



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

## The Mysterious Guy Tips His Mitt

## Drawn for The Bee by Tad



## The Man Who Smokes Versus the Woman Who Smokes

In Reply to Mr. Garret P. Serviss, Who is to Blame for the Habit of Smoking.

By MYRTA A. WELLS, M.D.D.O.

It was first introduced by Sir Walter Raleigh, as we all know. The white man ased the Indian and now the woman is the man.

It is a habit or vice, you might say, which is neither healthy or becoming to either man or woman.

Men have for so long a time inflicted their numerous habits into private places that they have become a nuisance; they have so impregnated their systems with nicotine that the habit has become an affliction, and the result is that it is being handed down to each generation just as a disease is handed down.

One falls a victim to environments and the smoke habit has existed for so long that the children of the parents are accustomed to a desire that has been forced upon them and the fumes of tobacco that the desire has overbalanced their good judgment of the women as well as the boys and girls.

Men's play houses of tobacco shops are where they are first introduced into the realm of dice shaking, taking chances and smoking big cigars. This is the first step of the bad influence and they are soon inured into other vices.

They go into a cigar store, and get shaking dice taking chances, and getting something that some one else has to pay for sooner or later, they are easily initiated into the clutches of gambling. Later the drinking habit follows, and the desire for something more exciting is born and develops into the common vice.

A man who is a man is rather tabooed and called a sissy when he is not addicted to some vice.

Adam and Eve were put into the garden of Eden without a character and were sent out of the garden to make a character, and the making necessitated hard work and heavy labor.

Some men are born good and some acquire goodness through observation, not necessarily through experience, such as some must and do have. The wild-idea is a habit, and being a habit, it is certainly one that is to be shunned rather than acquired.

The boy and man who can say no to temptation is certainly greater, stronger and more manly than he who says yes. Any weak-minded idiot can yield to temptation, but the man who says no and means it is a hero.

Sometimes you hear of men who have cut out the vices of early youth, and when you meet with a man who has the determination and strength of character to put these vices on the shelf, you can depend on it that that man can be depended upon, and he is a friend worth cultivating.

There is no sight so ridiculous as to see a man on a cold day smoking a pipe or cigar, he looks like an engine under his own steam.

Why do men smoke?

Why do women smoke?

Why is it worse for a woman to smoke than men? It certainly is not and should not be; a bad habit is just as bad for a man as it is for a woman.

Man has made it necessary to provide smoking rooms, and if it is good for man why is it bad for women? Some silly girls go so far as to jeer at a young man because he does not smoke. And these same light-headed misses are the ones who will do the same thing if the opportunity presents itself.

Men make it so strong that some poor misguided girls think that boys need to smoke, otherwise they are below the standard; when a girl is so frivolous you can easily judge the caliber of her ideas.

And such a girl will make a very careless wife and a mighty poor mother. Who would want to marry a girl that would

### Daffydils

COFFEE IS LIKE THE EARTH - WHEN IT'S GROUND

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED  
TA-RA-RA-RA-BUM  
INTERLOCUTOR - BONES, WHAT WERE YOU AND TAMBOS SO HOTLY TO - NIGHT  
BONES - WHY MISTAH JOHNSON DAT NO 'COUNT FELLAH ASKED ME YESTIDDY IF MAH FATHER WAS WELL - TO - DO I TOLE HIM HE WAS AN 'DEN LAS' NIGHT TAMBOS GOT DE OLE GENT IN A GAME OF POKAH AND TRIMMED HIM OF 100 DOLLARS  
INTERLOCUTOR - TAMBOS, WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?  
TAMBOS DATS DE TRUFE, MISTAH JOHNSON, BONES TOLE ME HIS FATHAH WAS WELL - TO - DO SO I JUS 'WENT AN' DID' HIM.

OLD PROFESSOR BLINKBATS WAS CONDUCTING THE CLASS IN BOZCOINOLOGY 'WHAT HE ASKED GRAVELY 'IS THE GREATEST QUESTION BEFORE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE TO - DAY, I KNOW, PIPED A RUBE FROM CORNSILK CROSSROADS, 'IF THE PIRATES WERE PLAYING THE PHILADELPHIA AMERICANS AND COOMBS WALKED THE PLANK WOULD HE BENDER?'

