

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



The Thief

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I saw them taking him away; The old judge sentenced him today-Ten years behind the walls of gray.

He did not shudder and implore, As he had shuddered years before; He snarled and spat upon the ficor.

The prison with its shadows grim Had been a sort of home for him Since he was young and starved and slim.

He cursed the great, the roaring town, Where all he looked for was a frown. He cursed the hounds who ran him down.

Ten years to mutter in a cell: Ten years of stripes; ten years of hell-And yet he whispered "It is well!"

Perchance he had an inkling dim That in some world less gray and grim Two thieves would intercede for him.

The Mending Man's Sweetheart

By WINNIFRED BLACK

The vegetable woman pulled up her raggedy old horse in a hurry.

"Whoa there; don't ye never want me to speak to nobody that ain't a-buyin'

from me?" The man came to mend the hoe and fix the garden hose and see what was the matter with the back gate looked

"Why, hello, Mary," he said and he laid down his tools and went out to the vegetable woman's wagon to have a little friendly chat. "How's Lau-

relia?" said the vegetable woman "Fine," said the man who mends things, We're all goin' fishin' some Sunday." "Fishin'." said the vegetable woman,

'how on earth are you goin' to get Laurelia fishnn'?"

the umbrella over that and there she'll he speaks her name." be as nice as you please. she's pretety tickled over it. from the window and I didn't hear the so particular in the way she asked after

about it. man. "All the neighbors know the whole see how Laurelia's husband cherishes story, so I guess it's no harm telling you, her and loves her.

"Laurelia was kind of a pretty girl, way and came home carryin the prettiest dinner in their lives, couldn't do a little thing of a girl you ever see.

"Her folks wouldn't have her around and it looked kind of hard for Laurelia in Broadway. for a while, but one day this mendin' nan met her and her baby and first we knew they was married and he put up man who mends things that made me the neatest little house for her you ever feel as I used to when I read about brave

own, but the mendin' man thinks all the fare of trumpets. world of the girl, too.

know,' and he meant the little girl, too. rhoumatism; been so for four or five smile all the more sweetly-some

wheel chair, tho', and whenever the circus comes to town there they both are big as life, and if anybody has more peanuts or lemonade than Laurella 1 don't know who it is.

"I saw her the other day riding around with him in his mendin' cart. He'd rigged up a seat in back for her and hoisted her into it someway, and see had on a new pink hat with roses on it, same as a girl's.

'I spoke to him about it just now and he laughed just like a boy and said, "Yep, aln't it purty? She's got three nice hats, but I like that one best, so she always wears that when I take her out a-ridin'. "Her three sisters is all married now-

married well, too? far as money goes. One of 'em lives up in the city and has a house bigger than the hotel, they say: but I saw her once in a store up there a shoppin' and she looked kind of longfaced and peaked. They ain't no children, and they say he hoards it against her,

"The other's husband drinks, for all he's so well off-and the third one's man ran away with some circus girl or actress or other and now she's home herself. They say Laurelia offered her s home, but it wasn't good enough for her.

"I never did see a husband like Laurella's. He never seems to think of a "Goin' to take her in my wogan," said thing outside his work, but how to pleas-the man who fixes things. "I've rigged ure her. I never like to let him go by up a kind of a swing seat that is ust as without speakin' and askin' after Laureasy as a cradle and I'm goin' to set up elia. I kind o' like to see him smile when

The vegetable woman has a story her-She can sit there on the bank and self, they say: I heard that afaerwards. She knew the man who mends things Just then something called me away when she was young and her skin wasn't so tanned from working in her garden as rest, but the vegetable woman told me- it is now. But she was delicate and I almost asked her-there was something couldn't ever marry, the doctors said, so she just planted flowers and geve-Laurelia that I really wanted to know all tables and had her little house and took care of her mother-and now she stops "It's this way," said the vegetable wo- and asks after Laurelia and is happy to

