

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Bunk is Some Smearer Himself

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



## "There Can Be No Beauty With Tight Skirts," Says Miss May Blaney

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Perhaps it was the suddenness of being taken out of the brilliant atmosphere of the Bernard Shaw play, or perhaps it was the steepness of the stairs leading to her dressing room, but at all events when I saw Miss Blaney, who plays the part of Ann in "Man and Superman," I made two very bad breaks in rapid succession.

First I thought she was an American because we can claim all pretty actresses with strong English accent, and because she is so well known to American audiences.

And then I thought her eyes were blue because she makes them up with blue paint, and they look blue.

But I was soon set right on both points. "I'm not American; I'm English with a strong streak of Irish," corrected Miss Blaney. "And, moreover, my eyes are brown and not blue." By this time I had completely wilted, and I threw the interview on her mercy, with a faint murmur that it is about "Beauty and her methods of preserving her health, and quite unusual amount of good looks."

"You can say that I like gardening and that I breed bulldogs," said Miss Blaney. "But alas! This was not what I wanted, and I feared that the readers of this paper would not all be able to achieve fame, as well as beauty, by such means. My mind was still full of the delightful play that was going on downstairs, for "Ann" was preparing for the last act. After you have listened for an hour or so to Bernard Shaw, it is almost impossible to get back to the commonplace of physical culture, diet, and the other means by which our famous beauties enhance their appearance and kindle the light of envy in the breast of all the other women.

So I asked Miss Blaney to talk about "Ann," the superwoman, she of the life force and the delightful catty ways, which Miss Blaney acts with such charm and skill.

One of the most interesting things about this play is the change in the audience. When it was first given, people did not know whether they ought to laugh, and women resented the character of Ann, though they all knew in their hearts that she is the woman who can bend even the strongest man to her will. Now they never miss a point.

"It does seem curious," continued Miss Blaney, "that men will be completely taken in by a character like Ann, but when they see a sincere, frank straightforward woman they at once believe that she is a deep character planning all kinds of pitfalls. Indeed that she is a woman to beware of."

"My sympathy is, of course, with the sincere, straightforward woman, but I must admit that the Ann type gets on better, and I believe that every woman in the audience realizes it and has a certain sympathy with Ann, and is glad that she always gets her way. Perhaps there is a little of Ann in every one of us," laughed Miss Blaney. "The redeeming feature about her is that she has a sense of humor."

"Miss Blaney had taken off the pretty yellow automobile coat, the little hood with its big crimson rose, and was now wearing the frock of the last act, a tight-fitting affair of light blue satin, hobbled and so tight in the skirt that the slit introduced in front was absolutely necessary to make walking a possibility.

"How I do dislike these tight skirts," said Miss Blaney. "I think that women would get more courtesy shown them, more respect and more politeness if they would go back to petticoats, and all the frilly, lacy things which are so essentially feminine."

"These present fashions are certainly abominable. For myself I would like a full wide petticoat and skirt, almost a crinoline, in fact; something that essentially expressed the early feminine. I love lace and all beautiful materials, and lots of them. These ridiculous skinny skirts are ugly and unbecoming, as well as immodest."

"You will notice that since women began to discard one petticoat after another, and appear finally in the scantiest of skirts, they have lost a great deal of the outward respect and consideration which used to be shown them in the days of fuller petticoats."

"So I say let us get back to petticoats, and gain once more the consideration and respect which are no longer shown to women who wear the ridiculous fashions of the day."

"Do you think, Miss Blaney, the typical Ann woman, the man hunter, regrets the loss of her frilly petticoats?"

"You may be quite sure that the Ann woman wears the latest and the most up-to-date things. She's probably enveloped in the tightest skirt she can get, and on her it is another attraction."

Miss Blaney had put the last touch to her frock and pinned a fascinating little curl in place over her right ear, and was now ready for the stage. Her coiffure, by the way, is a most interesting one. The front hair is parted and waved back naturally, the back hair is wound around

the head in a tight swirl fitting the head closely and bringing out its prettily modeled contour. The curl is made of the end of the hair.

"You haven't told me a thing about health and beauty, Miss Blaney," I remonstrated as I left the dressing room.

"Never mind; I really do nothing for my health. But if you can put in a plea for petticoats, I should be glad. I think that's a much more important subject," said Miss Blaney, as I bade her good-bye.



