

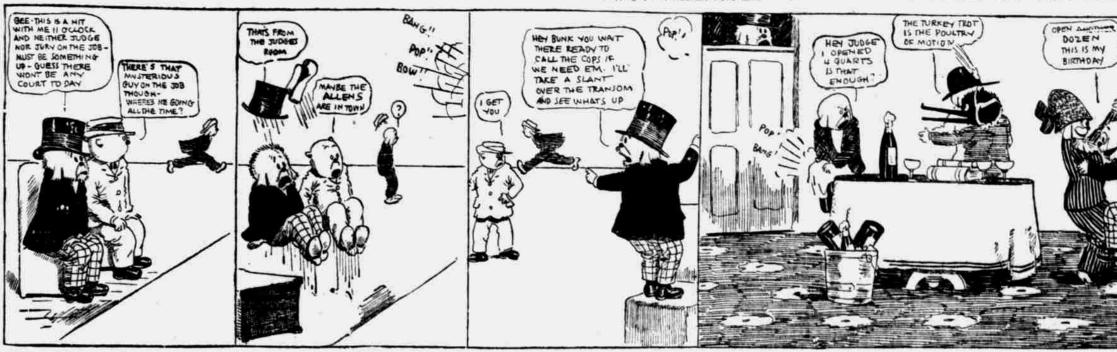
The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Birthdays Come but Once a Year

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Warren Takes Helen to the Circus and the Evening is Without Discord

By MABEL HERBERT UBNER.

the circus tonight?" asked Warren ab-

"All right. Get your bonnet on."

An hour later they were making the crowd, past the into the great arena of the circus. The place was brilliantly lit and a brass band was

playing vigorously. They were late. Already a herd of elephants were performing in the ous creature was gery on a revoltwo others were

riding on a huge see-saw, and still another two were beating drums.

"Oh, it doesn't seem fair to make such dignified animals do such foolish things," murmured Helen, viewing the elephantic playground with some disfavor. -yeu know he doesn't like to do on its head with its tail, absurdly small proportion to his huge body, waving pathetically in the air.

Suddenly at a crack of the trainer's whip the elephants came in line, and by resting their great paws on the backs of one another formed a huge pyramid, to the top of which the trainer climbed and held out his hands for applause.
"Oh, Warren-look!" as an e

lifted a trainer up by his trunk and carried him across the ring, while another trainer lay flat on the sawdust and the four elephants formed a pyramid him. 'Oh, if they should make a

Well, they won't. Now for heavens you expect at a circus? Here come the horses," as now the elephants having finished their act were hurried out one aids of the ring while the horses and k riders ran in at the other

One of the most marvelous things about circus is the rapidity with which acts are changed. There is never a moment's wait And now instantly in each of the with their riders turning somersaults on

The center ring horses were milk-white and with their silver trappings and the pale blue satin tights of their riders formed an effective picture. The man had woman her white satin cloak and feathhat, with which they had begur the act. The shedding of clothes on horse back is one of the many time honored parts of the circus which we would reret to have changed.

Now the young woman jumped from her horse and ran across the ring, leaping on the other horse beside the man who had been turning the double sommerasults. And then as the program expressed it they performed together some Delightfully daring and delectable demonstrations of the latest and most artistic feats of equestrianism.

'Oh dear, that's really very clever,

THE RULES OF POKER

They are telling a story this season (at least the advertising men are telling the to swing. A few moments later in the of a battle of brains between the ciever advertiser and the ciever customer. streak of blue and this time it It happened in a local shoe store and we

The # shoes have been going rapidly. The se shoes have been going rapidly.

Recently, however, a big young man entered the store and asked: "Do you sell these shoes according to poker rules, as it's mighty hard stuff to write. A man

ever #3.

"Excuse me." said the clerk. "These shoes come to #8. You took two pair."

"That's all right," said the young man, "but three of a kind beat two pair."

"I know that," responded the clerk, promptly, but three of a kind don't beat four nines." The customer paid.—Cleve-

ful as it seems. Look what broad backs those horses have and that easy regu-lar lops. That's the typical circus horse."

The next act was an acrobatic one and while they were setting the rings a crowd of clowns raced on. Clowns had never appealed to Helen, and now she looked without smiling and with more wonder than amusement at the grotesque figures in their various antice which brought out

"Oh, dear, I can't see anything funny in that," as a man dressed as an immense fat woman in a calico mother-hubbard fell sprawling down and showed a wide expanse of striped hostery.

ripples of laughter from all over the

Never saw a woman with so little sense

Here a clown, dressed as a backwoods farmer, came chasing a squealing pig around the ring. The whole place was in an uproar when he finally got hold But Helen could only fel sorry for the poor little animal, who helpless and un-willing; was forced to go through this twice a day.

