

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—And Now They're Regular Guys

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



The Utilization of the Vacant Lots for the Benefit of the Very Poor

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Have you ever seen a little child, born and reared in a tenement house?

Do you realize how many such children exist in our great cities and how they are living under as unnatural conditions as plants growing in a cellar?

Have you ever wondered as you went about the big cities, and saw acres and acres of unused land, right within the city limits, to whom this land belonged?

And why it was idle?



Some of our billionaires became billionaires because this land was allowed to lie vacant without being taxed to any extent, until it rose to a fabulous price, through the growth of the city.

Now it has come to the minds of good people that many of these vacant lots might be utilized for the benefit of the very poor who have no privileges of sunlight and fresh air, and that the little children growing up in our great cities might be helped by some co-operative efforts along these paths of procedure.

The International Children's School Farm league is one of the results of these ideas.

Here is its declaration of purpose: "To Promote and Unify a World-Wide Interest in Children's Gardens."

By assisting in starting children's gardens in suitable parks and vacant lots.

By assisting in starting gardens in connection with schools, until boards of education become convinced of their value and take over their maintenance.

By assisting in starting gardens in connection with hospitals and institutions for children who are mentally or physically weak or deficient.

By urging the employment of teachers trained for children's garden work.

By establishing a training school for such teachers.

By exhibiting models and pictures of the work for the information of the public.

By maintaining a bureau of information and advice on how to start and conduct children's gardens; furnishing lectures, printed matter, photographs and lantern slides.

No matter how large or small the number, each child has his or her own garden, on which he or she does all the work. A new interest and sense of responsibility comes with ownership, arousing the forces of ambition, and developing at once the need of property protection. Often it is their first understanding of the rights of property owners, and this awakening of the civic sense of protection is to have a tremendous influence.

They spread fertilizer, spade, rake, plant, hoe, water, weed and harvest. Worthy work well done is always dignified, and the worker dignifies it. The child must be shown how to do the work well, arouse his labor-saving intelligence, and open his mind to the forces of the elements that are serving his intelligent activity, and he will never question the dignity of labor that arouses intelligence and that fills him with pride over the product.

Children's gardens conducted on this plan have spaces reserved for varieties of products grown throughout the country, so bringing the children to the larger problems of the nation.

There is much work to be done in the garden outside of the children's plot. Just as every community has public works that must be attended to, so the children must contribute their services to the general welfare of the whole garden. And in this work they learn of broom corn, flax, wheat, cotton and other wonderful plants that are so important to the world.

To preserve the neatness of the garden the children are taught to gather stones and trash, load wheelbarrows and wheel away. In doing this, and in keeping in order the paths over which the loads must be wheeled, they learn in simple, effective manner to think about one of the greatest aids to civilization—transportation.

The way in which the question of good roads can be brought to children in a garden will make them think more and more of the fact that "all production is transportation," and that as all material production is the result of moving things economically, that they may be worth more after they are moved than they were before.

The widespread use of gardens in the education of children will be a tremendous force in hastening the people to a better use of the land. For all the people must know something about the subject, to intelligently elect representatives who

are to act for them in public matters, and to respond when action is taken.

The well being of a nation is not to be measured by total figures of wealth, but by the number of individuals who are doing well. The spread of children's gardens is to be a tremendous force for this individual well being throughout the land.

In an address given a few months ago the secretary of the league said: "We have proved that the school garden is a valuable addition to every part of the curriculum. It is an inspiration to expression and language. A stimulant to study, and furnishes material and illustration for every subject."

"Unto him who hath shall be given." Our land offers great opportunities. It is for us to develop in the children the courage to grasp these opportunities and the ability to use them. Visit properly conducted children's gardens and you will see before your eyes the awakening of individual resourcefulness, self-dependence, foresight, thrift, activity for community welfare. You will see a joy in work that lightens labor. You will see children gaining knowledge of sunlight and fresh air that will affect their future living and housing. You will see them learning many useful things in a way that will affect the methods of the future instruction. You will see them instinctively developing the traits of good citizenship. It is not high walls, strong locks, or severe laws that best protect. It is by each individual knowing how closely his personal well being is bound up with all. All the good things we desire for our land must come through knowledge and understanding. All the knowledge and understanding to be gained in the garden is of the fundamental things of life."

