

The Bee's Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Exit the Suffragette Judge

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Hunting a Husband

Blanchard Tries to Escort the Widow, but She Escapes Him.

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DEWATER.

"No." said John, "we don't want any

"Not tonight!" declared Paul, closing

Beatrice turned toward him impulsively.

"Why didnt you tell me you sang?" she

"I am very glad you did not know," he

The pensive mood was over, and the

"How are you going home," queried

parture. "My brother could have brought

over his car had he thought of your hav-

Beatrice paused just before she reached

generous with your brother's car," she

"Certainly not,' she answered coolly,

Henry Blanchard stepped quickly for-

"Mrs. Maynard," he said, "let me walk

kept close to her. As he fastened the rub-

ber apren on her side of the carriage, he

whispered a sentence meant for her ears

"I shall see you tomorrow," he said

And the widow, with a sinking of heart

Gives Up Blood for Babies

An example of woman's sacrific was

unfolded in Baltimore between the lines

out the fact that several months ago he

deserted his wife, leaving her to support

her twins, 7 years old. This she suc

ceeded in doing until three months ago

when she was compelled to go to John-

While in the hospital Mrs. Brown

learned that blood was a valuable article

in a hospital, so in order to obtain money

to pay the board of her twin children

she sold a quantity of her blood for \$25

which she sent to the people who were

Hearing later that a patient in anothe

institute was in a serious condition are

that the only hope held out by the sur-

geons was in transfusing some health

blood into the patient's body, Mrs. Brow

offered to give more of her blood to save

The surgeons were at first chary o

risking Mrs. Brown's health by further

ions of the vital fluid. But an examina

tion of her blood showed that it wa-

healthy and a voin in her left wrist was

opened and the blood taken out. Mrs

Brown stood the operation well and in a

few weeks was able to leave the institu-

tion. One of the remarkable features of

Another is that Governor Wilson of

the case is that Mrs. Brown weighs only

caring for her bables.

i life.

120 pounds.

Hopkins' hospital, where another baby

was born. Then her money gave out.

Cliff for it."

this!" insisted Robert.

I do not expect to."

home with you!"

laughed out merrily.

sound of wheels was heard.

heard the sibilant utterance.

teased.

bustle of preparations for departure be-

Helen's inspiration with regard to the lieve you've been singing and playing music proved to be a happy one. Beatrice and things until you've given yourself an had of late practiced with more or less attack of the blues. I move that we have regularity. Ever since the time when some real music now-something jolly, I Robert Maynard's approaching call had mean." he corrected himself, "something moved her to reopen her plane and re- that we can all sing!" sume her playing and singing, she had "Oh, no!" gasped Helen. "We don't found pleasure in the talent which she want ragtime and nonsense after such a had neglected for so long treat as Beatrice has given us. Do we

Robert himself, as he listened tonight, John?" turning to her husband for the appreciated that in the few weeks since confirmation which she was sure would he had heard her sing for the first time come from him. she had improved greatly. She had not brought with her to Helen's any of her ragtime. But I would like to hear Paul music, but she could play many of her Maynard sing 'Danny Deever.' " accompaniments and sing most of her songs without notes. And there were the piano with emphasis that betokened certain compositions of which she was determination. Some other time, perhaps, fond and which she had played so often but not tonight." for her own enjoyment that she had no difficulty in remembering them.

She played several of these, then, urged asked, "If I had known it I never would by her listeners to sing, consented. At have ventured to air my poer little voice first there was a little tremble in her in your presence." voice, for she was nervous before these friends who might also be critics, but returned, merrily. "for then we would their genuine and generous applause en- have missed a delightful hour. couraged her and she gained confidence. Finally she declared that she "knew nothing more." But as she arose from gan. the plano stool Helen protested.