What a queer, little, narrow life they lead, the vegetable woman and Laurelia. blue-eyed and yellow-haired and kind of and the man who mends things, and trustful and easy goin'. She went to their kind! No theaters, no opera, no lown to work in a milliner's store and books, not much music, never heard of a she got into some kind of trouble some good picture, never ate a really good stey or a bunny hug to save their lives. wouldn't know a cabaret if they men it

And yet, somehow, there was something about the smile in the eyes of the "Tney've got two boys now of their and came back on horseback to a fan-

I wish somebody would find the man "I asked him one day 'How's your who mends things and pin some kind of His imagination sweetheart?" and he says, "I've two, you a decoration on his coat; but, I suppose, he'd take it off and make Leurelia put Well, Laurella's all crippled up with it on a new hat for herself, and then

years; can't walk a step. He got her a are so odd, aren't they?

Table Manners for Children

By MRS. FRANK LEARNED

Author of "The Etiquette of New York

Today.' Naturally children look to their parents for examples of what to do at the table or elsewhere, and, as they are very observing, imitative and quick in forming habits, it follows that parents cannot be too careful themselves if they would educate their children in good manners. If they are interested truly in the welfare of their children they will train them in every small detail of conduct. It is not just toward children to make excuses for careless habits on the pleathat these habits will be outgrown in time. Bad manners at the table scon

Keeps Hands and Face Young and Beautiful

(From Beauty and Health.)

The hands betray the age more quickly than the face, if they are not properly cared for. There's nothing like butter-milk to keep the hands young looking and beautiful. Using this once a day for awhile will soon whiten the reddest of sallowest hands and make the roughest skin soft and smooth.

The most effective way to use butter-milk is in the form of presolated butter-milk paste. This may be conveniently applied by putting a small quantity in the hand. Spreading the same by going the ough the regular motions of washing the hands. When stry temove wanted water, using no soap. The pre out at any drug store, is more cleansing than any soap, and is arest remained than any soap, and is arest remained than any soap, and is are remained than any soap, and is are remained alkall and everything injurious. If it is allowed to remain on over micht, its bleaching, softening and youthening offect will be most thorough. The face may also be treated in the sains mained.

become fixed habits, very difficult to change as years go on, and will mark a of course, a serious reflection on parer.tn.

Children should not come to the table every well-regulated household punctuality at meals is expected out of consideration for others. This is one of the cardest lessons to us suforced. Extreme gatory. Children should be taught to wash their hands and smooth their hair before coming to the taole.

A very small child may nave a napkin fastened round the neck, but other child- to the borders of the Arotte Ice. ren should do as grown persons drpartly unfold a napkin and place it across the knees.

It is important to teach children not to fidget in their chairs; not to sit too strange annual migrations. close to the table, but not too far away. as either position is awkward; not to crumble bread; not to play with silver. and not to amuse themselves by naking marks on the tablecloth.

ourtesy should be accorded by boys to heir sisters.

Essential things are to eat soup from the side of a spoon and not to make a they may swim, cannot live under water. noise when eating it; not 13 hold a fork awkwardly or "overhand;" to eat slowly and to keep the mouth closed while eating, and not to talk while food is in the mouth; to wipe the mouth with a napkin season is due, recreate their kind on before and after drinking; not to leave rocky beaches, or hill slopes, remain until spoon in a cup for a moment; to place | their land-born progeny has learned the fork and knife together on the plate when one has finished.

Although children should not be al- nesses of the sea. lowed to complain of their food or to be "fussy," it is not right to insist that a strange as their migrations, in the month child shall eat what may be distasteful. of May, as the sun begins to melt the low wives till death without either an en- you must refuse.

"Just Wishin' -- "



Mysteries of Science and Nature

The Two-Part Life of the Seals. Which Voyage Thousands of Miles Yearly Without Chart or Compass, is One of the Most Fascinating of Scientific Puzzles

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Rudyard Kipling, in one of his poems knights who went forth to slay dragons has referred to the mystery of the periodical disappearances of the seals from their breeding grounds, where the hunters cut them down.

