



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT — "Let No Guilty Man Escape," Piped His Honor

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Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Organizations for the Distribution of Money to Aid the Needy Poor

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A reader of this column is displeased with some favorable comments made on April 17 of the methods of the Associated Charities.

"What reason is there," he asks, "for such an organization to exist in our great land, overflowing with opulence?"

There is no reason for any form of charity to exist in America if the people of America possessed the focused will power to demand the rights of every soul born into earth, of the use of earth, sun and air. But until the people do unite and demand such privileges there must be an organization for the distribution of money to aid the poor.

And there is not one particle of common sense in abusing this society, which is doing the best it can, under great difficulties, or of blaming it for the lack of co-operative methods among the people.

The disinterested reader says no one is doing anything to bring about a better condition. That shows how little he knows what is being done.

The Single Tax organizations (which hold the one great solution of the problem) are doing wonderful work and producing wonderful results.

ically demonstrated the efficacy of his ideals. Five hundred gardens, composed of one-eighth of an acre each are supporting 800 families right in the precincts of London through the influence of Joseph Pels and he is hard at work convincing the owners of thousands on thousands of acres of idle land all over England and elsewhere that by giving the use of these lands to people who are wanting to make them fertile they will reduce the pauperism of the country.

When the experiment has become universal the force of public opinion will compel a change in our laws and render it illegal for any man or corporation to hold idle land, while masses of people are herded into slums for want of opportunity to till the land.

It will be more than illegal; it will be unprofitable to hold land in this way, once the single tax value is placed on it. Not so many years since there was a loud cry of impracticability of the single tax idea.

Buy up in British Columbia and Vancouver it is being found practicable. The British Columbia royal tax commission reported last winter recommending the abolition of the poll tax, the tax on personal property of all kinds, the increase of the amount of income exempt from taxation and the substitution for these taxes of a tax on land values.

The commission started out prejudiced against the land value tax and in favor of the poll tax. After two years' careful study the commission reported unanimously in favor of the above changes which, when made, will place all British Columbia on what the Portland Oregonian is pleased to call a single tax basis.

Now comes the Colonist of Victoria, one of the dailies of the state, and says, under date of April 9:

"Although the next session of the British Columbia legislature is as yet nine months in the future, preliminary preparation of legislation to be presented to the House upon its assembling on the 15th of January, is already commanding attention. It is expected one of the first

Daffydils "AVE A LITTLE WINEGAR ON YER WITTLES WINCENT"
FRANK LAWTON THE GREATEST ALL ROUND ATHLETE THAT EVER WENT TO SCHOOL WAS FIGHTING FOR THE MORRIS WARRIORS AGAINST THE EAST GRANGERS IT WAS THE LAST HALF OF THE TENTH WITH THE WASHERS I RUN TO THE GOAL. THE GRANGERS HAD A MAN ON 3RD AND TWO OUT WHEN WALTER DE BRASSO THE WHITE HOPE STEPPED TO THE PLATE WITH HIS MANSION CLUB LAWTON TOOK ONE LOOK AT THE WAR CLUB AND BERT FOR THE CUD HOUSE YELLING "IF YOUR NOTHER-IN-LAW MADE YOU A VISIT WOULD THE ASH-RECEIVER HELLO KIP - SAY I HAVE A CINCH NOW GET UP AT 7 AM HAVE AN ORGAN REHEARSAL THEN GIVE PIANO LESSONS TO A CLASS OF 10 FOR DINNER AND
HE WAS RUNNING LIKE THIS AND HE CAME TO THIS THEN HE FELL LIKE THIS AND YELLED OUT THIS "IF PLATT ADAMS CAN JUMP CAN A SALT SPRING HAWKINS YOUR THUMB IS IN THE
GEORGIE DUBH THE WILD AND WOOLY WESTERNER WAS PADDLING ALONG THE FANNOS HACKENSACK RIVER COMING TO A VERY SHARP CURVE SHE CRASHED INTO A MOTOR BOAT AND WAS TROWN OUT THE MEN JUMPED IN AND PULLED HER YOUNG HEROINE A SHORE AFTER GIVING A CORRECT IMITATION OF A DYING GLADIATOR OUR OWN GEORGIE SAT UP AND IN A MELODIOUS VOICE CHIRPED "IF BREAD IS DOUGH IS SOUPMEAT. JOHN WARD LEWIS YOU HAVE SAID ENOUGH
GO TO A CONCERT WHEN IM THRU I GO OVER TO A DANCE HALL AND PLAY FOR THEM TILL 12 PM THEN BEAT IT HOME
GEE YOUR A HAPPY GUY
YEP NOTHIN' TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Eugenics and Cherries

