

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

His Honor is Really-Uh-Uh-Uh-Surprised. Yes---

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



WHY I DON'T SAY COUNSELLOR PRACTLY KNOW SPISSITUDE HARRY- I'LL THING - WHAT DOES 60 IN AND SEE IT MEAN - MANDE HIS HONDE ABOUT IT RIGHTAWAY ITS AN INSULT

YOUR HONOR MY CLIENT IS A BIT PEEUE 0-ABOUT YOUR LETTER -NOW WHAT IS THE BLACT MEANING OF SPISSITUDE?

WHY- ER- IT-AHEM-UH. WED LIKE TO GET AN EARFULL OF KNOWLEDGE 2500 TAHW - BIL IT ME'A N'



A Professor's Advice

By WINIFRED BLACK.

it. Prof. Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania? It is wicked to wear a 50-cent but when you could get a \$10 one just as easy as

anything, if you'd only borrow the money to do it? Or course, it is not always easy to find one to lend you that money the very day the hat marked down from \$14.75, but still poor girls have a moral obligation to

dress well. It is naughty to clothes. Prof. Pat-

What you ought to do, little woman you there in the shabby coat; dear, dear, look at those tight sleeves, and nobody ments on that bit of insurance you are trying to provide for the children in case fired, wornout little fright like you? that cough of yours should get worse What is Johnnie to you and why should and what she has to wear?

Worse than that, it's wicked, down- mushroom, right wicked: didn't you hear the professor say so?

mustn't think of the old mother who de-

pends on you for bread. What if the old mother did scrimp and

save to get you your first party dress, what if she sat up nearly all night to get all the world to be his wife, too. who were leaving her for a light-hearted such a woman as that, stranger with a roving and a merry eye. And now the light-hearted stranger has

your neck, and she has come to help you take decent care of them, come through the hunger and the cold and the distance.

Well, maybe it's all your own fault the approval in the world? husband going away like this. Perhaps if you had worn a nice \$10 hat he wouldn't have done it. Men are such sensitive bow of ribbon, every dancing feather forget to love you.

And that is the important thing to keep the love and adoration of the man who will leave you at the beck of a slender

And it is so easy, this adoration business; all you have to do it to look pretty cold or sick at heart, or maddened with to heed you. the bitter injustice of the world, look

down there at the corner could have told

What too busy? Busy-at what pray is holy ground. tell? Mending little stockings and patching little frocks? Turning your old dress to make a new one for little Kate? Buy-autumn season is howing 10 cents' worth of round steak and Christmas gift reason.

So it is immeral to save your money, is cooking it with cunning care to make it nourishing and good? Starching and ruffling the curtains for your little front room? Haunting the bargain shops? Why, that's a crime, too; didn't you

know that and, besides, it's a joke diaven't you read the funny papers; it's a great joke, the bargain counter, to all ose who do not understand the pitiful effort to make something take the place of nothing.

Yes, little woman, you're a time waster in energy waster, a product of your strength and care, a very, very wicked oman, and you never knew it all this Well, it's never too late to learn begin

aday. Follow out the teachings of this earned prof. Somebody from Somewhere and spend every cent you lay your hands n for yourself. When you can't lay your hands on any

more, beg money, borrow it, yes even steal it, if it comes to that, for you must look pretty; you must wear good clothes; it isn't moral to be shabby How ever did your husband put up

with you as long as be has, you with wears anything but the kimono effect this your tired eyes and your poor, knotty, year; what you ought to do is stop pay- little, rough hands? What do you expect a man to do, stay in love with a

The children, they love you? Well, yes, this winter. What does it matter about children are stily little things. I've seen the children; who cares for them but them eling to a mother who hadn't an you, and you sught not to care, so Prof. ounce of false hair to her hand; and some Fasten thinks. No, indeed, not a whit." little tykes I know think their mother is leautiful, and she wears an old-fashioner you always be thinking of little Katle skirt with room enough to walk in, and her hat looks like a hat and not like a

You ought to see those tykes of hers when she comes home from an errand. You mustn't think of the children, you why they run to meet her as if she were some home-coming queen and they her loyal subjects.

Their father seems to rather like the plain, wholesome woman he chose out of that graduation frock done in time for he more than tolerates her. I've seen you? When you told her you were going him smile to her neross a room full of to be married she cried a little, but she beautiful gowned women, and the look kissed you, too, and wished you well, you was a caresy. But he's an old-fashloned that were the core of her heart, you fool, of course-he must be to care for

You can't judge things by that family It fan't right to try; when here's the good left you with your children hanging about professor, so wise, so practical, so broadminded and tolerant, telling you just what to do and how to do it.