> appears to have been deeply attrred by the strange instincts of these animais, which know the hidden ways of the sea, and travel where man cannot follow, with a sureness of course, and an unerring divination of obstacle and danger which, if

possessed by huperson through life as having been ill- of the ocean as simple as walking across man pilots, would make the navigation taught or neglected at home, and this is, a room. And, indeed, it is a poetic mys-

tery. Without chart or compass they voyage thousands of miles, and never go astray for very long or coremonious meals. In They live in the sunlight, and walk on the land during months of every year, and yet, when the time comes, they plunge into the sea, disappear, at will, n its dark profundities, seek and find neatness in personal appearance is obli- their winter homes, thousands of miles away, feed upon the fish and squids in the depths of the temperate or tropical ocean, and, with the return of the northern spring, take their way once more

These statements apply especially to the fur seals of Alaska. The less valuable "hair seals" are a widely different species, although they, too, have their What adds to the mystery of the fur-

seals is the fact, that, unlike the others they are, anatomically, allied to the bears, whose behavior they strikingly imitate when on land. For this reason Girls are served before boys. Thir they were originally called "sea-bears." Thus they come into a certain relationship with land carnivores, or flesheating animais of the land, which, though Practically at least half the life of these seals is passed beyond our ken. They come up into our world, like plants spurting out of the ground, when their secrets of the water world, and then go their unhesitating way down in the dark-

The family life of these animals is as

floes in the Behring sea, around the fear of diminishing the herd. They are Pribilof Islands, the black heads of the driven off by hunters at night, corralled buil" seals may be seen emerging from in musters that may number thousands, the water. They are seeking the bread- then ignominiously knocked on the head. ing places for the "cows." which will come later. They have voyaged thousands of miles with no North star, but followed by the females and the young, only their inborn instinct, to guide them. to lead their other life in the sea. They select, on the rocky coasts, beaches and slopes to please them-and then wait.

ery." He is sione but he anows in at his company is coming. In June the females begin to arrive. sulls, but they, tco, have made their way unerringly. Then the "harems" are oreach of them has, on the average, thirty seals found in the water. members of his harem. Once in a while some unfortunate (or fortunate) has but one; but, on the other hand, a few have

as many as a hundred.

The breeding season closes about the first of August. Then the bulls go away.

An indication of how little has been known, until very recently, of that other Each bull has his own grounds, or 'rooklife of the seals is afforded by this singular fact. When the United States and Great Britain combined their wisdom in an effort to protect the precious herds They are small and frail compared to the from utter extinction, about 1893, a protected limit was drawn about the islands, with a radius of sixty miles from shore, ganized. The bulls are like grand Turks; within which it was forbidden to kill

It was thought that few would go away farther than that. But to the surprise of everybody, the "pelagic" or open-sea The lot of young bulls, "bachelors," the without violating the protective boundarfishermen made the very next season. seal fishermen call them, has a kind of ies, the largest catch on record. Then it poetic interest also. They have no ha- was found that the seals were limited by rems, not even one with a single inmate. no such narrow bounds of oceanic wan-They collect together in companies near dering as had been ascribed to them, but the harems that they cannot enter, and that they might be encountered in abunlook on and think. Perhaps they con- dance almost anywhere north of Calistruct romances of the future in their fornia and Japan. So now, by a fifteenpoor, muddled brains. But their lot has year convention, pelagic sealing is pro-another unhappy feature since man has hibited anywhere in the northern Palearned the value of their hides, for they cific, Japan joining in the agreement with can be unmercifully slaughtered without Great Britain and the United States.

Advice to the Lovelorn

Dear Miss Fairfax: I became engaged to a young man the second week in July, and we love each other with the deepest and cleanest and most holy love that is in existence between a man and a woman, and nothing except death can be makes. Now, on account of this, it is impossible for him to buy me a ring, and on account of this my parents do not believe that he will keep his word, and do not trust him. They promised to make a party in honor of my engagement, but they refuse to do so, as my parents state that it will be a shame for them to introduce their child to our friends and family as being a bride when I have no sign of being one—that is, I have no ring. Now. I argue with them, that at this time he has no ring to give because of the condition of his business, and that the sign I have of being engaged is in my heart—my great and holy love for him—and likewise, his for me; but they do not listen to me, and they nag and nag, until I feel that I will break down.

