

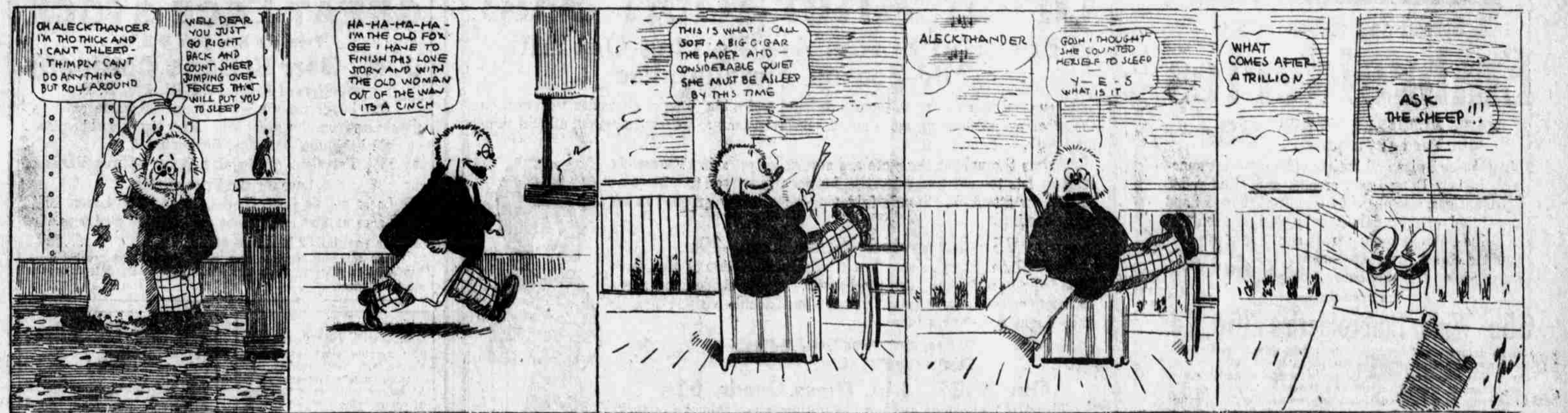


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge is a Wise Little Fellow—Ain't It?

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



The Indifference of Most People Toward Cruelty to Animals

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

William G. Sprague, of the American Humane Association, offered a prize for the best essay on "Humane Education." It was won by Mrs. Hugo Krause, of Louisville, Ky.

Speaking of the indifference of well-born and well-educated people toward lesser creatures, Mrs. Krause says: "Here are some of the forms this indifference assumes. The cruelties of commercial greed and avarice, such as killing the animal parents and leaving the young to die of starvation and exposure. Ten thousands seals die annually because their mothers are killed in the breeding season. —David Starr Jordan in Makfa and Kotik. Depriving the parent of his young and leaving the parent to be consumed with the agony of grief over its loss. When a mother loses her child her heart gives a cry of a wild beast; when a wild beast loses its young it gives a cry like that of a human mother." —Victor Hugo in "The Horror of the Western Plains" during the snow season—so forcibly brought to public attention by the action of the American Humane Association, in procuring photographs by a special agent sent out for investigation.



"Crowding cattle when transporting them in such a way they cannot lie, keeping them thus twenty-eight hours without rest, food or water. The cruelty of trap and spring-pole, when the death of the dumb victim comes after hours, sometimes days, of suffering from broken limbs, lacerated flesh and the agony of fever and thirst caused by these, not to mention all the terror and fright endured.

The vanity which leads to all this trapping and hunting, the adorning of the body with the heads, claws, tails and skins of the little furry brothers, the decking forth with the beautiful plumage of the kin of wood and glen.

The cruelty of sport when innocent and beautiful creatures like deer, moose, wild song-bird and fish are sacrificed to the human delight in slaughter and bloodshed. But sacrificed to a still greater degree when wounded and left to die slowly of wounds and starvation.

The cruelties practiced in connection with the exhibition of trick animals. Lions beaten over the head with clubs till the blood flows from nose and ears; horses, dogs and cats whipped unmercifully in being taught; elephants urged by the jerk of an iron hook inserted in the ear.