MISS MAY BLANEY IN "MAN AND SUPERMAN."

## THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE SECTION

of Sunday, October 27th Will Contain:

### "ROUGH ROADS AND ROUGH RIDING TO THE WHITE HOUSE"

By the Hon. CHAMP CLARK  
Speaker of the House of Representatives

Champ Clark's second article on "Presidential Lights That Have Flared Failed" explains the hard sledding that awaits the Presidential aspirant in a witty manner. As Clark so aptly says, "We are apt to forget a loser," and on the eve of a great national election it is well to be reminded. Did you know that Henry Clay was nominated three times by his party? That Samuel J. Tilden failed of election by one electoral college vote? That James G. Blaine was only a few votes behind Grover Cleveland in the final count? Mr. Clark writes from his heart, for he has not forgotten how close he came to being nominated at Baltimore for the highest office in the land. He tells of a good many winners also. We all love a winner, and the Speaker's list ranges from Lincoln to Roosevelt. You'll be interested mightily in this second installment. The article is illustrated with a humorous set of drawings by G. W. Harting.

### "THE QUEST OF BETSINDA-SUE"

By HANNA RION

This is a new "Quest of the Golden Girl." A love story with a breath of Fall days and the Joy of Living in it. An artist has painted the picture of a woman he has never seen. He is even in ignorance of where she lives, yet he sets out to find her. The fantastic tenderness of his romance will appeal to every man and woman who is young or ever has been young. The story is sympathetically illustrated by Frank Ver Beck.

### "NOVEMBER JOE, WOODSMEN DETECTIVE"

### "THE CASE OF MISS VIRGINIA PLANX"

By HESKETH PRICHARD

Another story of the remarkably popular "November Joe" series. Virginia Planx, the daughter of a millionaire, has been kidnaped and held for ransom in the Canadian woods. The case is turned over to "November" and, in his role of woods detective, he is for the first time baffled. Never did clues so utterly appear to contradict each other. He solves the mystery at last to his own satisfaction—and incidentally to the satisfaction of Miss Planx. Percy E. Cowan's illustrations characteristically catch the breath of the woods.

### "HOW CANADA DOES IT"

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

Did you know that Canada is getting more immigrants from the United States than from any other country in the world? Did you know that she is attracting experienced farmers—men with money and energy? This is not the result of a haphazard policy of "Let come who will;" but it is the fruit of a systematic campaign for the best available human material. Elliott Flower's article will open the eyes of millions of citizens on this side of the border. Illustrated with unusual photographs.

### "WOMEN WHO COUNT"

This department contains character sketches of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and Mrs. William Howard Taft, illustrated from photographs—and are little side lights on the personal side of these two altogether interesting women.

### COVER DESIGN—"BOY WANTED"

By CHARLES MacLELLAN.

A picture that brings a laugh every time you see it. It will remind you of YOUR boyhood and the homely humor of the farm.

## The Girl Who Flirts

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The complaint of a young man that his sweetheart kindles a regret that a word so originally sweet and innocent has become so unwholesome and bedraggled.

Webster says that flirtation is playing at courtship without any cruel intentions. The word "flirt," as he understood it, meant a girl in her attitude toward her lover. She flirts with him; she taunts him; she teases him; she fills his days with torture and despair, and just when he feels that he can endure no more, she gives a sweet little smile of encouragement, and he falls in love a little deeper.

The flirt whom we admire in book and story is like a pretty little butterfly always keeping just far enough ahead of its pursuers fingers to keep him interested and make him forget the long chase she has led him. She flirts with only one man. And the man is the man who loves her and whom she loves.

Some day she will confess her love and I doubt not that it will be lasting and true.

This is the flirt of prose and poem. It is the woman whose goodness and purity are given added zest by her innocent desire to torment, and to tease the man she loves.

There is a sad difference in the modern application. The word loses all its original prettiness when applied to a girl who ogles and winks and stares to attract the attention of a stranger. It is then that the butterfly has a little bit of the soil of earth on her wings.

If the sweetheart who writes me the letter of despair has a girl who flirts with him and with no one else, he has given his heart to a woman in whom he always will be interested. She loves him, else she wouldn't torment him. It is the torment of love that is its great joy. Love has been defined as "a steekiness full of woe all remedies refusing"—"a torment of the mind, a tempest overlaid."

bread and wine of life, the hunger and the thirst, the hurt and the healing, the only wound which is cured by another."

