

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT - And Now the Judge is Sicker Than Before - Drawn for The Bee by Tad



### Working or Dreaming?

By WINIFRED BLACK.

She's a stenographer, and she's a good stenographer—sometimes. She's quick-witted, good humored, industrious, intelligent, but she never keeps a position longer than two or three months at a time.



"I lose all interest in my work," she says. "I love books and pictures and music—and I hate drudgery. I can't stay in one place long; the inner unrest drives me on. What shall I do? I am the support of my mother, and my conscience says keep on with the drudgery, but my soul cries out for wider scope. What shall I do?"

"Do, my dear child. What is there for you to do but keep on working? What other excuse is there for the food you eat and the roof that shelters you. How many people do you think there are in the world who work because they want to? Not one in ten thousand, and you are just one of the ones. So you love music, pictures, books. Kurrah for all these, and you should say a little prayer of gratitude every time you think of them. They are worth everything in the world to you.

You're rich, dear child, richer far than the old fellow who pays you to write his letters for him, and who is bored to death at the very thought of a decent book, and who can't stay awake when he hears good music to save his life. Every taste of that sort is capital to you, so much in the bank of human enjoyment.

Give up your honest, regular work to go mooning around looking for "higher things"? What nonsense, what utter nonsense. What higher thing is there in life than just the thing you are doing—taking good care of your mother?

What's the difference between you right now and the dreamer who sits all day in an attic trying to be "an artist," and dreaming of great deeds nobly done? Just this: You are earning your right to live and the dreamer is dreaming away all that makes life worth living at all.

And don't make yourself a martyr. You aren't martyr at all. You are a very lucky girl. You can earn your own living, take care of the mother who bore you, and have lots of time left to think about books and music and pictures. And, whisper. There's nothing particularly high about an idea just because it's between the covers of a book or on the canvas behind a frame. It's the idea that counts—the idea and the way it's carried out.

What are they all about—all the music and the books and the pictures? They are about life, real life, the very kind of life you are leading right now. Angels are out of fashion in pictures, and in books, too.

We read about folks nowadays, just plain, everyday folks, with livings to earn and bills to pay, and mothers to support.

Stories! Why, you are a story every day, and it's your business to see that it is a good story with a good ending, too.

And, whisper! Where did you get that notion that it is "noble" to paint pictures, "fine" to write books, and "grand" to make music, but ignoble to make ten dollars a week taking dictation and writing on a typewriter?

A painter doesn't paint to be "noble," he paints because that's the thing he can do. Writers are no different from any one else. They write to make money, most of them. Why shouldn't they? And musicians aren't thinking of the eternal melody of the spheres when they play the Rubenstein in F. They are thinking of the good, warm coat they are going to buy father with the money the man at the door is taking in for the concert.

Come down to earth, little sister. That's where we all live just now. Let's live right along down on the nice, comfy, sane, natural ground, and thank goodness we can enjoy the fine things of life without having a hand in making them at all, unless it's our business to make them.

Don't worry about that. If you're a genius you will do the work you were sent here to do. If you have to pound the typewriter all day and work at the way the genius affair all night, that's the way you can tell 'em—the geniuses.

Get a new job, typewriting, and keep it this time—and don't feel like a martyr because you work for a living.

### Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Pa took Ma & Me to the circus last nite. Pa sed all the afternoon that he didnt want to go but that he only went to please Ma & Me. But I noticed after we had got to the circus that Pa's eyes was all the time sticking out, harder than mine, even. There was three rings in the circus & I bet Pa didnt miss a single thing that was going on in any of the rings.

When we got to the Garden to go in, Pa interduced Ma & me to a gentleman wich had pointed phiskers. His nam was

He does in a way, sed Ma, he looks fat enuff. The only differns, Ma sed, is that he is provided with a keeper. Then the Zepherus wazlers calm out. They waz all big men & thay was as fast as lightning. Look at them, wife, sed, Pa, note thare penber-like quickness & thare pen-draw strength. Why, sed Pa, sum of them are wonder. I wud like to bet that sum of them wud even give me a good battel, sed Pa. Of course, I wud git them in the long run, Pa sed, but I wud know I had been in a batel.

