



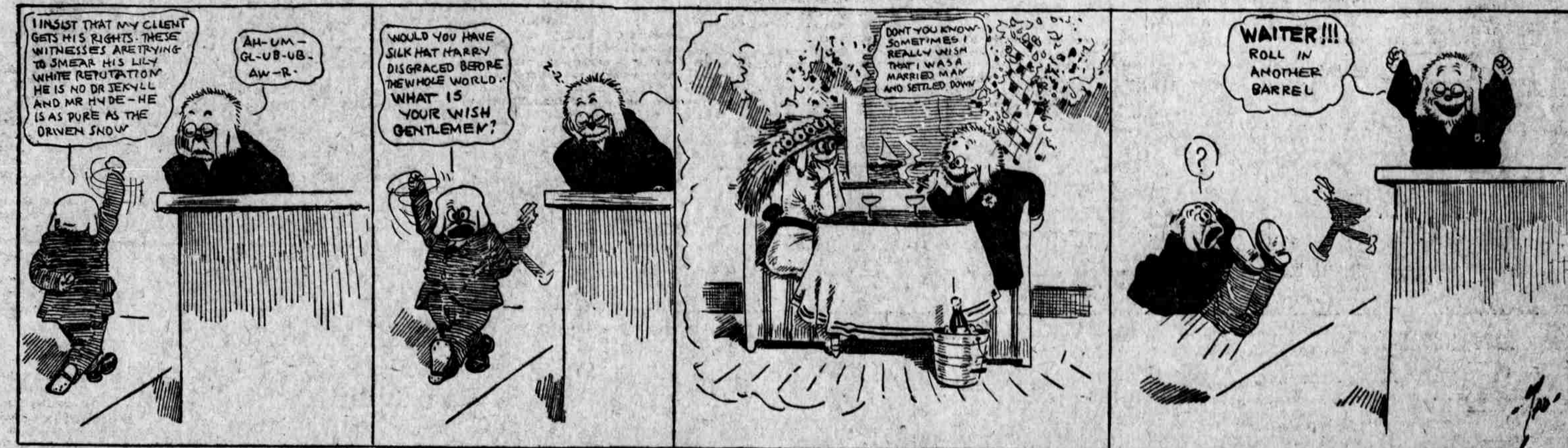
The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—

A Midsummer's Day Dream

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



A Lesson from the Hills.

By WINIFRED BLACK.

The other day, when I went up into the hills I had a worry, a gnawing, tearing, agonizing worry. It kept me awake at night and it walked with me, at noon day, and when the gray evening stepped, veiled, from the sunset skies there was the worry coming, too, like the disagreeable cousin that always hears of the party and comes "without waiting for an invitation."

I was pretty tired of the worry, but somehow I couldn't seem to get rid of it. The busier I was the busier the worry was, too; and when friends came to see me I heard the worry's voice above all that the friends were trying to say and life was getting to be a good deal of a nuisance.

And then I went to the hills, and the worry went along, of course. Catch a good sized, able bodied worry staying at home with the old clothes and the tide furnace and the empty icebox.

Every day in the hills I went walking, short walks at first, then long ones, over sun-soaked trails that led higher and ever higher up the red hills. Shady paths winding among cedars that looked a thousand years old. Down soft valleys with the green a benediction to tired eyes. Along little streams that laughed and gurgled at the joke of life as human beings live it, always walking, always under the great dispassionate skies, now blue, now gray, now flecked with foamy white, but always remote, always unprejudiced, always impersonal.

And one day, all at once the worry was gone, vanished, disappeared from view and almost from memory.

Gone down stream with the little bits of brown bark I learned to sail in the glistening water, gone up the canyon to listen to the crooning of the wind in the cedars and the gusty sighs of the pines, gone to play with the fluttering leaves of the aspens, in the shade by the turn of the trail, gone forever. For the hills will not let a worry stay with you.

I am glad I came to the hills; they taught me how little and how foolish and how unimportant I was.

When the worry bit the deepest, there stood the eternal hills, smiling at me from under the scurrying clouds.

"Wait," they said, "be patient, take comfort, see the little squirrel down there in the shadow—see how he hurries about his business? He's worried for fear he won't have enough to last him through the bitter winter. He will, I know he will, for I have seen his grandfather worry the same way, all for nothing."

"Once, when the season was poor, the squirrel's great-grandfather did run short of food late in the cold snow, and he died, just as easily as he would have died a while later, anyhow, if he had had all the fruit of the great oak stored in his cellar under the cedar roots. What difference did it make, really? Why did he worry so; the worst that came was not so bad, was it?"