THE THEATRICAL MANAGERS HAD NEVER HEARD OF TALKING GOTT HIS BOOB FROM ALGERIA SWORE HE HAD ONE AND DEMANDED 700 BULKS A WEEK ON THE STAGE THE MANAGERS FIXED A DAY FOR THE TRYOUT AND HE BROUGHT THE NANNY ALONG - FIXING UP THE CHAIR AND QUIETING THE MULTITUDE HE WAVED HIS HANDS A SECOND THEN STOOD STARING WHILE THE GOAT BARKED, 'IF YOU WENT IN ONE OF THE SWAN BOATS IN CENTRAL PARK LAKE WOULD YOU CALL IT A PARK ROW?'

SAVE THE COUPONS BOYS! THERE'S MERRY MUGILAGE ON THE PREMIUM LIST

GIVE 'EM AIR BOYS!!

GET BACK THERE!  
DONT YOU KNOW YOUVE CROGGED THE FIRELINES?  
SURE MIKE  
WELL - WHERE'S YOUR BADGE?  
FOR WHY SHOULD I HAVE IT A BADGE?  
WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY?  
I'M THE BOOB THAT SLIPPED THE FIN TO FINNEGAN.

### The Race Not Decadent

By WINIFRED BLACK.

"The cause of the decadence of the human race is not hard to find," said a lecturer the other night. "Marrying for love has done the work."

The lecturer was a drab, middle-aged little person, with large round spectacles, enormous ears, and hands and feet that really - it was plain to see that no one would ever encourage him to encourage the human race to deteriorate.

"There is only one thing the matter with the human race today," announced a woman I know that same evening, "and that's the cigarette. Wipe them out and we'll be all right."

"We'll never pull ourselves together as a race until we stop the base ball chase and the turkey trot fad," writes a holler-than-thou evangelist. And no ride, gallop, trot, pace, walk, the hobbies all go marching by.

It's tobacco, it's whisky, it's too much starch in the food, it's too much work, it's not work enough, it's the bachelors, it's the married men, it's the babies.

Over and over, and round and round, and under and about, and through and past they talk, and write, and preach, and tell what it is that makes us so decadent, and all the time I keep on wondering whether we are really decadent at all or not. I can't see that we are. Can you?

Was your mother a failure in life compared to your grandmother? How would grandma do if she had to live as you do now?

You take a bath every day; grandma was considered a trifling fussy if she wanted more than one complete bath a week.

In your grandmother's time the preacher used to come to the log-rolling and go home the worse for liquor, and no one thought any the less of him for it either. Have you ever seen the rector of your parish ever so little under the weather?

Forty years ago if you were a democrat and lived in a republican community you might expect to wake up and find your barn burned and your stock set loose as a gentle hint to you to go where you were welcome. If you were a republican you never dreamed of trying to live in peace with democrats; you knew it was no use.

Don't you think we've gone a little ahead of that sort of thing?

When I was a little girl, not so awfully long ago, people used to give a litter of kittens to the children and tell them to go and drown them, and when we cried at the idea the grown people laughed. Any one who would ask a growing child to do a cruel thing like that today would be sent to the juvenile court for investigation, and quite right, too.

When my grandmother died the neighbors came and sat in the room with her and watched every symptom of her agony with a kind of gruesome interest, and went home and told the children all about it. Civilized - they weren't even partially so.

It was only fifty years ago that the insane were locked in cellars and starved and beaten by their own families. Forty years ago you could whip a horse to death in the streets of the biggest cities of the world, and no one could do a thing to make you stop your wanton cruelty, so long as the horse was yours. Forty years ago they used to take the little helpless children out of asylums and farm them out for dridges to people who worked them to death, and if you had dared to make a fuss about any such case you would have been laughed at for your pains.

We do some of these same things today, but we're ashamed of them anyhow. Our grandfathers were not at all ashamed of them, and would have given you a good deal to think of if you had tried to make them so.

"Decadence of the race!" Stuff and nonsense, we are not decadent, we're rising slowly, slowly. Miserably slow, faltering, not sure of the strange ground, slipping back every now and then - but rising, rising, inevitably, irresistibly.

Dominating the best, conquering the animal, leading down the list of impulses, higher, higher we rise, thank the good Giver of honest endeavor and true-hearted desire to be better.

Decadence of the race! Go to the old countries just for six weeks. See some of the old prisons that pollute the free air of heaven, even to stand there empty. Go through some of the old castles we think so romantic. See how the noble lords and ladies lived, like dogs in a kennel, without air, without light, without clean water.