Bobbie, sed Ma, let yure father rave & let us look at the trained seel.

What do you like about trained teels, sed Pa.

Beekans they dont talk, sed Ma.

A Victim.

"You're a college man, doctor?" asked the halfback.

"Oh, yes," replied the physician.

"Did you ever take an interest in foot ball?"

course myself. Doant you think Antony looks like me? sed Pa.

No, I dont, sed Ma. He has a better waist line & besides, I think the only courts that you was ever presented at must have been the court of general sessions or sum justice court. Doant try to kid me, sed Ma, about your greatness. I have yure number.

Then the animals calm oh. There was 12 elephants & each one of them had a keeper. Look at that tremendous beast in the middel, sed Pa to Ma. Note his massive strength. Doesnt he remind you of me, sed Pa.

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Then the Zepherus wazlers calm out. They waz all big men & thay was as fast as lightning. Look at them, wife, sed, Pa, note thare penber-like quickness & thare pen-draw strength. Why, sed Pa, sum of them are wonder. I wud like to bet that sum of them wud even give me a good battel, sed Pa. Of course, I wud git them in the long run, Pa sed, but I wud know I had been in a batel.

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### Daddydile

THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY AND WE DO AS WE PLEASE.

**THE BULLS AND THE BEARS** WERE SNORTING AND SNARLING. FURFILLED THEIR FORTUNES CAME AND WENT LIKE RENT, DAY. SUDDENLY A HUSH FELL UPON THE MULTITUDE. THEN A VOICE WAS HEARD. IT WAS THE PEOP OF HOWARD M'CONNELL, THE SILVER-HAIRED WIZARD OF CO. D STONE WALL STREET. AND THIS IS WHAT WAS HEERED: "IF A MADMAN POUNDS DOES A LUMATIC? SIDNA - PASS THE POWDER HORN - HERE COMES THEM THERE SHERIFFS."

**MIGUE SIMONS, THE GREATEST OF STAGE MANAGERS WAS RIPPING MAD! AND FORWY JUST FOR CAUSE, HE HAD SENT LITTLE BILLY UP INTO THE WINGS TO TURN THE SUNSHINE UPON THE HAPPY WEDDING AND TO MIGUES AND THE GENERAL SURPRISE, HE TURNED ON THE PROD BLIZZARD AND MIGUE ROARED IF THATS WHAT YOU'LL DO, HOW WILL YOU EVER BE ABLE TO TELEGRAP FROM A STEAL? JALLY - GET THE AMMONIA GUN - JOHN THE BERRY IN OUR CHICKEN COOP AGAIN.**

**CARBONIC CARL AND AFFABLE ALF SAT IN THE LITTLE JODA STORE TRYING TO FIGURE OUT JUST WHAT A FELLOW GAINED BY STAYING OFF THE STUFF CARBONIC CARL SAID HE HAD SAVED UP ALMOST ENOUGH TO PAY FOR A NEW STRAW KELLY. HE HAD TIME TO BURN AND AT THAT MOMENT DOG CALOWELL JUCK HIS BEAK IN THROUGH THE DOOR AND PIPED. IF THE HORSES LOST THEIR TAILS WOULD THE WATER WAG ON JUST THE SAME. OH FIRE MAN!! JAVE MY CARNIVAL BADGE.**

**AND WHEN THEY FORG HER THEY SENT FOR ME I GOT THE P-MAHER RIGHT BY THE G-STRINGS AND TOSTED IT BACK AGIN THE WALLS AND SAVED HER LIFE.**

**NEP - BUT WHY SHOULD I WORRY? WHILE I HAVE MY HEALTH I CERTAINLY HAVE MY STRENGTH. THE LIFTING NEWLY MOUND STONES ISNT CHILD'S PLAY - BUT -**

**I CAN TELL YOU OF A BIT OF LIFTIN THAT IS CONSIDERED SOME HEFT IN OUR TOWN. OLD LADY BROWN HAD A RANER FALL OVER ON HER**

**OH YARS AND BESIDES HAD NOTHING TO DO TO THE MORRIS.**

### The Folly of Pessimism

By GARRETT P. SERVINS.

