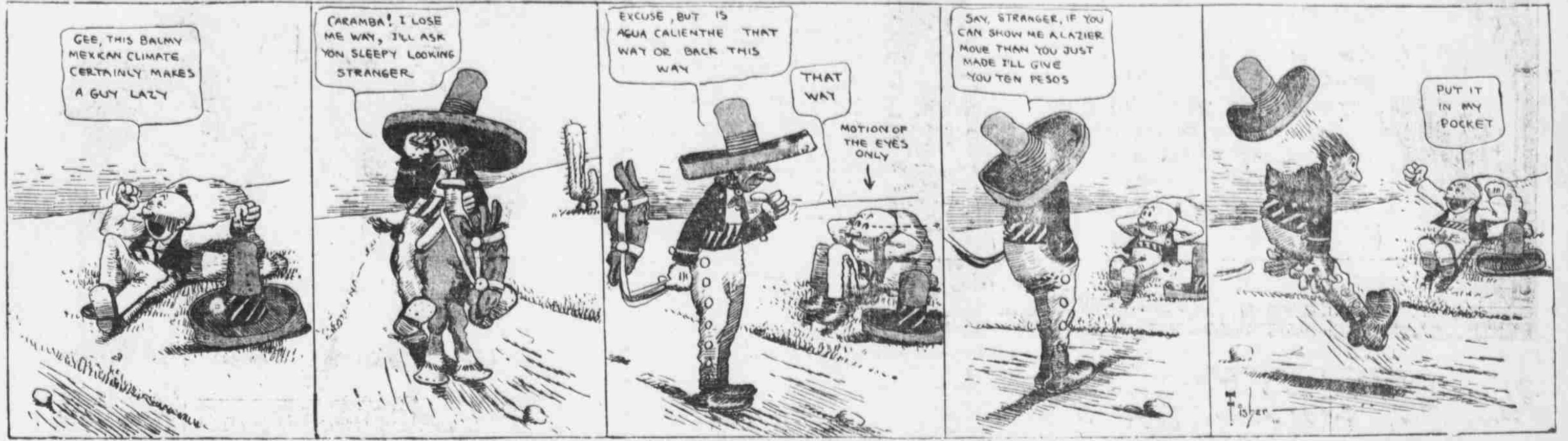


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Jeff Doesn't Believe in Wasting Notion

Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



Horses Saved Untold Agonies from Corns by Establishment of Shoeing Infirmary.

Humane Idea Promoted by Frail Woman President of Horse Aid Society, Who Demonstrates Anguish from Walking on Caloused Hoofs Derivates from Efficiency of Animals in Performing Man-Driven Labors.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright 1913, by Star Company. At the horse shoeing infirmary, established by the Horse Aid society, a whole host of cruel corns were eradicated from one foot of a poor man's suffering animal one day last week.

And this was done free of charge. Have you ever known the anguish of walking on a foot afflicted with one of those painful chronic callous spots?

Of having your shoe press down upon it with every step? The hundreds of wretched horses endure as they are forced by the whip to step on enormous callouses, with an iron shoe pressing against them at every movement.

The president of the Horse Aid society, Mrs. Jacob Ehrlich, a frail little woman, weighing less than 100 pounds, conceived the idea of establishing this horse shoeing infirmary on West Eighteenth street. The horse is passing, and in a score of years from now will be almost as much of a curiosity as the camel or elephant. But until he has disappeared from the realm of traffic and commerce he has a right to our affectionate care and protection.

The horse has been a powerful factor in our civilization. Our forest never could have been cleared to make way for homes; our lumber never could have been hauled to market; our grains and fruits and all other products of the soil never could have been made profitable but for the horse.

His endurance, his tractability, his patience, his willingness, have been ever at man's disposal. And how terribly has man repaid all these qualities. The cruelty, the selfishness, the ingratitude of man toward the horse would fill volumes.

Henry Bergh was the first man in America to awaken the public mind to the responsibility of man toward the beast of burden.

A vast number of societies now exist, all doing good work according to their light, all helping the race of man to higher ideals, while they help the animals to better treatment.