Now the acrobat act was set, and the

jugglers and tumblers went through many feats, the perfection of which had Think of the organization they must gether as one great machine.

have to transport a circus as big as

"Oh, Warren, nobody can tell things
this and give performances in a different so well as you! You can make anything required years of patient training. Yet as had the foolish clowns, whose work called for no skill, except to be as absurd as possible.

"Dear, that's wonderful. Why don't they applaud," as after a particularly marvelous juggling act the man stepped out and bowed in anticipation of some

recognition of his skill.

But there was only a faint hand clap from some one in the gallery.
"Oh, he did some marvelous things,"
persisted Helen. "Why don't they ap-

Warren shrugged his shoulders. "Peo-

to arouse the least enthusiasm. In a way it's a shame, for those fellows

changed for a slackwire number other prodigious presentation of various and vigorous arenic acts of definess and dexterity," was the announcement on the

Then came the trained sea lions. Heler was charmed with their grace and agility and really marvelous intelligence. riding bareback ponies they juggled balls, plates and burning torches on their sleek noses, barking joyously when re warded with a fish.

"Watch those men work," and Warren as the moment this set ended the small army of brown uniformed workmer rushed forward and with astonishing swiftness removed the paraphernalia and put up that for the next-a trapese num about the circus-its organization. Every detail is planned and timed-to the s Now just watch how they put up that setting.

And as Helen looked down it seems hardly a moment before the nets were stretched and everything ready for the performers, who in their pink, blue and lavender tights were climbing up the rope ladders to swing dizzily aloft, while the band played slow music to add to

There was a gasp from the audience missed a swing in a flying leap and fell crashing into the net below. But in a second he was again climbing up the rope ladder and again flying from swing end ring there was a sudden downward

young woman whom the net had caught. "Oh, Warren, don't you love to read the adjectives? Listen," reading from the The local shoe store aforementioned has been conducting a bargain sale in men's shoes. In each pair of shoes in the show window there are three new it bills and the sign reads: "Three of a kind take one pair."

The E shoes have been color reads: and reckless rastry." Instantant of the sign reads: and reckless rastry." Instantant of the sign reads: and reckless rastry." and reckless rarity!" Imaginine writing a whole program like that!"

I used to know at college did that for "Yes, sir," answered the clerk, who had a while. He traveled with the circus for played a bit himself.

"Good. I wear a No. 2. Wrap me up two pairs of them."

a while. He traveled with the circus for about a year and wrote all their publicity dope. Said at first he used to sit up all hight studying the dictionary for syno-He received the shoes and handed night studying the dictionary for nyms of 'stupendous' and astor "Excuse me," said the class. Now he's a newspaper reporter, and ouri-ously enough his style is unusually sim-ple. Never uses a word of over two syllables if he can help it. Reaction I

"But he said that year was mighty good training. He spent a whole evening

STUPID AS HE LOOKS" AS

BONES - MR. JOHNSON WAS ALL MANFIND MADE OF DUST! MERLOCUTOR - YES BONES I BELIEVE

THAT IS THE COMMONLY ACCEPTED TEACHING THAT WE ARE ALL MADE OF DUST.

BONES - WELL I KNOW ONE PUSSON

INTERLOCUTOR - INDEED - AND

BONES - JOAN OF ARC - SHE WAS MAID OF ORLEANS MR. HARD HEAD WILL NOW

RENDER THAT PATHETIC BALLAD.

ENTITED - OH WASN'T SHE

THE FOOLISH GIRL TO BE A

PROFESSOR! I CUT THE CARDS.

BARTENDER'S BRIDE .

WHO WAS THAT PERSON!

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED

THOSE CAMON STORE GIRLS ARE A GIODY LOT LAUGHING THE CHECONG DAY JOHN WATT WAS A SAD DOG - IT HURT HIM TO LAUGH HE WAS ATHINKER HE OFTEN WONDERED WHAT THE FAIR DAMIELS LAUGHED AT HE STROLLED IN THE STORE ONE DAY AND PURCHASED A BALE OF GUM DROPS THE WRENS WERE SIGGLING AGAIN. JOHN TURNED HIS HEAD TO GET AN EAR FULL HE HEARD ONE ALK IFA MONKEY CAN SHELL A

PEANUT WHAT CAN MAGGIE!! TAKE THAT COW OUT OF THE HAMMOUK .

