The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge is One Severe Person

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Drawn for The Bee by Tad

Yearning for Mother-Love

By WINIFRED BLACK.

A little girl, 12 years old, killed herself in Louisville the other day because she had no mother like other little girls.

She had a comfortable home, good clothes, plenty to eat and nobody to be cruel to her, and nobody taunted her with her dependence upon relatives. And yet she could not bear to live because she had no mother like other little girls. So she crept away to a lonely outhouse and died, like a sick dog, alone.

Poor little thing! Poor little lonely, heart-sick thing! She could not live without love.

I wish I lived near where she lies now. I'd make a pilgrimage to her forlorn little grave and cover it thick with roses, and at the head of the grave I would put a thriving plant, and all along the sides it should grow pansies. And whenever I saw a woman unkind to her little, thoughtless, helpless, heedless girl, or hard to her clumsy, awkward, hobbledehoy of a boy, I'd take her out to that poor little grave and tell her the story of it. Maybe it would make her stop and think.

I wonder if she was homely, the little girl who died because she had no mother like other girls. Freckled, perhaps; sandy-haired. Maybe her teeth were beginning to shed, and she didn't know what to do with her hands and couldn't manage her queer feet just right. Mother would never have noticed these things. Mother would have seen the beautiful gold lights in her sandy hair and it would not have been sandy to mother; it would have been auburn or tawny.

Mother would have known that the reason she freckled was because her skin was so white and delicate, and she would have contrived some kind of a little collar opening at the neck, just the tiniest bit, to show the white, delicate throat that would have changed the whole look of the child. And mother would have seen that the big feet were well shaped and only looked big because they had grown ahead of the slender, growing body.

Mother would have known how much it made the little girl suffer when people laughed at those feet, and nobody would have laughed at them twice when mother was around.

What would you give today, when you have faced the battle of life bravely; you who have fought man-fashion with man-troubles, for some one to believe in you, as mother did when you were little and ran home and told her all about it, as sure of her love as you were sure of life itself?

There was one only who understood, no matter how foolish you were, right or wrong, wise or foolish, a failure or a success.

Oh! if you could call her back out of the twilight, how she would glory in your little triumph, how she would grieve with you at your disappointment. If you could just forget all you have taken so much time to learn and just creep right into that mother's arms again and tell her all about what it is that hurts you so. She would find some way to help you, some way to comfort you, some way to soothe the dull aching of your heart, if she only held you in her arms again and sang to the you the old songs she loved.

"By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill"—was that it, the old song she always sang to comfort tired little souls?

"How Fair the Lily Grows—Oh! fair and fair the lilies grow in many a shaded place. And tall and white they stand."

"How fair the lily grows—the hills of Sharon's dewy rose." Did your own heart ache, I wonder, when you sang, oh, loving singer of long ago. And did you hold your voice by the steady effort of your loving fondness lest the tired, puzzled little child in the shelter of our brooding love should hear and guess that you, too, were sorrowful."

Sharon's dewy rose." Oh, mother, mother, if I could hear that old song in your sweet voice the whole world would change for me, and I would hold up my tired head again, comforted and sustained.

She died because she had no mother like the others did—she, poor little girl.

Pansies, forget-me-nots, little, sweet, old fashioned roses. I hope someone who has known the love of a real mother will plant these humble flowers on the grave of the little girl who died alone, and water them and help them to spring into grateful bloom. And perhaps the child some how will know and be grateful when she is at rest with the mother who bore her.

Daffydils

I'D RATHER BE JUST WHAT I AM THAN LOTS OF OTHER THINGS

NOW ISADORE MURPHY, I WILL NEVER BE YOUR WIFE TILL YOU QUIT DRINKING GAMBLING AND TAKING SHORT STEPS — TAKE LONG ONES AND DONT WEAR OUT YOUR SHOES
POOR ISSY TOOK ONE LONG SLANT AND THEN GEORGE BONHAGED OUT THE DOOR HOWLING, "IF WHEAT MAKES BREAD DOES A RAG-A-MUFFIN?"

