



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—Judge Rummy is a Hero with the Nurses

Drawn for The Bee by Tad

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HUM-A NOTE FROM BUNK. HE'S OVER IN THE HOSPITAL. SAYS HE'S ONLY BEEN THERE FIVE MINUTES AND KNOWS EVERY NURSE BY HER RIGHT NAME—A BUNCH OF BEARS—WELL—ALL JUST GO OUT NOW AND FALL DOWN MYSELF AND GRAB A COT IN THE HOSPITAL TOO—

GET THAT'S OLD JUDGE RUMMY GOING OVER TO THE HOSPITAL—IM GONNA TELL HIS WIFE

HURRY UP FELIX—WHIP THE HORSE UP THE OLD GUYS ALL IN

SAY HAVE YOU BEEN HERE LONG?

OH IM SO GLAD TO KNOW YOU JUDGE—JOME GIRL FRIENDS OF MINE OFTEN SPEAK OF YOU

SO THATS THE FAMOUS RUMMY—WELL—WELL—ARE YOU GOING TO STICK AROUND AWHILE JUDGE?

ALECKTHANDER!!!



How Parents Should Bring Up Children; Form Child Ideals First Ten Years of Life

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

All the fathers and mothers in America who believe themselves to be in any way decent and respectable people continually deplore the prevalence of graft, dishonesty and every form of thievery in our land.

And yet not one pair of parents in ten brings up little children with careful, high ideals respecting the rights and property of their neighbors and their associates.

It is during the first ten years of a child's life that such ideals must be formed in order to become a part of the character.

An especially bright, intellectual boy of 10 years of age was heard commenting, with regret, on the dishonesty of American politics.

He declared his opinion that all politicians were thieves, pocketing the money which belonged to the people for their own use. Yet the very same day this small boy had stopped by the roadside and picked flowers from a garden which belonged to a neighbor.

He at first surveyed the ground with a watchful eye, to see that no gardener was in sight; and he had glanced up at the windows of the mansion to assure himself that no one was looking; then he hurriedly helped himself to a bouquet and passed on.

To be sure the garden was loaded with flowers and those that he had gathered would never be missed. Nevertheless, he had violated a principle; he had infringed upon the rights of others; he had taken property which did not belong to him.

The only reprover administered by his mother when she learned of the fact was, "Oh, you shouldn't have done that." Then she put the flowers in a vase and set them on the center table.

It was a childish act, she said. The sort of thing that every boy does, some time in his life. Yet the act was petty larceny—nothing more and nothing less. Similar thefts occur in every neighborhood where there are fruit trees.

A gentleman who has been most generous in the privileges he has granted neighbors, friends and strangers in the use of the beautiful grounds surrounding his summer home, planted a few cherry trees some years ago thinking it would be a pleasure to eat cherries from his own trees.

So far he has been denied that privilege because his neighbor's children have helped themselves to the cherries before they were fairly ripe. They have not done this openly, nor in the presence of the owner; they have sought occasions when they thought no one was looking, and they fled from the premises as soon as observed, yet their parents consider this mere "childish mischief," and do not see that it calls for any serious consideration. But this is a species of vandalism, and trains the mind of a child to wrong ideas regarding the rights of others.

The same child would probably be ashamed to enter his neighbor's house and steal cherries from the pantry shelf; but flowers and fruit, growing on the property of a neighbor, are just as much his own as though they had been plucked and carried indoors.

These fine distinctions of what constitutes honesty, refinement and good breeding should be taught by every father and mother who desires children to become desirable citizens of the United States. They should become a part of the teaching of every public school. It is much more important that children should be impressed with these principles of high honesty and fine breeding than that they should be taught drawing, anatomy or Latin. We will never have cleaner politics or fewer criminals and law-breakers in the land until we have more parents and more teachers who make it a business to impress upon the minds of little children the necessity to consider the right of others in the small daily matters of life.

A peddler of cakes and confections found his cart nearly empty. As he emerged from a house where he had been delivering packages a bevy of screaming youths, under 15 years of age, ran out of reach, laughing at his look of consternation.

They were children of respectable, church-going residents of the little suburban resort.

It reaches 6 years of age to regard other people's property with respect. This can be done by daily chats and pleasant conversation of the parents, fashioned to the understanding of the child.

Little boys can be made to consider another boy's marbles and tin soldiers as personal property, not to be used, or touched, without the owner's permission and knowledge; and never to be marred or injured.

Little girls can be made to regard other children's dolls and toys in the same light. The impression should be indelibly fixed upon the delicate mind texture that any violation of this rule is vulgar and indicates lack of good breeding. Children so taught, by tactful and considerate parents, will never become thieves; and will never be guilty of petty pilferings of neighbors' flowers and fruits.