MA BOOK KEEPER IN A THE I GOOD COLECTION THE I RUSH CHOP COLECTION THE I RUSH CHEELT THE BALL AND DEPOSIT THESE THEN GRAD S MINUTES THE MINUTE

AT TWO I ATTEND TO THE SHOMENTS THEN WRITE OUT CHECK AND FIX UP BILLS THEN I BICTATE MAILTILL S'
THEN I BICTATE MAILTILL S'
THEN I GO IN TO THE SHOP
AND HELP ASJORT THE BRASS
COPPER. ZING ETC
TILL B. MM SOLID WITH A
THE BOSS GET ME

train and have an army of workmen, planned out until the whole worked to-

For the moment Helen forgot the fly-ing aerialists as she listened while War-listener."

THEN I WRITE OUT REPORTS OF MENT WRITE OF REPORTS OF MDJE. SWEEP UP, LOCK THE WINDOWS POST THE LEDGER BRING IN THE STUFF FROM OUTSIDE AND AT I OCLOCK I'M ON MY WAY HOME

MED GEE!!) YOURE TO DO TILL TO MORROW A LUCKY GUY

THE OLD SCOUT HAD BEEN TRAILING

THE BANDITS FOR FULLY 2 WEEKS HE HAD BEEN SEPARATED PROM

THE REST OF THE POSSE AND HAD NAUGHT LEFT TO CRUNCH SAVE A GRAHAM WAFER AND A STALE LEMON DIE AN-FOR ASSISTANCE HE MOANED MOURNEULLY, OB -

HE SAWA HORSE AND A RIDER

THEY CAME TEARING UP THE

SHOUTED THE HORSEMAN

DIONT EVEN HELITATE BUT

TURNED HIS HEAD AND DIRED

WOULD YOU SAY A BLIND MAN

FYOU DON'T VANT HER -

I VANT HER!

IN GOOD HEALTH LOOKED

OUT OF SIGHT.

tremendous labor of packing up each carrying food and sleeping accommodament, and this from Warren was a great night in the one night stands. They tions for all these people and for the deal.

Under the pretext of picking up the Helen as she stooped over, rubbed her cheek against his arm with an eager, "We are having a nice evening

interesting just by the way you tell it." aren't we, dear?" And Warren answered genially:

When the Red Gods Call



Why Do We Spoil Our Children

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

admit it. Perhaps the only persons who

great love on the part of the mother acounts for it. If so, her love, which may bersome vehicle. He is trained gradually o the harness, then to pulling a light buggy or sulky, and, as his strength increases, he becomes used to the greater demand put upon it. Otherwise, his in-

Our children should be gradually trained for the work of life. They must, sooner direction of someone above them. It is nothing short of cruelty to turn our submission to authority.

So she does not train her at all. But the small daughter trains the mother. Yes, she does-ridiculous as the state-

negt may sound. The parent feels uncomfortable whenever she is out a little the child at home is "so nervous" when nama does not return at the custom time that the nurse cannot quiet her and she weeps stormlly until the sound of the parent's voice proves that the recalcitrant senior has returned and is on duty. Then the repentent mother gathers the wailing youngster in her arms and

"But I love her so dearly that I am willing to sacrifice my own pleasure and my social life to the dear little creature." she pleads when her friends remonstrate

guilty of a self-abnegation that is actually sinful, and her child will, in years the nenalty of this sin of the parents will give them what is their parents will be a joy and comfort to the parents will be a

We deceive ourselves and call things by pretty names because we do not look our motives squarely in the face. The mother who spoils her child is lacking in courage, or is too lazy to discipline her. Years ago I heard a woman

That we do spoil them cannot be de- feay. "My natural inertia tempts me to nied. The most optimistic of us must over-indulge my children. It is a nulsance

to have to stop what I am doing and will not agree to that statement are the parents of over-indulged children.

When one looks for the reason for this strict with myself and call upon all my over-indulgence one thinks at first that love for my little ones to get up the energy to train them properly She was honest enough to recognize

be great in quantity, is far from per-fect in quality. The colt that, when it is a weakness is proved by the fact full grown, is to be used to drag a heavy that the most unselfish mothers (they wagon, is not left to run the fields and flatter themselves that they are unselfdo as he likes until the day that he is put ish) often have the most selfish sons into the shafts and hitched to the cum- and daughters, and the mothers who have demanded most in the way of duty and obedience have been the best loved. Children are keen critics, and have a clear sense of justice, and they do not love less the mother who punishes when itial effort as a draught horse would she promises to do so, who reproves out-result in general harm-to himself, the burst of temper or disobedience, if she equipage and harness, and, possibly, to is also the mother who commands good behavior and remembers to give the deserved commendation of good conduct.