"The little striped squirrels there on the rocks are quarreling among them-

selves; they call each other the most awful names. Why do they do it? Life is so short with them. One season we see them and the next they are gone. Just a little season, rain, sunshine, wind, a full stream, low water, half, sleet, lightning, they are all so wonderful, and the little striped squirrels there on the rock do not see any of these things, they just chatter and scold and fight. For what? We wonder and wonder.

"The great mountain there, the king of us all, he never worries; he cannot. There is so much for him to do.

"There are the clouds always getting lost and wandering around like white sheep forgotten by the shepherd; he has to call up the wind, the singing shepherd, to whistle them all home again.

"There is the sunrise. What would that be without the great peak, and the waters fall and rise, and the sunsets, and the moon sails in calm grandeur through the glorious sky?"

"We wonder among ourselves, we hills, we laugh together, we mountain streams, why, even the yellow flowers there on the spur of the mountain know enough to smile in the sunshine, and be happy. What poor things are you, humans, you and the squirrels, what good does all the chattering, and the hurrying, and the hearing, and the worrying do? Tell us that, we want to know, we hills."

And it was while I listened to them that the worry disappeared, and my heart is light again, for I know that all is well in the end, and that all the worrying in the world will not make it better.

And so I live in the sunshine and walk in the rain and rejoice in a little weather just because I am alive, like the flower there on the spur of the great mountain. Alive and part of the great plan. Who am I, to sit and make the day sad and the night forlorn with my moanings?

Come up into the hills, the glorious hills and learn peace, oh ye of troubled minds. The hills that endure, and smile, and rejoice that they, too, are part of the great scheme.

Come, forget for a while the little frets, leave behind you the small annoyances, put care in the stove and burn it up, and most important of all, leave yourself, your conscious self, at home with the last year's sky. Pack your self-consciousness in the garret with the Paris hat that was such a beauty a year or so ago and is out of fashion, too, you yourself. You are out of fashion, too, you yourself. You need a change, a new point of view.

It isn't half so important as you think, whether you make that deal or not. Who will care ten years from now whether you paid \$10 a day for your room or 20 cents; you won't even know yourself. The cut of your soul is out of date. It's too small here, and it bags there, and what a wrinkle right there at the heart line. Dear, dear, that will never do. Make it over, that soul of yours.

You live in town with a thousand people staring at you whenever you try to eat a quiet meal? He to the mountains, build a shack of boughs, and let your soul grow.

The poet-king of Israel knew all this, for he sang:

"I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help."—Psalm 121, vi.

The Forecast

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Reprinted by permission from Good Housekeeping Magazine for July.) It may be that I dreamed a dream; it may be that I saw the forecast of a time to come, by some supernal law.

I seemed to dwell in this same world, and in this modern time; yet nowhere was there sight or sound of poverty or crime. All strife had ceased; men were disarmed, and quiet peace had made a thousand avenues for toil, in place of War's grim trade. From east to west, from north to south, where highways smooth and broad Tied State to state, the waste lands bloomed like garden spots of God. There were no beggars in the streets; there were no unemployed. For each man owned his plot of ground, and labored and enjoyed. Sweet children grew like garden flowers; all strong and fair to see; and when I marvelled at the sight, thus spake a Voice to me: "All Motherhood is now an art; the greatest art on earth; and nowhere is there known the crime of one unwelcome birth. From rights of parentage, the sick and sinful are debarred; For Matron Science keeps our house, and at the door stands guard. We know the cure for darkness lies in letting in the light; And Prisons are replaced by Schools, where wrong views change to right. The wisdom, knowledge, study, thought, once bent on beast and sod. We give now to the human race, the highest work of God; And as the gard'ner chooses seed, so we select with care; And as our Man Plant grows, we give him soil and sun and air. There are no slums; no homeless poor, all men are opulent, For Mother Earth belongs to them, as was the First Intent."

It may be that I dreamed a dream; it may be that I saw the forecast of a time to come, by some supernal law.

Daffydils

HA-HA-HA—HARRY MOCK INSISTS THAT THIS IS WORTH 10 BUCKS IF PITTSBURGH AND THE GIANTS WERE PLAYING AND THE SCORE WAS 9 TO 8 IN FAVOR OF THE GIANTS IN THE LAST HALF OF THE 9TH INNING WITH 2 OUT AND HANS WAGNER CAME TO BAT AND HIT THE BALL BUT FELL FLAT IN RUNNING TO FIRST BASE AND WAS PUT OUT WOULD YOU SAY THAT THE GIANTS WON HANS DOWN.

