

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—Latest Pictures of Principals in the Big Case

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



HON. JUDGE RUMHAUSER AT HIS COUNTRY HOME BRINGING IN A BASKET OF WILD SWEET POTATOES. (POSED ESPECIALLY FOR CAMPAIGN PURPOSES) HIS HONOR HAS BROKEN ALL RECORDS IN SCAMPERING ACROSS THE PARCHMENT. HE HAS WRITTEN MORE LETTERS THAN CARTER HAS PILLS.



THE MYSTERIOUS GUY LAST SEEN IN THE STEAM ROOM OF THE LAFFINGETTE BATHS WEARING A JOUR-ESPRESSION.



BENNY THE BOOB STILL AT LARGE THEY SAY HE'S SO CROOKED THAT HE COULD HIDE BEHIND A CORKSCREW.



BALDY BILL WHO WAS THROWN INTO THE COOLER AS A VERY IMPORTANT WITNESS POOR BALDY HE HASN'T A CROOKED HAIR IN HIS HEAD HE MAY BE J-SMOOTH BUT HE'S NO ROUGH NECK



BOSCO THE BARBER WHO SAW SILK HAT HARRY IN THE TENDERLOIN. BOSCO HAD A CLOSE SHAVE ON THE WITNESS STAND WHEN HE CHANGED HIS STORY AFTER SLANTING AT THE DEFENDANT.



SILENT JAKE THE MENSBODY NOW LIVING IN THE CENTRE ST. 'HOODIE GOW' HE NEVER DID NOTHING



LIEUT. WRECKER THE BOY WITH THE JOHN DOUGH PAPERS.

Giving Thoughts to the Life to Come

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

It is a great thing to give a portion of each day to thoughts of the life to come, and to realms which lie all about us, near, while invisible.

It is fertilization of the spiritual nature to think of those who have passed on, and to picture regions of beauty and glory immortal. But to do this to the neglect of this life, and the living people of earth is sinful.



How can a reasonable human being expect to dwell in heaven, in continual felicity with angels, who is dwelling on earth in constant discord with friends and relatives?

We must practice the heavenly role right here on earth, and we must make our homes and our garden beautiful before we can expect to be given gleaming mansions and golden streets above.

We must be tender and tolerant and patient toward the living, or we will not find peace and joy with the dead.

And we must broaden our minds on every topic which tends toward making the earth more agreeable for the living.

It is a crying sin against the hosts of suffering human beings to give so much valuable fertile soil to the use of dead bodies.

If all the cemeteries of New England were ploughed up and the soil given to the poor to cultivate, there would be no need of almshouses. Cremation does cleanly, quickly and kindly what burial requires years to accomplish, in a disgusting, slow and dreadful manner.

Burial of bodies pollutes the earth and monopolizes it.

Fortunately the progressive and sensible minds of the world are all in favor of cremation.

Recently in England the body of the Right Reverend Charles William Stubbs was cremated, and the urn containing the ashes was placed in the niche of Truie cathedral.

It was an epoch of progress of England, as it was the first time a bishop had been cremated.

One of the prominent English dailies said of this event:

"The growth of public opinion, especially the intellectual side of it, in favor of cremation as the wisest and most sanitary means of disposing of the dead has been most striking in recent years, and nowhere more so than among the clergy of the Church of England and ministers of other denominations themselves. Even at Westminster abbey it is now the rule—too lack of space—that only the ashes of the distinguished dead shall be placed there.

Since the Cremation Society of England was first formed in 1888, the remains of many distinguished people have been cremated. To take the names of a few clergymen and ministers we find the following:

"Since Venerable Archdeacon W. H. Tribe, the Venerable Archdeacon A. S. Agles, D. D.; Canon Henry Shuttleworth, Canon Robinson Duckworth, Canon John Henry Coward, Canon W. H. Cooper, Canon G. Patten, the Rev. Brooke Lambert, M. A.; the Rev. H. R. Hawes, M. A.; the Rev. Norman Macleod Ferrers, D. D.; the Rev. Brook Herford, D. D.; the Rev. J. P. Hoppes, the Rev. H. C. Marriott.