Schools and Sunday schools may profitably employ a few moments three times each month at least to direct young minds to high, fine ideals in these small matters.

It will save time and expense for courts of justice in years to come. And it will make the world a sweeter and more comfortable place for growing generations. (Copyright, 1912, by American-Journal-American.)

The Secret of the Confederate Seal

The great seal of the confederacy, after being lost for forty years, has at last been found.

Rear Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, United States navy, retired, came into possession of the historic silver disk in 1912, when he acted as the representative of the United States government in a transaction by which the government obtained various confederate state papers and other mementoes for \$75,000.

Acting as agent for the government Rear Admiral Selfridge, then a young lieutenant, went to Canada and got the confederate souvenirs from Colonel John T. Pickett, who was a souvenir hunter, and in connection with his law practice here made a business of buying and selling papers and documents connected with the confederacy.

From the time of its disappearance the seal was not heard from until recently traced to the possession of Rear Admiral Selfridge. This deduction was made by Gaillard Hunt, chief of the division of manuscript in the library of congress. In looking over the "Pickett papers" he noted the absence of the great seal. Inquiry was made of Colonel Pickett's son, and it was learned that the seal had been presented by his father to Rear Admiral Selfridge. The rear admiral said that the seal was in a safe at his residence, No. 1,867 Kalorama road, in this city.

The state of South Carolina has a tradition that the great seal was buried in a well in Abbeville following the last meeting of the confederate cabinet. James Jones, formerly bodyguard of Jefferson Davis, who is now living in Washington, at the age of ninety, is confident that he buried the seal in Georgia, having received it from the hand of President Davis. At that time the injunction of secrecy was laid upon him by Mr. Davis, said Jones.

For fifty years the people of the south have speculated over what had become of the seal after the evacuation of Richmond by the confederacy. Its disappearance and the mystery surrounding it has been a subject of enthralling interest at all gatherings of the gray veterans, and many theories of its whereabouts have been put forward and had their share of believers. At the last general reunion, in Macon, Ga., it was suggested that the seal had been buried in the cornerstone of the confederate monument in that city. There was even talk of removing the stone.

There is little doubt of the genuineness of the seal that now reposes in a vault of the Jefferson hotel in Richmond, Va., having been purchased from Rear Admiral Selfridge for \$3,000 by Epps Hunter, Jr., William H. White and Thomas P. Bryan, all of Virginia. It will be sent to the English firm of engravers who originally made the seal to have its genuineness verified. The contract of sale contains a provision that if it is not pronounced real it may be returned.—New York Herald.

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Daffydile

I MAY HAVE LOST MY CHARM AND BEAUTY BUT I STILL RETAIN MY GIRLISH LAUGHTER.

THE DETECTIVES HAD THICK NECK TIE IN THE PRIVATE ROOM FOR OVER 8 HOURS DOUBTING HIM WITH QUESTIONS THEY HAD HIM DOING INTELLECTUAL HANDSPRINGS, BACK FLIPS AND FLOPS. FINALLY HE TIRED OF THE THIRD DEGREE STUFF AND TURNING TO SLY DOG DAVE HE BARBED. IS THE RICHEST MAN IN CHINA CALLED A CHINESE ASTER? THEM'S HARSH WORDS NELL.

HA-HA-IM A RAILROAD ENGINEER NOW. GET ON THE JOB AT 5:05 A.M. READ THE BULLETIN. INSPECT MY ENGINE. FILL WITH WATER, AND HOOK ON TO THE TRAIN. TEST THE AIR AND COMPARE MY WATCH WITH THE CONDUCTOR'S.

START ON MY RUN 26 MILES AWAY. MAKE 18 STOPS IN 1 HR. 15 MINUTES. READING ALL SIGNALS. ARRIVE AND COAL UP. AGAIN, THEN I LAY OVER AN HOUR, TURN MY ENGINE AROUND ON A TURN TABLE, RUN 21 MILES TO ANOTHER TOWN. THEN COAL AND WATER. UP, START BACK, OIL UP, DROP TWO CARS ON THE WAY MAKE OUT REPORTS. THEN I GO TO COURT AND TESTIFY ABOUT DEAD COWS ETC. AFTER AN HOUR'S REST I START AGAIN.

