



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

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Drawn for The Bee by Tad



The Too Much Mother Complaint

By DOROTHY DIX.

A dramatic critic and a woman were discussing a certain young actress who is so good that you cannot understand why she is not better. She is successful enough to be in the public eye, yet she does not quite get over that intangible line that lies between talent and greatness.



"She is beautiful," said the dramatic critic, "and clever, and has charm, and yet somehow she doesn't quite get there. What's the matter with her?" "Too much mother," replied the woman; "she's got a mother who is one of those grenadier ladies who believe it's their sacred duty to boss their daughters to death. This girl doesn't dare to let herself go because she is so afraid of mother. Mother has told her what she could eat, drink and wear, and what options she could hold all of her life, and it's mother's interpretation that she gives to a part instead of her own.

"If you go to see her, mother does all the talking, and tells you what daughter thinks, or rather what she thinks her daughter should think. The result is that the girl is left absolutely colorless with every emotion and impulse subdued and suppressed by mother. If mother can be struck by lightning or mercifully removed in some other way, the girl will make a great actress.

Otherwise she will pass into the album of the profession. And she will have been slain, artistically speaking, by mother.

Even so. And this young actress who is suffering from too much mother is not the only victim of the complaint. We see it all about us every day, until there are times when we are tempted to think that perhaps orphans are not so badly off after all. Mothers don't realize it, of course, but for genuine, unadorned, simon-pure tyranny most of them have got Nero set back in the kindergarten class.

Also love can rivet fetters on us that are just as galling as any manufactured by hate.

Too much mother has killed more genius than any other one thing on earth. Each of us could mention, off hand, a dozen men and women of surpassing talent whose mothers shut the door of achievement in their faces. A girl had a marvelous voice or talent for acting; she could have made fame and fortune for herself, but her mother wouldn't let her go on the stage. A boy had a splendid business opportunity offered him in a distant city, but his mother couldn't bear to have him leave her, so she kept him tied down to a clerkship in a country store.

The lists of old maids are recruited from the ranks of girls with too much mother. Sometimes it is a mother who is so selfish that she wants to keep her daughters with her. Sometimes it is a mother who is so jealous of her daughters' affection that she deliberately drives every man away who comes to the house.

Often the reason girls don't marry is simply because there is always too much mother on the scene. There are women so stupid and with so little tact that they think that the only way to chaperon a girl is to always sit boldly over her as if they were doing perpetual police duty.

When a young man calls they are to the front. When a young man wants to take their daughters to the theater they tag along. They never give cupid a chance.

Now, in this free and untrammelled country, where a nice young man is a

nice young man, and a good girl is chaperoned by her goodness, too much mother is a scourge that will frighten any youth away from a girl. He doesn't dress himself up in his best to go and talk to any middle-aged, stout lady. Nor does he propose to spend his money buying food and drink and theater tickets for any girl's relatives. Therefore, he passes up the girl with too much mother for the one who has perhaps too little mother. Many women wonder why their daughters have no attentions from men. Most of them can find the answer by looking in the mirror.

The effect of too much mother on the girl herself is also blighting. If she is of a gentle, mild nature the dominance of mother fades her to a pale shadow. She has no conversation, no opinion, no taste, because mother has never allowed her to have any. If, on the other hand, she is of a strong and vigorous nature, she chafes under mother's autocratic rule. She wants some individual life of her own, which she can never have at home, and I have heard more than one woman who made a bad match say that she married the first man that asked her so as to get out from under her mother's thumb.

That too much mother is at the bottom of the great majority of divorces is a matter of statistics. A celebrated divorce lawyer said not long ago that in 75 per cent of the cases that came under his knowledge, he was satisfied that the couple would have gotten along well enough together if it had not been for the mother-in-law. When a woman's son or daughter marries she can't realize that her right to boss him or her, or his or her affairs has ceased.

She's got to have a finger in her children's domestic affairs, and when she puts it in she stirs up trouble. Conscientious women think that being a good mother is one of the virtues that cannot be overdone. This is a mistake. The art of being a good mother consists in knowing when to get off the job and give the child a chance.

No mothering can atone to any one for the lack of individual opportunity for self-development and self-expression and personal liberty.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Too often the man who has his price lets the tag show.

We would rather have our faults overlooked than our virtues.

We can't see ourselves as others see us by looking in a mirror.

How people fail to admire a man who talks much and says little.

One trouble with the family skeleton is that it refuses to stay in the closet.

A linguist may be able to master all the modern tongues—except his wife's.

Some people are down on their luck and some others never have any to be down on.

A man never has to be driven to drink but once; after that he stands there without hitching.

Many a man who howls for justice would probably try to sneak up an alley if he saw it coming.

When the average man does make an honest confession he makes it in strict confidence to himself.—Chicago News.

Dyspeptic Philosophy.

We all love peace, when things are coming our way.