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Hallucinations of Living

That an old friend and comrade is said to have seen and spoken to Captain Smith, who went down with the ill-starred Titanic, is, we suppose, one of those strange hallucinations as to persons long dead being still alive with which every student of history is familiar. We find such a belief underlying many of the folk tales of the olden time. Oisín and the earl of Kildare are cases in point. At least two very successful novels have been built around such a contingency.

But, apart from folklore and fiction, we find even in comparatively modern times pertinent illustrations. The duke of Monmouth, an illegitimate son of Charles II, organized an unsuccessful insurrection against his uncle, James II, and was defeated and taken prisoner at the battle of Sedgemoor in 1685. He was subsequently beheaded on Tower hill in the presence of many persons who knew him well. Yet for more than twenty years afterward the belief was all but universal among the peasantry of Somersetshire and throughout the west country that Monmouth, as they loved to call him, was still alive and would one day return and lead his followers to victory.

For several weeks after the death of the younger Pitt, in February, 1806, many people were prepared to testify on oath that he was still living and that they had seen him. The delusion was in this case probably helped out by the fact that in one of the government offices there was employed a clerk who bore an extraordinary facial resemblance to the dead statesman.

In our own day there were men who were convinced that they had frequently seen General Gordon in the streets of London long after he had so miserably perished at Khartoum. To this day there are hundreds of people in Ireland with whom it is almost an article of faith that Parnell, so far from being dead, is merely in retirement waiting for a favorable opportunity to come back and take the lead of the famous Parnellite party which he had fashioned into a powerful political machine. To them the tombless grave in Glasnevin or the St. Gaudens monument in the principal street of Dublin carries no conviction. They hug the delusion to their hearts and find in it a strange comfort.—Washington Post.

Home Remedies in Verse.

The head of a family, who thought to save some of his hard-earned dollars by trying out simple home remedies when one of his household became ill, came in a few nights ago with a book under his arm, which he handed to his wife, remarking:

"Here is a work on burns. I found it at an auction this afternoon. As one of the children is almost sure to get burned some day I thought it over a good investment. Look it over carefully and be prepared in case of an accident."

The wife opened the volume dutifully and then exclaimed:

"How odd! It's all poetry!"—Kansas City Star.

Daddydilly

STICK AROUND KID I'M GOING TO OPEN UP A BOTTLE OF INK AND MAKE THINGS RIGHT.

TARA RA RA—
GEN-TE MEN BE SEATED!!!
BONES—MISTAH MEVEY DID YOU ENAH SEE A STREET WALK AND RUM. INTERLOCUTOR—DID I—NO SIR OF COURSE NOT BONES WELL I DID.
INTERLOCUTOR—EXPLAIN YOURSELF EXPLAIN.
BONES WHY, DOESNT 233 ST CROSS BROADWAY AND RUN CLEAR TO THE RIVER?
MR JOHNNY THEN HE AROSE AND SAID, WOULD YOU SAY THE WARDEN OF SING SING MAKES HIS LIVING BY HIS PEN?
QUICK WATSON THE DICTOGRAPH.

FOR 27 YEARS OAT A BAR HAD DRIVEN THE OLD STAGE COACH AND NEVER MISSED A DAY. THE BOSS FINALLY TOOK PITY ON OAT AND TOLD HIM THAT ON THE NEXT MONDAY HE COULD LAW OFF A DAY EVERYONE IN THE VILLAGE WAS HAPPY OAT A BAR WAS TO HAVE A DAY OFF. FINALLY MONDAY MORNING CAME AT 6 A.M. OAT SHOWED UP DRESSED TO KILL AT THE STABLE. THE MEN MAN JUMPED UP ON THE SEAT TO DRIVE OAT JUMPED UP TO HE SAID THIS IS MY DAY OFF AND I'M GOIN TO RIDE AROUND WITH YOU. THE DRIVER ASKED, FAN AUTHOR IS A HE IS A PUBLISHER? THEM'S HARRY WOODS WELL.

IN A COP NOW. GET UP AT 8 TO START ON MY BEAT. ARGUE WITH A LOT OF NEIGHBORS ON THE GRAFT THING BUST UP A FIGH.

BENNY TWO GUYS WHO ARGUE ABOUT GRAFTING A COP. APPEAR IN COURT AT 10 TO TELL WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE GRAFT. GO AROUND TOWN DISGUISED.