By WINIFRED BLACK.

There's a woman out in Denver who wants to tell the children all about everything the minute they are old enough to go to school. She has talked the school people into her way of thinking and a very logical, sensible, practical, matter-of-fact way it seems to be when she talks about it, and the new course is to begin this fall, maybe. A protest against the new course is going up already.

"I don't want my little girl to learn that sort of a thing in a class," said an indignant and protesting mother to the president of the Board of Education the other day. "When it is time for her to know I'll tell her myself, thank you. And, besides, I don't believe in all this study of the body, what the body needs, and what the body is and do. And altogether there's quite an interesting fight going on over this question of what a child should know and who should tell him about it."

It's a queer thing about this body business. The first time I heard some one say that a certain man was too strong to work I thought it was rather a foolish joke.

I'd never known a "good condition" faddist then. I know several of them now, and every one that I know is "too strong to work." They'll run on the track, play basket ball, wrestle, "chin" themselves a dozen times a day; but run on an errand for anybody, mow the lawn, put up a shelf in the pantry when the perfidious carpenter has broken his plighted word—not they.

When I want any real work done I don't get a big husky six footer with a famous set of muscles to do it. I pick out some little delicate man who has to

make his tired body work when it doesn't want to, and he'll do the job and do it right. The strong man means well enough, but he can't really work; his body won't let him and his body is the ruler of the firm every day in the week as I could say. Why not? He has much valuable time teaching his body that it is the most important thing on earth. Why should it be bossed around by nothing but will and mind all at once? The great, big, bossy, dominating body has been the ruler too long to give up without a struggle, and the poor well-meaning little soul has to sit in the corner and whine for a chance to express itself at all. I wonder if all this idea of concentrating so much attention on the body is going to turn out so well after all? Early in life I found out that the way to keep from climbing the cherry tree when the cherries were too green to be wholesome was to keep just as far away from the tree as I could and to think about something else as hard as I could. My new flock, the heroine in my latest book, the way my mother looked when she was pleased with something I had done, how the Chinaman down at the bottom of the well and a little beyond wore their long hair—anything, anywhere, but the tree.

Once when I was a little girl I started to carry some particularly nice cherries to a neighbor who had been very ill. They were ocherates, the only ones of the kind in those parts. I carried them in a pretty little green basket made of some kind of rushes or sweet smelling grasses. I can see every cherry in that basket to this day.

I started with a light heart. In the pasture I thought: "I wonder how many cherries there are? I could eat a couple; they're heavy; it seems to me I could look and I tasted one—just one—oh! how sweet it was."

It was hot in the pasture, the cherries were so juicy, just one more. In the woods I looked again. Yes, there they were, redder than ever—just one more, who would miss it? On the bridge I tasted the cherries again, and under the weeping willow I sat down calmly and ate every single last one of those cherries, and I hid the basket and went and asked the neighbor how she was, and then I went home and told my mother that she was delighted with the cherries, but that she thought some of them were a trifle sour.