A famous London preacher, the Rev. B. J. Campbell, of the City Temple, is reported to have said, in a sermon the other day, that he can find no reason for human existence.

All the ages of progress, in his opinion, have cost more than they have come to!

This is fine teaching for a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ!

To the muddled mind of this pessimistic London preacher we are no better off than ancient Egypt and Rome, because we have still the same battles to fight between right and wrong; the same struggles to endure against the spirit of creed and selfishness.

Have his theological studies failed to teach him that the hope of humanity lies in the continuance of just such struggles? Then he would have done better to drop theology and devote his attention to Christianity. "I come not to bring peace into the world, but a sword,"

said the founder of the Christian religion. The "sword" that he brought was the sword of righteousness—the sword that sweeps down oppressors, that fights for the poor, that defies the powers of darkness.

To deny that the progress of the world shows the time of Egypt and Rome has since any reason for human existence is to deny that Christianity has bettered the lot of mankind.

This preacher does not read the newspapers, or if he does read them, he reads them backward. Let him throw off his green spectacles when he stretches his legs under the breakfast table, and read the news of the day as it should be read. Then he will see, on every page, the clearest evidence that existence is becoming better worth while with each revolution of the sun. Is not the doctrine of the right of the people to govern themselves continually spreading wider over the world? And are not the people beginning to govern themselves, even in old Asia? Is not education becoming every year more universal? Are not the discoveries of science brightening the lives of all men, and giving them a better chance in life? Has not slavery almost disappeared from the planet, and a legalized institution? Who today knows anything of the barbarians of the feudal system except as he reads about them in history? Where are now the thumb-screws, and iron boots, and "iron maidens" filled with spikes, and human griffons over slow fires, with which mis-called law and justice formerly tortured criminals, witnesses and suspects alike?

No thinking man can be blinded by the fact that we have still frightful injustice to contend with. There is still desperate poverty everywhere, and outrageous oppression, and the time is yet far more distant than it ought to be when everybody will have a square chance.

But it is folly to say that that time is not visibly approaching. Men have yet to fight for living wages, and just treatment—but they are beginning to get them! Copyright judges still twist the law and pronounce sentence against conscience, justice and evidence, but the terror of the recall is beginning to shink like a torch of reason in their eyes!

Men have still to pass their lives delving in black, choking tunnels, a mile beneath the sunshine, in order to keep the upper world warm, and its machinery spinning; and that for a pittance, but the pittance is growing! And better yet, the advance of science is forecasting the day when there will be no longer any necessity for digging coal, because man will have learned to take his mechanic energy from more abundant sources, harking Nature do his work as she has never yet done it. Has this London preacher never heard of electricity, or is he unaware of its advent, as the servant of man, in but the sign of the opening of a brighter age for all humanity? Electricity is nothing but a forerunner.

No reason for existence! Merely to live for the sake of helping forward the civilization is reason enough.

A Few More Slogans.

Misouri—They gotta quit kickin' my dog aroun'.

Massachusetts—They gotta quit kidding my sacred cod.

California—They gotta quit roastin' my grizzly bear.

New Jersey—They gotta quit chasin' my cotillon.

Kentucky—They gotta quit speakin' my lekker aroun'.

Texas—They gotta quit bootin' my donkey aroun'.

New York—They gotta quit trookin' Wall street aroun'.

Illinois—They gotta quit hammerin' my whitewash iron.

Pennsylvania—They gotta quit shakin' my plum tree down.

Kansas—They gotta quit laughin' at my blind pig.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### The Latest Dances and How to Dance Them

#### The Beautiful "No-Clasp" Dance



MISS JOSE COLLINS AND MARTIN BROWN.

This picture shows a position in the "No Clasp" dance. The man has passed a sash around his partner's waist, and while he is holding the ends leans back as far as possible, and the dancers whirl around in waltz step.