MY A LIEUTENANT LOOKING FOR GRAFTERS READ A LETTER THE MANOJENT ME ABOUT GRAFT. APPEAR BEFORE THE GRAND JURY TO TELL ABOUT GRAFT GET HOME ARGUE WITH THE WIFE ABOUT GRAFT TILL 3 A.M.

GEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY.

YEP NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW.

Beauty Secrets of Footlight Favorites

By MARIE VERNON.

People say it's the fat man who suffers most in summer time, but don't believe it. The real sufferer is the girl with the nerves.

Why, I know girls who can start in and worry themselves into heat prostration, so that you have to give them aromatic spirits, put ice to their necks, fan them and sympathize with them until their nerves calm down, for it is just a matter of nerves.

On the stage, people seem to expect a display of temperament, but from what I have noticed this temperament when it isn't put on, is just nerves uncontrolled, and the greatest actresses, those who make the most success, don't indulge in nerves, and, indeed they have learned to control them absolutely.

I was in the company once with our best loved American woman star. I won't tell you who she was because you ought to be able to guess. Never during all the time that I was there did she give a single display of nerves behind the scenes, though she had to be very emotional before the footlights. Somebody asked her why she was so quiet and self-possessed at the time during rehearsals or when things went wrong in the company.

"I can't afford wasting my vitality in having a tantrum and in losing self-control, which is really what an attack of nerves is," was her answer, and it gave me a good deal to think about, as she was a delicate little woman, the kind you would expect to go all to pieces at the slightest thing.

I learned from her to hold myself in hand and to govern and control my own nervousness, and since that time, though I don't want to flatter myself, I think I have grown much better looking.

The girl who lets herself have nerves will soon find a lot of little lines and wrinkles forming in her face. If she has a very fine skin, they look like tiny little etched lines on the surface of her face, and when she is gay and merry they don't show at all. But the minute she is the least bit tired, or begins to fret and worry, she looks ten years older in a very few minutes.

I suppose nerves come from a poor constitution; but I have seen lots of perfectly healthy girls give away to their fretful thoughts and become just as nervous as if they were chronic invalids; while, on the other hand, I know girls who really do suffer considerable physical pain, but who have such wonderful self-control that they never indulge in tantrums, or let you even think they have aching nerves in their body.

I don't know what the medical cure for nerves is, but lots of times a girl can cure herself without having to go to a doctor, for I was my own physician, and I think I made a very successful cure.

When I found that my nervousness was beginning to affect my looks and that I was getting thin and harassed looking, I decided that raw nerves were a very poor investment for a girl who wanted to make a success on the stage.

I decided, first of all, that I wouldn't worry about anything that could be remedied, and that I would make my self stop thinking of the troubles that couldn't be changed. Of course, this took some will power, and nobody can do it for you; so the nervous girl has to just buckle down to a hard mental



MISS MARIE VERNON. One of the Ziegfeld Beauties in "A Winsome Widow" Company.

drill all by herself. I worked hard at the things I wanted to do, and I tried reading a book during the time that I otherwise would have spent in fretting. I was very thin, and looked about for a diet that would be soothing to the nervous system and fattening at the same time. After a while this is about what I settled on for my daily meals:

For breakfast, cocoa, a cereal, two eggs and plenty of bread and butter. For lunch, cocoa once more, macaroni, vegetables, rice or potatoes, and a fruit salad. At night I had a good soup, meat, one fresh vegetable and potatoes, and fruit for dessert. I ate lots of toasted bread, with butter, for all my meals. You eat more butter on toast than you do on ordinary bread; have you ever noticed that?

And butter, of course, is fattening.

Just before I went to bed I had a glass of malted milk or milk with an egg beaten up in it. When I was playing I ate a little heartier supper and kept a bottle of milk in my dressing room to drink be-

tween times.

I had always been very much affected by the heat and groaned and complained like other nervous people, so I made up my mind that I would never mention the heat again, except in a casual way, and that I would stop complaining about it. I soon found that I didn't feel so hot and I looked much cooler, which is always sustaining to one's vanity.

Even now that I don't confess that I have any nerves at all, I am very careful not to indulge in tea and coffee, and I pay strict attention to my diet, because I think that your disposition depends very largely on what you eat and how it agrees with you. I couldn't work well if I didn't feel in good health, and I certainly could not be amiable unless I felt right up to the mark. Now we all know that beauty depends on an amiable spirit and a happy disposition as much as it does on regular features and good eyes.

Given the regular features you ought to be able to develop a good disposition, and if you have nerves you can

Lone Star Society

By WINIFRED BLACK.