THE TWO GAY DOGS LEANED AGAINST THE MANOAGANY IN THE MERRY MUGLAGE PARLOR LAPPING UP THE BREW. ONE WAS TRYING TO SAY THIS FAST IF YOU SNUFF SHARP SNUFF I SNUFF SHARP SNUFF. HE TRIED IT FOR FULLY HALF AN HOUR. THEY THE BARTENDER LEANED OVER AND PIPED WHAT IS WOOLWORTH—ITS GOING TO BE QUITE HIGH ISNT IT?

HEV, WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS JOINT IS: A JOINT?

GUS FINBERG, WHO WAS THAT WOMAN?

THEY IN THE ICE CREAM PALACE ACROSS THE WAY TWO BOOBS WERE TRYING TO SAY THIS FAST MIX A BATCH OF BISCUITS. THEY WORKED HARD OVER THE PROBLEM AND FINALLY SAT DOWN ALL IN AT THAT MOMENT A MAN WITH A BANNER PASSED ON IT IN BRIGHT RED TUBE WAS PRINTED. WOULD YOU SAY THAT THE PAPER THE BOYS MAKE KITES WITH IS FLY PAPER?

DROP THAT WHEELBARROW WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MACHINERY?

WMA STENOGRAPHER FOR A WATER CONCERN NOW I DONT GET DOWN TILL DAM SORT THE MAIL, BLOW DOWN TO THE CELLAR FOR A SMOKE AND TALK WITH THE ENGINEER

GET CAUGHT THERE BY THE SECRETARY GOUNTSTAIRS GET A PACK OF CARDS AND RETURN TO PLAY HIM PINOCLE, GO UP AGAIN FOR A STALL THEN GET THE OLD ENGINEER IN FOR

A GAME OF POKER QUIT THAT AT 3 P.M THEN KID THE GIRL IN THE OFFICE TILL 6. COP THE BOSS' PAPERS AND GRAB A CAR FOR HOME AT 6:10.

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

YEP NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Blind as a Kitten

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

I have received the following letter, and its perusal, causes much regret that men walk the earth who commit graver crimes than highway robbery, but who are beyond the clutches of the law: "I am 15 years of age and I am in love with a gentleman of 41 years, with whom I became acquainted about nine weeks ago. My parents absolutely refuse to let him call on me, so lately he has been meeting me after school. Last week he asked me to elope with him, as my parents would never consent to us being married. He is a very nice man and has no bad habits. He says he loves me dearly, but I don't know what to do, as I am almost afraid to tell him 'No.' And yet I hate to deceive my parents."

This little girl is passing through the same stage as the kitten. Born with its eyes shut, nine days elapse before it opens them.

Her nine days of life have not elapsed, and I am much afraid that unless some kind providence intervenes she will open them on a world of pain and sorrow and disgrace.

No man of 41 loves a girl of 15 in the right way. He encourages her to oppose her parents. Forbidden her home, he shows every mark of a villain in meeting her on the streets.

He doesn't love her; he doesn't know what love is. I do not believe he has any intention of marrying her. If he has it is through some hope of material gain.

With the girl as his wife, it would put his talon-like hands on her father's purse. He has "no bad habits," she says. Poor little traveller on a strange path! She doesn't know the worst of habits may be hidden under the most beguiling of manners.

With an innocence and ignorance that are appalling, she is standing on the brink of a precipice, and how her little world will condemn her if she makes a mistake in her blindness, and goes wrong. "I am almost afraid to tell him 'No,'" she says, and therein lies a tragedy. She knows down in her heart that his attentions are not honorable. She has been well brought up, and the warnings of her parents are ringing in her ears when she meets him.

But he is older, and commands all the arguments and blandishments needed to win the heart of a child. She is flattered by his attention. She is soothed by his praise. She is drugged almost to the point of unconsciousness by the little triumph of conquest his preference gives her.

One's guardian angels seem to be often lax in their attendance, and I am afraid the guardian angels of this little girl are forgetting their charge at a time when their vigil should be most unceasing.

If her mother knows the heart of the little girl better, she would not issue a command, and then rest secure, because her command could not be disobeyed. She would know that man who will make love to a girl twenty-six years his junior, after an acquaintance of nine weeks will not let a mother's eye or no have any weight.