"Beatrice, dear," she pleaded, "don't Robert Maynard of Beatrice as she came you remember how you used to sing, downstairs cloaked and hooded for de-

Indeed Beatrice remembered. She also remembered that her husband had loved ing no conveyance. I don't doubt he can the song, but tonight, amid these sur- even now telephone down to the Cedar roundings, he and the days when he had been with her seemed very far off. Yet she hesitated for a moment before anawering. Then she spoke softly,

"Yes, I remember. But I have not sung

it in a long time." But you can sing it without your notes. can't you?" urged Helen. Paul Maynard,

leaning on the piano, looked at the musician and smiled encouragingly. "Please sing it!" he murmured. "I used

to love it myself-when I was younger." He sighed even as he smiled, and Beatrice wondered what experience he was recalling. She glanced at the group by the fire. John Robbins was lolling in his great chair, his eyes closed, evidently waiting for her to begin. He always listened to music better if his eyes were shut, he insisted. Robert's hand shaded his face as he sat before the blaze. Helen was looking expectantly towards the piano, while Henry Blanchard stood leaning against the wall at the side of the chimney, arms folded. The entire company seemed in a receptive mood, and Beatrice felt almost excited as she played the prelude to the song. It was a moment that seemed to predict a triumph for her-a moment when she felt that for the next few minutes she could move

She began the song softly. The plaintive air and pensive words were suited to her voice, and the music stirred her strangely. It awoke dead and gone memories, and a new pathos came into her tones. She was conscious that the man standing by her was listening intentiv and that he had forgotten the presence of others besides himself and herself. His nearness impressed her as it had not done before. Once she glanced swiftly at his face and saw a moved, wistful look about the mouth that made her know that her song-or was it she?-touched him strongly.

her hearers at will.

"But once!" the sweet air pleaded. But once to enter there when night is falling.

In the old, sweet way, just coming at your And, like an angel, bending down above To whisper in your ear-"I love you!

The sobbing refrain ceased, and, for a moment, nobody moved. Then Heien made a little sound between a laugh and a sigh.

"Heigho!" she said. "Beatrice, dear, you have made me want to cry, and yet I love the feeling." She tried to laugh. and Robert Maynard turned to her and spoke softly. But Beatrice, in the silence of the room, caught his words. "That was one of my wife's favorite songs." he

John Robbins said nothing, but Henry Blanchard remarked prosaically that he believed it was "raining as hard as ever. As Beatrice noted Paul Maynard's silence she lifted her eyes to his and found him gazing at her with an expression that thrilled her. For a half minute his eyes

held hers, then he smiled sadly. "Thank you!" he said, so low that nobody but herself heard him.

Without a word the widow arose from the piano stool and came toward the fire. New Jersey, the president-elect, is per-"It is time I was going home, Helen," she senally interested in her case. He signed said gently. Her voice and manner were the requisition papers yesterday which subdued, and Henry Blanchard noted it. gave a detective the right to bring her "Now, see here," he said briskly, "I be- husband back to Baltimore,

PRISONER AT THE BAR" SAID THE HUNGRY PETE WAS SITTING IN JUDGE SEVERELY, "YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF THIS CRIME BY THE MOST CONVINCING DIRECT AND CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE AND IT IS MY DUTY TO VISIT UPON YOU THE

EITREME PENALTY OF THE LAW HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE SENTENCE IS PASSED UPON YOU? THE PRISONER LOOKED IMPLORINGLY AT HIS COUNSEL, THEN DESPAIRINGLY AT THE UNMOVED JURORS AND CROWD AND MURMURED "IF THE LONE STAR STATE IS

A GREAT STATE IS THE

NUTMED GRATER ?"

IHOPE I BON'T

OVER.

TIP THIS GLASS

RAIL ROAD TRACK TOOT! TOOT! SAUSAGE

WAITS.

MERE! KEEP AS SHE

ORDER

MAXS POISON PARLOR READING THE LINE OF MARCH WHICH WAS HEADED BY KALSOMINE SOUP AND FISHES' LEGS ON TOAST WHEN HE TURNED TO THE

WAITER AND WHISPERED 'IF A GIRL WAS TO BE INITIATED INTO A LADIES LODGE AND THE GOAT WAS MISSING COULD THEY TAKE A PIECE OF BREAD AND BUTT 'ER?"