THE LONE FISHERMAN SAT ON THE REAR PLATFORM OF THE LITTLE SCOW WAITING PATIENTLY FOR A BITE HE WAITED AND WAITED AND THEN WAITED SOME MORE. THEN HE WAITED A BIT LONGER AND GAVE THE STRING A JERK. THERE WAS SOMETHING ON THE HOOK. HE YANKED IT UP. IT WAS AN OLD SKIRT. O-V-I-T. IN INDELIBLE INK WAS WRITTEN. IF THE DOG WROTE ABOUT HIS ARTIC TRAVELS WOULD YOU CALL IT A COOK BOOK. WOOPS MY DEAR.

GEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY. YEP NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW.

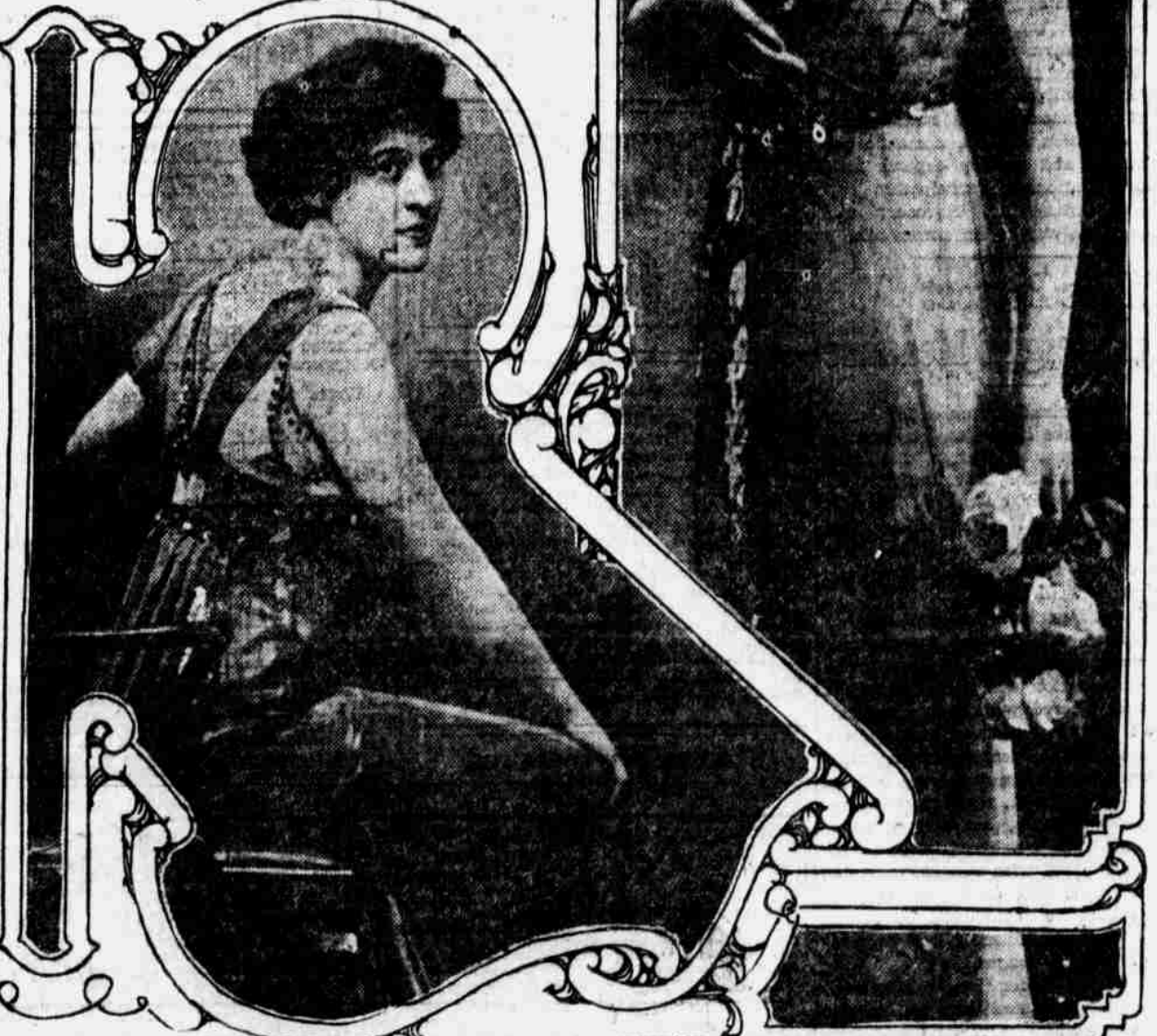
The Making of a Pretty Girl

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER

Once upon a time there was a girl who thought she was too tall, and it worried her a great deal.

