street into the ear of the recluse; it drags us from reflection, interrupts our reveries, interferes with our rest, and destroys our dreams; it is diurnal, nocturnal, eternal and infernal; and yet there always comes a psychological moment when we forget its dereliction, forgive its depravity and chant its praises to high heaven.

The telephone is the companion of business, the whispering gallery of society, the go-between of industry, the herald of the press, the agent of the police, the bell-ringer of gossip, the bell-wether of scandal and the cavalier servant of every pettifogger in town. It is as much at home in the bar room as in the boudoir; it brings the millionaire in his palace to the level of the mechanic in his tenement; and when the pride of the parvenu denies you admittance, the ring of the telephone will give you audience. It is the confederate of the love that laughs at locksmiths; it defies the curmudgeon and circumvents the dunce; it is the life-line of intrigue and the buffer of seclusion; and no occasion is so sacred, no spot so secure, no atmosphere so sweet, no pride so safe, that the insolent and insistent abridgment of its clamor may not invade it.

The telephone is the last and most lusty ally of a vociferous civilization. The roar of the trolley subsides, the whistle of the locomotive ceases, the voice of the demagogue grows silent, the phonograph exhausts itself, the clangor of street and mart is stilled, the lungs of men wear out, and the rookiest mouth of a lovely woman becomes silent, but the unconquerable telephone is on the job twenty-four hours a day, 365 days in the year.

Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned; but a woman scorned pales her ineffectual frowns before the cool, calm, ceaseless clamor and constant, confident, calculated cussedness of the telephone; and when the opulent inventor of this supreme instrument of utility and torture, usefulness and waddle, shall stand at last before the recording angel as he reads from the book of doom the words and deeds credited to the telephone, he will realize that heaven can furnish him no shelter and hell no refuge from the accumulated wrath of the dead generations, and he will rush out into space to seek safety in the endless reaches of chaos.—Joseph Smith in Life.

AH! THE TENANT OF THIS ROOM WAS A MUSICIAN, AS I DEDUCE FROM THIS PIECE OF RESIN WHICH HE USED FOR THE BOW OF HIS VIOLIN!

HE'S BEEN WITH ME 5 YEARS—DON'T DISTURB HIM—HE GOES TO SLEEP ABOUT THIS TIME!

HE'S BEEN WITH ME 5 YEARS—DON'T DISTURB HIM—HE GOES TO SLEEP ABOUT THIS TIME!

HE'S BEEN WITH ME 5 YEARS—DON'T DISTURB HIM—HE GOES TO SLEEP ABOUT THIS TIME!

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## The Biggest Letter in the Alphabet

By VIRGINIA TERRHUNE VAN DE WATER.

It may not be the biggest letter in size, but it is mentioned oftener than any other. All of us like to speak it. The most silent of us will unbind and chat freely if some one introduces into the conversation that ever-interesting topic—ourselves.

A woman who was universally popular was asked by a friend how she made mere acquaintances like her, with so little apparent effort on her part to please. The popular woman replied frankly: "I encourage people to talk about themselves. One's self is the subject of which one never tires. When I meet a person who seems utterly impossible to me, I make an opportunity to say to him: 'Now what do you think of so-and-so?' and straightway his tongue is loosed, and all I have to do is to listen."

Verily she was wise in her generation, but how often she must have been bored. We all remember the definition of a bore as "a man who talks so much about himself and his affairs that he allows you no time to talk about yourself and your affairs." And if a man talking of his business and his own special interests is a bore to a woman, just think how a woman whose conversation is limited to her own sphere of work must bore a man.

For, deny it as we may, there are more things of interest to a woman in the life of the average man than there are of interest to a man in the life of the average woman. We are often edified and enlightened by our husbands and brothers and their friends discussing politics, civic reform or the stock market. We feel that we can learn about these things from them and would be glad to know more about them, for they are of concern to us women. But what man is interested in hearing of (the trivial round, the common task) of housework, of how the maid forgot to put on her white apron when she went to the front door or how she ate all the huge chocolate cake that was left from Sunday night's supper, which should have lasted for at least two meals? So long as the maid has dinner ready when he gets home and it is a good one, and there is something for him to eat that he likes as well as he did the chocolate cake of delectable memory, what does the man care about the (to him) trivial details that preceded the satisfactory results? They are not a part and parcel of his life as he sees it. And, such being the case, he is bored by hearing of them.