SCENE-LITTLE DOG ON A

QUICK Y

MUCH



NO ONE EVER HEARD A MARRIED MAN

COAX HIS WIFE TO SING FOR HIM'

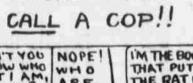
TAMBO - MISTAH FLYNN, A CAT HAS NINE LIVES HASN'T HE? INTERLOCUTOR- SO THEY GAY TAMBO. WHY!

TAMBO-WELL SUH, IF SHE LOSES ONE OF HER NINE LIVES WHAT IS SHE THEN?

INTERLOCUTOR- I GIVE IT UR WHAT IS SHE ?

TAMBO- AN OCTO- PUSS

I DON'T CARE





"Always Be Candid With Your Son"

Mother's Fault if Boy Doesn't Grow Up to Be Good Husband until the clever American dressmaker and the clever and the cl the power step and smiled down at the man standing below her, "You're very

By ADA PATTERSON.

But you can't walk on a night like Be candid with your son. Let him look into your heart so that he will understand other women. Teach him to ask himself, in any crisis,

'Is what I intend to do right? Is it kind? It is wise: Never tell him he is naughty.

Teach him that his faults are exag-But before Beatrice could reply Helen gerated virtues and train him not to "My dear uncle!" she exclaimed. "Do

Teach him that the great lesson of you suppose we think so little of this life is obedience and set the example of girl as to let her walk anywhere in such being obedient.

weather as this? John has just gone for Train him to let the first flash of anger the horse. Hark, there he is now!" as the pass while he is asking himself how he has caused that which has made him All came out on the veranda to speed the parting guest, but Henry Blanchard

> The wise daughter of a wise mother talked yesterday of how to train a boy to be a good husband.

Mrs. Woodallen Chapman, herself, an author and lecturer on family and household themes, is the daughter of a famvondered if the others, standing by, had ous authority on the same large theme. She talked with enthusiasm of one well grounded in truth, an enthusiasm that overflows and carries the doubts and misgivings and indifferences of others before

"If my boy does not become a good hus band it will not be my fault," she said. her hands clasped upon her library table, her eyes large with earnestness. "I am of matter-of-fact routine court work. The responsible for that dim woman in the vague future for her happiness, and I arrest of Charles Leroy Brown brought intend to be true to my trust. The first year of his life I began to train him for cood husbandhood. To tell the truth I egan in his first three weeks of his

> "You look surprised. Let me prove it That pastime of babies sucking their thumbs is a fault that by successive steps may lead to drunkenness or the drug habit. Allow a child to suck his thumbs and when he is a little older he will continually demand candy as a comfort for all his troubles, whatever goes wrong, he will cry for candy. From that vill grow the cravings for soda water. not as an occasional beverage, but a anker. From soda water a comforter for life'd ills, he must think of drinks and drugs in times of stress and disappointment.

"Do you know that a habit is formed n the first three weeks of a child's life will take a year to cure? It was so with my baby. We tried everything we had ever heard of to cure him of that thumb sucking, which is the first sign of gluttony, and the final cure was to make thumbless mittens of canton flannel. He didn't like the taste of that canton flannel and stopped.

"A lesson that was of great use and which my mother insisted upon my giv- him. the floor and kicked and cried in a tem- can never fool them. per we walked out of the room and left



MRS. WOODALLEN CHAPMAN AND SON, BRUCE.

understands.