Step into one of the cages they used to hang in the court yards. Pretty things these cages. They were made just big enough to hold a man crouching, and he

## What is the Ideal Proposal? Love Making Needs Romantic Touch

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

What is the ideal proposal? The ideal proposal must not be prosaic in form, as it too often is.

That is, according to Miss Mabel Beddoe, a very beautiful young Canadian singer, who must know about proposals. If the men have eyes in their heads, though she assured me that what she said was purely theoretical.

Miss Beddoe is a romantic person.

"People think I am very matter-of-fact," said this exceedingly handsome young woman, "but as a matter of fact I am not. I like to live in a world of romance, and I think it helps me immensely in these prosaic days, for we are prosaic, aren't we?"

"Now, when I feel that things are going wrong, and that everything isn't as it should be, when I might be depressed or discouraged, I begin to imagine that my troubles, whatever they may be, are a great adventure, and I deliberately paint them with a romantic glamor that wipes out the sordid or ordinary monotonous side of life.

"A lover, if he is going to propose in an ideal way, must do something of the same thing. A proposal should not be spoken in the ordinary everyday terms of use and slang, of course, to preserve taboo.

"It's very difficult for men to entirely the romantic spirit in the unromantic clothes they wear, and I think that the dark and inartistic costume of men has its effect on the romantic spirit and has put a damper on the ideal proposal.

"The spirit of good fellowship between men and women of today makes it difficult for a man to preserve the romantic glamor in courting a girl, and if he knows that she can beat him at golf or tennis he is less likely to propose in the humble and ardent spirit of the old-time lover, who had but few opportunities of seeing the girl he was in love with, and never was permitted the freedom of intercourse which exists today between young men and girls.

"The point of view, too, has changed. There is an old English song called 'The Keys of Heaven,' where the lover offers his lady everything, including a coach with six black horses, if she will but walk and talk with him. But the lady will not walk until he gives her the keys of his heart.

"In offering this the young lover goes down on his knees and she gracefully accepts him. I am afraid the modern young woman would have been quite willing to walk and talk with him if he could provide a good touring car, and she would take it as a matter of course that his heart went with it.

"There is very little sentiment, or I should say, sentimentality, among modern young people, and that affects courtship and the proposal. I am sure many of the songs that were popular in 1880; that was the great time when sentimentality was encouraged in young women, and young men had their goodly share of it.

"The lover of 1880 went down on his knees when he proposed, and he was a picturesque figure in his light plum-colored suit, his flowered waistcoat, his beautiful flowing stock, and his hair worn rather long, with a nice Byronian curl in front.

"Imagine the modern young man plumping down on his knees, in a mod-



MISS MABEL BEDDOE. Who says it is very difficult for men to preserve the romantic spirit in the unromantic clothes they wear, as the latter puts a damper on the ardor necessary to an ideal proposal.

ern business suit, and putting his hand over the place where once thumped his heart, and now bulges his cigarette case, or more symbolic still, his pocketbook.

"There's one time when a man must not be ridiculous, and that is when he is proposing marriage to the girl he loves. She will always remember the exact words in which he spoke, and she should have at least on his lips as to think of the ideal proposal from a woman's point of view is the one that is expected; few women when a man is going to propose, rather than, 'I am sure you are often led up to by a long process of feminine maneuvering if we are to believe modern writers of fiction.

"I think it would do our young people no harm if sentimentality were once more the fashion. I don't mean that it should be exaggerated, but we are too matter-of-fact, too prosaic, too businesslike. You will find this shows just as much in the popular music of the day as in the short stories and novels, and I am sure that the advent of woman in the field of labor has done a good deal to destroy romance, and to eliminate sentiment.

"The modern girl, though she may be as romantic at heart as I am, and full of imagination, feels that she is best safeguarded by a cold and prosaic manner, and she has done her share to bring love making to a very matter-of-fact level.

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MAVLE BROS., St. Louis, Mo.

### Pointed Paragraphs

How a woman doesn't enjoy holding her tongue.

It is hard work for a lazy man to acquire sufficient rest.

Predatory wealth has a sorrowful sound to the dear fell us.

A woman's opinions never become musty for lack of being aired.

Even a square man profers a woman woman who is more or less - oiled.

Few people can afford to feather their nests with borrowed plumage.

Any man lives to be called a hero, because he really believes he is.

When a man thinks he's got a big brain food he is really feeding his vanity.

The girl who remains faithful to her ideals is likely to break into the spinster class.—Chi ago Tribune.

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### Between Men and Germs

there is this difference. Germs can not live long with oxygen and sun light, while men can not live long without them.

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