"The records also contain the names of many titled persons and officers of the army and navy."

The ceremony of cremation robs the last rites given to the dead of more than half their horrors.

The imaginative mind, however religious, is tortured by thoughts of the body of a dear one slowly rotting beneath the mound of earth, and such thoughts must, and do, distract the mind from ideals of the spiritual home of the departed soul.

When there is nothing remaining of the corporeal frame but a little heap of ashes, the thoughts must soar to planes beyond the earth to find a resting place with the beloved one.

Cremation leaves the earth for the uses of the living, and does away with the expensive and useless monuments which clutter valuable ground and do no good to living or dead.

Those who desire to erect some monument to the memory of their dear dead can find useful and humane and ornamental ways of doing so.

An arch which will beautify a city street; a drinking fountain for thirsty and toiling animals; a scholarship in some college; a free bed in some hospital; a playground for poor children, are a few of the many ideas which can create a noble memorial to the dead and still leave our mother earth clean and sweet to nourish her living children.

It's Wash Day By Tad

MANY A YOUNG MAN LOSES HIS NERVE WHEN HE GOES TO THE DENTIST W. J. MORGAN

Daffydils

ALL WAS QUIET IN THE HOUSE-HOLD. EVERYBODY WAS OUT BUT ONE SERVANT WHO WAS ASLEEP IN THE PARLOR. ALL OF A SUDDEN SHE WAS AWAKENED BY THE LOUD RING OF THE DOOR BELL. RUSHING DOWN STAIRS SHE WAS MET BY THE VILLAGE POSTMASTER WHO HANDED HER A LETTER. HASTILY TEARING IT OPEN SHE READ

A BALL PLAYER WHO BRINGS IN A RUN OR TWO ALWAYS MAKES FRIENDS BY THE SCORE

HEY THERE YOU 'NITH THE SILK KELLY—SIT DOWN I WANT TO SEE THE GAME TOO.

ALL THE GIRLS WERE OUT ON A FISHING TRIP. THE WATER WAS ROUGH AND A STORM THREATENED. JACKSONVILLE LENA ADVISED THE CREW TO TURN BACK FOR SHORE BEFORE GETTING CAUGHT IN THE RAIN. JUST AS THEY WERE TURNING HOMEWARD LENA SPIED A BOTTLE IN THE WATER. HAVING SECURED IT THEY FOUND A NOTE INSIDE WHICH READ

"IF THE ENEMY RETREATED WOULD THE FOCUS"

TELL HIM TO GIVE YOU A BIG PINT TO-DAY WILLIE IT'S WASH DAY!

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED TA-RA-RA-RA-RA BONES-MISTAH JOHNSON CAN YOU ELUCIDATE TO ME DE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A WOMAN AND A POSTAGE STAMP INTERLOCUTOR—CAN I TELL YOU THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A WOMAN AND A POSTAGE STAMP NO WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BONES—WHY A WOMAN IS A FEMALE AND A POSTAGE STAMP IS A MAIL FEE

DROP THAT WHEELBARROW WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MACHINERY!!

"In the Back of His Watch"

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By Nell Brinkley



Do you know that man (bless his heart) who, the second time you've met him at dinner, digs from his watch pocket or his breast, with a face alight, a little picture of a woman and a baby or two and says, "There they are! It isn't a good picture of them. I've a better one at home!"

The First Quakers

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

August 3, 1657.

The first Quakers to set foot upon the shores of this country arrived at Newport, R. I., in the ship Woodhouse, the "Mayflower of the Friends," 285 years ago today—August 3, 1657.

