

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Court Room is No Place for Giggles

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Fables of the Wise Dame

By DOROTHY DIX.

Once upon a time there was a young maid who prided herself upon being a high browed proposition who was superior to all of the weaknesses of her sex.

"If there is one thing that makes me dead tired," she would say, "it is the vanity of women and the way they fall for flatters. Anything goes with them so long as it is sugar-coated, and they never care what you are feeling them on so long as it tastes like taffy."



"It also gives me a pain to think that individual creatures spend the hours that they might devote to a discussion each other with hot air, and asking 'so duky is so?'"

"Thank heaven I do not possess that kindergarten class of near intellect. The very thought of a jolly is abhorrent to me, and the man who wants to make a hit with me will be the wise guy not of the serious problems of life in fanning to pass me out the sugared chestnuts, for I will not stand for them."

"I also apprehend that any song and dance about being the only one he ever loved will not get me, for I apprehend that with the masculine persuasion it is always the last female and not the first who pulls down the orange blossom."

"Likewise I opine that I should not care to waste time holding hands, while as for kissing my knowledge of bacteriology teaches me that, besides being silly, osculation is full of microbes. So it's me for the delectable truth, and a courtship based in intellect and reason."

Now the maid was not strong on good looks, but she possessed a bank account of her own, and if she had been only a common, or garden variety of girl there would have been men hot-footing it after her, but her sentiments soared off all of the sterner sex, and it began to look as if a career of pure intellect was a frost for a female.

At last, however, an unsophisticated college professor stroled into that neck of the woods, and as soon as he heard of the maiden's lofty views, he set out in pursuit of her.

"At last," he cried, "I have found the affinity I have been seeking—a female creature who does not expect a man to

perjure his soul passing out compliments about her pichritude, and who would rather listen to him spout about literature and art than tout her charms, and I intend to cinch this good thing while I can."

"Noble creature," he said to her, "be mine, for I perceive that you are so superior to your sex that it will not be necessary for me to push the velvet and shove the naive with you, and that you will not be foolish enough to expect me to pay you any of those little attentions that would distract my attention from my work."

"It will not tell you that you are the only one because there are others. Nor will I say that if you turn me down it blast my life, for you are next to the fact that when a masculine creature gets on the bun it is boose, and not 'unre' quitted love that does the dinky dink for him."

"Neither will I tell you that you are beautiful, as your mirror will give me the lie, but I do not care for looks, and your supply of the long green makes up for your being so short on nose and shy on hair so that you average up fair to middling."

But instead of these veracious words making a hit with the maiden she became very angry. "Brute," she cried, "be gone! It is true that I do not care for flattery, but I desire to be appreciated and I shall never marry until I meet some discriminating man who finds in me his ideal of feminine perfection."

These words greatly surprised the learned college professor, who went to a friend and thus addressed him:

"I do not understand," he said, "why I got her goat, for I was merely following her lead. She has been hoodling for the truth until she has worn out a lung, yet the minute I passed her a sample of the real thing, I got it in the neck."

"Ah," responded his friend with great sagacity, "when you pay a woman a compliment about herself she never thinks it is flattery. She opines it is only what was coming to her and that it is the undesired truth. Moreover, when a woman invites you to criticize her faults she is merely fishing for a jolly. The only safe way of courtship is to qualify for membership in the Ananias club and string along in the good old mendacious way. Truthful men all die bachslors."

Moral—This fable teaches that the only truth that we will stand for is the truth about our neighbors.

The Right to Forget

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Some write their songs in marble; the more just. Stoop'd down serene and wrote them in dust. Trod under foot, the sport of every wind, Swept from the earth and blotted from his mind. There, secret in the grave, he bade them lie. And grieved they could not 'scape the Almighty eye.

It has happened very often that a man who wants to forget his wrongs is denied permission by his friends. "In a foolish, sentimental way they feel that they must prove their friendship by sympathy. They greet the man who has been wronged in this way:

"How are your scars this morning?" Naturally, he relates the story of how they were inflicted, and relates it many times, enlarging each time on his anguish of spirit and body and the injustice of the one who wounded him.

They are compelling him to write his wrongs, if not in marble, in at least something more lasting than dust that will be swept by every wind."

Their sympathy is making his grievance more vital, more painful and more lasting.

To his shame let it be known that he enjoys their sympathy, and develops an appetite that demands it.

They are encouraging his weakness by refusing him the right to forget.

This weakness is not an exclusive characteristic of the man. Women and girls have their little wrongs, and other women and girls salute them with solicitations concerning them.

And again the story grows by retelling and again one who should write her troubles in dust is encouraged to write them in marble.

I beg of my girls that they demand the right to forget, and grant to others of their sex the same privilege.

Why look with sympathy at the girl with a pin scratch until she is assured that a cut by a sword could not be deeper or wider?

Wouldn't it be better to ignore it, and turn her mind to happier things?

Wouldn't it help her to forget that which she could forget, if you fail to notice that she has been the victim of an injustice?

These are not the days of martyrs. These are the days when the girl who writes her troubles on the dust, and forgets them, is honored more than she who writes in marble, and calls the world to pause and read.

The one who writes in dust doesn't forget, and is the sanest to laugh. And there never was a time in history when the brave spirit that forgets and laughs was loved and needed more than it is loved and needed today.

There has been such a revolution in this particular that the sigh is no longer really respectable.

So I beg of all the girls who wish to be of some use in this great busy life—whether quietly at home or in more public paths makes no difference—that they write their little wrongs, in the dust.

I beg that they forget; that they demand the right to forget, and that they grant to others the right to forget.