I am telling you to do this because it is siderate of her. right. Some time I will explain.' I think plain to a child why commands are given, Life doesn't explain when it exacts obediforeshadowing of what life will be to

ing him was that he must abide by the "But one should never give a command consequences of his own acts. If he in anger, even though it be suppressed flung his rattle on the floor I did not anger. Children are cleverer than we pick it up. It lay there. If he lay upon grown-ups about persons' moods, and we

"I believe in the utmost candor between

he had himself to blame if he was de- him lest he lie to you. Don't say, "I am prived of society. I have often said to going downtown." and then go into him. Bruce, the great lesson of life is another room for your hat and disappear obedience. I am obedient to my sense of He will know and you will have lost his duty and to the laws of conscience and confidence. When that confidence is lost country, as you are obedient to me.' He a large part of your usefulness as a

mother is over. Look into his heart and "I cannot always stop to explain to him let him look into yours, so that he may why he must do something. I say to him, understand a woman and be more con-

"I have never told my son he it is a bad plan to always stop to ex- naughty. When he displays faults I tell him he is overdrawing a good trait. show him a piece of rubber, which once to its laws and a mother is his stretch almost to the point of breaking. "That' I say to him, 'is what you are doing when you are angry.' It is fine to have force and energy. They will both mensweep away difficulties from your path-But when you pour that force and energy into anger you are using is wrongly. "I teach him in words that he will un

derstand that every fault is but an abnormal expression of a good trait. him alone. In this way he learned that a mother and her young son. Don't lie to stubbornness, let us say, is firmness mis- ladylikeness will take care of itself.

American Clothes for American Women

BY DOROTHY DIX.

Women should give their support to daughter either has to support herself the campaign that is being made in favor at present or is likely to have to do so of American fashions for American before long.

women for these reasons: First-Because of

Second-For patriotte reasons. Third - Because they do wear American made clothes, anyway, even when they are paying Parts prices for them. Eighty per cent of "Imported" hats are created right here at home and have bogus French sewed in them.

Fourth-Because French fashlons are decadent, as witness the harem skirt, and the trousers skirt, and the split skirt. dressmakers have sent over in the last sensible, practical, clean-minded womanhood of young America. American women with their liberty have no bust-

that express their own individuality. enormous field that will bear a golden fabrics instead of oils or crayons. harvest for the young women of our

and millinery will find. But we shall not come into our own milliner is not forced to pass herself off as a bogus French woman and pretend that the creations of her own deft fingers came from Paris instead of out of her own back room. And she can never do this until women have enough sense and enough pride in their ewn country to parade the fact that their clothes are American made.

Every woman who reads these lines has got a double interest in encouraging American fashions for American women. For one thing her own prosperity is bound up in it, for it helps business, and that elps her husband. For another reason it opens up a lucrative profession for her daughter. In these times of high living every mother must face the fact that her

directed. That will be of immense value to him when he is older. He will need it to steer the right course. Noise and exuberent playfulness are a virtue misdirected. Let him make his play useful. "I teach him to enjoy his food, but

when he wants a piece of candy because he has stubbed his toe, he is giving food a place out of all proportion to its right place in his life by making it a consolation. Better take him to the window and show him a pair of draught horses drawing a load of stone, or a little girl rolling

"Train a child in the habit of asking himself when anything has gone wrong how he could have prevented it. Teach him that he has somehow drawn that experience to himself. While he is examining his own mind for the cause of the trouble his first flash of resentment

"Teach him when he is considering doing anything to ask himself three questions: 'In is right? It is kind? In it wise?" If he accustoms himself to ask and answer these questions honestly he will spare himself and others much mis-

"Teach him that men and women are not so very different in character. They are growing more and more alike and that the better poised they are the more they grow alike. Teach him that every temptation is a golden opportunity for self-mastery. When this lesson is learned there will be no need of such warning plays as one I saw recently and which every parent should see, for its theme was

safeguarding boys and girls. "I shall train my boy not to regard woman as a mystery. Intelligent persons, am sure, are growing tired of that twaddle. If a mother lets her son know her spirit as well as he knows his father's there will be no talk nor thought of mystery. He will know that men and women of one kind of temperament and character are more nearly alike than perons of different temperament and character who happen to be both women or