The coming of the Quakers was a mighty good thing for this country, although, for a time at least, it was a mighty bad thing for the Quakers. They met with a most ungracious reception. The original "savages" could not possibly have received them with a more ferocious front than was presented to them by the Massachusetts "Christians" who had come over to the new world to escape religious persecution in the old world.

At Newport the sixteen Quakers who came over in the Woodhouse encountered



no difficulty. The spirit of Roger Williams prevailed there, and in line with that spirit every man was granted the liberty of entertaining his own religious views without interference of civil magistrates. But it was different in Massachusetts; and when the Quakers went to Boston they were fined, whipped, imprisoned and finally sent out of the colony. Four of them were put to death. Endicott, his Puritans, furious as so many Mohawk Indians when Mohawk Indians were at their worst, flamed against the innocent Quakers as though they were so many criminals of the deepest dye, and as a consequence Massachusetts lost what, a little later on, Pennsylvania gained.

Driven from the Bay state the Quakers, reinforced by others who came over not long after, sought in the wilderness of Pennsylvania, and among the red men there, the asylum which had been denied them by the Christians of New England.

In the Keystone state, under their grant leader, Penn, the Quakers founded the commonwealth which is today the second state in the union and one of the fairest portions of our great country.

Under Penn's wise, just and humane policy the Indians were tamed and made to feel that the white man was their friend, and it goes without saying that there would have been no Indian wars had the other settlers treated the red men as they were treated by Penn and his Quakers.

It is hardly necessary to say that the influence of the Quakers in America has been large and always of the right sort. Franklin, Nathaniel Greene, Stephen Hopkins and many others that might be mentioned were Quakers.

The first schools south of New England were established by Quakers and the general civilizing work done by them was immense.

As humanitarians they take second place to none. Against slavery, war and the exploitation of humanity, against intemperance, brutality and every species of maladministration in government, they have, from the very beginning of their existence, arrayed themselves in solid phalanx.

There are probably 150,000 Quakers in the great republic, and if the rest of the people made as little trouble on the one side and lived as finely on the other, we should have but little use for prisons, policemen and preachers.

You Can See Double

A man more or less subject to fits of second sight following the inhalation of inspired alcoholic concoctions scrambled up Broadway New York to try out the latest stomach wrecker—the "Bull Moose" cocktail. It is composed of the following explosives:

- One-third French vermouth.
- One-third Italian vermouth.
- One-third gin.
- One spoonful maraschino.

Serve it frappee and then ask forgiveness for your sins.

The curious man lashed himself to a bar in the neighborhood of Broadway and Thirty-fourth street and dared the bartender to do it. The bartender went right ahead, the man drank, and then he smiled.

"Now, speaking about Roosevelt," he volcanosed, "I used to think he wasn't the right kind of a man for president. But I dunno—but I dunno, I guess I wasn't exactly broadminded in my view. Bartender, make me up another bomb."

After the drink had been dispatched the man bounced off again.

"As I was saying," he said, "I became more and more convinced every minute that 'T. R.' is the best man in the United States for any kind of a job. I am very, very sorry that I didn't waken up to that fact long ago. Say, pack another cartridge."

Many minutes passed after the third shot had found its mark. The man leaned across the mahogany and dozed. This escaped him: "Gee, thisish bully election. Look at votesh coming in for Rosebush—mean Rosenstein—mean Riseville. Thatsh it—Roseville. Great name that—Roseville. Eight millionsh, eleven millionsh, six millionsh, twenty millionsh. Givehurther one."

The embalming fluid made its fourth trip.

"Ray! Rosebush 'lected! Tink I'll shelebrate."—New York World.

Morgan's Ivy Bower.

When J. P. Morgan returns he will find that the English ivy which he personally planted about his residence at Madison avenue and Thirty-sixth street some twenty years ago has reached the roof of his house and completely enveloped the south, west and east sides. It has long been Mr. Morgan's wish to make his home, which is beautifully surrounded by lawns, a bower of leaves, but it has not been until this summer that his gardeners could train the vines so that they reached the eaves.—New York American.