THAT GUY SWINGS LIKE A HAM ON A HOOK

JOE ROUTH HAD BEEN OUT OF A JOB FOR MANY MONTHS NOBODY SEEMED DAFFY OVER HIS SERVICES. HE HAD JUST SEPARATED HIMSELF FROM HIS LAST NICKEL FOR A PACKAGE OF THE MAKINGS DIVESTING HIMSELF OF HIS HAT AND COAT ON THE BIG SPAN MADE FAMOUS BY STEPHEN, HE WAS POISED FOR A KELLERMAN WHEN A MOTORMAN ON A TROLLY HOWLED AT HIM, "IF THE CROWD ALL YELL FOR ROOSEVELT FOR WHOM WILL ELIHU ROOT

GRAB THAT MAN HE'S A BURGURLAR

SHE HAD A FAT SISTER SO THEY CALLED HER LENA. AT AN EARLY AGE SHE HAD TO EARN HER OWN HASH. AFTER MANY TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS SHE LANDED IN A BROADWAY CHORUS ONE NIGHT A WILD EYED JOHNNY CAME RUSHING IN AND GRABBING LENA BY THE BLONDE WIG DOURED THIS IN HER EAR, "IF A GARDNER SHIRKS WORK WILL THE HOTEL?

THERE'S GOLD IN THEM HILLS BOYS BUT DEATH LURKS IN THE VALLEY BELOW.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

The first time I evver saw Pa jellus was nite befoar last. The reeson Pa dosent get jellus eesy is beekaus every time he looks in the glass he thinks a littel better of hisself than he did the last time he looked in the glass. But nite beefoar last my old gent was kind of un-eesy.

The reeson was that Ma had company & among them wich was present was a yung poet. He was the finest looking yung man that I evver saw. He was about six (6) feet tall & he had grate big dark eyes & hair, kind of long

Wen he talked it sounded like musick & he talked enuff. Ma & all the ladies made a fuss oaver him. Pa & the other three gentlemen were fat, but they are all good fellows, anyhow. Thay didn't like it, the way all thare wives was making up to the poet.

I think divine poetry is simply grand, sed Ma. Husband sed Ma, dosent this boy reemind you of Lord Byron? I doant know, sed Pa, I nevver seen a good picture of Byron. Oh, but he does, sed Ma. Mister Leegrande, sed Ma to the poet, won't you reesite us sum of yure poetry?

I shall be deelighted, sed Mister Leegrande. Here is a littel thing that I rote one nite up in the Bronx & then he reesited:

Night, oh Night Wunderful Thy touch
When o'er us all thy mantel falleth soft
Brings peace and holy calm and rest from care.
Night Wunderful. Sweeter than garish day
Thou comest as Night shud come, all dark and soft
And sable-sweet. Oh Night, deep, solemn Night.

Isent that simply divine? sed all of the ladies.

It was kind of dark that night, wasent it, sed Pa. How did you find your way home, Mr. Legree?

My name is not Legree, sed the poet. My naim is Leegrande.

I beg your parding, sed Pa. Wen you was pulling all that dark stuff I guess it made me think of Uncle Tom & that made me think of Simon Legree. But doant you care my boy, sed Pa. Have you got a nice light poem that you wud like to tare off. Me & my frends will stand for it, sed Pa.

My poems are all seerius, sed Mister Leegrande. Destiny is driving us to a ultimate goal too fast to be frivolus, he sed.

Forget about Destiny & ultimate goals, sed Pa, reesite us a funny poem so we can all git a good smile.

I guess you had enuff good smiles today, sed Ma. Let Mister Leegrande reesite the kind of poetry that true poets rite.

No sir, sed Pa. Tomorrow is the first of the month, with a month's rent to pay & a butcher & a grocer to see. What we want tonite is a funny poem. If yure long-haired frend cant reesite one, listen to this:

A treetoad sat upon a branch,
Out on a Arizona ranch
A cowboy who was pigeon-toed
Along the narrow path then rode.
While he toed in that cowboy grim
The treetoad in as well as him.

Nobody laffed excep Pa's men frends. The poet looked at Pa a minnit, kind of sad & then he took his hat & went away. I think Pa is a better poet than them reglar poets beekaus Pa gets his neck shaved.

