

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Defendant is a Regular Fisherman

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Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Taking Off the Brakes

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Yesterday we rode high along a level road built at the very edge of a yawning precipice.



We traveled in a great cushioned automobile and whizzed along the highway built and graded by the convicts in the great gray prison far below in the canyon.

a good bit of property in the north end of town.

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

All at once, down on the winding road below a rickety wagon strained into view.

There's the driver waiting to lighten the load. What a whop he has, and how he cracks it—hark, yes, you can hear it way up here.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Yes, it's as I thought; the fool is killing his horses for nothing, and he made a cup of his brown hands and called down through 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 wagon, did something to a lump of wood on the rear wheels and up came the wagon, lightly, easily, with no undue effort on the part of the horses.

"Forgot his brake and then whipped his horses for it," said the man on the front seat.

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.

"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 too late.

How many of us do that very thing every day! The brakes are on, and we're forgotten them in the very steepest part of the hill, and that is why, whop as we may, the poor tired horses that pull the vehicle of our ambition can never get up.

Jealousy is a bad 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 don't.

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 envy.

"The good fellow"—you know him, don't you? I do. Never too busy to go out and get a drink, never too absorbed in an affair 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 left his on, poor thing. He'll wonder some day when the other wagon came out ahead.

I know two women who live side by side—two friends. Both their husbands are good men, ambitious, hard-working, good-tempered. One of them has a home paid for and

Little Bobbie's Pa

I met a funny scout last night, sed Pa at the breakfast table.

I really don't care to repeat it, sed Mister Wesley, Wimmen kind of bore me. I hardly care to discuss them.

Daffydils

BAT ABAR SAYS—SOME WOMEN'S TEARS SMELL OF ONIONS.

BONES—MR JOHNSON, I SEE DAT FLYNN, DE PRIZE-FIGHTER, IS TAKING PIANO LESSONS.

INTERLOCUTOR—YOU DON'T SAY.

BONES—WHY HE'S GETTING ALONG FINE ON THE WHITE KEYS, BUT HE CAN'T DO A THING WITH THE DARK KEYS.

(DARKEYS)

TA-RA-RA-RA-RA—

RUSTY RUFUS WILL FAVOR US WITH A SONG ENTITLED, "I'VE GOT RINGS ON MY FINGERS AND CORNS ON MY TOES."