"I am so tired of children," sighed one or later, submit their wills to the rule and young girl. Her married sister had been direction of someone above them. It is nothing short of crueity to turn our ing after the children. "I have not had young people loose in the world without one minute in which I could quiet long drilling them in self-control and proper enough to read a single paragraph in a book. The children have ordered me about, just as they do their mother, and, the wrong direction," says one mother, of course, I have submitted meekly, as she does. I don't wonder that she looks old and worn, and never has time to read or rest. Those two boys are actually slave-drivers, and she is their willing

"How old are they?" asked an interested listener

the answer. Well-trained children of that age should have been companions, not nulsances, But their mother declares that she be-lieves in allowing children to develop their individuality.

been able to understand why children should develop their own individuality. at the expense of the individuality, comfort and nerves of other people. Perhaps I am hopelessly old-fashioned. If so, I But she does not love the child enough to take the pains to teach her unselfishness and self-control. The mother is wrong.

But, tacking that, they will be a doubtful happiness to their parents, a disuppointment to themselves, and an annoy-ance to the unfortunate friends and acquaintances with whom they chance to

The Manicure Lady

of a relation to Mister Woodworth Wilson, or whatever is his name-I mean the college Professor Wilson, that got to be man was lecturing on The Ethics of Athletics. Gee, George, he certainly gave baseball an awful rap." "I guess he was never in the league."

said the Head Barber, as he deftly sliced part of a strawberry mark from the neck of a red-headed man. "Most of them old boobs that knocks our national game is men that when kids was always chosen about last, when it came to choosing up sides. It's foolish for anybody to knock baseball. Baseball has came to stay "I should say it has," said the Mani-

Lady. "Goodness, knows, George, 1 wish that it had never came. I don't care for none of them games of skill, to be-gin with, and I don't expect anybody to cares about that kind of junk?" figure me as a lady sportsman. I don't care how far Eleanora Sears walks away from Burlingame, or how funny riding dear old society ladies of California take dear old society holes of California take a righteous stand against such kind of bad time. He had been asverlely bookle talloring, but this I do know, George, I and his temper was at breaking point. "Gentlemen," he said, presently, it fairly started. All that I hear up to the exasperation, "Hereodutes talls us --" house is a lot of talk about whether the Giants will repeat or whether Wolverton will make good as manager of the Hillwhether Russel Ford will make a good record for the American League team in New York as "Matty" or Marquard will make for them Glants. Ain't there anything else that people can talk about?

There is other things to talk about. iddo," admitted the head barber, "but this time in a resigned tone.

I don't think it would be worth anybody's "Young man," is said, quietly,

"That's the way it looks to me," said the manicure lady. "Brother Wilfred has got the fever worse than any gent I have mame in contact with, has been reading a lot of them base ball and less for other attractions

"I was to a lecture last night," said | poems wrote by Mister Rice and a lot of the Manicure Lady, "which was gave by a old gent that claims to be some sort boy thinks that he is something of a poet himself. I seen him when he come home late last night, writing a poem and looking at a picture of Matty that he the Mayor of New Jersey. The old gentle- grabbed out of a cigarette box, or some such scheme. "Mathewson, wonderful Mathewson, I

Hefore thy shrine at once the Asteo knelt. Before the sun that peered above the

Thou are a wendrous pitcher, anyhow. No wonder that a fan like me should Mathewson, Mathewson, heed my meek

Through years of stress the harsh storm, thou hast weathered,
My loyalty to thee shall e'er be telly ered."

"The brother must be getting kind of dippy at that," remarked the head bar-

"About as much," declared the manicure lady, "as I care about you."

An Oratorical Boomerang.

The inexperienced candidate had had a bad time. He had been severely bookled "Which side is he on?" came a voley

from the crowd, But the candidate was determined to have his way.

"Hereotus tells us," he went on firmly, of a whole army that was put to flight by the braying of an ase." Then the crowd applauded, and the young man thought that at last he had scored. But his triumph was shore lived,

for agin came a voice from the crowd, ahead; this army's been tested."-Los Angeles Herald.

Being a professor and not a showman -