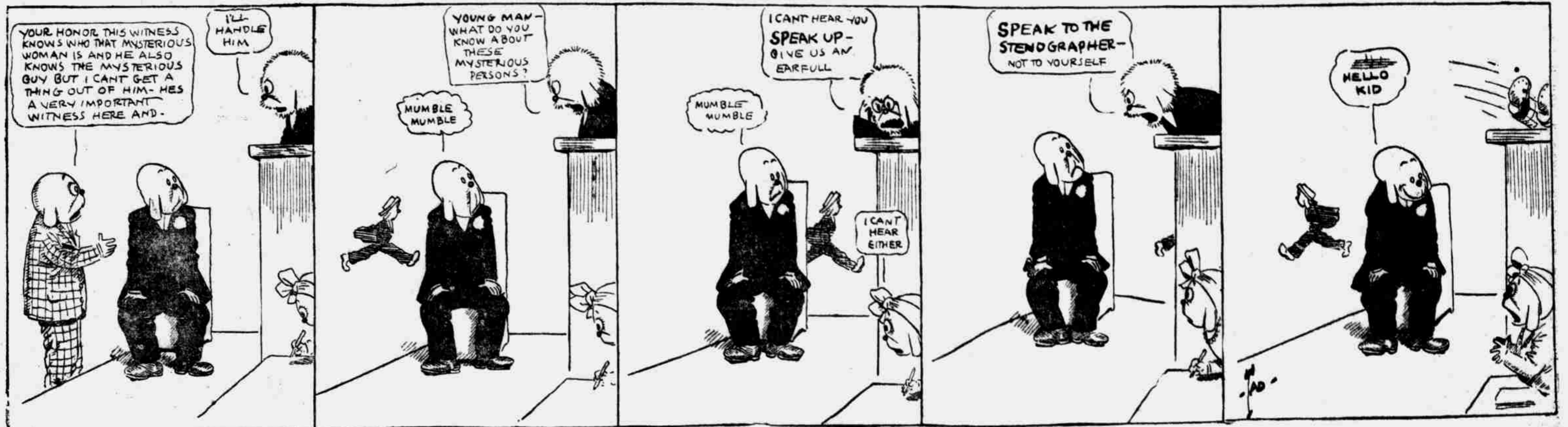


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

And He Did What His Honor Told Him To

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



When Son Leaves Home

By WINIFRED BLACK.

So your boy is out of school and nothing will do but he must go to the big city and be a cartoonist.

He is clever, you say, and so say his teachers, and he really can draw such funny pictures of people that every one in town laughs over them, and he doesn't take any interest in anything on earth but pencils, paper—and ideas. Shall you let him go? Where? When?

Ought you to sell your home and go with him to take care of him? It is right to let him go alone among strangers? What if he should fail? Who's going to take care of him if he should be ill? How is he going to know what to say to the editors when he does see them?

Dear me, what a mother you are, to be sure! what a regular mother from the very first drop of ink at the end of your signature!

Let him! Why, what else can you do but let him? He isn't yours; he's his own.

Yes, I know, I know you've nursed him and walked the floor with him, and you've sat up at night and taken care of him through that spell of typhoid, when the doctor said there wasn't a chance for him to pull through. You've cooked for him and mended for him and agonized for him and hoped for him and lived for him.

Let's see, it's nearly nineteen years ago that you heard his first feeble wail. Isn't it? Nineteen years! How many parties did you stay at home from for his sake, how many dresses have you worn when you really should have had a new one, to save money for his new suit? How many times have you planned and thought and worried to help him out of those foolish boyish scrapes? He is all you have, you say; all you live for. Well, then, in the name of justice, give him his chance to live.

Let him learn how few people there are who will care a cent whether he is hungry or not. Let him learn how many fellows there are in the world who are twice as clever as he; let him learn that the only way to get anything on earth is to work for it and work in dead and desperate earnest.

Your boy is too big and too strong and too smart to be ruled by you any longer, little mother; let him go and rule himself, and yet him go with a smile and a blessing.

Ungrateful, selfish, cruel hearted? Not a bit of it; he's a boy, that's all. Some day he will be a man if you'll let him.

Dependent upon you, is he, under it all? Can't find his own socks, and wouldn't know how to buy a suit of clothes for himself if he had all the money of Croesus?

He'll find his socks all right when he has to, and about that suit—don't you worry. He'll get cheated a few times; he'll buy the wrong thing and have to wear it, and he'll learn.

A cartoonist, eh? Poor boy, he'll learn never to say that word above his breath. He'll learn to laugh at his own work and to smile at his own disappointments, and he'll learn to be thankful for a chance to be a plain, every day "dub," as they call them in the art rooms of the big papers.