The neglect, indifference, ignorance and cruelty of which domestic animals are the victims.

And the crowd of cruelties perpetrated by man, the unmentionable secret crimes of the vivisector's laboratory.

These are the practices, not of the ancient days of bloody sacrifices, nor of the middle ages of dark and secret crimes, but of the open, progressive, moral nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

For all this, Mrs. Krause thinks, with every intelligent and kind-hearted being, that the remedy lies with the mothers and teachers.

She suggests what has been said in this column a hundred times, that Sunday schools should teach children to love and understand animals, and that ministers should preach on this subject from the pulpit, and that classes should be formed to educate mothers how to educate their children.

And added to all this, that: Humane education should be a part of the curriculum of the regular school course.

First—Because of its value in racial evolution, national progress and individual development, as set forth in the preceding paragraphs.

Second—Because this would be the best means of extending humane education to all classes of children, irrespective of creed, class, nationality, etc.

constituted a part of the public school course in a community those interested in its presentation should classify the city or community into districts, with the various schools as nuclei.

A place of meeting should be selected in each district. These places might be a room in the public library, Young Men's Christian association building, the school house, a church, private home, hired hall, etc.

The children of the school or schools which are the centers of the districts should be invited to come to the respective meeting places and the officials of the schools be urged to co-operate in the work of their district.

Each group of children should be under the guide of a volunteer worker in this great cause. And all the groups should be under the leadership of one general leader in order to promote harmony and a systematized unification of the work.

After organizing on the same general parliamentary plan throughout the several districts, the work should be carried out by following a prepared outline also uniform in the main features throughout the districts.

Meantime, here is an excellent thing for every mother to do who wants her child to grow into useful, constructive and noble maturity, and to escape destructive, ignominious and unworthy propensities.

Let her write to the Audubon society, 194 Broadway, New York, and ask for literature about birds suitable to interest a child. She must enclose a stamped and addressed envelope, and then she must be willing to read this literature and to give a little time daily talking with her children about it.

This society is organizing many thousands of school children and other young people into classes for bird study, and aids in many other ways educational work along the lines of bird study.

It publishes and distributes thousands of illustrations of North American birds, accompanied by leaflets containing in popular form a resume of the latest known facts regarding the feeding habits and general activities of the birds described.

It will show the mother how to be a factor for helping to make the world better in generations to come.

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Committing to memory the 15,000 words of blank verse in the play "Everywoman" by devoting two hours a day for three weeks in the feat of Marion Dentler, a young actress, who has been assigned to one of Henry W. Savage's companies which is to present Walter Browne's modern morality play on tour this season.

Miss Dentler, who is not yet 20, was assigned the part about a month ago. A familiarity with the other speeches of the play as well as those of her own role would be of use to her, she was advised. She took the book with her to Brighton Beach, where she spent the summer.

When she appeared at the Savage office Saturday afternoon to report to T. Daniel Frawley, chief of the Savage engagement department, Mr. Frawley inquired whether she was familiar with the other parts. She asked him to hold the book, and then, without missing a word or an inflection, she recited the dialogue from cover to cover.

Miss Dentler told Mr. Frawley that she could repeat the text of two other plays in which she had appeared, but what she offered to prove it he threw up his hands and said he was willing to take her word. —New York World.

One on Louis. A Philadelphia lawyer and connoisseur was describing some of the experiences in search of riches.

"I once entered a Wardour street shop in London," he said smiling, "and the salesman pointed out to me a dilapidated chair.

"That there chair, sir," he said, impressively, "belonged to Louis Crosewey, king of France."

"Louis Crosewey?" said I. "Why, there's no such person."

"Oh, yes, there is, sir," said the salesman, and he showed me a ticket marked "Louis XI." —Philadelphia Record.

Daffydils

THE TURTLE IS A LAZY FELLOW YET NO ONE EVER ACCUSES HIM OF HAVING A SOFT SNAP

TOT THE TIPPER WAS PACKING AWAY A LARGE PLATTER OF CHOPQUEY IN A JOINT ON THE BOWERY WHEN A BURNS MAN CAME IN AND WALKED OVER TO TOT JAWED HIM HIS STAR AND TOLD HIM TO COME ALONG THE TIPPER LOOKED AT THE STAR IN A BEWILDERED MANNER THEN TOOK A SLANT AT THE FELLOW TOOK A LONG BREATH AND MURMURED.