When she was about 13 years old she began to sprout just like Alice in Wonderland, after she had eaten of the growing side of the mushroom, and she grew, and grew, and grew until she thought there was nobody in the whole world who was so tall as she was or who possessed such very long legs and arms and such long hands and feet. She asked her best friends if there wasn't something that would keep her from growing any taller and she was quite sure she was going to be a giant or monstrosity of some kind.

Her family made such fun of her height that she became horribly self-conscious, and when I first knew her she was just about as awkward as any



MISS KATHERINE KAELED IN TWO BEAUTIFUL POSES.

girl could be, for nothing will make you as gawky as the ridicule of your own family. "You are certainly the human giraffe," jeered her elder brother, and at dancing school she was called the animated grasshopper. Naturally she didn't improve any, under this kindly admonition, but grew more awkward and ungainly day by day, and in the secrecy of her own room she shed bitter tears of mortification over her size and general length of limb.

I think she would have developed into one of the angular, thin and gawky girls we see so many of, if a kindly old aunt had not taken her in hand. This dear old lady was a natural encourager, and instead of telling the lanky girl how awkward she was, and how ridiculous she looked when she stooped, in trying to hide her height, she praised her, telling her what a splendid thing it was to be tall and strong, and how proud the girl should be of her size. It took a long time before the girl learned to stand up straight, instead of crouching in a vain effort to look small, and much patience and perseverance were expended in training her to use her arms and hands naturally and gracefully.

The girl was also much too thin, and she seemed to be all angles and elbows. She had never had a good appetite and she had generally indulged in the wrong kind of food for one of her build. Now she was encouraged to take a glass of milk between meals in the morning, in the afternoon and before going to bed. She ate plenty of cereals and all the starchy, sweet vegetables, such as potatoes, peas, corn and beans, as well as salads and rich foods like bananas. Cream soups, macaroni and spaghetti, puddings and other substantial foods formed part of her daily bill of fare, and this regimen with the encouraging flattery of the old aunt, soon began to turn the angles into curves. Besides that, after her daily bath, which was in warm water and not cold, she was told to rub

Cure for Scrawiness

herself with oil, a pure olive oil scented with lemon verbena, having been prepared for her and kept in a cool place. Like all tall, thin girls, this one needed plenty of rest, and eight hours' sleep, with an extra nap in the middle of the day, soon made a great change in her personal appearance. Her morning coffee was taken away from her and even tea was denied, but instead of that plenty of chocolate was supplied. For sweets she ate dates and figs, especially the former. Instead of candy.

Where there is no chronic trouble, the girl who is all too thin, nine times out of ten can trace much of her physical ailment to a worrying disposition. You can worry yourself thin even quicker than getting thin by diet or drugs. The thin girl is usually over-conscious and over-energetic, and naturally she cannot acquire flesh as long as she is overdoing physically.

I am dwelling on the thin girl's troubles because usually the very tall girl is the very thin one, and the tall girl will never become really graceful until she adds to her weight or begins to think of herself not as a skinny haddock of bones, but as a generously padded and well proportioned person.

Physical grace is not acquired by any rules out of books, but by a study of the art of beauty and motion in other people, in art, and especially in those graceful persons we see on the stage and who personify all that is beautiful and gracious.

The awkward, thin girl cannot do better than to take as a model some woman whose physique is the ideal of her own slim figure. The actress has studied the art of motion and knows how to make the best of herself. The length of limb which worries the awkward girl is an added beauty when it is mastered and dominated by grace.

One of these ideals is personified in the statuesque person of Miss Katherine Kaelred, whose beautiful arms and hands are the despair of her imitators. The grace with which she moves them is a study in itself. She is very tall and regal woman and her arms are long and her hands have long, slender fingers. For many years Miss Kaelred practiced this exercise, which is one of the very best for limbering the wrist and arm.

"Hold the arm out from the shoulder, the hand stretched out, placing the fingers on an imaginary bar, raise the wrist without moving the fingers; now lower the wrist, still keeping the fingers on the same spot. At first it is well to place the fingers on a firm base, a shelf or even the back of a chair will do. In raising the wrist raise it as if from the shoulder, and lower it the same way. Don't raise the wrist from the elbow. Raise the wrist with a long, undulating movement, almost a snake-like movement."

Some of Miss Kaelred's rules are worth remembering by the tall girl: "Never try to look shorter than you are. Be proud of your height. "Don't forget that a large woman must be stately and slow to motion. "Cultivate repose."

Discouraging. "What's the matter?" "Oh, nothing." "No, no, don't tell me that. Something disagreeable or discouraging has happened. Your looks show it."