He'll be joked for coming from a country town, and he'll be made fun of all there isn't an ounce of conceit left in him, and sometimes he'll feel as if he'd give all the world just to be little again and run home and hide his face in your faded old dress and cry and have you comfort him.

And then he'll fall in love with a fool, and he'll fall in love with a girl who will do her worst to break his heart, and he'll fall in love with a woman old enough to be his mother, and he'll spend every penny he makes buying presents for some cold-hearted creature who will make fun of him to his very face.

And he'll get into evil ways maybe for a while and walk along the brink of the precipice. You'd hold your breath if you could see him, but he'll learn, he'll learn, and some day when he has learned he'll come home and tell you all about it.

And your faded face will look more beautiful to him than all the faces he has seen in all his foolish dreams, and your tired voice will sound to him like the music of all the angel choirs, and he'll bring you a new gown and make you buy a new pair of pretty shoes, and he'll take you to town with him to visit, and he'll show you the town and the park, and he'll show you the town and laugh at your old fashioned ideas very tenderly. And he'll buy you a pony to wear in your little plain gown, and he'll show you the place where he slept the



There Goes Another Button

Daffydill

I AM AN OLD MAN AND HAVE HAD MANY TROUBLES BUT MOST OF THEM NEVER HAPPENED.

ALL WAS STILL, YOU COULD HAVE HEARD A REMARK DROP.

SUDDENLY FROM OUT OF THE DARKNESS THERE CAME A STRANGE, HIDEOUS SOUND, IMMEDIATELY THERE FOLLOWED A TALL FIGURE CLOTHED IN BLACK. IT SHOOK ITS ARMS WILDLY, THEN SHOUTED IF YOU COULD MAKE OUT THE INSCRIPTION ON THE OBELISK WOULD YOU KNOW THEN WHAT THE MONUMENT?

THERE GOES ANOTHER BUTTON.

JOHN HAD A GROUCH AND HE DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR ANY CHATTER, BUT HE NEEDED A SHAKE. WALKING INTO THE BARBER SHOP THE BOSS ASKED HOW HE FELT. THE MANICURE GIRL TOLD HIM HIS PAWS NEEDED HELP AND ASKED IF SHE MIGHT ASSIST. THEN THE BARBER INQUIRED ABOUT A SHAMPOO, MASSAGE AND A HAIR TONIC. HE GOT FINALLY THE BOOTBLACK WENT OVER AND ASKED, IF THE FRENCH CHEF'S BISCUITS WERE O.K. WOULD YOU WANT A PAN A MA'S?

AND NOW WE BURST FORTH INTO POETRY—HA—HA— A YOUNG GIRL TOOK A WIDOWMAN O-D (HER POCKET BOOK WAS SCANT) INTO AN EATING PLACE ONE DAY.

TWAS JUST TO RESTAURANT, TA RA—RA—RA— CARELESSLY TOSSING A BAG OF GOLD TO THE SERVITOR HE VAULTED UPON HIS STEED AND GALLOPED AWAY INTO THE NIGHT.

POLES REMOVE BIRDS NESTS AND LIGHTNING BUGS SEE THE THINGS UP THERE ARE O.K. THEN I STRAP ON THE BUZZ BLINDERS AGAIN AND SEND TILL MIDNIGHT. I SLEEP IN HARNESS ON A BENCH. ITS EASY.

YEE—YEE—YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

YEP—NOTHIN' TO DO TILL TOMORROW

AMATEURS WHO ARE BUTTING IN, THEN I COPY ALL THE MESSAGES SENT DURING THE DAY, MAKE UP ACCOUNTS, BANK THE CASH ON WIRELESS CLEAN UP THE INSTRUMENTS, CLIMB UP THE AERIAL

IN A WIRELESS OPERATOR, NOW, CLEAN UP THE ROOM AT 6 A.M. PUT THE SOUND DOLMES ON AND SEND MESSAGES TILL 11.30 THEN CHARGE THE BATTERIES AND CUT HOLES IN THE AIR TRYING TO KEEP OFF.

Wat Tyler's Insurrection

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

June 15, 1381.

Wat Tyler, one of the earliest of the pioneers in the great struggle for democratic equality and human rights in general, met his martyrdom 531 years ago today—June 15, 1381.

The common people of England had long been suffering under great oppression. The slaves of the lords of the land on which they lived, they were treated not only with injustice, but, in many cases, with invidious and contempt; in fact, they were regarded not as human beings, but as cattle.

The pent-up wrath of the people was simply waiting for a chance to assert itself, and the chance came in the shape of an insult to the daughter of Wat Tyler. The collectors of the hated poll tax came to Wat's humble cottage and behaved toward his 12-year-old daughter in a way that caused her to cry for help. Her father, at work not far off, ran to his daughter's assistance and killed the ruffian collector on the spot.