IS A FOUL TIP IN BASEBALL A GAME FOWL? COME OLD TOP LETS GO FOR A SPIN

GET THE SN BLOK BATTLE TO THE BIG TOWN AND GET SOME NEW REELS. AFTER THAT I BEAT IT BACK TO THE VILLAGE - FIX UP THE MACHINE AND START RUNNING THE 10000

FEET OF FILM OFF - MAKE SOME STALL SIGNS TO QUIET THE BOOBS. HELP THE BOSS TO COUNT THE BITNESSES THEN BEAT IT HOME AND MUSS UP THE BEATHERS.

SOUPBONE SAM WAS OUT WITH A FRIEND EXERCISING HIS NEW MOTOR BOAT - CHUG!! CHUG!! MERRILY THEY ROLLED ALONG - THE FRIEND SENDING A VOLLEY OF QUESTION EVERY FEW MINUTES WHAT KIND OF AN ENGINE SAM ASKED HIS FRIEND - NAPTHA ENGINE - PIPED SAM JUST THEN THE ENGINE STOPPED THATS WHY I CALL IT NAPTHA, SAID SAM, BECAUSE IT TAKES A NAP WHEN YOU DONT WANT IT TO SAM'S FRIEND THOUGHT OF THIS STATEMENT FOR A FEW MOMENTS AND THEN IN A CLEAR TENDOR VOICE ASKED 'BUT THE HUDSON IS A NICE RIVER - BUT ISN'T THE RIO GRANDE.

CRAZY CHARLIE THE IDOL OF THE CLINKERS GANG WAS DOING A FLIP FLOP AND HAND SPRING IN THE HUDSON WHEN HE GRASSED SOMETHING MUSHY IN HIS HOOK - PULLING THE STUFF APART CHARLIE FOUND A BUM MEDAL WITH AN INSCRIPTION IN YIDDISH. CHARLIE TOOK IT TO AN OLD PAWN BROKER WHO TRANSLATED IT THUS, IFA LAD COMES INTO YOUR OFFICE HELL BE INFORMATION KISS ME WINCENT NOTHING MAKES ME SICK

YEP NOTHIN' TO DO TILL TOMORROW

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUV

Beauty Secrets of Footlight Favorites

By MARTHA WELLINGTON.

If the new baby has nice eyes, the family predict that it will be a beauty, and a good pair of eyes is the only claim that many famous women have to real pulchritude.

With our subways, our electric light, our constant use of the eyes in reading at all times, I often wonder whether our great-grandchildren won't be born with spectacles, and I rather think they will unless we learn how to avoid eye strain.

When you think of what a tremendous amount of work is required of the eyes, and how wonderfully they respond, you feel that they are really deserving of better treatment than that which they get.

I am sure that the vast amount of electric light which we use is to some extent responsible for the gaunt and hollow eyes which even the younger society women cannot escape after a couple of seasons, for electric light is not only much harder on the eyes, but it is much more unbecoming than the soft glow of the lamps or candles of our forefathers.

On the other hand, of course, if it is properly focussed, it saves the sight, for the strain of seeing an object in a poor light is tremendous, and is one of the reasons why so many people have to wear glasses at a very early age.

Children begin at school to read and study by a poor light, for not all of the schools have adequate lighting as yet, but parents are even more at fault, for the child does its home work as best it can, and by any light that will serve, so that it gets the idea very early in life that the eyes will stand for any kind of treatment.

If you want to know what a strain electric light is on the eyes, stand behind the footlights in the spotlight. That is the place which so many stage aspirants hope to attain, and most of them would be willing to sacrifice their good sight to get there.

I believe in taking care of my eyes, and if the time ever comes when the spotlight glows for me alone I shall be able to face it with strong eyes at least.