"And only the man whose loved one

allures him one moment and shuns him the next, keeping his heart first hot then cold, knows all the delightful ups and downs of love-making. Unless a woman, has a little of this desire to torment, love-making becomes as prosaic as buying a steak at the butcher's.

It would look as reasonable to cure a child of dancing while at play, compelling it to take the slow and heavy steps of the aged.

The girl who flirts in this innocent artless way with but one man, and that man the one she loves and who loves her

is having her playtime of life. There should be no talk of a cure, time with its burdens will see to that.

The word "flirt" in its more common interpretation, cannot be applied to any of my girls. I am sure. It is neither pleasant nor sweet nor sane.

**Why He Wanted to Know.**

The man in the upper berth leaned over its edge, and jamming his frown firmly down on his brow, cried in a harsh coarse voice that was audible above the rattle and rumble of the engine:

"El you, down there. Are you rich?"

"Hey!" ejaculated the man in the lower berth, almost swallowing his Adam's apple. "Whasser mazzar?"

"I say, are you rich?"

"What's that, sir? Rich? What do you mean by waking me up in the middle of

the night to ask me such a question as that?"

"I want to know—that's why."

"Well, then, confound you, I am rich. Now I hope your curiosity is satisfied and you will let me go to sleep."

"Very rich?"

"Millionaire, confound you. Now shut up, and—"

"Well, then, why in torment don't you charter a whole train to do your snoring in?"—Searchlight.

**As Science States It.**

A scientist recently announced in one of the eastern magazines that "bacterial immunity and opsonic investigations made in my laboratory indicate that the agglutination, lysis, opsonic and antibody production of hibernating mammals is markedly raised."

This shows what it is to be observant. Very few of us had noticed the interesting fact.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Daffydils

KNOW IT BUT THE MEN GROW OLD BEFORE THEY  
THEY LET ANYONE ELSE KNOW IT

HE CARRIED A BIG BAG ON HIS BACK AND HE WAS SLOUCHING DOWN A BACK STREET AT 2 O'CLOCK IN THE MORN WHEN THE COP COLLARED HIM.

"LEMME GO," HE YELLED, "THIS IS MY CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTION. I'M TAKING IT DOWN TO THE PARTY'S HEADQUARTERS." THE COP RELEASED HIM AND AS HE WENT ON HIS WAY HE PIPED BACK, "IF THE GIANTS STARTED A LAUNDRY WOULD THEY CLEAN UP THE BOX?"

**OFFICER!!**  
DUST OFF THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

NAVIGATION WAS DIFFICULT AND JOHN HENRY'S ROUTE HOME FROM THE CLUB AT 2 A.M. WAS STRENN WITH UNCHARTERED LAMP-POSTS, L' PILLARS ETC., BUT FINALLY HE REACHED HIS DOORSTEP. THE MRS. HAD HER HEAD OUT THE UPSTAIRS WINDOW "THAT YOU JOHN HENRY. WHAT BRINGS YOU HOME AT THIS HOUR. IT US' GOME T' ASK Y' WHEN THE FO G HORN BLOWS WHY DONT THE ARMOUR INSTITUTE?"

**OUGH DOG!!**  
YOU HIT THE NERVE.

GENTLEMEN BE SEATEL  
"A-R-A-R-A-R"

BONES-I SAW A MAN FRINT ON DE STREET TO-DAY AN' A FELLOW RUSHED INTO LE SALOON NEARBY AN' BRAGHT OUT TWO GLASSES OF BRANDY.

INTERLOCUTOR-WHY DID HE BRING HIM TWO GLASSES OF BRANDY. WOULD NOT ONE HAVE BEEN SUFFICIENT?

BONES-WHY NO. DE MAN HAD FAINTED AN' DEY HAD TO BRING HIM TO

**AW TAKE THE HANDGUFFS OFF!**  
I WONT RUN AWAY

**COME ALONG NOW!**

**SHUT UP!!**

**HOLD ON I SHAY-CAP**

**THIS MAN STOLE A WOMAN'S POCKETBOOK**

**DONSHA BELIEVE IM JUDGE**

**IM THE BOOB THAT PUT THE TOE IN TOAST**

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