

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT :- The Defendant Spilled Sympathy All Over. :- Drawn for The Bee by Tad



The Mistaken Idea of a Child's Joy and the Happiest Time of Woman's Life.

By DOROTHY DIX.

A young girl asks me what is the happiest time of a woman's life.

It is impossible to answer this question definitely, or to even hazard a guess as to whether age or youth is more likely to be the balcyon time of life.



Happiest depends upon conditions and circumstances, and it varies with each individual.

There are women who have hard and bitter youths and beautiful and lovely old ages, and there are others, whose early years are joyous and their last years filled with tears and sorrow.

But what is the happiest time of life for a woman? Most people would answer childhood. We always associate childhood with joy, and are apt to believe that any fairly well-taken-care-of boy or girl is at the happiest hour of life.

only a shattering of ideals and a blighting disappointment.

The fond lover turns into the neglectful or grouchy husband.

The billing and cooing is superseded by growls over the butcher and grocer bills.

The thrill of romance dies down into the dull monotony of every day life where it is a constant strain to make the ends meet between income and expenditure.

There's nothing particularly hilarious in the life of the average married woman. It is a gray fabric shot through with a few gold threads, but she'd never make a garment of it in which to clothe her soul when she wanted to celebrate her happiest time of life.

To some women the happiest hour of life is when they first hold their newborn babes on their breast. That is a minute of rapture, pure and complete, that pays for all other disappointments and sufferings of existence. And there are other golden hours that they spend with their little children that are more precious than they know until the time has passed. But even this happiness is clouded with anxiety, and dulled for many women by ceaseless labor until they are too tired to really sense its beauty.

There comes, also, the happiness of old age when a woman's work is done, and she sits with folded hands and quiet heart in the twilight.

For her the battle is over, the struggle ended, the wounds healed, but this happiness is the end.

It is what we hope for as a consolation, not what youth looks forward to in answer to its desire.

The consensus of opinion among women is that the happiest time in a woman's life is the little span of girlhood that lies between the schoolroom and the altar.

That is why mothers are so pathetically anxious to give their young daughters a good time, and to indulge them in every possible way.

People criticize the mother who turns her old frock in order that Mamie may have another party dress; who utters past Mamie's door in order not to wake her of a morning when she goes down to cook breakfast for the family; who slaves over the sewing machine while Mamie is off playing tennis.

They do not know, as the woman does, that she is doing all she can to give Mamie her golden hour untarnished.

She knows that life with its cares and burdens must soon press upon the young shoulders; that there are bound to be disillusionments for her; that the girl will rub off her gingerbread, and her fairy prince turn into an ordinary grocery clerk, and the rose-embowered cottage of her dreams become a two by four flat with her stewing over the range instead of gathering daisies in green fields, but between the school world and the hard work-a-day world lies this little strip of paradise—the young girl's world—which the mother is determined to secure her daughter if it is possible.

If you should ask any old woman what was the happiest time of her life, her face would grow suddenly young and tender and she would say, "When I was a girl with a girl's dreams."

Daffydils

A MAN MIGHT ARGUE WITH A WOMAN BUT IT NEVER DOES ANY GOOD

SUNNY MENDER MANAGED FIGHTERS HE WAS KNOWN AS THE TOWER OF INTELLECT HE MANAGED THEM BUT NEVER YET DID HE GO BEHIND ONE AS A SECOND. ONE NIGHT HE DID HOWEVER. HE SECONDED TIN HEAD TAPPLER. IN THE 329 SOUND TIN HEAD WAS BADLY BENT AND REELING AROUND THE RING HE LOOKED OVER AT JUNNY FOR ADVICE. THE JAWE MERCHANT BIT HIS LIP THEN HOWLED UNDER THE ROPES. HEY TIN, CAN A BLIND CHICKEN PEEP?

UP WITH THE NAPKINS BOYS, HERE COMES THE SOUP.

GRACIOUS HOW THE WIND BLEW MERCY HOW IT STORMED YET WILMOT THE GAY SUBURBANITE POINTED HIS BEETLER TOWARDS HOME. THE BOYS AT THE OFFICE CALLED HIM THE PROFESSIONAL HUSBAND. IT BOOTHERED WILMOT NOT THEY WERE SPENDING \$ WHILE HE WAS HOME ANNUAL HE SAW A BILL UPON HIS DOOR STEP. HE TOOK ANOTHER SLANT NOT A BILL - A NOTE HE SLANTED AGAIN. IT SAID. IF YOU SLAMMED A STONE AT THE DEPOT WOULD THE VIADUCT?

HEY, WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS JOINT IS - A JOINT?