The ring is only a symbol. Girls have the privilege of including you, and heart the privilege of including you, and They Are Wrong.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

look feerce. This is my castle, this flat, sed Pa, & masterpiece

you must feel the saim here as you do Edward Fitzgerald was utterly careless in yurs own hoam. all about it cumming up hoam in the countrymen regarded him as a poet, even subway. It seems that he loved a yung if they had heard his name mentioned as girl & thought the whole wurld of her, an old chum of Alfred Tennyson. Yet Pa sed. Him & her was about to be wed, he wrote "The Rubiyat of Omar Khaybut she got her signs crossed somehow, yam" long years before his death. He & ran away the nite beefoar the wedding kept it "chucking about," apparently not with a leeding man for a medicine show. thinking it worth publishing, and when I hosp that time will heal his grief, sed he did print a few copies nobody tools Pa sed, & then I wud talk them to a show threw the original draft of "The Lay of that had a handsum leading man, & if the Last Minstrel" into the fire, and was thay dident run away with him thay al- only persuaded to rewrite it by two

& threw me oaver my all, my ocean, my stars, my moon, my was exhumed and finished,

I cud see that Ma dident like him vary good. She looked at him the way she might never have been published. He was doses at most of the frends Pa brings extremely averse to it, and only yielded hoam. It is awful hard for Ma to be to the importuni.... of his friends and polite to sum of Pa's frends.

much of a woman's trecherous nature. right they have ceased to be counted. Like the grate Shopenhour, he knows the danger that ifes beyond the light in wim-

You arent a sinnick, sed Ma. You are jest a conceeted yung calf that thought he was a winner with sum gurl who thought otherwise. After you grow calder, Ma sed, & have been thrown down hard by a dosen more yung ladies, you will beegin to reclise that wimmen is better & wiser than men. I doant cair what Shopenhour or any other old Dutch fillosofer thinks. Thay used to set around & drink beer till it was too late to go hoam, sed Ma. & wen thay got a swift call next day they sed all wimmen was cranks. I am glad my husband brought you hoam, sed Ma, beekaus now, rite in front of him, I am going to show you that he isent a sinnick even if you think you are one. Dear, Ma sed to Pa, arent wimmen better & sweeter every way than men better & sweeter every way than the sent that is the sent and complexion is altogether favorable.

(From Herald of Henith.)

(In the serverse of that generally given to those overburdened with flesh, says a well-known specialist. "It all depends with boranium jujubes, you may expect a substantial reduction in weight, and without any of the evils attending the usual internal medication. This is a most efficacious treatment with which the general public is little acquainted as yet. I invariably prescribe boranium jujubes in the sent of the even if you think you have a substantial reduction in weight, and with the general public is little acquainted as yet. I invariably prescribe boranium jujubes in the sent a sinnick even if you think you have a substantial reduction in weight, and with the general public is little acquainted as yet. I invariably prescribe boranium jujubes in the sent a sinnick even if you think you have a substantial reduction in the thousant point the thousant prought. The substantial reduction in the thousant prought to those thought otherwise. After you grow cepting an invitation from her to her are one. Dear, Ma sed to Pa, arent wim-

A Basket of Eggs

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY. It was 266 years ago, July 7, 1647, in the city of Naples, that a basket of figs created a revolution which resulted in the death of 500 men, many of them members

of the ancient nobility; the burning of scores of villas. and palaces, and the elevation to power of a peasant whose entire possessions would not have brought the price of a decent suit of clothes. The owner of the basket of figs was asked to pay the

royal tax upon the fruit; he refused to do so, and emptied his basket upon street. Close by stood Masaniello, the fisherman, young, handsome, brave and 'chok full' of the eternal sense of justice and right. Poor and humble as he