Be women while still young, and by that I mean do a woman's part.

And that never has been called for a tablet of marble every time hope failed and things went wrong.

Elected to Represent Medics

Miss Hazel Bonness of the University of Minnesota has been elected to the All-University Student Council as representative of the medical college, by the unanimous vote of the 100 men and eight women students. The new student council is to be the official mouthpiece of the entire undergraduate body in the management of university affairs.

Daddydiks

ALL MEN ARE NOT HOMELESS BUT SOME MEN ARE HOMELESS THAN OTHERS.

A collection of short, humorous vignettes. One is about a man who is a 'daddydik' and another is about a man who is a 'daddydik' and another is about a man who is a 'daddydik'.

The Manicure Lady

"It must be something terrible to be down in Mexico these days, George," said the Manicure Lady. I understand from the papers that there is all kinds of fighting going on down there among these insurgents or whatever they call them. Brother Wilfred was saying last night that he didn't think the lives of Americans was safe there. He was thinking of getting up one of them filibustering expeditions, or whatever they called them, to go down there and rescue the lives and the property of the Americans that was dependent on the protection of their fellow men from America.

The Giants of Yesterday

The Biggest Beast of Creation and the Monster Iguanodon



The Iguanodon, which stood twenty-five feet high and pulled down the branches of trees with its fore claws.



This animal was the hugest that ever existed on this earth. The largest of them are said to have been about eighty feet long. Reared on its powerful hind legs and massive tail it could lift its head forty feet above the ground. If it lived in these days it could easily peer into a fifth story window.

It was a vegetable feeder, and its long neck was evidently intended to enable it to reach the branches of trees and pull them within reach, or possibly to search the bottom of shallow lakes for its food. It was not armored in the elaborate manner of some of the creatures that we have already studied, such as the triceratops and the stegosaurus, but its thick hide would have protected it against the assaults of all but the most powerful enemies.

There is a wonderful specimen of the Iguanodon in the Carnegie museum at Pittsburgh, and a few years ago Mr. Carnegie presented a reproduction of the same specimen to the Natural History museum in London, where it made a great sensation.

In our pictures the Iguanodon presents even a more formidable appearance than the Iguanodon, because the creature has been represented in its favorite attitude of rearing up to its full height. It was a tremendous monster, but not comparable in size with the Diplodocus. An Iguanodon stood about twenty-five feet high when it fitted up its head, and reared on its hind legs. You will observe the very strange form of its fore claws, which were furnished with huge, awkward, bony fingers, shaped like crosses. It is evident that these curious claws must have been extremely convenient for seizing and pulling down the branches of trees, for the Iguanodon also was a vegetable feeder.

One of the strangest stories in the history of geology is that of the discovery, in 1875, of the skeletons of twenty-three of these huge creatures in a chasm among the rocks, in the coal mine of Bernisart, Belgium, at a depth of 600 feet beneath the surface of the ground. The ancient chasm had been choked up, and in driving their galleries the miners suddenly broke into it, and beheld with amazement these remains of monsters such as no one had ever dreamed of. They seemed to have been plugged into an antediluvian world inhabited by incredible giants. Geologists flocked to the place, and the huge skeletons were carefully removed. How they ever got there is an unsolved problem; but it is thought that they must have been swept into the chasm by a flood. Since then Iguanodon of related species have been discovered in western America, and other parts of the world.

The Iguanodon gets its name from the resemblance of its teeth to those of a lizard called the iguana, which is found living in South America, but the Iguanodon is a small creature, which would frighten nobody, while its predecessors of some millions of years ago were so terrible on account of their size alone that the sight of one of them might have put a herd of elephants to flight, if there had been any elephants then.

This leads to the curious conclusion that some of the animals of the earth, which are now of no great size, had representatives of monstrous proportions in prehistoric times. Apparently some of these creatures became too large and too awkward to survive. But on the other hand, many creatures have increased in size with the progress of time. Among these are the horse, which in its earliest stages was a little animal, not larger than a fox. However, birds of the animal which have increased in size have attained dimensions comparable with those of the monsters that we have been talking of. The elephant is

now the largest land animal, but he is not as large as his predecessors, the mammoth and the mastodon. In Argentina there have been found remains of a gigantic rat-like creature which was nine feet long. This is called the toxodon, and its resemblance to a rat is principally due to the peculiar form of its front teeth, which are shaped like chisels, indicating that, like the modern rat, it was accustomed to gnawing. In its general form it bore considerable resemblance to a guinea pig. But a guinea pig, or a rat, nine feet long, would cause some scurrying in a modern household.

In the sea, on the other hand, the case is different. It would appear that the ocean has never been inhabited by animals larger than those found in it today. The great finner whale, for instance, which Huxley called the "hughest of beasts that live or have lived," sometimes attains a length of ninety feet, and disports its huge body "with easy roll among waves in which the stoutest ship that ever left dock yard would flounder helplessly."

Still, it has been found that some of the ancient inhabitants of the sea, if they were not larger than the largest of today, were far more wonderful in some respects, a monster with a shark-like appetite, which was furnished with eyes six or eight inches in diameter, having an arrangement of bony plates which seem to have enabled it to change the focus of the eye, fitting them for sharp vision at longer or shorter range as it remorselessly chased its prey. This recalls the wonderful new six-inch telescope on Mount Wilson, Cal., which is provided with means for altering the focus as it stares into the depth of the universe. The stegosaurus would seem to have been furnished with a telescope eye of the most modern construction. In the next article we shall deal with the monster tyrannosaurus.