Miss Collins, in her article describing the dance especially for The Bee magazine readers says: "This part of the dance is not easy, but it is exceedingly pretty."

One of the great attractions of the "No Clasp" dance is the absence of any hard acrobatic movement.

While some of the steps and movements are a trifle intricate, does not vary or change suddenly from three-four to two-four time, as so much of the dance music does now.

The "No Clasp" is a graceful ballroom dance, and it is to unusual that I think it will be very popular for charky entertainments and fairs, where young people are always trying to do something new, stipulating that the new shall not be too difficult or take too much time to learn.

Of course if you want to dance the "No Clasp" perfectly, you will have to be a pretty good dancer, and practice it a great deal, just as my partner and I do, but for the ordinary ballroom the dance can be adapted to suit the talents of the moderately good dancer, and will lose nothing of its originality.

The scene in which we do this dance is darkened, and a spotlight is used, illuminating me and my partner. This is a very pretty effect, which can be reproduced for entertainment. I wear

a costume of very pale silk, one of these light skirts which for dancing has to be slit up the side, and a powdered wig with long curls, while my partner wears a white satin costume and powdered wig, too, and the effect is especially pretty against the dark background. He has a long red sash wound around his waist. The sash is the necessary part of the dance, and should be of very strong silk, about two yards long.

The secret of the "No Clasp" dance is that the partners do not touch each other until the very end of the dance, though they stand quite close together as ordinary dancing partners.

We begin the introduction of the waltz by striking a pose which is the waiting pose of the ordinary waltzers, feet in position, head up, looking directly into each other's eyes, but instead of holding each other, we cross our arms over our chests, and I stand with my crossed arms just a little below my partner's, but not touching.

Now the waltz music begins and with the regular undulating movement, both in strict time, we wait together, keeping close, but never touching, and with arms crossed as in the introduction. Of course the art comes in keeping perfect time and dancing exactly as if your partner's arm were about you. It helps a good deal to look each other straight in the eye, and this should be done anyhow, as it is part of the attraction of the dance.

After sixteen bars danced like this, we unfold our arms, I clasp my hands behind my back, and he does the same, and we continue to waltz. There is no interruption in the waltz step, no matter what positions we may take. The rhythm and movement are never broken for an instant.

Of course, you understand, that in waltzing with the hands clasped behind the back we are just as close together as ordinary waltzing partners would be, and you have to be in great sympathy with your partner and have marked out just what part of the floor you are going to cover, and just how much of the music you are going to dance in this way. If you are not studying with a dancing teacher who has worked it out, that is optional with you, and depends upon the music and your own choice in the matter.

The next position shows me in the center of the stage, my arms extended, feet leading time to the waltz step, but without moving very much from one spot, arms waving gracefully with the measure of the music. My partner circles about, still very close, his arms also extended, but without touching. Now he stands in one place and I circle round him.

After eight bars of the music, I bring myself around so that I face the audience and have my partner behind me, a little to one side. We do sixteen measures of waltz step in this position, that is, he being behind me, and the steps going sideways across the floor. That is quite difficult, especially for the one who is behind, as you can't hold hands or be guided in any way.

At the end of the measure we swing around facing each other, my partner has whipped off his sash and passed it around my waist, he holds the ends of the sash firmly with both hands, I lean back as far as possible, so that my weight rests on the sash, and we con-

tinued to waltz around the floor in this way.

It's not easy, as you will see if you try, but it's exceedingly pretty, and a beginner would not need to bend back very far from the waist, and her partner could hold the ends of the sash loose, and the ribbon might be longer than the one we use. That would make a pretty effect and would not be hard or require much skill in dancing.

I end the dance with a straight waltz around the floor, this time holding my partner by the hand and shoulder and with his arm around my waist in the customary manner. At the very last we dance up a flight of stairs and down again, still waiting in perfect time and step.

Well, I wouldn't expect you to do that, for I might have a few broken bones to be responsible for. But the rest of the "No Clasp" dance, as I have described it to you, can be adapted to the requirements of an ordinary dancer.

The principal thing is to keep in perfect time and agreement with your partner and never touch each other until the final waltz.