I have made up a lot of rules for myself, and I try to follow them as well as I can. In the first place, I never read in a rocking chair; the movement of the rocker requires a constant readjustment of the sight, and it is a strain on the eyes.



MISS MARTHA WELLINGTON. (One of Ziegfeld's beauties in "The Winsome Widow" Company.)

Just over it with the ice. You have to rub very quickly, and don't leave the ice on too long in any one place. It is likely to be quite stinging. After you have done this for a little while, treating both eyes, rub on a little cream, or better still, buttermilk if you can get it, and pinch the skin around the eyes until it becomes quite red. I think this treatment will take away those dark circles under the eyes, and will also relieve puffiness, which is so unpleasant and disfiguring.

Sometimes when the eyes are very tired, you can make them feel better by pinching the muscles along the eyebrow; this seems to relieve the strain for some reason or other, and especially if you can get someone else to do it, is quite an excellent thing.

I never wear veils with great big dots or figures which interfere with the sight, because I think they are responsible for much of the eye trouble of women.

When I go automobilizing or to the seashore, I wear large colored goggles; they may be disfiguring, but I'd rather be disfigured with them than suffer from the effects of wind and sun. I also carry a parasol lined with green, and try to keep my complexion in such shape that I can stand the green color. That is a great test, you know. If you look well under a green parasol, or under a green awning through which

Oatmeal and Haggis

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

Scotland is a good country to be born in; it is a good country to get out of and at times it may be a good country to go back to.

I once attended a dinner given to James Barrie in London. One of the speakers sprung the usual joke about how when the Scotch leave Scotland they never go back. When Barrie arose to reply he said: "Perhaps it is true that the Scotch when they leave their native land, seldom return. If so, there is surely precedent in truth. Englishmen have been known to go to Scotland and never return. Once there was quite a company of Englishmen went to Scotland, and they never returned. The place where they went was Rasmock-burn."

In literature Scotland has exceeded her quota. From Adam Smith, with his deathless "Wealth of Nations," and Tammas, the Tachy Titan, with his "French Revolution," to Bobbie Burns and Robert Louis, the well-beloved, we have a people who have been saying things and doing things since John Knox made pastoral calls on Mary Queen of Scots, and saw the devil's tail behind her chair.

Thomas-Henry Buekle, in his immortal preface to his "History of Civilization," says that the science of political economy was born in Scotland, and "Adam Smith's

book has influenced the world for good more than any book ever written, save one."

Dr. Johnson pretended to hate the Scotch, but he lives for us only because he was well housed by a Scotchman. And how nobly known just how much of Boswell is Dr. Johnson and how much is Boswell.

What Mac-zehuseta has done for the United States, Scotland did for Great Britain.

The Scotch gave us the iron ship, the steam engine, the lamp chimney, the telephone. Also they supplied us Presby-terianism. And this being true, they also supplied the antidote in David Hume.

The Scotch stand in popular estimate for religious bigotry, yet the offense of Adam Smith, David Hume and Thomas Carlyle to a vast number of people was their liberal attitude of mind in all matters pertaining to religion.

These men were the very antithesis of dogmatism and sectarianism. They respected all religions, but had implicit faith in none. All were learners; all were men of peace; all had a firm hold on the plain, old, simple virtues which cannot be waived when you make up your formula for a man. They were industrious, systematic, economical, persistent and physically sound.

If there is any secret in the success of the Scotch it lies in the fact that they are such good animals. The basis of life is physical. Sun, ice, rock, thistles, cockle burrs, difficulty, hardship, all are great raw stock for the making of men. The climate of Scotland makes for a sturdy manhood that pays cash, asks for no odds, and seldom apologizes for being on earth.

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The Manicure Lady

"George, I sure did meet an awful simp this morning," said the Manicure Lady. "The only wise thing about him, so far as I could see was that he had enough brains to know that his nails were in awful bad shape and ought to be did, so I done them for him. I hated to do it at that, because he gave me the same kind of a tip that I thought he was going to give me—nothing whatsoever."

"That doesn't make him out a simp," said the Head Barber. "That puts him out of the simp class and into the class of James J. Hill and Jawn D. Ricker-feller. Come on, now, and tell why you called him simple."