NO ONE KNEW HIM YET THEY ALL KNEW HIM BY SIGHT HE WALKED ALONE ALWAYS THE GANG STARTED AFTER HIM ONE DAY THEY FOLLOWED HIM FOR BLOCKS SUDDENLY HE TURNED AND WENT THE OTHER WAY.

THEY WENT TOO. HE COULDN'T PROL THEM. SO THEN HE RETURNED AND WENT THE OTHER WAY.

THEY WENT TOO THEN HE STOPPED AND ADDRESSING THEM SAID BECAUSE A ILL IN GUN WOULD ONLY THROW A FOOT BALL OFFICER!! HE'S IN AGAIN

IM BOSS DOWN AT THE MARKET NOW - ONE BIG PIPE - I DONT GET DOWN THERE TILL LAM - SWEEP UP THE PLACE THEN I UNLOAD THE PARM WAGONS

AND JET UP THE RUFF FOR A SWEET DISPLAY THEN I SHOW THE JUNK TO A BUNCH TAKE ORDERS PICK UP THE JIVE A THEY KNOCK DOWN, HELP LOAD WHAT THEY BUY

THEN I GO HOME AND FIGURE COMMISSIONS TILL 2 A.M THEN I SET THE ALARM CLOCK AND WORRY ABOUT WAKING UP TILL IT RINGS - THEN I START AGAIN TO WORK

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

YEP - NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Sir Isaac Newton

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.



March 20, 1727.

It was 175 years ago today—March 20, 1727—that the great Newton, at the age of eighty-five, passed from the ways of men.

On that day one of the most imperial brains that the race has ever produced ceased to think, and the curtain fell upon a career that was as noble as it was illustrious.

There are things that can be done but once, honors which, coming once, can never come again. Off against these honors, in the bead-roll of fame, not only immortal, but transcendently so, stand the few royal names, chief among them being the name of the discoverer of the secret of the mechanism of the universe.

To no one else can there be applied, to the same extent and with the same fairness, the lines of Pope:

"Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night, God said, 'Let Newton be,' and all was light."

To the greatest minds of the last century and a half there has seemed to be something preternatural in the work that Newton accomplished, and they pretty nearly all unite in saying that the discovery of the law of attraction of gravity marks the very top-notch of intellectual achievement. Beyond a doubt that discovery was the sublime, and from the viewpoint of our intellect the most wonderful generalization of the human mind.

Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Columbus, Laplace, Darwin, all did wonderful things, things that had never been done before, but great as they were (and they were almost inconceivably great) they do not rank up with the achievement of Newton.

When Newton proved the truth of the universality of the force of gravity, he proved, at the same time that the universe is governed not by almighty spirits, but by almighty law.

Of course the results of that stupendous generalization were not realized at the time; but before long it began to be perceived by the few who grasped the significance of Newton's work that it was destined to revolutionize every department of human thought, and in time cause the rewriting of all the creeds of all the theologians, moralists and philologists.

Nearly two centuries have passed since Newton gave the world his marvelous demonstration, and his star shines larger and brighter than ever. His fame will never die and as long as men think and reason their mental processes and mental achievement will be influenced by the great Englishman's brain.

The Latest Dances and How to Dance Them

The accompanying illustrations show Maurice and his partner, in two positions of the Turkey Trot.

Contrary to the general belief, many graceful poses are introduced into this dance, as is shown where Maurice is standing behind his partner.

In this position they can do the "rock," the "bend" or the "slide" and regular two-step.

The other picture shows a position in one of the "slides."



By Maurice, the Cabaret Artist.

The Turkey Trot.

dancers take it as a huge joke, and while it will never rank high as an exhibition of elegant dancing, except by the people who have been carefully taught and drilled, it is less stilted than any other dance and consequently young people who like to romp over the ball-room floor will continue the turkey trot or do the San Francisco slide despite everything that is said against it.

In dancing the turkey trot you can begin with the ordinary two-step and then with the change in the music go over to the "rock." If a good "rag" is played in syncopated time, keep the rhythm alternating with a hunch of the shoulders and the rock of the body.

The partners should bend as far to the side as possible, the limbs are held stiff and the feet are stamped flat on to the floor, bending first to one side then to the other, and bending, of course, to the side on which the foot is on the floor while the other foot is in the air, this leg being held perfectly stiff.

During this rocking the male dancer holds his partner closely to him, having both arms around her. She places both hands on his shoulders. The change from one "rock" to other steps is always done by means of a few hars danced in the ordinary two-step.

Another turkey trot step: The partners change from the ordinary dancing position by facing the same way, hands clasped in front; he holds her around the waist; she has one hand on his shoulders. Now they do the same "rock," bending forward and back, ending with a pause in the music and a graceful pose. The dancer catches his partner around the waist, and leans back as far as possible, arms spread out. This pose need not be acrobatic, though it sounds as if it were. It can be graceful and artistic, and so can all the rest of the turkey trot for that matter; it depends entirely on the dancers.

