The Bee's Mome Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Defendant is a Regular Fisherman

Drawn for The Bee by Tad





BONES- MR JOHNSON, I SEE DAT FLYNN, DE PRIZE FIGHTER

INTERLOCUTOR- YOU DON'T SAY

IS TAKING PIANO LESSONS.

HOW IS HE GETTING ALONG.

ALONG FINE ON THE WHITE

THING WITH THE DARK KEYS

RUSTY RUFUS WILL FAVOR

US WITH A SONG ENTITLED.

TIVE GOT RINGS ON MY

FINGERS AND CORNS ON MY

CUNK - CLANK - BOOM-TA-RA-

BONES-WHY HE'S GETTING

KEYS BUT HE CANT DO A

TA-RA-RA-RA-RA -

(DARKEYS)







Taking Off the Brakes

By WINIFRED BLACK. Yesterday we rode high along a level a good bit of property in the north end

road built at the very edge of a yawning of town. The colors of autumn were already

flaunted by the roadside-yellow, brown, full red. The little

mountain squirrels sat on the grav rocks and chattered in the sun, and the clear, brown water leaped and sparkled in the rushing stream.

We traveled in a great cushioned automobile and whizzed along the highway built and graded by the congray prison far below in the canyou.

below a rickety wagon strained into view, stand a rich bush of flowering purple, It was below us, far, far down, and yet and over on this little hillock shall be in the marvelous clear air we could see a brave show of rose locusts, sweet as every board in the old-fashioned settler's honey when the blossom season comes. wagon, every bit of rotten rope that held There shall lie the petunia beds-gay, the old vehicle none too securely to ragged, pretty thing like some flounced

There's the driver walking to lighten shall blow the popples, and behind them the load. What a whip he has, and how shall stand the hollyhocks. he cracks it-hark, yes, you can hear it What a yiew there'll be at the top of way up here. Crack, snap-"Get along the hill, what a sweep of landscape, there, you old fools."

The man in the front seat leaned forward. "Wait a minute," he said. "Yes, it's low in the smiling valley. as I thought; the fool is killing his horses for nothing," and he made a cup of his brown hands and called down through sun that beats too hard, out of the rain the clear stillness of the rarified air: "Hello, there!" he shouted. "Take off your brakes, take off your brakes." He

lifted his arm and motioned. The driver down in the road below

listened, stood a minute, turned to his keeping us back? wagon, did something to a lump of wood on the rear wheels and up came the of sloth, of ignorance, of dissipation, of wagon, lightly, easily, with no undue small-minded jealousy of others, of timeffort on the part of the horses.

his horses for it," said the man on the reach the top.

How many times have I done that very thing all along the road, and usually in the very steepest part of it, too. Once I had a big piece of work to do.

hard work it was and exacting. It took or should have taken every bit of energy and courage and address I had, but there was some one else doing the work with me, some one I didn't like, and I was miserable. Every night I lay and thought and planned how I could get the some one put on some other work.

"He is in the way," I kept thinking, "all in the way." And I used up my strength and my energy and my resources-doing what? My work? Not at all; but hating my fellow

worker, and the work was a failure, a dismal failure. My brakes were on, all the way up that hill, and I got to the top

How many of us do that very thing every day! The brakes are on, and we've forgotten them in the very steepest part of the hill, and that is why, whip as we may, the poor tired horses that pull the vehicle of our ambition can

never get up. Jealousy is a had, brake. I've seen it send many a good wagon to the bottom of the gulch.

I've seen men, clever men, eat their hearts out in misery because another man as clever as they did a good piece of work and was praised for it. Take off the brakes, my good fellow; take off the brakes; you'll never get anywhere if you

I know a girl, handsome, bright, witty, She has a rich father, and all that money and devoted affection can give her, but she is miserable.

Jealous, envious, doesn't want to hear that any other girl is pretty; can't bear to see that any other girl is admired. "Cat" they call her when they speak of her, and she's growing into a sour, disappointed old maid, just because she's trying to climb the hill with the brakes on, the dreadful, hampering brakes of

"The good fellow"-you know him, don't vou? I do. Never too busy to go out and get a drink, never to absorbed in an she did to him with that rolling pin, sed stece of work to stop and light a companionable cigarette, never too tired to stay up an hour or so longer.

The fellow in the wagon ahead of him started out with a good deal heavier load, and isn't half such a good driver, but he took the brakes off when he started up the hill. The good fellow eft his on, poor thing. He'll wonder some day when the other wagon came

I know two women who live side by side-two friends. Both their husbands are good men, ambitious, hard-working yure hat.