"He believes that the police are being persecuted," said the Manicure Lady. "He thinks that all this scandal about Mister Becker and the rest of the force is a sin and a shame. He told me that no man living could raise his voice against a policeman."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the Head Barber. "Was he stewed?"

"No, he seemed sober enough," replied the Manicure Lady. "But I guess he was Scotch, George. You know what awful arguers them Scotch is. The old gent is Scotch, you know, if you told him that Bobbie Burns was a hard drinker he would come back with the remark that Burns never drank anything but soft drinks. He would even go so far as to say that they used to call him 'Buttermilk Burns.' Can you beat that, George? I don't know a whole lot about literature, but you don't need to know much about literature to know that Bobbie Burns looked at buttermilk kind of scornful."

"You are a champion when it comes to wandering off the subject," said the Head Barber. "What was it that you started out to say about the simp then that you were manicuring?"

"The trusting young man thinking that there was never a cop in the world that took a cent, that's all. The way he talked about the force would make you think that Hecker was like that old Greek feller, Aristides the Just."

"Sometimes I think that everybody in the world is getting to be bugs, George. Maybe it is the high pressure and the high cost of living, or maybe it is the influence that the sun is getting over this planet, the way I read it in last Sunday's paper; but all I know is that when a man comes into a barber shop and says there isn't a crooked cop on the force I feel, somehow, that lots and lots of folks is kind of soft inside the skull."

"Brother Wilfred is getting in the same class with the gent I was just speaking about, Wilfred has just finished a poem called 'The Dying Policeman,' telling how the poor fellow-pinned a gambling house, and how the gamblers teased him with the frame of an oil painting because he resolutely refused to take a bribe. What do you know about that, George? I'm only a girl, and a girl ain't got the same chance to find things out that her brother has, but if I didn't

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

What is the matter with you, my dear? and Ma to Pa when he calm hoam last nite.

Why? sed Pa. Oh, I thought you looked just a little bit dazy, sed Ma. Perhaps it was 'a vagary, Ma; sed, a flimket of my fancy, a child of my tired brain.

You mean a pig-ment, not a figment, sed Pa. Don't stall, sed Ma. I mean just what I sed, a fig-ment, if you think that you are going to throw me off the track that way you are sadly mistook, sed Ma. What is the matter with you?

Dearest wife, sed Pa, I never thought for a minute that I sed throw you off the track. Anybody that knows you, Pa, sed, knows better than that, in 'sint previous age you must have been one of Simon Legree's bloodhounds.

Well, sed Ma, after you are thru with words perhaps you can tell me what makes you look so dazy.

Do I look dazy, Bobbie? sed Pa. Then I was between two (2) fires, I hated to tell Pa, that he looked dazy, because it was only yesterday morning he gave me a quarter, besides all the other munny that he he-gave me. But I knew that Pa was dazy, & I knew that Ma knew that Pa was dazy, & I knew that Ma knew that I knew that Pa was dazy; so after a while I sed yes, Pa, I am afraid that you are a little bit dazy.

How sharp-er than a serpent's tooth is a ungrateful child, sed Pa. Think of all the pashun, honest endeavor that I have spent in rearing you rite, Bobbie. Every time that you wanted to buy a new text book I slipped you the coin, dident I, sed Pa. When yure clothes was getting little of shiny I always got yure new clothes for you, dident I? sed Pa.

Yes, I told Pa. You did. & when you wanted that five dollars to get out with the boy Scouts three weeks ago I kicked in with the five, dident I, sed Pa.

Yes, Pa, I told him. I know all the kind things which you have did for me, but you look a little dazy, just the edim- sed to say it to Pa. I think it hurt worse than it hurt him. & I told 'im so. That is what he always says to the wen he is spanking me. Now, then, sed Ma, what made you dazy? I was riding in one of them dubbel-decked street cars, sed Pa. I was setting up at the top. Oh, you poor dear, sed Ma, I am so sorry I thought wrong of you. Maybe Pa thought that he had made a good alibi, but I know better, because Pa had been hitting the high spots so many years that setting in the top of a dubbel-decked street car wudnt make him any dixer than it wud make a iron worker.