To avoid being bored we must learn to get away from the personal side of things. Men claim that few women can do this, and we hear often on men's lips the story of the husband who remarked to his wife that women made a personal matter of every question introduced, at which statement his wife protested with, "Oh, no, John; all women do!" I don't, do I?"

The husband was satisfied; she had proved the truth of his contention. Yes, one does get tired of the I's. Don't you know how hard it is to get some person to talk of abstract subjects? Discussion of such is delightful when personalities are avoided, and generalities death with. But in a group of a half dozen people it is difficult to carry on any line of argument without hearing some one begin a sentence with, "Well, I know in my own case, that," etc. It is fatal to freedom of discussion.

Of course, the I in every one's life is the all essential, most important letter. This is as true as that self-preservation is the first law of nature. But we do not keep this latter truth uppermost when mingling with other people. We do, however, bring ourselves and our feelings to the front to a wearisome extent upon many occasions.

quality which oils the machinery of life most effectually, but what is tact but the possession of so lively an imagination that one can, in an instant's time, see things from the viewpoint of "the other fellow." Have you ever observed that tactless person who is always the one who has no imagination? If not, watch and you will find it is true. One who cannot imagine for a moment what it would be like to be disappointed cannot say the right thing to the man who is suffering from a great disappointment. The person who cannot fancy what bereavement would be cannot comfort the friend who is suffering from it.

Imagination can be cultivated, and grows with the using. It is, however, a mistake to use it to make a mental picture of all the good things that might happen to one's self—for there the ego again enters in and causes a disturbance—but let it assist to the appreciation of the many happenings in the lives of those about one. The woman who does this will remember that behind the taciturn, perhaps stern, demeanor of her husband, is the anxious brooding on the morrow and the bills that must be met, or concentration of thought on a certain business transaction that means gain or loss for him and privation or comfort for his little family. Then she will not ask fretfully, "What's the matter?" but remark that she "should think that, during the little while he is home, he might be cheerful." If she exercised a little imagination she will appreciate that heedlessness and hapfulness, not deliberate disobedience, kept the boy out, sitting until past the dinner or supper hour, and will forbear to speak that reproach that would mar the child's memory of a good time. Even if she has been caused a little inconvenience, she will forget herself, and the entire family will be more comfortable for it.

"Dear," said one judicious mother to her small son, "won't you try to think less of your favorite letter, I?" "Yes, mother," agreed the child, "I'll try to think less of little I and more of capital U!"

A poor pun, I acknowledge, but not a bad idea.

## RUN OVER BY ENGINE, LIVES—NURSE FAINTS

East Chicago, Ind., was given a thrill Saturday, February 18, when little Marjory Johnson, 4 years old, and her nurse, started for "the photographer." Not that there was anything particularly thrilling in their going to have their picture "took." It was their refusal to travel in street cars when the sidewalks were ice coated, and invited an Eskimo style of locomotion, and the result.

About 1 o'clock Mary and her nurse left the Johnson residence, bound for the "picture man's." The nurse, Mary Garepa, impersonated a pack of Eskimo dogs. Marjory was a doughty explorer, who was to penetrate the remotest fastnesses of the "Klondike" on a sledge. As they approached the tracks of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad the nurse had her head bent low to ward off the north wind. Marjory was hanging on to the sides of the sledge and shouting gleefully. Consequently neither saw or heard a switch engine rapidly nearing from the east. On went the two up the hill leading to the railroad crossing.

Across the tracks nurse went, the sled bouncing and bumping along close behind. Suddenly a warning screech of a locomotive whistle sounded close by, and the nurse for the first time realized their peril.

## The Right Road to Health

By ANNETTE KELLEHERMAN.

Few women are satisfied with their figures, and the question I am asked most often is: "What should my measurements be and how much should I weigh?" To answer as many of them as I can at once, I shall give a chart of the weight and proportions of the American ideal figure.

The celebrated statue of the Venus de Medicis is taken by many as the ideal in height. This shows a woman 5 feet 3 inches high, whose waist measures 27 1/2, hips 35 1/2, chest 35 1/2.