One of them has a home paid for and the worst of it.

The other man started out in life from the same school, with the same chances, but his wife is the brake that keeps him

> Wasteful, extravagant, thoughtless, never orders a meal till it's about time to have it, and runs to the shops for whatever she can get. No thrift, no planning, hit or miss, rough and tumble. Poor husband, he can't take off the brake of such a wife, so he'll stay at the botton of the hill-where he belongsfor choosing her.

What a fair, high road we travel most of us, with pleasant shade trees and crossed here and there with singing waters. Loon! Over there in the shadow is

pretty knoll for a home. Let's get up to the top of the knoll and lay out the

There shall be a stone door, there the curve of the walk. On this side shall country girl at on outdoor ball-and here

what a wealth of following cloud shadows on the rich wheat fields that spread be-At the top, at the top.

Let's get to the very top, out of the and the work of rising.

The top, the top; see its rises fair and promising around the next bend of the road. How slowly we go: how the tired horses strain; what's the matter, what is

Ah, there it is-the brake, the brake idity, of selfish indulgence. Take off the "Forgot his brake and then whipped brake, good driver, or we shall never

Little Bobbie's Pa

I met a funny scout last nite, sed Pa at the brekfust tabel.

That it the reely worst thing that I have aggenst you, sed Ma, you are all the time around meeting funny scouts. But this fellow was a regular guy, sed Pa. I am going to have him up to the house sum nite this week. He wants to meet you, Pa sed. I toald him that you were the sweetest wife in the wurld, & on account of him having a divorce he sed that he was simply dying to meet a woman wich was a sweet wife.

But what if he doesn't like me, sed Ma. The last woman hater that you brought here tried to help me fix sum ice water for the guests & he drove the pick thru the back of the ice box every time he looked at the gurls standing there. I can't say, sed Ma, that I have any per-tickular leening toward a gent that doesnt like a lady.

Bu this fellow is different, sed Pa. There aint any of them different, sed Ma. Once a woman hater, always a woman hater. Why, sed Ma, long yeers of hating wimmen gits them so that they

hate themselves, sed Ma, & I doant blame them at that. Ma sed. So this eevning Pa's frend calm up to the house. His naim was Wesley & he looked the part. He shook hands with me & Ma. I doant know how he shook hands with Ma, but to me his hand felt like the tail of a pickerel wen you are

taking it off a fish hook. Wen a man shakes hands that way doant like him. Maybe it is beekaus I ain't old enuff, but I jest doant like him, & that is all there is to it.

Wesley, old fellow, sed Pa, tell us one of those funny stories that you was telling last nite, the one about the angry wife, for instens. Pa sed-the wife that was laying for her husband with a rolling pin. Tell my wife & littel son what

I really doant care to repeat it, sed Mister Wesley. Wimmen kind of bore me. I hardly care to discuss them. Mister Wesley, sed Ma, did you evver

stop to think that here & there you can find a woman that gits a littel weary of hearing a man shoot off his mouth? That is jest what I toold yure husband wen he insisted on me cumming up here,

sed Mister Wesley. I dident want to Do you want to go? sed Ma. Here is

Poor old Pa. He is all the time getting

Do you recognize it in this fair creature disguised in medieval trappings, looking longingly into the crystal ball, in the hands of the sage and seeking so ! ardently for a glimpse of the future? It is a familiar type, that of the seeker: it's one that we see everywhere about. The seeker is she who knows that the

marvelously beautiful, surpassing all expectations; something for her alone. to the knights of King Arthur is this a wise wirgin with her lamp well Ermintrude-everybody did. seeking and longing, this quest of the trimmed and her eyes wide open, always When she bent her gaze earthward, she

She is usually a frail looking girl,

SMELL OF ONIONS. T WAS A BIG WEDDING THE

BAT ABAR SAYS - SOME WOMEN'S TEARS

THE BLACK HANDS SENT A NOTICE TO TONY FERRARA. IT READ : LEAVE 10000 AT THE FOOT OF THE BIG MAPLE TREE STEENTH AND BLEAK STREET OR YOUR LIPE IS IN DANGER THEN TWO MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY WATCHED THE TREE FOR RESULTS. LATE AT NIGHT THEY SAW A MAN CAUTIOUSLY APPROACH THE TREE AND

LEAVE A BOX THERE. THEY GRABBED THE BOX AND ON THE INSIDE THEY FOUND A CARD WHICH READ THE DOCTORS INSTRUCTIONS

WOULD HE SHAKE THE BOTTLE! JOHN! FEED THE KITTY!