If he were honorable, it would be a different story. But the facts in the case prove he is not.

She would not say "You must not" to her daughter, and then sit back and fold her hands. She would see that her orders are obeyed.

She would know that the heart of a girl is willful; that, beginning with the age of 15, girls begin to dream, and they mistake many men for the hero of their dreams before the real hero appears.

She wouldn't expect a little blind kitten to obey an order to stay away from the fire. She would remove it from all proximity to the blaze. And she should take as final and decisive action in saving her daughter.

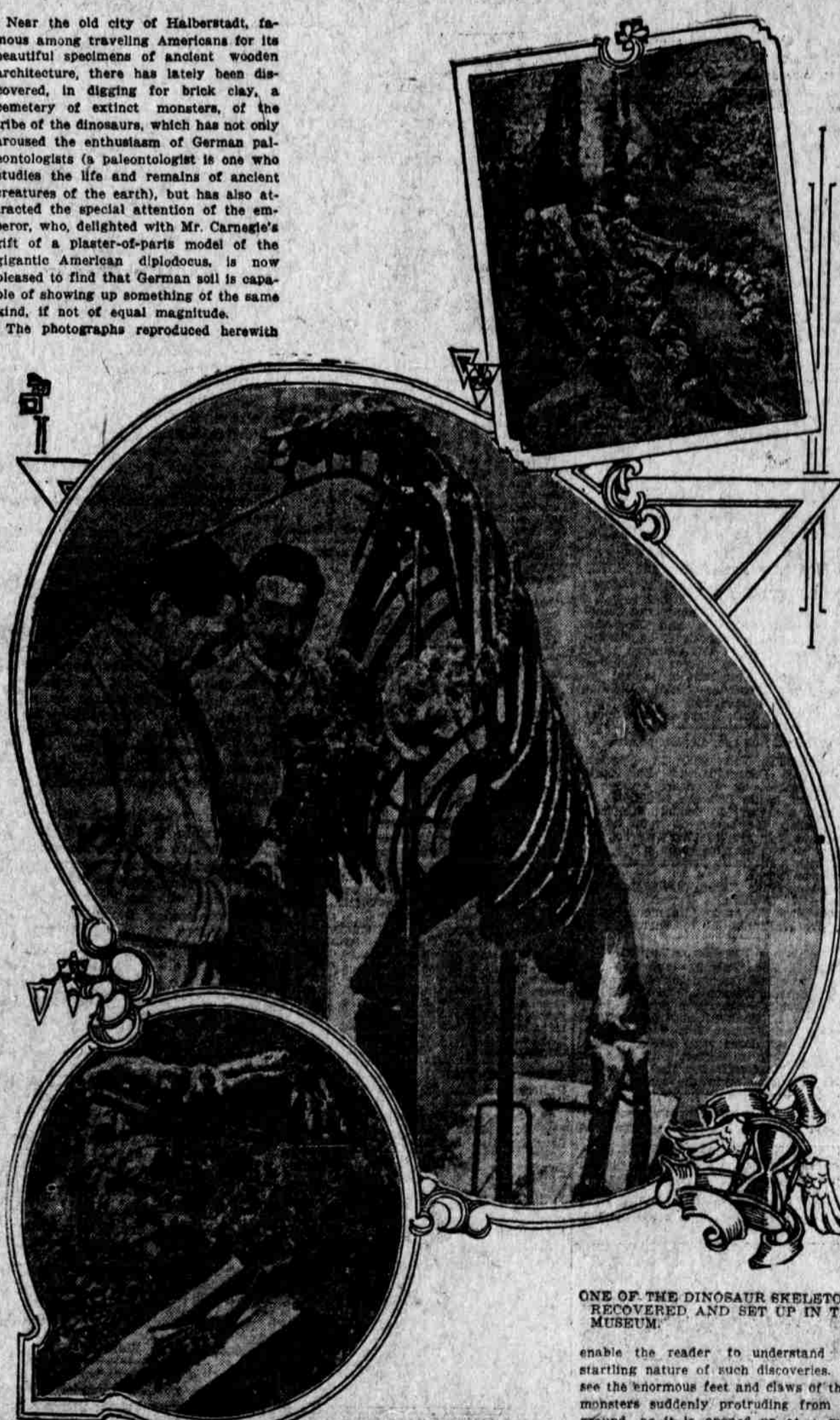
Mothers often moan after the tragedy. "I did not dream she would disobey me!" If the mother of this misguided little girl reads this, I hope she will wake up "Dreaming" of absolute obedience, and realizing wilful disregard of command, are often the tragic order of things.