The Horse Aid Society of New York was incorporated September 2, 1890, with "A Square Deal for the Horse" as its motto. In its sturdy campaign in behalf of the horse of the poor the society has established an institution where treatment and medicines are given free of charge.

Among these are:

The clinic, where not only horses, but dogs and cats, are given gratuitous attention.

Horse shoeing infirmary, where

lame horses are examined by able veterinarians and shod by mechanical experts. A Summer Rest Farm, where sick and worn-out horses are restored to health. Summer Watering Stations, which are absolutely germ-proof, the only ones endorsed by the leading veterinarians and at which careful owners will permit their horses to drink. The pure water can also be drunk by the drivers. Attendants are constantly in charge, by which means employment is given.

A Model Stable, where poor men obtain for their horses good stabling instead of quarters in rain-shackles, unsanitary and germ-breeding sheds. The Paving Improvement league, an adjunct of the Horse Aid society, reports to proper authorities streets in bad condition and asks that suitable paving be laid in street where heavy hauling is done and draught horses are used.

The society has given out 500 blankets, ninety-two sets of chain shoes, 130 fly-nets, 115 summer bridles, seventy-five chest protectors and about \$200 worth of free feed.

Three boys' clubs, with total membership of 200, act as agents and report cases of cruelty to the society.

The society has two physicians who give their services free to families of poor horse owners.

Through the efforts of the president of this society, the Horse Aid society of Indianapolis has been organized, and sixteen cities have organized the fire horse pension fund.

The Horse Aid society teaches economic value of saving the working horse by giving it proper stabling, feeding and harnessing. When this is done, the horse is better able to do its work and lives longer, which means dollars and cents to the owner. It is therefore a charitable, as well as humane and educational, association, inasmuch as it benefits the horse.

This society does not believe in arresting drivers on charges of cruelty to their horses (the complaint taken in court is just the same whether the horse was sore or lame or beaten by his driver) because hardship is then the lot of the master as well as the animal, because of the loss of time and the imposition of a fine, thus causing additional suffering to the driver's family. And further than this, drivers who are arrested and fined often take out spite by beating their horses when they get them to the stable.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

No. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am the wife of a gambler who has never given one cent to the support of my 3-year-old child or to me. We are separated and have been for some time. I have taken him back several times, but he always went to gambling again.

Do you think it right for me, a young woman of 21, to sacrifice my life for a man like him?

You owe yourself the right of freedom and happiness. No courts would deny you a divorce under such circumstances, and you are entitled to all the happiness such freedom may bring you.

