



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Harry Says Woman is a Thing of Beauty and an Expense Forever

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By Tad



The Fable of the Wise Dame

By DOROTHY DIX.

Once upon a time a worthy but impetuous youth fell in love with a maid whose father was a rough creature, who had accumulated a tainted million in the grocery trade.

The financial discrepancy between herself and her steady cut no ice with the maid, who lent a willing ear to all of the youth's caustic talk, and believed that she was loved for herself alone, but pap looked at the stunts of his eyes and passed daughter the ultimatum.



"Break away," he said, "for if you marry this Weary Willie, you will stand a swell chance of starving, for if you think that I am going to feed a son-in-law on my dough, you have missed your guess. Endowing able-bodied young gals players is not my line of philanthropy, nor am I giving away any genuine government bonds, as a matrimonial inducement, this trip.

"I am surprised that a daughter of mine has not more business sagacity than to fall for such a gold brick, but I am passing you a straight tip-it is you for the six by eight Harlem flat and the hand-me-down raiment, if you tie up with the bum Romeo, for otherwise of a plunk do you get from me."

These cruel words greatly distressed the maid, and when the youth came to call that night she turned the weeps upon his Romeo until she wilted down his shirt front.

"Alas!" she cried, "when it comes to sentiment and romance my father is a dead one. Love's young dream does not thrill him nearly a thrill, and he wants me to pass you up because you are short on the long green, but never will I consent to be torn from my heart's idol. I will marry you if we have to live on bread and water."

"Noble creature," returned the youth, getting a strange hold on her sinuous figure, "let us share the cares and responsibilities of life together. If you will furnish the bread, I will hustle around and try to find the water. However, we will not begin upon our vegetable menu until we have ascertained that there is no way of holding papa up for Lobster Newburg and Champagne Frogs."

With that the youth, who was in reality a sleek Aigle, went forth and hiked

down to the joint where papa did stunts with short weights in his grocery.

Now the grocer supposed that the youth had come to ask for his daughter's hand, and he prepared to throw him out, but instead of beginning a spiel about his undying affection the youth pulled a long face and thus addressed him:

"I have come," he said, "because my conscience tells me that I have not treated you on the level, and I wish to square myself with you. I feel that I have been raising false hopes in your breast and have led you to believe that you would be able to vernal me for a son-in-law.

"Of course I know that I am a matrimonial prize that anybody would break their neck to get, and I sympathize with you in your disappointment in missing me, but it is my sad duty to tell you that such is your misfortune, and that that glorious dream can never be realized."

Perceiving that his audacity had rendered the grocer speechless, the youth went on:

"I do not deny that your daughter has made a hit with me, but it would be impossible for me to condescend to marry into a family so far below my own, or to ally myself with a creature who sells mackerel by the fish instead of the kit.

Moreover, I apprehend that my sainted grandmother, who was a Daughter of the American Revolution and a Colonial Dame, would execute flip flaps in her coffin at the mere idea of my espousing a wife whose grandfather's clock came from Fourth avenue instead of over on the Mayflower."

"But," said the grocer, when he got back his breath, "my daughter will have the wad as big as an elephant."

"Faugh!" exclaimed the youth, "what is vulgar wealth compared to blue blood and aristocratic lineage? Back to the stand for yours."

"Ha," said the grocer to himself, "it appears that in framing up the situation I have made a mistake, and that instead of giving the youth the frosty mitt, he has handed it to me. I opine that there must be something that is a cinch in the blood business that I am not wise to, and, anyway, if my daughter wants a family tree, she shall have one."

So the grocer began making passes at the youth, who held off until at last so much money was shaken at him that he allowed himself to be persuaded to overlook the maid's pedigree, and to accept her hand in marriage in consideration of a heavy bonus.

Moral: This fable teaches that none but the nery deserve the fair.

Easy With the Whip, Phil!

By Tad



Sherlocko the Monk

By GUS MAGER.