In bending and sliding you can be as graceful as you would be in any other dance.

On the other hand, you can dance it in an eccentric way and be awkward or funny, if you can do that. Some people are naturally funny, and it doesn't much matter what they do, you can't teach them to be elegant, because they look comic no matter how hard they try. For such people, and there are girls as well as men of that type, these new dances prove irresistible, and the dancers themselves always are funny and make a "hit."

But you must know you're really funny to dance in an eccentric manner. If you are not, some kind friend will make a few "pleasant" remarks and you will be branded as "vulgar" instead.

There is just a small step between the two in these dances. Of course, facial expression plays a great part in dancing, and that is another thing that shouldn't be overdone.

When you dance the turkey trot don't remember what you've heard about it. It is not as bad as it's painted. It can be danced in a jolly, fun-making sort of way, and if you put any suggestions into it, that is your matter and doesn't belong in the dance by rights.

There is nothing especially alluring about a turkey hopping around is there? And the turkey trot is a kind of human imitation of the thanksgiving emblem. If you have good music and a good partner, the dance goes off as if one were inspired.

I have seen it danced when it was quite beautiful—when the dancers were well trained, good looking young men and women, who danced in an elegant, well-bred sort of way. One can slide and

Was Rich, But Not Predatory

In 1883 Richard T. Crane poured and melted himself the first pot of metal in a business which grew larger than the business of some railroads. Everybody who reads the news may now know that Mr. Crane left \$1,000,000 for the benefit of his employees; few know that he gave them \$2,000,000 beyond their wages in his lifetime.

All may know that he left \$1,000,000 for women who are widowed with young children, but not many know that none of this money was earned at the expense of Mr. Crane's fellow creatures. Once he noticed that some of his men were doing sand blasting with helmets on their heads, it seemed to him an unhealthy occupation and he ordered a change to a method much less profitable to himself. Frequently he told his branch managers not to push business too hard in competition with weaker opponents, especially in regions where there were long-established houses of good character. It was his principle and his practice never to be hard toward employees, competitors or public. Although he lived to see his business become enormous, he never regularly retained a firm of lawyers. He did not fight his fellow creatures, but helped them. A short time before his death considerable publicity was given to his views on higher education. The world could not be expected to realize that if he seemed inhospitable to the colleges, it was because of the intensity of his interest in those lower forms of education which lighten the burden of the struggling many. He never asked or needed tariff favors. He was an honor to the business world and to the country in which he lived.—Collier's Weekly.

European Cafe Life

By DR. FRANK CRANE.

There is something to be said for the European cafe life.

If we could graft it successfully onto our American village life it would do us good.

At present we have it only in our large cities, and there is not a wholesome mixture, blended with our tendency to excess.

The great difficulty is that the Anglo-Saxon does not know how to use alcohol. He wants to get drunk. He always wants to get drunk.

Time, in his history, tells us that our ancient barbarous ancestors were mighty hunters, famous fighters, strong, red-skinned, blue-eyed, white-skinned fellows, whose only idea of having a real good time was to get full of strong drink and roll unconscious on the floor.

That habit persists, I have lived for months at a time in Italy, where everybody drank mild wine and sipped wazary ardella, where the day laborer's dinner was a loaf of dry bread and a flask of basanti, and I never saw one intoxicated person. You can go to the Hortens house in Munich and see 2,000 people, of all social grades, all consuming beer and listening to the band and not one becoming obnoxious, except, perhaps a grey American.

The minute you cross the English Channel you notice a change. English are drinking places are dirty and sordid.

In Europe almost every family takes at least one meal a day in a public cafe.

The men do not consort there among themselves, but they bring their women and children.

They dine usually in the open air in summer. There is music. Neighbors chat. Children play. Women laugh.

It is reaching out toward the larger family. It promotes social life in an innocent and cheerful way.

If we could ever adjust the tangled and dangerous matter of alcoholic drinks, either by eliminating them altogether, which is possibly the only solution for a people of our blood, or by going back to milder forms of stimulant, such as beer and light wines, as many advocate, and if we could, in every small town, have open-air restaurants and gardens where all the folk might gather and dine as cheaply as at home, and "eat and hear good music, it seems to me it would do much toward softening the harsher traits of our character.

We should learn more suavity, more politeness, more gentleness; we should be less gruff and grouchy.

Gratitude.

President Caroline Hazard at a reception at Wellesley college said apropos of the girl graduates:

"May none of our graduates have said of them, absent-mindedly, such a thing as was once said of a western girl.

"This girl, in taking leave of her dean, murmured:

"Goodby, professor. I am indebted to you for all I know."

"Oh," said the professor, "pray don't mention such a trifle."—McCall's Magazine.