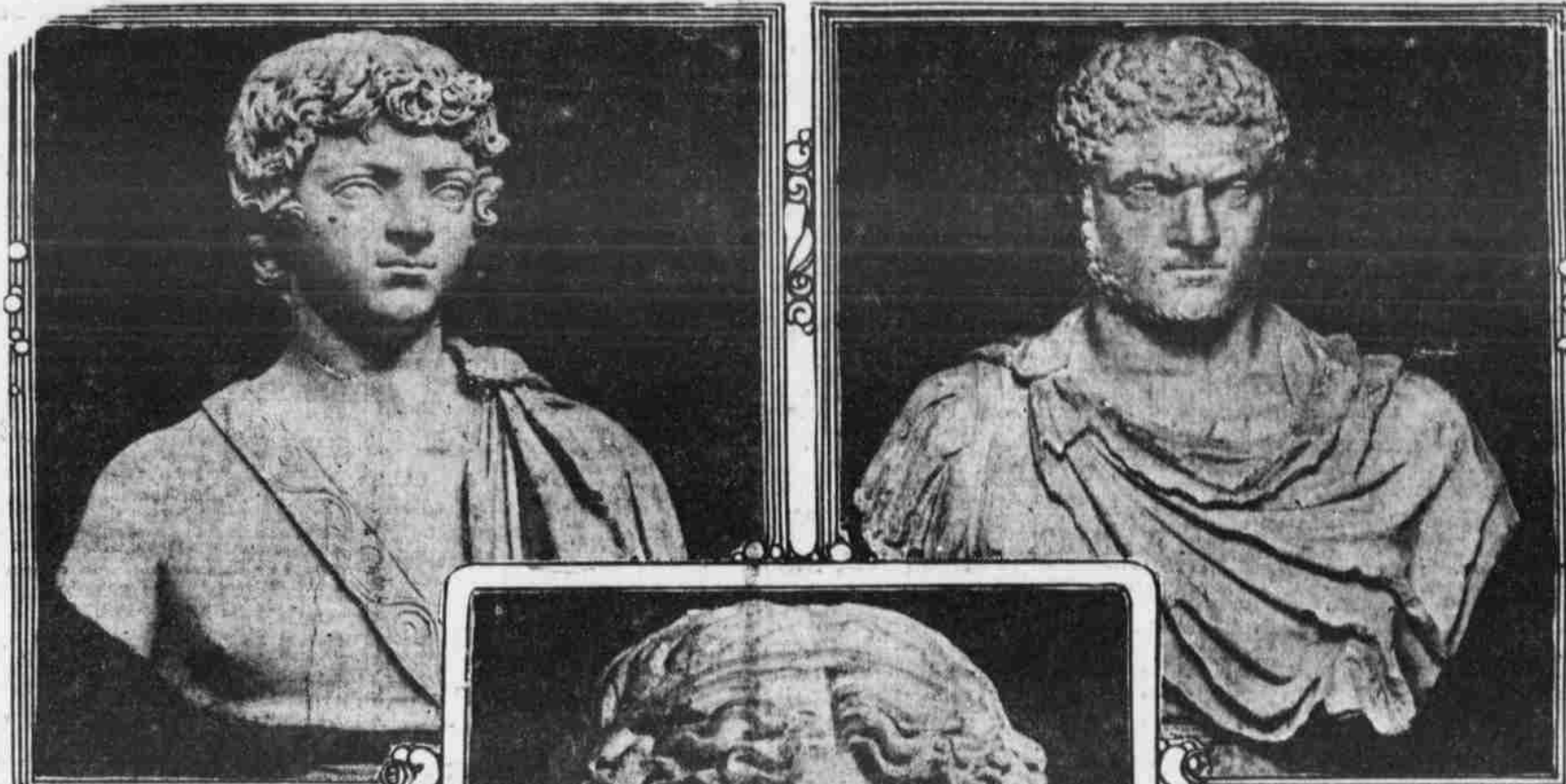
It Looks Doubtful. Dear Miss Fairfax: I've asked a lady friend to accompany me to two different places of amusement and she has refused both times, saying that for religious reasons she could not. Now I've found out that she is going to attend a most public affair, so-called a "racket," of which she has said nothing to me. Do you really think she cares for me according to these actions?

Apparently she doesn't. But give her the benefit of the doubt. There may be reasons why she accepted this invitation that have nothing to do with the state of her heart. The only way to find out what she really thinks is to ask her.

No One's is Better. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17 and deeply in love with a young lady my own age. We have known each other for a long time. It is just recently that I have really discovered my love for her, and am doubtful whether she feels the same toward me. My parents are unwilling I should court her. Do you consider it advisable to accept their advice?

They are your best friends, and no one's advice is better. She may be the one girl in the world for you, but you are only 17 and an avowal of your love will in all the stronger and truer after it has had time to grow.

Scientists Find Roman Public Library and Many Art Treasures in Ruins of Caracalla's Baths



Bust of Geta Now in the Vatican Museum.

By GARRETT P. SERVISSE.

When you read the name of the Emperor Caracalla you recall, with a shudder, the long series of cruelties, murders and abominations that history has associated with him. Says the great historian Gibbon: "Caracalla was the common enemy of mankind!"

If Gibbon could read, in the March Cosmopolitan, the story of the discoveries recently made in Rome by Prof. Aleasto Valle he might modify his opinion of Caracalla. At the very least he would be compelled to admit that the emperor whom he helped to cover with infamy in the eyes of the modern world, had another, and a very unexpected side to his nature, a side which everybody must admire, in spite of the brutal and criminal instincts with which it was lodged.

We all know that Caracalla erected in Rome an enormous bath palace, now called the Thermae of Caracalla, whose gigantic ruins constitute one of the sights of the Eternal City. Two or three of his successors extended and embellished the work, but to Caracalla belongs the honor of having conceived it, started it and filled it with some of the greatest works of art that the world contained.