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The Strange Adventure of the Two Friends



The Great Expansionist

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

January 25, 1796.

One hundred and twenty-six years ago today-January 25, 1796-Thomas Jefferson, at the time our minister to France,

wrote a letter to Archibald Stuart, calling his attention to the condition of affairs between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi, and in the course of his letter Mr. Jefferson said: "I fear that the people of Kentucky think of separating, not only from Virginia (in which they are right), but also from the confederacy. I own I should think this a most calamitous event. And such a one as every good citizen on both sides should set himself against. Our present federal limits are not too large for good government, nor will the increase of votes in congress produce any ill effect. On the contrary, it will draw the little divisions at present existing there. Our confederacy must be viewed as the nest from which all America, North and South, is to be peopled."

We have here in this letter of Jefferson the fountain head of the expansionist ideas which have agitated and agitate, but the broadening out of American ideas and principles until they covered the whole American continent.

Jefferson's expansionist ideas were strongly expressed in his first inaugural address, when he said:



"My countrymen, we are rapidly advancing to destinies beyond the reach of mortal eyes."

Several years before he had said to Madison: "I venture to say that the act which abandons the navigation of the Mississippi is an act of separation between the eastern and western country." With sublime desperation Jefferson held onto the great river, and he did it because he felt that the great west was destined to be a part of his country.

He was thinking of Louisiana long before that great province became ours; and when he found out that Napoleon was ready to part with the vast area he immediately authorized its purchase without waiting for the consent of anybody. He knew that curses and imprecations would be heaped upon him for his act, but he also knew that, fundamentally, he was in the right-and he went ahead, regardless of what might come to him in the way of abuse.

The more we learn of Thomas Jefferson the bigger does he seem to us. Distance only adds to the massiveness of the man. And the more thoroughly the archives are searched the clearer becomes his patriotism. He was a genuine American, believing in, and ever contending for, the very bedrock principles upon which true Americanism rests, and must ever rest.

He had faith in the people, and was not afraid to trust them in the great untried experiment of self-government. While others trembled, he stood firm in the conviction that the people are able to take care of themselves; and that, with an educated electorate, the future is safe.

Her BlueJacket Brother

By WINIFRED BLACK.

I have a brother-in my estimation the dearest fellow in the world. He is an honorable, straightforward, trustworthy gentleman; lover of home, mother and sister; does not smoke, chew or indulge

in intoxicants, and, in short, is just the sort of a chap any sister would be proud of; but, alas to say the people all sneer at him and several of my snobbish girl friends refuse to stand and talk with me when I am with my brother because he is an American bluejacket and consequently wears the naval uniform.

Miss Black, if you are kind enough to write on this article, will you please try to remind your readers that the sailors live for them, fight for them and would willingly die for them.

Also ask them in times of war on whom would they depend to defend their country. Surely not the civilians who frequent our pool parlors and lounge on our street corners.

A SAILOR'S SISTER.

Well, for goodness sake, sister, what sort of a place do you live in, anyhow-the Fiji Islands? No; I see your letter comes from Brooklyn, N. Y. What on earth is the matter with Brooklyn and the Brooklyn girls?

A plea for the bluejacket, eh? Now, if I were your age it would be the civilians who would have to plea for notice when there was a sailor or a soldier anywhere in the landscape.

What do these haughty girls want for a sweetheart, anyhow-a grocer's clerk? Or perhaps they would prefer a young man who drives a wagon somewhere, or a proud and domineering guard on an "L" road.

What's the matter with Uncle Sam's bluejackets? I never see one of these without wanting to stop and say: "Bless your heart, Jackie; how's your mother? When did you write to her last? Does she miss you? What did you send her home from China? And whisper-whose picture is that in the locker you carry so close to your heart?"