We teach our children a great deal of Among these aphorisms were: nonsense and the greatest of it is to teach cirls that climbing trees and solling their lothes is not ladylike. Better, if you are the mother of girls instead of boys, teach them to be humanly big and kind and the

Now, there is hardly a family that

hasn't got in it some girl who is sort of a near-genius. She has a most decided artistic bent. She has an exquisite sense of color, and a true eye for line. She can make all sorts of clever little sketches. All of this seems so remarkable to the

family that they have her taught to draw and paint, and they spend thousands of dollars on her art education, believing her to be a genius. But the girl finds out that she isn't a genius, that she has only faculty and talent, and that now when the great masterpieces of art are reproduced by wonderful mechanical processes there is no demand for the work of amateurs.

So, therefore, the girl's talent has gone to waste and the money spent upon her art education has been thrown away. But with the development of the idea of American fashions for American women, there is opened up for these artistic and the other monstrosities that Paris young women a lucrative occupation in which they may make much money, add few years. Such styles do not suit the te the heanty of the world, and cause other women to rise up and call them blessed.

The making of a lovely and suitable ness in hobbie skirts. They should have gown, or hat, is just as much a work of fashions designed by their own people art as the painting of a picture. It requires just as much knowledge of line. Fifth-Women should set the seal of just as much sense of color, just as much their approval on American fashlons for perception of what is beautiful. The only American women because it opens up an difference is that the artist works in

country. The gold mines of California in education, of refinement for dressmakers 49 were not more of a bonanza than the and milliners, for only a lady knows what ploneers in truly artistic dressmaking is suitable for a lady to wear. We need women who have made a study of lines to makes up dresses that will emphasize the best of our figures and conceal the worst. We need women with subtic artistic perception to make up hats and dresses that will tone up or tone down our complexions and keep us from looking as

ugly as the Lord made us.

And in proof that this need is dumbly recognized stands the fact that every dressmaker in every city and town and hamlet in the land who even approaches to this ideal, and who gets a reputation for her cotor combinations or her lines, is overrun with work and can charge whatever she pleases. The women who are making money are those who have turned their artistic talents to dressmaking. One dressmaker in this city last year refused a salary of \$30,000 a year to give up her own business and go to a department store to be the head of a dressmaking department. She scornfully remarked that \$30,000 wouldn't pay her living expenses. And this woman halfs from Ohlo and not from Parce.

It's a curious thing that the two original occupations of men and women, farming and sewing, are the two things that they have gone on doing from the days when Adam ploughed with a crooked stick, and Eve pinned her fig leaves together with thorns, with the least intelligence possible, but they are waking up now, and the next two learned professions are going to be agriculture and artistic dressmaking. Men and women are going to put brains as well as brawn into tilling the soil and making clothes and the ones that get in on the ground floor are going to make the first fortunes.

They told me up at Columbia university the other day that where they had one application for a teacher in Latin or Greek or higher mathematics, among the girl graduates, they had a dozen requestfor young women who could teach dressmaking and millinery and cooking.

I hall that as the evangel of a new era of common sense for my sex and that women are waking up to the fact that their real opportunities lie in their own domain and that the most successful women are those who follow the occupations for which they have a natural inherited aptitude that has been bred in them through the centuries. Only now they are going to do scientifically and well what their foremothers have done ignorantly and blunderingly.

And foremost among these new industries will be the designing of American fashions for American women and the time will yet come when foreigners will recognize the superiority of our hats and dresses, just as they now recognize the superiority of American dentistry and

American reaping machines.

Literary Saws.

The late Adrian H. Joline of New York was distinguished as a writer no less than as a lawyer; and an address of his before the Groller club is still remembered for the many literary aphorisms it contained

"Fine leathers do not make fine work. "Circumstances alter bookcases.

"Authors will happen, even in the best regulated families.

Never look a gift book in the binding

"A roving manuscript gathers no dross,"