Something in my mother's look arrested the lie on my lips and I burst out crying and told her the miserable, disgraceful truth. And my mother kissed me and cried a little, too, and then she took me out to the tree and we gathered another basket almost as full of cherries as the first one and my mother said: "Now go, and I'll tell you a secret. You won't eat a single cherry if you use my secret recipe. Think about something else all the way and you'll forget all about the cherries."

And I took the little green basket of sweet-smelling grass and I carried it to the neighbor who had been ill, and she said she hadn't tasted anything so good in a year, and I sang all the way home, just because I "thought about something else" all the way.

I wonder if it wouldn't be a good idea to try this kind of plan when a little girl reaches the wondering age. Give her something very interesting to think about, all the way. I wonder.

A Little Song

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Oh, a great world, a fair world, a true world I find it: A sun that never forgets to rise, On the darkest night, a star in the skies, And a God of love behind it.

Oh, a good life, a sweet life, a large life I take it, In what He offers to you and me; A chance to do, and a chance to be, Whatever we choose to make it.

Oh, a far way, a high way, a sure way He leads us, And if the journey seems long, We must trudge ahead, with a trustful song.

And know at the end He needs us— Copyright, 1912, American-Journal-Examiner.

Singularly Alike

The two Clevelanders on the back seat were talking literature. "I'm reading Ruskin all over again," said one. "It's meaty stuff after so much modern frijol." "Ruskin," said the other man, "always reminds me of Artemus Ward."

"What's that? Artemus Ward? Impossible." "Not at all. The titles of Ruskin's books and Ward's lectures never have anything to do with the contents." Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Manicure Lady

"George," said the Manicure Lady, "did you ever shave a guerilla?" "I wouldn't shave one of them," said the head barber. "They have too much hair. I seen a picture of one of them once in one of the Sunday papers, and, believe, me kid, I wouldn't want to waste any time lathering them. They are as hairy as a hair mattress. I'm willing to shave off the whiskers of a teamster that works so much in the open that his face gets full of barbed wire, but I can't see any reason in the world why I should shave a guerilla."

"I don't mean one of them big apes that roams in them African jungles," said the Manicure Lady. "I mean one of them tough fellows that goes out in automobiles looking for a chance to take a pot shot at a gent which has told the truth of well, whether you ever shaved one of them or not. I had a chance to get one of them the other day to have his nails did. He did look kind of formidable when he first blew into the place, with his blue flannel shirt and his all-around air of recklessness, but the minute he seen the calm, steady glance that was emerging from my eyes of gray, he kind of toned down until you would think he was a kid at a church social saying kind words to a little girl that was bringing him in a plate of ice cream. Do you know what I think, George? I don't think that them guerillas is a very dangerous at any time. It always seemed to me that a gent which would take five other gents out with him and shoot a seventh gent in the back was a little to the ochre, as brother Wilfred would say. "Brother Wilfred ain't afraid of them, George. He just sent a poem to the biggest magazine in New York City the other day, and it is going to be in the paper, too, because the editor of that magazine sent a letter of acceptance to Wilfred, and a five-dollar note."

"Wilfred was that elated that he sent six more poems to the same magazine the next night. I am afraid the poor boy will never know how sad them poems were, although he admitted himself that all the six poems were meant to be sad. This is the poem he wrote about the guerillas:

"We know a lot of cowardly cowards Who go in crowds to play tricks, They're fond of raising sixty, With the accent on the six." "Your brother isn't playing a very safe system himself," said the head barber. "I guess Wilfred is that gloomy he wants to die," said the Manicure Lady. "The poor boy ain't had a job of any kind since Wilson was nominated. Goodness knows, he has tramped the streets enough! No use talking, George, times ain't getting no better very fast."

His Innings, or Bachelor Life at a Summer Hotel

By NELL BRINKLEY
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He doesn't have to be a handsome wretch to find that the moon need never have to shine on him alone on a seaside "place"—he'll find himself better fed and better flattered and better flattered than ever he's been in his life before. He'll find himself a statue in a rose arbor, a bee caught in honey.