"Uncle Sam's bluejacket, are you? Well, here's good luck and good times go with you. I know there's a mother somewhere would give her eyes to see you for just a minute-and she's proud of you, too. And well, mothers are so foolish-she's even proud of the uniform you wear, likes the color of it, says it means true blue; likes the sailor collar and loves the sunburn in your frank face and the glint of the open air in your honest eyes. She even loves the color of the flag you love-thinks there's not-

ing so pretty in the world as the red and white stripes and the stars twinkling on the blue. Why, what an old-fashioned creature she must be, to be sure. Where on earth do you hide her?"

"She has the picture of your ship on the wall at home and knows just which porthole is nearest to your own special bunk. That's just like a mother. She doesn't blush to remember that you have to keep decent hours and that you actually salute your superior officer like a sailor and a soldier. Well, that mother of yours is certainly eccentric."

"An eccentric as you were when you preferred to enlist in the navy and see the world and learn something about good old Uncle Sam and his service, to sticking around home and getting a job switching at the railroad station or setting brakes on the overland freight."

"Eccentric. I wish there were a few more like you, Jackie, all over the country."

"Ashamed of brother, little Miss Brooklyn? Well, if any girl I knew was such a goose she wouldn't speak to me when I went abroad on the arm of Uncle Sam's decent, sober, straight-backed, broad-shouldered bluejacket. I'd be just stupid enough never to want to speak to her, again as long as I lived. She's just a dunce, that's all-and a narrow-minded, dull-witted, little-hearted cuss at that."

"I'd be proud of my bluejacket brother, so proud that my heart would sing every time I had a chance to walk into the sunshine with him-and I'd hold my head so high that I'd look as if I were on parade myself with Old Glory, the finest flag of the finest country in all the world, snapping in the free air above me all the time-me and my dear old trust-hearted bluejacket brother."

"Step high. I'd walk as if there were a thousand hands playing every foot of the way and a thousand cannon firing a thousand salutes. And, oh, how sorry I'd feel for a girl who didn't know enough to appreciate the joy and pride that were mine, all on account of my bluejacket brother."

Muffled Knocks.

"I don't wonder you keep your shapely arms bare, Mildred, even if they do look somewhat hairy."

"I'm rather glad you dropped in, Boris; when a fellow feels blue and lonesome he's ready to welcome anybody."

"Yes, of course I can recommend you for that position, McCord. Fortunately, perhaps, I don't know you very well."

"Your new job will take you out of the country for three or four years, will it, Bingley? Well, I'm glad you got it."

"I'm enjoying your call so much, Mr. Spurling, that I hate to remind you that the next car will pass here in about five minutes, and then there won't be another one for half an hour." Chicago Tribune.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Ma is all the time bringing funny folks up to the house & last nite she brought up sum ladies which has made up a new club, they call themselves the Provender club, they call themselves the Provender club, they call themselves the Provender club, they call themselves the Provender club.

Rule I. Doant give your husband any mince yin. Husbands shud not be humored.

Rule II. Doant pour yure husband's coffee in his cup. Let him pour it on the table cloth.

Rule III. Doant eat yure napkin ring. Keep it for a souvenir.

Rule IV. Doant eat yure napkin ring. Wife, sed Pa, yure are a quaint comedian. I have did one funny thing, sed Ma, I married you.

Waterford

My blessing be on Waterford, the town of ships.

For it's what I love to be strolling on the quay watching while the boats go out, watching them come in, and thinking of one I know that's sailing far away.

It's well to be in Waterford to see the ships; The great big masts of them against the evening sky, Seagulls flying round, and the men unloading them.

With square, strange talk among themselves the time you're passing by; I love to be in Waterford to see the ships come in, Bringing in their cargoes from west and east and south.

Some day one I love will stand here upon the quay, He'll take my two hands in his own and stoop to kiss my brow.

Ma sed: I do not follow you, sed Ma, & neither do my friends follow you. What do you mean?

Well, sed Pa, I will explain. Rubie Wadell is a left-hander & Matty is a right-hander. I used it for a allegory, Pa sed. I wanted to show that you girls aren't the only folks that can get to gether & give yure brains a bit of exercise.