Instantly the men of the town of Dartford arose in rebellion, and in an amazingly short time 100,000 men were marching on London with Wat Tyler as their leader. Entering the city they broke open the prisons and freed the captives, destroyed some great houses and palaces, chopped off the heads of some unpopular persons, and so frightened the king and his henchmen that they shut themselves up in the Tower, trembling like "guilty things afraid." But there was no robbery or thieving. "We are honest men, not thieves and scoundrels," cried the Kentishmen; and, true to their word, they laid their hands on no man's property.

They have slain our captain! Kill! Kill!" shouted the crowd, but with cool courage the young king calmed them, and after giving them the same pledge that he had given their comrades at Mile-end sent them away home.

Of course the king did not keep his pledge—he never intended to—and the old oppression continued just the same. But, nevertheless, Wat Tyler's rebellion did much good. It showed the oppressors that the "worm" could and would turn, and that it behooved them to be a little more careful in the future about their treatment of the people. Later on, in the finished temple of democracy there will certainly be found some reminder of Wat Tyler.



The Right Road to Health

By ANNETTE KELLERMANN.

In my last article, I think, I got my bathing girl safely dressed and to the water's edge.

Today she takes her first dip.

I hope she won't scream and shriek or act coy and silly when her toe touches the water. Not that I'm a strong-armed advocate of woman's rights and expect masculine fortitude of the girl who takes her first swimming lesson. I believe first and last and all the time in common sense. As for rights I may say here, I've taken the right to beat many a man at my particular specialty, which is swimming, as you all know, and some day I expect to get a few more legal rights, but that doesn't worry me. What I am preaching is health, and if every woman was perfectly healthy, with a sound mind in a sound body they would have the strength to sweep the world and the intelligence not to want to. The healthier a woman is physically, the better her mental balance, and her power to consider the vital questions of the moment from all sides—her side and the other fellow's side. So I'm for health!

Well, here I am, like Silas Wegg, dropping into politics, not poetry, when I should be swimming with you bathing girls.

I begged you not to scream, didn't I? To me there is nothing quite as maddening as a lot of howling people in the water. Everyone is bound to shout from sheer joy of water and sunlight and the sparkle of dancing waves, but please about musically if you can. At some benches nature seems absolutely deserted by the yelling mob around.

While I'm scolding I might as well add that a bathing beach should be treated with as much respect as a park, and newspapers, tin cans and debris from picnics ought to be burned up or gathered together neatly for removal by the caretakers or thrown out to sea.

Now I've said all the disagreeable things and with an easy mind I return to the bathers.

At your American beaches, especially on the Atlantic, where the waves are high, the rope climber is especially popular.

I don't believe in bobbing up and down while hanging to a rope, because it is often dangerous, especially for women standing just in the trough of the sea where the waves are strongest and where the undertow is most severe.

Added to this kind of hysteria combined with laughter and fright, which weakens the holder's grip on the rope and you have the material for many bathing accidents and fatalities.

Learn to swim, that is my advice. Then if you want the fun of bobbing with the waves, hang on to the rope a little further out, beyond the spot where they break. If you are torn from your rope anchorage you will always have presence of mind enough to swim through the waves as they break over your head.

I advise every woman who learns to swim to begin very early to dive through the waves. This gives her confidence in her own powers, and she will need this experience, because it is always better and less dangerous to dive through a wave than to let it break over one.

Begin with small waves to accustom yourself to putting your head under

The First Dip of the Season and Some "Don'ts" for the Bathing Girl

Don'ts for the Bathing Girl.

Don't bob up and down while clinging to a rope. This is weakening and the cause of many fatalities.

Wet your head. This will keep the body at an equal temperature. If you know how to swim, practise relaxing, and you will not tire so easily.

Exercise your arms on land, in your home, to give you increased strength for swimming.

Don't stay in the water after you get chilly. It's time to go in when "gooseflesh" appears.

water. Some women, otherwise excellent swimmers, never get used to this and will never of their own accord get their heads wet. It is much better for the general health to wet the head by dipping it under water, as this keeps the body at an equal temperature. Of course, when the sun is hot, you will burn and tan unless you protect yourself with a thick coating of face cream. Personally, I like to see a face tanned by the sun, with the glow of health in eyes and cheeks, but then I don't freckle, otherwise I should feel differently.

If you tire very easily when swimming it is probably because you don't relax and because you keep your spine absolutely stiff. Relax, relax, that's the only way you will ever be a good swimmer. The water will keep you up; you don't need to worry or to stiffen to stay on top. The more you relax, putting all your strength into your leg and arm movements, the better you will swim.