Some of these masterpieces were discovered in the ruins of the baths many years ago, and they now adorn great museums, but Prof. Valle has dug deeper and found that the sub-soil of the immense edifice is rich in precious marbles, the possession of any one of which would establish the fame of a modern museum. The exceeding beauty of these sculptures may be judged from the photographs that accompany Prof. Valle's article. Such a storehouse, a large part

of which has been buried and forgotten for centuries, furnishes a partial explanation of the disappearance of the thousand precious works of the Greek artists which are known to have been brought to Rome after Greece had been conquered and looted by the armies of Italy. Not only the gold of the ancient world, but nearly all its finest works of art were poured into Rome, and have been buried in its majestic ruins.

But above all his other discoveries Prof. Valle puts that of a great library which he has found in Caracalla's baths. This, he believes, contained many of the

Bust of Emperor Caracalla, Now in National Museum, Rome.

Not less astonishing and interesting are the evidences of engineering skill that Prof. Valle's excavations have disclosed. Immense galleries extended under the building, which measured 1,000 feet in one direction and nearly 1,400 in the other, and the total length of these underground passages was over two miles. You will read, with interest, the discoverer's suggestion as to the uses to which these passages were put.

The arrangements for supplying and disposing of the water, for lighting the enormous structures, whose solid walls were 150 feet in height, and for ventilation, are such as the most skillful of modern engineers and builders might envy. Vast quantities of lead pipe employed for the conduits were evidently carried away by the barbarians who looted Rome. But I am not writing a summary of Prof. Valle's discoveries; you should read his articles in order to form an opinion of their extent, interest and importance.

When you have done that your imagination will form a picture of what this palatial edifice must have been when it was crowded with representatives of the wealth, fashion and luxury of imperial Rome, which held the world in its irresistible grasp. Around them were displayed the most beautiful statues that man has ever created or looked upon. They walked through halls of marble and alabaster, on tessellated pavements, under glittering ceilings, fanned by obsequious slaves, and never dreaming that such power and splendor would, within a few centuries, be buried in dust, while their very names would be forgotten, only that of Caracalla, "the ambitious, the blood-thirsty, the magnificent," remaining.

Battle of Buena Vista

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY. February 22 was the sixty-sixth anniversary of the battle of Buena Vista, fought between the Americans under General Taylor and the Mexicans under Santa Anna.

Learning that the greater part of Taylor's army had been taken from him to aid Scott in his siege of Vera Cruz, Santa Anna concluded that he would attack the Americans, and, in that weakened state, annihilate them. The attack was promptly made, with the result that Santa Anna little expected. The 5,000 Americans inflicted upon the 20,000 Mexicans an overwhelming defeat, driving them from the field in utter rout and confusion. The Mexican dead left upon the field numbered 567, to say nothing of those that were carried off the field, and the 2,000 or more that were wounded. The American loss in killed and wounded was about 800.

As a result of the victory at Buena Vista all the northern part of Mexico passed into American possession, and "Old Zack," having nothing more to do, assigned the command of his army to General Wool and returned to the United States, leaving General Scott to finish up the business at Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico.

Apocryph of the battle of Buena Vista, it may be said that as it was in that battle so it was in every battle of the war. From the beginning to the end of the war the Mexicans did not win a solitary victory.

The Mexicans showed a splendid courage; in nearly every instance they greatly outnumbered their adversaries, and in nearly every instance, again, they had the advantage of position, still the Americans invariably beat them.

At Palo Alto 2,000 Americans routed 5,000 Mexicans and at Resaca de la Palma, the odds were about the same. At Monterrey, Taylor with 6,000 men stormed a place that was defended by a force 12,000 strong. At Buena Vista the odds were four to one against the Americans, as they were also at Sacramento. At Sierra Gordo General Scott, with 8,000 men, fought Santa Anna strongly entrenched with 12,000, and yet he walked right over him, killing and wounding 1,000 of his men, capturing 3,000 and dispersing the rest. Finally Scott, with 12,000 men as against 30,000 of the enemy, won Churubusco, Chapultepec and the City of Mexico itself.