When a mother faces the realization of the letter, with all its sad results, she is often more to blame than the little blind kitten girl left in her charge.

The Terror Beasts

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

A GIGANTIC SKELETON FOOT OF A DINOSAUR.



ONE OF THE DINOSAUR SKELETONS RECOVERED AND SET UP IN THE MUSEUM.

enable the reader to understand the startling nature of such discoveries. To see the enormous feet and claws of these monsters suddenly protruding from the ground, as it is opened up at a great depth in the peaceful pursuit of clay digging, is an experience calculated to thrill

Monsters of Teutonic Folk-Lore

Belittled by Fossils Found in Germany

the nerves of the most indifferent onlooker. One can comprehend the enthusiasm of the paleontologists when such a discovery is made. Their delight is of a higher order than that of the gold seeker when his pick discovers a huge nugget of precious metal. They are digging up history which may be millions of years old. They are uncovering the old earth as it was in the days of the flying dragons. They are treading upon some of the very soil that was trod by the monsters themselves.

Let us consider the dinosaur. He was the wonder of the planet in his time. His modern name means "terrible lizard," from the Greek words *deinos*, "terrible," and *sauros*, "lizard," because he had some of the physical characteristics of the innocent little lizard of our day. Sometimes, in some of his forms, he attained an almost unbelievable stature. The *Diplodocus* was seventy-five or eighty feet long, and thirty feet tall. Others were probably as large, such as the *Brontosaurus*, "giant lizard," from *brontos*, "a giant." These creatures, varying in size, but always terrible in appearance, were scattered widely over the earth in ancient times. They have been found in America, Europe and Africa, and so far as we know at present, the American species held the precedence in size.

But so much would not be gained for knowledge if the paleontologists were content simply to dig out the remains of these tremendous beasts, and to put their skeletons together and set them up to be gazed at in the museums. The most astonishing discoveries have been made by studying their structure, and comparing it with that of other animals. Thus it was found that some of these gigantic creatures were apparently predecessors of the bird. Some of them had feet like those of birds. Others bore many resemblances to the modern ostrich. Afterward there arose species of birds which had jaws and teeth, showing their reptilian origin.

One of the most significant facts about the dinosaur is that some of the largest of them had bones filled with cavities, the apparent reason for which was to insure relative lightness together with strength. Nature knew the great strength of a hollow tube before man had reasoned it out. A dinosaur with hollow bones could grow to a great size without becoming so weighty that he could not run. Some scientists believe that the running birds of today were derived from some of these creatures. The real flying dragons of ancient times (and the remains of some have been found in the rocks) were not of great size; but their ancestors may have been veritable giants, though unable to lift themselves from the ground.

One of the things which most strikes the mind in studying these creatures of the past is the evidence that nature, as well as man, proceeds by means of experiment. She has not developed her creatures suddenly, full formed, but by long processes of evolution. There is no evidence that manlike animals lived in the time of dinosaurs. Those giants were then the masters of the earth. They had small brains but big bodies. Yet they had some brain, and they form an unquestionable link in the chain of life upon this globe.

Never was the power of the human intellect better displayed than in the forecast which the great French naturalist Cuvier made concerning the former existence of gigantic reptiles, such as the dinosaurs. Cuvier declared as the result of his studies, that there had been a period when our planet was inhabited by reptiles "of an appalling magnitude," possessing many of the features of modern quadrupeds. Almost nobody believed him. People thought he was drawing too much upon his imagination. But he knew that his imagination, when kept under proper control, is the surest guide to new knowledge, and it was not long before discoveries were made which fully established the truth of his opinion, and then all men of science recognized the fact that there had been an "age of reptiles." It was during this age that the dinosaurs flourished, and every stroke of the pick disclosing a giant skeleton in the diggings near Halberstadt is a fresh confirmation of the forecast of Cuvier, when that vision of a wonderful lost chapter in the history of the earth arose before his masterful mind.

THE MANLESS MAN

His mother is a woman. The first person to take care of him is a female nurse. After she gets through with him, his mother and another nurse (mostly nurse) control him. He sees his father on Saturday nights. His school teacher is a woman. In college he is in love with *choplin* girls. When he goes into business he spends most of the time in his office with a woman typewriter. At dinners he sits next to women. He talks politics with women. He marries a woman. When he dies and goes to heaven the first person he inquires of is a woman. —Life.