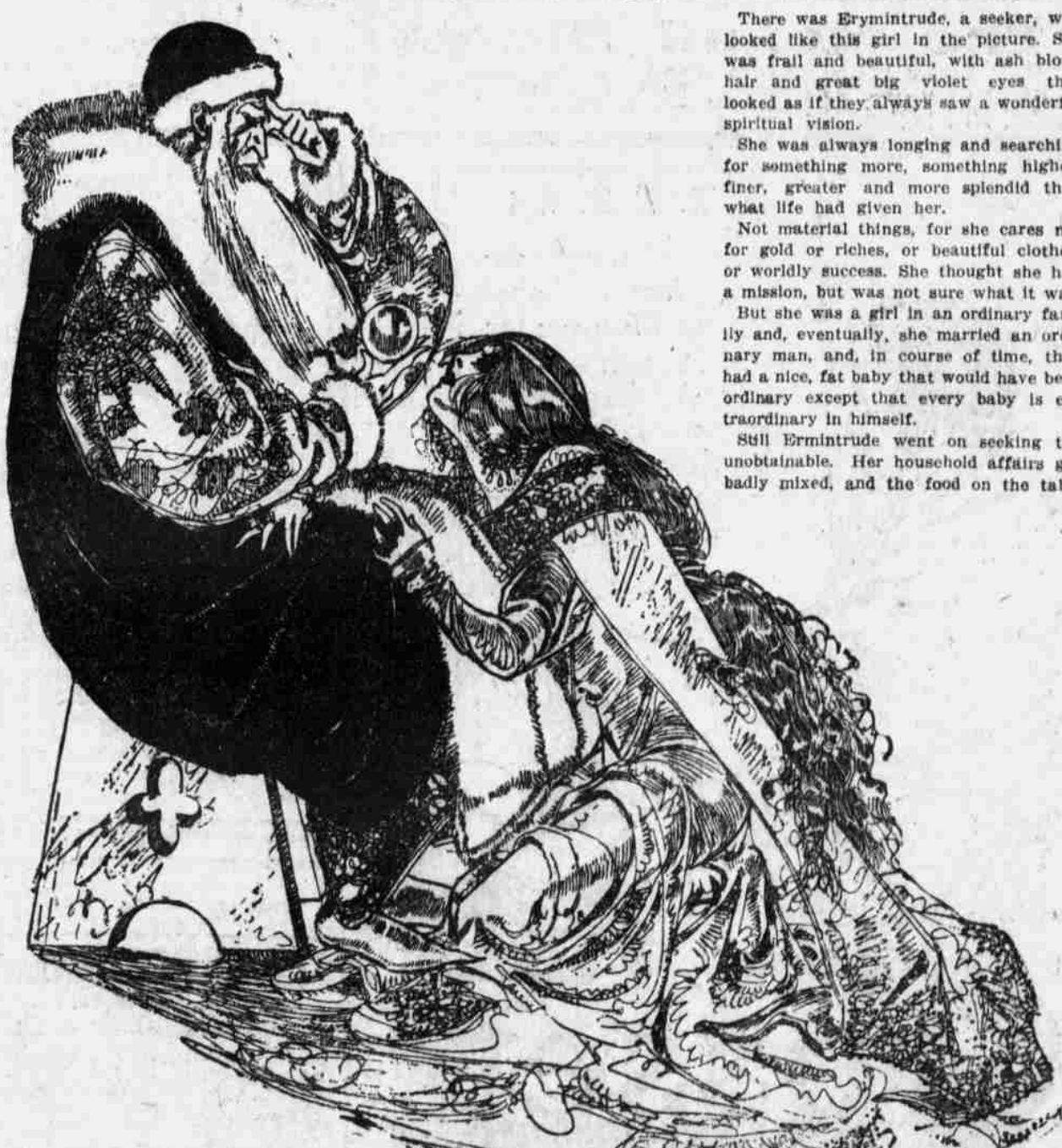
CLANK—CLANK—BOOM-TA-RA—

THE BLACK HANDS SENT A NOTICE TO TONY FERRARA, IT READ: "LEAVE 'N' OOOO AT THE FOOT OF THE BIG MAPLE TREE ON THE CORNER OF UMPTY-STEENTH AND BLEAK STREET OR YOUR LIFE 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, "IF THE DRUNKARD FOLLOWED THE DOCTORS INSTRUCTIONS, WOULD HE SHAKE THE BOTTLE?"

JOHN! FEED THE KITTY!

HERE'S WHERE IT HURTS MOST, DOC.

The Ten Ages of Beauty



By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

What is your favorite type of feminine beauty?

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?

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 Pars and Muffs."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox on Rearing of American Children

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You may be happy in the thought that you are progressive.

American children have the reputation abroad of appalling ill-manners.

On board a large ocean liner (the passenger list composed of many nationalities) four children at a table in the dining room were noticeable for their bad breeding.

These children were from America, and the most offensive of the four was the 12-year-old daughter of an American banker.

Not material things, for she cares not for gold or riches, or beautiful clothes, or worldly success.

But she was a girl in an ordinary family and, eventually, she married an ordinary man, and, in course of time, they had a nice, fat baby that would have been ordinary except that every baby is extraordinary in himself.

Still Erintrude went on seeking the unobtainable. Her household affairs got badly mixed, and the food on the table

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.

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 ceremonics, 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 sit 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.

"It's here; it's right here, and I've been looking for it all the time!" she cried.

Then she set to work with all the force and power of her nature to recapture what she had almost lost. With heroic self-sacrifice that compelled even the doctor's admiration, she wrestled for her baby's life and then set about to reorganize her household, and to find in every detail of the work the beautiful and spiritual significance that she'd been looking for in dreams and visions.

that their hands are not to pull and tear their mother's hair, or gown, or slap her 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.

It is the habit of most American children to dispute with their elders, and flatter to contradict in argument.

American children command their parents to fetch and carry objects for pleasure and rarely say thank-you unless reminded. It is an easy way to teach a small child to say "Please, me, but I think you have made a mistake," when the child in confidence, to an elder or a companion who has made a mistake in the relating some incident.

American children are rarely taught to listen respectfully to their elders. They whistle, sing and interrupt, and walk away in the midst of conversation without making an apology.

Proper attitudes of body, proper position of growing young limbs, proper handling of table utensils, the retirement to the private room for use of toothpick or attention to the person in any way—these are a few of 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, courteous and refined in voice and deportment, if she realizes the value of good manners in the world.

Good manners, without education, will pass 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.

Usually he solves the problem by going to the "beach." He pays a high price for an unattractive room in a hotel or for a boarding house; he spends more than he can afford at moving picture shows, cafes and amusement pavilions; for exercise he takes an occasional dip in the sea and otherwise passes his days trying to kill time.

The rest the indoor worker needs is usually the rest that comes from healthful activity in the open air. For most persons the vacation should supply a tonic. 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 the rain; to count off the miles and grow more and more comfortably tired; and then, at the end of the day, to sit down to a good dinner at some inviting little inn—there is change and rest in this for any city person, whether his work is at a desk or a turning lathe.

The motor cars rush by him; but he does not envy their occupants. When a view invites him he makes excursions from the road; he takes the picturesque trail over a mountain, the short cut through a meadow; he exchanges friendly words with those he meets; he learns to know the faces of the people; his mind is enlightened and his vision is broadened; and his body is made weary only to be so much the more refreshed. Each morning, when he rises, he feels eager for a larger task, a greater distance; strapping the knapsack on his back gives him the sensation that the athlete has when he girds himself for a race; as he strides along, the feeling of that weight against his shoulders helps him to hold his head up and to keep his eyes open. It is good for every man to bear a burden—even in vacation.—Youth's Companion.