Bishop Blames His Hair.

Father William J. Dalton of the Annunciation church, Kansas City, tells this story of a Catholic bishop well known in that locality, but at request, nameless here:

"The bishop is a large man with bushy black hair," the priest relates. "He often on his tours through Kansas wears a silk hat. His crosier he carried in a large leather case.

"Recently in a jerkwater Kansas town where silk hats are scarce except on the heads of traveling musicians, the bishop was just alighting from his train when the negro porter appeared at the car door waving his crosier case.

"'Hey boss!' the porter called. "I reckon you all had better take yo fiddle wif you. De company is not 'sponsible fo' packages left in de seats.'"

The Manicure Lady

"Brother Wilfred got pinched yesterday," said the Manicure Lady. "The poor boy was that hysterical down at the Ludlow Street jail that the warden had to take away his penknife that I gave him on his last birthday."

"I didn't know that your brother was a criminal," said the Head Barber. "What's the matter with New York, anyway? Is everybody going wrong?"

"My brother ain't no criminal," said the Manicure Lady. "He is one of the dearest boys that ever lived. This was a case where he was just careless. It was something about complimentary proceedings, or whatever they call it, George, what is complimentary proceedings? I have heard a lot about them."

"It ain't complimentary proceedings," replied the Head Barber. "You mean supplementary proceedings. It means that a little lawyer five feet six can bullyrag a big defendant six feet five. He can ask him if his father and mother have money. He can ask him if his wife works for a living, and, if so, how much she makes. He can ask him how much his necktie cost, and all that sort of rot. The only good thing about supplementary proceedings is that they don't bring home the bacon one time in a thousand. Well what about Wilfred?"

"The poor boy got a summons to appear in them proceedings," answered the Manicure Lady, "and being that he is as forgetful as a base ball bug, he forgot to show up in court at the right time. Then the little lawyer served another paper on him, something that was like an order to show cause why he should not be punished for contempt of court. Wilfred forgot about that, too, and the next thing he knew was when a deputy sheriff came up to the house and grabbed him when he was right in the middle of a sonnet.

"Wilfred wanted to wait until he had wrote the last six lines, but the sheriff's assistant doesn't care nothing about poetry, I guess. Anyway, away goes Wilfred, and it took all the influence that the old gent has to get him out of that there Bastile."

"I don't like to see a kid like your brother getting to be on the crook order," observed the Head Barber.

"What in the world do you mean?" demanded the manicure lady. "If I thought my brother did one-tenth of the sneaky little tricks that I see you getting away with around here, he couldn't live under the same roof with me. Take yesterday for instance, George. You know that little simp that came in here with a hangover and asked for a shave once over. You seen right away that he was sleepy, and you soaked him for a dollar's worth of work before you got through."

"He nodded his head when I asked him if he wanted a haircut," said the head barber, guiltily.

"He didn't do no such thing!" declared the manicure lady. "When he got in that chair he said good and plain that he wanted a shave once over and nothing else. After you had shaved him once over, and he was sitting up in the chair, you asked him if he wanted a haircut, put your hand on the back of his head and pushed it forward so it looked just as if he nodded 'Yes.' Why don't you pick out a wide-awake man once in a while, George? I'm wise to you and your curves. Don't ever dare to call my brother a crook again."

Questions in Science—Their Answers

Q.—"What is an internal combustion engine?"

A.—An engine where combustion occurs within the cylinder, in gas. An external combustion engine is where coal or gas is consumed outside, as under a boiler.

Q.—"Would it require more pickets to build a fence over mountains than on a plain, the pickets to be set at equal distances apart and to stand plumb?"

A.—One mile measured over the surface of mountains would require an equal number of pickets in a fence to those in one mile on an exact line, always providing that the pickets are perpendicular to the bottom rail of the fence and at equal distances apart. A mile is a mile wherever measured.

The Latest Dances and How to Dance Them

Here is a dance that is rapidly becoming the rage in all the summer dance halls.

Anybody who can dance the two-step can easily learn the advanced steps told of in this article.