Thus, in every instance throughout the Mexican war, were the invaders victorious, and notwithstanding the fact that the advantage in numbers and in position was invariably with those whose country they were invading. This is a decidedly unique fact in the history of warfare, since it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find another conflict between two nations in which there was not to some extent at least, a division of the honors of the battlefield. The explanation is left for the psychologists, who study the deeper traits of men and nations.

Brief Decisions.

The henpecked of China ought, perhaps, to take heart over the decree that Chinese women shall no longer wear trousers. And yet, what difference will it make with women who have formed a habit of wearing trousers?

Women who buy husbands usually are themselves sold.

Sweet Breath and White Teeth



A perfect dentifrice prevents the conditions known as tooth decay, toothache, and some tooth powder cleans the teeth—destroys germs—makes the mouth and throat antiseptically clean. Their effect is both refreshing and tonic. Non-astringent cannot scratch enamel or irritate the most tender gum—is retreat soft—measures up to all high standards of purity and scientific efficiency. Most druggists have it, or we'll send it post free direct from our laboratories to your door for 25c. Buy one and free a copy of "The Care of the Teeth," by America's foremost dental surgeon! Send your address. THE MONOXIDE CO., Denver, Colorado

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"George," said the Manicure Lady, "did you ever know a man named Ethelbert—for his first name, I mean—that could fight?"

"Know who?" asked the Head Barber, who had lost much sleep and some idea of grammar.

"I said," patiently repeated the Manicure Lady, "did you ever know a man named Ethelbert that could fight?"

"I never happened to meet a fellow by that name," said the Head Barber, "but I have never figured that a man's name had much to do with his fighting. If it did, there would be no heroes in the world except men by the name of Pat, and still Ireland isn't free. I guess there may be some men in the world that can fight and yet have the name like Ethelbert. Your brother's name is Wilfred, and you was telling us the other day about how he slammed a peanut woman that was beating her husband to a frazzle."

She Wants to Know if the Head Barber Ever Knew a Man Named Ethelbert

your kind and kittenish ways. Gee, how your mother must have loved to baby you! It's a wonder that once in a great while you wouldn't let me tell something that I started.

"I was going to tell you about a young gent that came in here to have his nails did this afternoon. You was out to lunch at the time, so you didn't make him on his entrance or his exit, but you may be sure, George, that he was some champion with the boxing gloves if one half of what he told was true. The way he wanted me to feel, he was what Harlem Tommy Murphy would have been if he hadn't just missed greatness.

"He didn't fool me much at that, George. I have saw so many young college boys come around here to have their nails did and then hear them talk about left jabs and right hooks that I have come to the conclusion that the only men in this world that can fight is the men who stands in the corner with their trusty right knuckles all groomed up for the occasion and lets them fly at the loud 'accuser's' chin when the physiological moment arrives, as them scabbards say.

"The Ethelbert was a what? Part of the time that I was using the orange stick on his nails he was telling me about a girl that used to be a insurance lady in Kansas City and how she had a brother that he beat in three rounds at a amateur bout. He told me that he hated to beat the brother of such a pretty girl, the same as he would hate to beat a brother of mine.

"That was when I broke loose on him, George," concluded the Manicure Lady. "I told him that I didn't care to have men as powerful and swift as him coming around to chop my brother into bits, but that I had a dad up home that reminded me of old Bill Keener of Roscoe. 'Is he a good boxer?' asked the college boy. 'No,' I says back, 'but he could take ten boxes in a room and after a little bit of amusement he would come out smiting with the key. All I meant, George, as I told you before, was that there weren't many Ethelberts could fight."

"And I meant when I told you before," said the Head Barber, "that there are a lot of Fats floating around that are doing mighty little to free Ireland."

Boys will be Boys, and the danger of cold when romping in the snow is banished by a hot cup of Armour's Bouillon—a delicious, wholesome, digestible soup in which the flavor of fresh vegetables is skillfully blended with that of beef (or chicken), and seasoning. Made in a minute—simply drop a cube into a cup of hot water. Grocers and Druggists everywhere. Write for free copy of Armour's Monthly Cook Book. Address Armour and Company, Dept. N38, Chicago.

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