CHURCH WAS THRONGED. THE MINISTER WAITED AT THE ALTAR SO DID THE BRIDE GROOM. UP THE AISLE CAME THE BRIDE ON THE ARM OF HER FATHER.
THEN THE MINISTER SETTLED
THE PRELIMINARIES AND ASKED
THE PRIDE GROOM IF HE WOULD HAVE THIS WOMAN BE HIS'N. THE BRIDEGROOM GOT WHITE THEN RED AND FINALLY

STAMMERED: IF THE WIND BLEW A HAYSTACK OFF YOUR FARM AND ON TO YOUR NEIGHBORS LAND, COULD YOU MAKE HIM FORK IT OVER!

HERE'S WHERE IT HURTS MOST, DOC.



The Ten Ages of Beauty

The Seeker There was Erymintrude, a seeker, who looked like this girl in the picture. She



unknown for the girl seeker.

satiny skin and shone in the luminous her high, exalted thoughts.

road she knows she will find the foot of kinds of tangles.

finer, greater and more splendid than Not material things, for she cares not a mission, but was not sure what it was. But she was a girl in an ordinary fampary man, and, in course of time, they had a nice, fat baby that would have been ordinary except that every baby is ex-Still Ermintrude went on seeking the unobtainable. Her household affairs got badly mixed, and the food on the table

This picture by Miss Nell Brinkley is reproduced by permission from Good Housekeeping magazine for September, where it appears in connection with an article by Octave Uzanne entitled "The Story of Furs and Muffs."

seeking. slightly built; her ethereal body seems but practical. The common needs of life looked up into the sky, searching for the more of the next world than this. Her and human nature's dully food she ig- rainbow with a pot of fairy gold buried face is pale, delicate, illumined with the nores as much as possible. They are at its foot. spiritual glow, as if a steady flame of beneath her, for she is full of sympathy Then an ordinary thing happened. The high desire and longing, which lights and tenderness once her attention has fat baby contracted an ordinary and very type of beautiful womanbood, the Seeker when he girds himself for a race; as he her on her search glowed beneath the been called to things more humble than bad disease, and the ordinary doctor said

The eyes of the seeker are large and the great and higher things and some- the ordinary husband was distracted.

her rainbow, the meaning of everything was pretty poor, but Ermintrude was future holds something vastly wonderful, which has puzzled her and her dream above such things, for it took very little to nourish her and her adoring husband And that bend in the road may come was the sort that will stand for anything What the search of the Holy Grail was at any moment, so she's always ready; from the woman he loves, and he loved

> was capable of the most complete and Sometimes I am afraid she is anything unselfish devotion, but, mostly, she

But she longs and seeks eternally for sickness if he had ordinary care. And ished forever from Ermintrude's eyes. It of his happiness and contentment.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox on Rearing of American Children

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Examiner.

ou are progressive. You are interested in everything which can help the world along.

You study economy, you believe in equal rights; you are a good economical housekeeper; you are a cultured woman, and

ments which trend toward social betterment. But, what part are you taking in the bringing up of

you take an active

part in all move-

your children? American children have the reputation abroad of appalling illmanners.

It is almost uni-

versally merited. tionalities) four children at a table in they say, "That's no such thing," groomed. But they laughed loudly, stared American evil is being countenanced and at neighboring tables, made audible com- abetted. ments upon people, whispered and pointed and giggled, until some of the other passengers called the attention of the head stewart to their annoying peculiarities, and they were requested to behave themselves in a seemly manner.

These children were from America, and the most offensive of the four was the and usually unrebuked. 12-year-old daughter of an American banker. They had been given governesses, tutors, schooling and traveling benefits, but they had never received the refined training of a wise mother. Otherwise they would not have shown such vulgar and offensive traits. Children are born mere hungry little animals. They have no way of knowing

what is good taste, and what is kind, and what is graceful and agreeable, unless they are taught by their elders. All refined manners are things of growth, from the animal state to the higher human state. It has been a thing of slow evolution. Our remote ancestors all ate ravenously and used their hands to tear food

into morsels. They smacked their lips and made loud sounds and drank noisily. They flung their limbs about ungracefully and picked their teeth with thorns or slivers, and they did not hesitate to slap and bite and kick one another when angry, as animals do. Gradually an idea dawned upon these more highly developed creatures that

there was such a thing as behavior, and that it was something for which to strive -something better than mere impulse. So through eons of time good manners developed, and the more delicate and gracious the manners, the farther away the man is from the purely animal state. Mere conventions, mere formal ceremonles, do not indicate good manners, Good manners are the result of an unselfish desire to avoid annoying others and to give pleasure to one's associates. Children should be taught these things from the time they are able to git upon a mother's knee. They should be taught

was as if she had suddenly and unexpectedly come to that bend in the road that she's always been looking for, and had found the rainbow and the pot of gold being trampled under her feet.