But the general ideal of beauty for women seems to call for a taller stature, so I print the proportions for different heights:

Height	Weight	Chest	Waist	Hips
5 ft. 0 in.	100 lbs.	27 in.	25 1/4 in.	32 1/4 in.
5 ft. 1 in.	105 lbs.	27 1/2 in.	25 1/2 in.	32 1/2 in.
5 ft. 2 in.	110 lbs.	28 in.	26 in.	33 in.
5 ft. 3 in.	115 lbs.	28 1/2 in.	26 1/2 in.	33 1/2 in.
5 ft. 4 in.	120 lbs.	29 in.	27 in.	34 in.
5 ft. 5 in.	125 lbs.	29 1/2 in.	27 1/2 in.	34 1/2 in.
5 ft. 6 in.	130 lbs.	30 in.	28 in.	35 in.
5 ft. 7 in.	135 lbs.	30 1/2 in.	28 1/2 in.	35 1/2 in.
5 ft. 8 in.	140 lbs.	31 in.	29 in.	36 in.

Now most women, especially those devotees of fashion who have whitened their figure down to the last fraction by dint of much corseting and wrong diet, won't approve of these figures.

Naturally not. These proportions mean health, seldom synonymous with fashion; yet if you put a woman of ideal proportions according to the chart and place her near one of our fashionable lay figures, unless you have no real eye for beauty, you will vote for the ideal proportions, not the fashionable ones.

The girl of 5 feet in height who weighs 120 pounds is not fat, though I know nowadays that women want to be just as slender as possible and the idea is to look as if you would break in two.

It may be fashionable, but it's not healthy, and the reason we have so many neurotic, nervous women around with haggard faces is because of the violent methods they employ in getting thin and in keeping just a little too thin, just a little underweight according to this.

## Ideal Proportions of the Female Figure and How to Acquire Them.

The real ideal, and when enough women acquire the first fashions must adapt themselves to their demands. Then good-bye to the hobble skirt.

To be healthy you must exercise and you must exercise systematically. Also you must keep it up.

I believe swimming is about the best exercise in the world for women who have no organic trouble.

Many organic troubles are curable, or at least can be helped by a course of physical culture, but no one should try this without working under the eyes of a trainer.

Swimming like made my figure what it is, and daily exercise in the tank and out of it keeps my measurements the same. I seldom wear corsets and I don't need them except to keep a tight

frack from wrinkling, if I ever have to wear one, which is not often, for the minute my clothes are tight I feel my muscles setting cramped, and any woman whose muscles are cramped is awkward, no matter how much money she has spent in lessons to acquire grace.

Only the body that is perfectly free is graceful, and the body soon acquires a natural grace if it is not hampered with tight clothes.

All children are graceful until they get to the age of self-consciousness. Self-consciousness acts upon the muscles, just as tight clothing does. It cramps them and hinders free, graceful, natural movements.

Every child should be taught to swim and to dance, because these forms of exercise counteract the effect of self-consciousness and are beneficial from the mental side as well as from the physical one.

Swimming develops courage, self-confidence; it helps develop the figure into lines of beauty and grace. The good dancer, on the other hand, acquires that poise of body, the conscious command of every muscle, which is invaluable in giving one mental poise and balance as well.

## HEALTH, MAGNETISM, VITALITY, THOSE ARE THE REAL IDEALS.

It's fashionable just now to have drooping shoulders and a flat chest; it's fashionable to glide, or rather drag, one's self along; but these fashions are not going to last.

Health, magnetism, vitality—those are the real ideals.

## The Battle of Pavia

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

February 24, 1525.

The battle of Pavia, fought 27 years ago today—February 24, 1525—will always occupy a distinguished place in history. The victory won there by the Bourbon and his imperialists over Francis the First of France, while not followed by the far-reaching results of some other battles, was yet one of those that changed the current of events and made itself felt in French and Italian history for many generations.



Francis the First and Charles the Fifth were both ruthless exploiters of humanity, willing to add to the "glory" of their "crowns," to have their subjects murdered right and left, and it made but little difference to mankind in general which one won the game of war. Whether it was Charles or Francis, the people suffered all the same.

Neither of the royal scoundrels cared the loss of a penny for human rights or human happiness.

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