It's a poor plan to try to pull yourself out of trouble with a doorknob.

Many a man who would hesitate to make a wife of his cook will make a cook of his wife.

The one time man doesn't mind putting his foot in it is when he steps into a fortune.

Look out for the fellow who is always looking out for himself.

Real wisdom seldom comes to a man till he is too old to take advantage of it.

ADAM WAS THE ONLY MAN TO MARRY ON HIS WEDDING EVE

Saffyils

HE STOOD ON THE BRIDGE AT MIDNIGHT AS THE CLOCKS WERE STRIKING THE HOUR EVERYONE THOUGHT HIM BUGS AND KEPT THEIR DISTANCES. SUDDENLY HE PULLED AN ATTORNEY'S POSE AND BARKED, "IF A NUMBER OF MEN WENT TO SOUTH AMERICA TO TAP RUBBER TREES WOULD YOU CALL THEM A RUBBER BAND?"

THE WAITER HAD JUST BROUGHT HIM HIS ORDER OF SANDWICHES AND BEER HE TURNED GREEN AND TAKING A FOOLISH SLAM AT THE BEER FLOPPED UNDER THE TABLE. AFTER WORKING OVER HIM FOR 20 MINUTES THE WAITER SAW HIS LIPS OPEN AND HEARD HIM UTTER, "IF THE HEAD OF A CIRCUS HORSE SHOWS INTELLIGENCE WHAT DOES THE SIDE SHOW?"

THE COUNTESS LEANED BACK IN HER CHAIR AT THE FRITZ-FARTON, PULLING AWAY AT A GOLD TIPPED PILL, ARTISTICALLY SHE BLEW THE SMOKE INTO BEAUTIFUL CIRCLES. THEN TURNING TO HER INTERVIEWER SHE ASKED IN A DEEPTONE "IF A MAN'S ADAM'S APPLE IS IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS NECK, TELL ME WHERE HIS MINNEAPOLIS?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

BACK OUT— YOU'RE IN THE WRONG SLIP.

I'M A BAD MAN, I AM. I WAS BORN IN A RATTLESNAG'S NEST, AND FED THROUGH A SIX SHOOTER, I WAS TO YOW—E—E.

YEA, I'M THE HOWLING WOLF OF GOBLIN QUILM, AND FED THROUGH AND THIS IS MY NIGHT TO H—O—W—L!

CLEAR OUT, YUH MAVERICK, I'M A BAD, I AM, AN' I MIGHT HOAT YUH!

DON'T YUH KNOW MY BRAND, GOOK?

NO, TELL ME WHO YOU BE HEAR PRONTO!

I'M THE BOOB THAT SLIPPED THE PUNCH IN COW-PUNCHER.

PETE

Wins Men to Cause by Her Merry Quips

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Conversation through laughter is the latest method of furthering the cause of suffrage, and it is proving more effectual than the drastic methods of the suffragists across the sea.

In Miss Marjorie Benton Cooke the suffrage movement has found a young leader who can prevail where others have failed and who says of herself, laughingly: "I am the connecting link. Husbands will listen to me. I present the suffrage cause in a series of humorous monologues and some of my most successful monologues are those where I take the side of the strict 'ants'."

"By giving all the reasons why women should not have the ballot, I can generally convince my audience that these reasons are the very best ones why women should be allowed to vote."

It is easy to understand why Miss Cooke can hold the attention of her audience. She is an attractive young woman, with a frank and engaging manner, and that general air of victory that floats about the young and pretty humorist is like a banner.

Miss Cooke has big brown eyes, pretty, curly auburn hair, and a strong, intelligent face. She is immensely alert, and interested in things, but most especially in woman suffrage.

"What do you think will be woman's particular contribution to the general good after she attains the ballot?" Miss Cooke was asked.

"I believe, woman has no place in public life unless she contributes something new, and that new thing will be the intensification of her femininity."

"Were she to discard her natural gifts and become more masculine in character she would do no particular good, but only augment the vote as it already is."

"In her social work and in her use of the ballot she becomes effective only as she emphasizes her dissimilarity to man."

"I think the greatest good so far that has come to us through suffrage work is the wonderful feeling of solidarity growing up between women of all classes. It is the first time that women have held together since the beginning of things, since the time when each woman's hand was against every other woman, for the sake of retaining possession of some particular man."

"Bernard Shaw may say we are still in that primitive state, but we're not."

Miss Cooke is a graduate of the Chicago university, and she has something to say on the subject of co-education:

"I feel that I have the advantage over girls of eastern colleges, because when I was at the university it was not only co-education, but the young men and women frequented the same classes."

"I will probably be criticized for saying that I think the system of co-education is helpful in making a girl broader-minded, in giving her a practical and more masculine point of view, than she gets at women's colleges."