netizing men, and outraged by the injustice he had witnessed he sounded the call of arms. Arming themselves, the populace, with Masaniello at their head, drove out the Spanish viceroy, liberated the prisoners of the customs, burnt the houses of the king's creatures, destroyed the offices of the tax collectors, and made short work of ridding the city of the tyrannical nobility and their henchmen. But there was no loafing. The mob was thinking not of

was, Masaniello possessed a commanding

personality, the "gift imperial" of mag-

stealing, but of establishing what they be-Heved to be justice. In a trice Massniello was master of Naples. The viceroy was forced to remove the hated taxes, and in his rude shanty home, the barefooted fisherman, in rude, democratic fashion, but with an eye single to justice and humanity, disposed of the petitions and complaints that were handed to him.

But nature is inexorable, and in estabishing her balances she is worse than a thousand Shylocks. For an entire week the entire care of a city of hundreds of thousands of inhabitants had fallen upon Masaniello. He was general, judge, legialator; and for the whole time he had hardly slept or eaten. The combined physical and mental strain was more than he could bear, and the fisherman's brain began to reel. He became a maniac and did all sorts of violent things; and instead of loving him and caring for him until he regained his sanity, the fools killed and buried him like a dog. But despite this, the name of Masaniello will live forever in the memory of the lovers of liberty and justice.

Famous Books Despised by Their Authors

The first edition of Browning's "Pauk ine" was sold at auction for \$8,000, yet not only did Browning receive nothing for it originally, but he would have withsible. Yet so highly did Rossetti think of this despised masterpiece that, not being able to find a copy anywhere, he went to the British Museum library and spent several laborious days copying it word Mrs. Browning was so careless as to

the fate of her works that it is a won-

der that any of them have survived. Indeed, if it had not been for a doting father before marriage and a devoted husband after marriage, it is possible that the the published works of the greatest English woman poet would have been nil. Even Tennyson was careless with regard to his manuscripts and seemed to despise them. Some weeks after leaving his lodgings at Mornington place, Hampstead, he wrote from Barchurch to Cov-Pa brought heam a funny looking yung entry Patmore, the author of "The Angel man with him last nite. He was kind of in the House," asking him essually to go yung & innocent looking, & he looked as along some time to his late lodgings and if he had been crying. His eyes were red see if he could find his "book of Elegies-& every onet in a while he wud skowl & a long, butcher, ledger-like book," as he described it. Patmore went, and the land-Wife, sed Pa, this is Mister James Mur- lady gave him permission to search the ray. I nevver met him till this after- poet's old rooms. There, in a cupboard He is a distant relashun of mine, in which Tennyson had kept his tea and & he has a letter of introduckshun to butter, Patmore found the book, full of me from a other distant relashun. Mister verses. It was the unpublished manu-Murray, sed Pa, malk yurself at hoam. script of "In Memoriam," Tennyson's

of his fame. He lived to be an old man, He is a sinnick, sed Pa. He tould me yet not one in a million of his fellow-Pa. I know wen I was yung I was al- any notice of it. Today "Omar" is one ways wanting to get rid of my girls after of the most famous poems in the world. awhile. I wud go with them for awhile, Scott was apt to despise his work. He ways looked at his picter & then at mine, friends to whom he had read it; and "Waverly"-or the first half of it, rather But Julia, sed Mister Murray, Julia was -lay in a barrel for nine years before it

If John Keble had his way it is possible that his famous "Christian Year" the pleadings of his father. Even so, he I guess you donnt tike me, sed yung refused to have his name on the title Mister Murray. I doant think moast wim- page. In forty-five years it went through men like a sinnick. A sinnick knows too 158 editions, and since it went out of copy-

"Eat Away Your Fat" Says Noted Specialist

do not listen to me, and they nag and nag, until I feel that I will break down.

LOVE BLESSED.

The ring is only a symbol. Girls have been wooed and won, and been happy wives till death without either an en- you must refuse.

cepting an invitation from her to her her to her her to her home. Or to go out with her, when, in a way, she is the hostess.

The ring is only a symbol. Girls have her to go, she hasn't the privilege of including you, and wives till death without either an en- you must refuse.

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