It includes all of the novelty movements contained in the bunny hug, but is a strictly hot weather dance, as but few of the steps require any increased exertion.

The girl who is graceful can become an expert in the "flying two-step" without difficulty, if she has a good dancer for a partner.

(Specially posed by Jack Clifford and Irene Weston of "The Winsome Widow" Company.)

The small picture at the top shows a body clasp in the dance assumed during regular two-step movements; the center picture the position taken immediately before performing a "flying circle," and the bottom picture the dancers at arms' length in the finish of the whirl.

A Summer Ball Room Favorite—"The Flying Two-Step."

By IRENE WESTON.

The two-step is the most popular dance in America.

If you don't believe me ask the orchestra leader or the bandmaster or the pianist who plays for parties, balls and dances.

But to dance the two-step the same way all the time gets to be tiresome, and that is why so many new steps have come up and why the new dances have had such a vogue in ball rooms as well as on the stage.

Of the many variations on this popular dance, the one illustrated here, the flying two-step is perhaps the prettiest. At all events it isn't very difficult, and if one limbers up enough beforehand and is used to dancing there is no reason why any fairly good dancer can't get through it with credit.

Take a good two-step time—any of them, new or old, lend themselves perfectly for this dance—and begin with a moderately slow dance in the ordinary way.

The partners should be facing each other, of course, but holding to each other loosely, with enough space between to allow of the next step. Here you go on with the same two-step, but throw the foot in the air between the steps, giving it a vigorous kick. Now, continuing this kicking, dip down as you raise the foot.

Both partners should face the same way, as it is almost impossible to dance this step in the regular dancing position.

Facing forward once more, the man slips his arm around the back of the girl's waist, takes her left hand and clasps her right hand in his right, holding it about as high as his chest. They two-step up and down the hall in a sort of chassee very much like a gallop.

Suddenly letting go of her right hand, the man clasps her left hand tightly. She dances away from him to arm's length. With a sudden jerk on the first beat of the bar he draws her toward him and she dances around in small circles until his arm is circling her waist again and they are once more in the ordinary position for the two-step.

The circling can only be done with practise, but it is very effective and has its proper place in the ball room. On the stage, of course, one gets startling effects by circling as fast as possible, winding and unwinding with incredible rapidity, so that the girl looks like one of those balls in the cup and ball game. You don't have to do it fast, however, as long as you keep in perfect time and rythm. With a little practise you can make a good many variations on the old-fashioned two-step. One of these is the position illustrated here where the man stands just a little behind his partner.

By reversing the step, dancing to the side and then forward and back, all kinds of pretty figures can be evolved, and this flying two-step makes a very pretty, simple cotillion feature. Each couple should dance around the hall once, a prize going to the best dancers or those whose steps were most original.

One figure in the flying two-step occurs after the partners have gone back to the original dancing position. Suddenly the man deserts his partner, dancing away from her to a distance of about ten feet. He continues dancing, but without moving away from the spot, while she begins to circle around and around, always in step to the music, until she lands back in her partner's arms. This is a very pretty figure and shows off the grace and agility of both dancers to best advantage.

To dance these figures one must be very light on the feet and one cannot afford to be awkward for a second. I think that the more our girls and boys learn of graceful dancing, the more easy they will be in manner and deportment. So many pretty girls are awkward, and the quickest way to overcome this is to study some of the modern dances. Everybody knows the two-step. The flying two-step I have described is a variation of that dance which anyone who is interested can learn. I have omitted the hard steps and acrobatic feats which are only fited for the stage.

Dancing, among other excellencies, has the merit that it is movement from which all haphazard and accidental wavering must be excluded. Each motion must be definite and clean cut. Once a dancer begins to shake or "wobble" grace departs and so does the confidence of the onlookers.

I don't know how you feel about it, but in warm weather the pressure of the hands is most uncomfortable, so my partner and I manage to hold to each other without the pressure of hot sticky fingers, the ruination of all good white gloves. When we are doing the ordinary two-step I have may arm on Mr. Clifford's shoulder and his arm is around my waist, but we keep our hands free except when it is absolutely necessary as in circling of the flying forward step.