"The girl who has been at the co-educational university quickly finds herself when she comes out into the world, and she does not pass through the years of readjustment which generally follow after college days are over. Her attitude toward men is different also. She has been brought up with them, seen them



MISS MARJORIE BENTON COOKE.

all the time, and as the conductor said of an actor, 'they're an treat' to her. Perhaps she has no particular illusions about them, but she certainly knows the value of charity and integrity, and she is a better judge of these qualities than the girl who has never worked in a class with men.

"The girl who emerges from a woman's college has to meet men almost as strangers and learn about them, and frequently, if she has her own living to make, it is a great shock to her to find that drawing room manners such as she is accustomed to do not prevail in the business world, and that her social manner is of little use to her, and has to be discarded before she can find a practical business level from which to view the world."

"The criticism was made that for a few years after she comes out of college the graduate of a woman's college is likely to be unpractical and have a vague and extremely feminine point of view of the everyday business world."

"I don't think this is true of co-educational institutions. While there are always some foolish young women about, most of them are helped by the stimulus of the masculine element, and gain mental and moral strength from it, besides becoming good judges of masculine character, a point which is always worth considering."

Miss Cooke, who is well known in Chicago society, says that she will make her home for the winter in New York, and will help the suffrage cause with her monologues.

"Not all of my monologues are about suffrage, but I am generally asked to give the suffrage talks, and I like to do it because of the success I have had in convincing determined 'ants,' despite themselves, that women ought to vote."

The American Autumn

By GARRETT J. SERVISS.

Many times within the last two months you have, without doubt, made admiring remarks to your friends about the wonderful autumn weather, but have you really noticed how extremely beautiful the season has been?

To fully appreciate such weather as we have been favored with since the beginning of October it is not enough to simply observe that it has seldom rained, that almost all the time the sky has been blue by day and star-spangled at night, and that the temperature has been neither high nor low, but always just about right. In order to get all the good out of such a season it is necessary to let come into play and to feel that nature has been displaying its powers as an artist and showing you things that you are not fit to look at unless you remove the scales from your eyes.

As you have ridden to and from between the city and your country home have you studied the colors of the woody fields and hedges? A mere glance aside from your newspaper can only give you a passing impression of something rich and wonderful. You should look more carefully, you should notice the details, you should observe the exquisite contrasts of tones and tints. When nature opens her gallery, as she has been doing for us, that man is little better than a fool who does not walk through it with his mind and heart open to all its impressions. It is an education in the principles of beauty and harmony that nature offers to him. No matter how humdrum his ordinary occupations may be he feels stimulated by such a sight. It enables every human being to work better, whether that work consists in book-keeping, or floorwalking, or car driving, or brick laying, or sewing, or writing, or tending a machine, or erecting a skyscraper, or running a political campaign, or manipulating a stock, or governing a state, or preparing to be president of a great people.

Autumn is almost everywhere recognized as the cream of the year, but an American autumn at its best, as we have been seeing it, is the finest autumn on the planet. Europeans who have had the luck to see it this year have been amazed by its gorgeous beauty. Great waves of

color have swept over the forests and the landscapes, beginning in Canada, moving over the hills of New England, New York, Pennsylvania and the middle west, and breaking on the mountains of Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, where the spectacle has but recently reached its height.

And the sky and the clouds have played their part in the marvelous harmony. No man may be able to analyze it, and discover its reason, but everybody who ever lifts his eyes to the dome above feels rather than sees the skies of autumn are different from those of summer. The blue of October and Indian summer is not the blue of July or August. It is more tender in tone, more reminiscent in its effect upon the spirit. The autumn clouds hover lower as if the cold space were descending and driving them closer to the warm earth. The high piled cumulus, gleaming like a range of snowy mountains towering in midheaven, and the fierce thunder cloud, are gone, while the dun-hued cirrostratus is drawn over the earth like a blanket of down.

In watching these things we enlarge our mind. We learn to see the earth as a whole. We perceive that its life is not summed up on its surface. It, too, seems like a living being, adjusting itself to its surroundings. It outlasts us; it outlives millions of our generations, and it teaches us by its steady course to meet the conditions of existence as they rise, and not to trouble ourselves overmuch about the future.

It is a curious fact that the appreciation of natural beauty appears to be a relatively recent outgrowth of the human spirit. This is, perhaps, one of the surest tokens of progress. The ancients concentrated their attention upon man and his works. They hardly appear to have seen outer nature.

You find a proof of this in the celebrated pictures painted by the 'old masters.' Their clouds are like floating feather beds; their mountains like haystacks; their landscapes, where they have any, like children's play gardens. They could not truly draw or paint any of these things because they did not really see them. Fields, trees, clouds and mountains seem to have been mere blurs to their eyes, as they may be to the eyes of cattle, intent only on their fodder and their calves. They had no literature of nature in ancient times.

In this respect, at least, we are their superiors. We are better than they, not because of our forty-story buildings, our whizzing automobiles, our sixty-thousand-ton ships, and our 'big business.'



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