The other day I went to the mountain top.

It was a fair day in the valley, a day exceedingly fair. All along the way the red Indian paint brushes stood like funny little patterns, put there long ago to show gipsy feet the road to the summit. And beside them flowered the tall blue lunt and the bright yellow mountain furze, and as we went higher, through the sighing pines, into the region of the twisted cedars, past the quivering aspen groves, up, up beyond the line of timber, the blue forget-me-nots carpeted the upland meadows like great rugs of priceless worth. Blue, blue as the eyes of a newborn baby, blue as sapphire, blue as the sky on a June day in California, blue as forget-me-nots.

And a little pale girl sat among them and gathered bouquets to help pay for her living there in the hills where she



hoped to find strength. And we all bought the bouquets and smiled into the shy eyes of the delicate child, and asked her what she called the dog who was her sturdy companion.

And some of us thought of healthy children of our own, happy at home, and some, I think, remembered children who had tried to live, too, and had failed.

Up we went, up and up to the top of the world, and there we saw the glory of the skies.

They were blue that day, as blue as the forget-me-nots, and far, far below us floated great fleets of snow-white clouds like icebergs adrift in a strange and silent sea. And some of us could not speak, and some sighed, and some, I know, wept for very joy at the great beauty of it all.

And one stood beside me and sniffed. "Ray," said she, "I don't see anything much here, do you?"

"Not a thing," said I, and then she told me the mountains were all a great fake, and she wished she had stayed at home.

"Spent a lot of money all for nothing," I'll tell you that."

And as we went down the mountain side we talked, and I found that she liked the town near by "rather well."

"There are two picture shows there," she said, "and every night there's vaudeville, and a band concert twice a week, and lots of folks moving about all the time."

And we laughed together, the woman who sniffed and I, at the people who were "jay enough," that was the expression she used, to like the mountains, and the sky, and the fleets of clouds, and the fields of heavenly blue, and I suppose that woman thinks she saw all there was to see in the mountains, too.

Poor, foolish, blind, deaf, dumb, half-living creature! Why, she never sees anything, she just thinks she sees.

What do such people get out of the world, I wonder? What a queer, mixed up, foolish sort of place it must be to them all the time!

What fools they must think all the other people, or maybe they think the rest of us are just putting on when we like to see beauty instead of ugliness, glory instead of squalor!

I knew a man once who said he knew no one really liked to read, they just said they did to "put on."

I know another man who declares he can't see the difference between a dinner at a good restaurant and a "feed" at a cafeteria. "It's all grub," he says, "what's the difference, except the air?" And he really means it, too.

All men are equal, says the old law—oh! if some law could only make them so. All men are equal, and one is blind, and one is lame.

All men are equal, and all women, too—perhaps!

I wonder if the woman who couldn't see anything worth looking at on the mountain top thinks so, too?

The Girl with "Nerves"—The Cause and Remedy.

By MARIE VERNON.

During the Maryland lawyers' convention at Cape May a group of lawyers got in rocking chairs on the wind-swept piazza of the hotel, listening excellent lawyers, the while watching a school of great, graceful porpoises dipping in the blue sea.

"Lawson was a very resourceful pleader," said George Whitestock of Baltimore.

"Lawson on a female client who was accused of stealing a ham. He told her on the way to court that when in the course of his argument he slipped the rail of the jury box she must burst into tears. The woman said she would remember this."

"Lawson, though, forgot himself, and slipped the rail at the climax of a funny story wherewith he was trying to get on the jury's right side. The woman burst into the most inappropriate soba and wails."

"Why, maciam, what in the world is the matter with you?" said the judge.

"Well, your honor," the prisoner answered, "Mr. Lawson told me to cry when he slipped the rail, sir."

"At this, with an air of triumph, Lawson made a sweeping and regal gesture. "There, gentlemen of the jury," he said, "there I confidently leave my case. Could any man on earth reconcile the idea of crime with such candor and simplicity as this?"—Washington Star.

Here's a New Version.

"Talking about dry towns, have you ever been in Leavenworth, Kan.?" asked the commercial traveler in the smoking car. "No? Well, that's a dry town for you, all right."

"They can't sell liquor at all there," asked one of the men.

"Only if you have been bitten by a snake," said the traveler. "They have only one snake in the town, and when I got to it, the other day, after standing in a line for nearly half the day, it was too tired to bite."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

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