"Well, if you insist on knowing, I started out this morning feeling as gay and chipper as a boy of twenty; but a little while ago I met a former sweetheart of mine and she told me that her second daughter had just graduated from high school. Say, the wrinkles around my eyes were very noticeable!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

How We Make Children Liars

Selected by EDWARD MARKHAM.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in his "We and Our Children," says some things about diet of children that I cannot agree with. I think that their diet should be a matter of constant concern, and their eating between meals should be under careful restrictions. But there is much in the book that is admirable. I like especially well the following paragraphs concerning truth telling in children:

"The one thing that will make a child a liar is cowardice—a fear of the consequences of telling the truth. And these consequences, nine times out of ten, which he dreads are the results of the wrath, more or less righteous, of those who are in authority over him.

"Now, fear has unquestionably played in the past a large and important part as one of the motive forces of moral growth, as one of the influences to be appealed to in education.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," we are complacently told. But necessary and inevitable as the fear of the consequences is in prompting self-restraint and molding conduct, it is now being supplanted by thoughtful teachers and parents that it should be restricted to as narrow limits as possible in the training of the young child. Certainly no child should be made so afraid

of any punishment that he will lie to escape it.

"To the unspooled, uncowed, unterrified child it goes as much against the grain to tell a falsehood as it does to eat salt on his pudding instead of sugar.

"To invent something that didn't happen is an unnecessary mental effort, in the first place. In the second, it lands him in a lot of trouble, making this new creation of his square with a lot of other obstinate facts that are sure to crop up. In the third place, it leaves him in the uncomfortable dread of being found out, when he knows that with the exquisite logic of parental discipline he will be doubly punished, once for committing the offense and once more for lying about it.

"Lying is the vice of slaves and cowards, and your child is born a free man and a fighter. If he loses his heritage, it will be more often your fault than his.

"This is not by any means to say that a child will not of his own accord make a statement which doesn't correspond with the facts. On the contrary, many children are born romancers, and positively revel in exaggeration and the rolling forth of romantic adventure which could never by any possibility have occurred to them—unless it be in some previous incarnation.

"These little wonder mongers have such fertile imaginations and envisage things so clearly that are told of them, and gloat so over the pictures of battle and adventure which are spread before them in their gift-books, recalling every tiniest detail and touch of color in that photographic memory of theirs, that they have, I am convinced, great difficulty in distinguishing between their memories of what really happened to them and their even more vivid recollections of the things that they have read or been told, or seen in picture books.

"The cow that actually shook its head and moored ferociously at them is a recollection not a whit more real to them than the dragon with blazing scales and fiery breath who almost swallowed them whole for supper.

"But there is not a particle of vice in these preposterous romances, which are obviously on the very face of them incapable of deceiving even the most glib. They furnish one of the most delightful occupations of childhood, and the only harm in them is in the mild element of boasting and bragadoles involved, and the habit of leading the child to dwell too much in the clouds.

"But the greatest breeder of untruthfulness in young children is the habit (which, alas! it is so easy to fall into) on the part of particularly conscientious parents and guardians, of surrounding the child's every activity, his every hour of the day, with an elaborate network of rules and restrictions and precepts.

"Some of these, though reasonable in themselves, hedge the child in at so many points that it is scarcely in human nature to avoid conflicting with them.

"Others are utterly absurd and irrational, and made by us far more out of regard for our own comfort and peace of mind than for the well-being of the child, such as many of the edicts against noise and boisterousness, and playing with water, or running on the grass, or climbing the trees for fear that it will spoil his clothes.

"But the main point is that there are so many of these rules that the child can hardly even remember them all, let alone manage to observe them. And the chances are that, when suddenly pounced upon by an irate parent, or nurse maid, who demands with fury in the eyes and sternness in the voice whether he has been playing in the bath room and dropped the glass on the floor, or taken the salt cellar for a sand box and heaped its contents on the tablecloth, he is exceedingly likely, on lightning-like impulse, to say 'No.' And when he has said it, of course he is bound to stick to it from sheer perversity and sense of self-respect.

"We ought to respect the reserve, the individuality and the self-respect of the child. The child is by nature honest, brave and affectionate. But how quickly these virtues develop depends much upon his environment."

Why He Sympathized. The physicians in Mankato had agreed that during the chaquauqua assembly they would employ a call boy, and each was to pay his share of the expense. This boy was to call any doctor who was wanted, without disturbing the speaker, as it was embarrassing to him and looked as if they were doing it to advertise without expense.

So it all went well until the afternoon when Strickland W. Gilliland spoke. As he was talking away a certain doctor had a call from the platform, and he walked out rather ostentatiously. Some of the people who knew of the arrangement laughed and snickered, and the speaker got it. He said: "Don't laugh, folks. That is the way my brother got his start."

And everybody roared.—Minneapolis Journal.