If you think your arms are not strong, exercise them on land, patiently and systematically, going through the up and down movements with a rod or dumbbells, as I have already described. The

same with the lower limbs. If you feel that your "kick" lacks vigor, strengthen the muscles by exercising on land.

It isn't heroic to stay in the water after you are chilly or "gooseflesh" appears on your arms.

Children, especially, should be carefully watched and no child should be allowed to stay in the water after its lips or fingernails begin to show signs of cold by getting blue. If the child has been taught to swim these signs won't appear for a long time, but I am always sorry to see children half in and half out of the water, shivering with cold and getting no exercise at all.

Exercise all the time you are in the water. Don't stand around.

Don't bath immediately after eating or too long after meals, when you are



MISS ANNETTE KELLERMANN IN HIGH DIVE. (Other poses in silhouette by Isabelle Jason, of "The Winter Garden.")

Worship of Brains

By CHARLES FERGUSON.

Is it possible for a man to have both a powerful mind and a mean soul?

If you say yes, beware lest you disqualify yourself for any real understanding of the prophets and wise men who tell us that the world is bound to be ruled at length by generosity and heart-power and that the "meek shall inherit the earth." For what sense is there in saying that love makes the world go 'round, and that the truth makes men free, if smart rascals and liars are forever to sit in the high places, and if faithfulness to the truth has nothing to do with real force?

Perhaps there is no more senseless superstition than the prevalent worship of brains—mere cold cerebration. Moral chaos lurks in the notion that a man can acquire a titanic intellectual ability without having any character or conscience about the way he uses it. If that rule of justice and beauty upon the earth would be infinitely postponed.

If it were not established in the ground plan of the world that moral manners is related to mental weakness, the "knaves and dastards" would never be "arrested."

Of course it is obvious enough that intelligent scoundrels have now and again flourished in power for a season. But why be perplexed about that fact? Probably they have flourished because the mob of brain worshippers have raised them upon their shoulders.

Modern experimental psychology should put an end to brain worship. For research in this field is bringing us every day nearer to exact demonstration that the intellect grows out of the emotions, and that the strongest intellect belongs to those who have the most energetic feeling. Thus it appears that men can go in knowledge and understanding, only to the limits of their sympathy or working interest.

Thomas De Quincy says somewhere that "the intellect is the meanest of all human faculties." It was a literary outburst; but the meaning was that the intellect degenerates into a trivial kind of cunning when it cuts itself loose from the heart of life.

The man who said that Francis Bacon was "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind" was overflowing of epigrams. Wisdom and science are in their very nature public, explosive, or universal service.

One is reminded of such things by an editorial in the Globe newspaper, which undertakes to explain the qualities of Senator Root. The editorial writer says that Mr. Root "has the best brain among all President Taft's advisers," but that he is a "conservative by temperament and self-interest—of the kind of temperament which permits self-interest to tell his 'what it shall see and what it shall be blind to.'"

Certainly Francis Bacon—the father of inductive science—was not like that; nor any other historic man of intellectual weight and scope in politics or religion, in art or science.

If the description of Mr. Root is correct—if Mr. Root generally's sees "things" only through the blinding bias of his personal interest and yet has "the best brain among all President Taft's advisers"—it is certain that Mr. Taft is ill advised.



"A Lady."

Representative E. W. Townsend of "Chimnie Fadden" fame said apropos of the misery of the poor:

"On the one hand we have this misery and on the other hand we have a wretch that is often coarse and vulgar."

"They tell of a New York woman who once asked her maid:

"This person who called without leaving her name—was she a lady?"

"Oh, yes, madam; a perfect lady; the maid replied. 'Her hair was dyed the loveliest gold, she was covered with pearls and diamonds and she smelt of Egyptian cigarettes and champagne, madam.'"

Washington Star.

Real City of Churches.

"Don't call Brooklyn the City of Churches," says a globe trotter, who is equally familiar with the Hudson, the Rhine, and the Ganges and the Nile. There

is a city in India which is looked upon as "holy" by Buddhists and Brahmins which might dispute the title. Benares has about 2,000 temples, and in these and fixed in the narrow streets where the public is free to worship are about 300,000 idols. According to Hindu belief, it is the gate to Paradise, to which all who dwell within its walls enter immediately.

—New York Tribune.

Pointed Paragraphs.

But an actor who cuts no ice is apt to be in front.

The nicest thing about a few people is their obtusery.

The fellow who is cornered doesn't think he's getting a square deal.

Try loving yourself as you do your neighbors and see how you like it.

When the question is popped it is usually followed by a noise like a kiss.—Chicago News.