looking for it all the time!" she cried. and power of her nature to recapture fown to a good dinner at some inviting what she had almost lost. With heroic little inn-there is change and rest in self-sacrifice that compelled even the this for any city person, whether his doctor's admiration, she wrestled for the work is at a desk or a turning lathe. baby's life and then set about to reorganize her household, and to find in does not envy their occupants. When a every detail in the work the beautiful view invites him he makes excursions and spiritual significance that she'd been from the road; he takes the picturesque, looking for in dreams and visions.

ably realizes that he has the finest type words with those he meets; he learns to of mother, now that the Seeker has come down to earth. And perhaps he wonders why she calls him "Pot of Gold" when and his body is made weary only to she hugs and cuddles him at night. It so much the more refreshed. Es must seem a silly name to a sensible, morning, when he rises, he feels eager pudgy little baby with a good appetite for a larger task, a greater distance; and no imagination. As for the husband, straping the knapsack on his back gives he knows that his wife is the one perfect him the sensation that the athlete had who has found her quest. And she is strides along, the feeling of that weight that he wouldn't have had to have that making a successful man of him, for she against his shoulders helps him to hold; of hers to practical everyday use, and is It is good for every man to bear full of mystery. At another bend in life's times her path leads her through all Then the longing, searching look van- the inspiration, the guide and the source burden-even in vacation.-Youth's Com-

Copyright, 1912, by American-Journal- | that their hands are not to pull and tear

their mother's hair, or gown, or slap her You may be happy in the thought that face or otherwise be offensive. A little dog can be taught that he

must not jump on people, and put his paws on their laps; it requires a very short time to train the average puppy in this manner. So a small child can en be taught to be gentle if the mother cares to give the time and effort. And as theme child soon understands language, it can be trained by tender, sweet counsels to show courtesy in all the little daily mat-

ters of life. It is the habit of most American children to dispute with their elders, and flatly to contradict in argument. In European countries such a thing is almost unknown.

American children command their parents to fetch and carry objects for please sure and rarely say thank-you unless reminded. It is an easy mat small child to say "Parde., me, but I think you have made a mistake," where the child in confident, to an elder or a companion who has made a mistake ifform relating some incident. Every child has in the a right to express its opinion, that is the the dining room were noticeable for their you didn't either," and the parent allows bad breeding. They were handsome the flat contradiction to pass as a proof children, well dressed and carefully of the child's smartness, then a great

> America achildren are rarely taught to listen respectfully to their elders. They, whistle, sing and interrupt, and walkaway in the midst of conversation with out making an apology. Boys ait in the presence of older people who stand; they rush into and out of a room where there is conversation or music, with no apology

Proper attitudes of body, proper position of growing young limbs, proper handling of table utensils, the retire; ment to the private room for use of toothpick or attention to the person in any way-these are a few om the many things which it is the mother's duty to teach her children early and continually. Any woman, however poor and humble.

can instruct her children to be gentle mannered, courteous and refined in voice and deportment, if she realizes the value of good manners in the world. Good manners, without education, willpass many a man and woman through

the world and into good society; but

education without good manners will only

enlarge a human being's opportunity to:

be offensive to his fellow men.

Cheapest Vacation

The young man employed in the city shop or office often does not know what to do with his two weeks' vacation. I Usually he solves the problem by going to the "beach." He pays a high price for an unattractive room in a hotel or a boarding house; he spends more than he can afford at moving picture shows, cafes and amusement pavilions; for exercise he takes an occassional dip in the sea and otherwise passes his days trying to ktil time.

The rest the indoor worker needs is. usually the rest that comes from healthand ful activity in the open air. For most persons the vacation should supply s topic. Let the young man set forth with one or two congenial companions on a two weeks' walking expedition" through the open country.

To wear old clothes and not to mind the dust of the road or the pelting of "It's here; it's right here, and I've been the rain; to count off the miles and grow more and more comfortably tired; Then she set to work with all the force and then, at the end of the day, to sit The motor cars rush by him; but he trail over a mountain, the short cut The ordinary baby, fat once more, prob. through a meadow; he exchanges friendly know the faces of the people; his mind is enlightened and his vision is broadened; has turned those vague spiritual powers his head up and to keep his eyes open-