What, you won't listen, you don't care just as the came through the dark when for what he says, you wouldn't give onyou were little and cried out to her in Joyous laugh of one of your little children for all the smiles of professional

You are hopeless, absolutely hopeless and so I fear is the world, for, strange to say, I'm afraid it is full of women just things, so easily affected by every little like you, Women who have forgotten all about themselves years ago, w that whiffer in it's wind. You must all live but to make those they love happy ways remember to look pretty or they'll and comfortable, women who wear a 50 cent hat and are proud of it so long as the children's hats are all right.

It won't do professor, it won't do, really it won't. You'lt have to get hold of the rising generation and teach them this new philosophy of yours. The generation you're talking to now is too deep in crime every minute, tired or ill or hungry, or and ignorance and wicked self-sacrifice

And, in the meantime, if I were you, rrefly, look pretty-or you lose all there professor, whenever I met a woman with a shabby coat and a 50 cent hat and a Tut tut! What a silly little woman to pair of mended gloves, going to work to forget that. Why, the flaunting girl support those she loves at home, or even just to take honest, decent, self-respectyou that, she's known it ever since she ing care of herself, I'd bare my head to ist her pass, for the earth she steps on

The depressing thing about the bracing

A MAN OUGHT TO LIVE IN BUOM A WAY THAT IT WON'S TAKE A BRASS BAND TO GET A CROWD GUT TO

TA-RA-RA-RA-RA

WROTE A SONG AND IT'S A GREAT

ABOUT DAT SONG MISTAH JONES

BALL GAME DE UVVER DAY. THE

LAST HALF OF THE NINTH INNING

HOME TEAM HAD TWO OUT

GOT DOWN NEAH THIRD BASE

SONG OF MINE - MISTAH JONE

INTERLOCUTOR-HOW DID IT WIN

O A MAN ON THIRD. AH

AND STANTED TO MING THAT

IT WON THE GAME.

AND THE SCORE ATIE. THE

SUCCESS JES LET ME TELL YE

BONES-MISTAH JONES, I JES

THE FANS BANK HAD BUSTED. THE

DEALER SAT CHIN IN HAND AND GAZED WILDLYOUT INTO SPACE SUDDENLY A THOUGHT STRUCK HIM-HIS FACE BRIGHTENED AND I WAS DOWN TO AN EXCITIN' AS HIS HAND CLUTCHED THE TABLE HE WARBLED,

CIRCLE IS ROUND IS UNION SQUARE?

SAY BOSS, IF COLUMBUS

BARK ON YOU RED DEVILS! NO ONE EVER KNEW RANDOLPH RIVERS BONES WHY IT MADE A HIT TO SHOW FEAR



AND BROUGHT THE MAN ON YUH DROP CASTLE IN WHO FROM LI'L DID YOU ARE LOONS IN BALLOONS.

"Wage Earner Should Be Recognized as the Ruler"

Who is the Head of Your House?



MES JAMES O'DEA

Who is the head of your house? Is it a men or a weamen? And if you are the head of the house.

By ADA PATTERSON.

dressmaking and her abilities have dash for their suburban homes, and she placed her in the workroom of a smart so burned with indignation at what she had shop. She has two sisters counger than hervelf and a father who can't got a lob seen, flor smill rese triumphant over If you are a wage earner, aboution't you setting muster and opset nerves, and and who would die of shame and disappointment if i.e did.

ABOUT THE OFFICE SINCE THE BOSS LEFT, SURVEYING THE DISTANT POTATO TREES OF BUT IT'S WARM I THINK I'LL

IT WAS A WARM AFTERNOON-

TIME OF THE YEAR AND THE

BUNCH WERE STILL LOUNGING

UNUSUALLY WARM POR THIS

WEST 84TH STREET. SUDDENLY JERSEYCHRIS' CHIMPED, "GEE TURN UP MY SLEEVES!" FOR MY PART," PIPED JERRY, THE JANITOR, ID JUST S-LEEVE HAVE THEM DOWN

STAND BACK BOYG! WOMEN AND CHILDREN

to faint from the exhaustion of the day.

Every night about 6 o'clock the streets.

the cars and the subway are full of her

singly, doubly, in trips and guintette:

anywhere from the age of 16 to 39 years,

and that's an elastic guess. She comes

flocking out of the doorways of every

department store, every factory, every

office, She's in thousands, and maybe ten thousand, so what about her"

"She may have been pounding the keys

of a typewriter all day until he can feel an incinient felon on evan aching

finger tip. She may have teet standing

behind a counter until her feet feel like quite separate members of a nervous

being. If you don't believe this so to

some matinee when Caruso is singing.

with a corn. I don't mean when he sings

with a corn. Just carry our own and

stand on it for an hour or two and let

some musical enthusiast prance on it, and

bit it against the post once or twice

yourself and you'll find yourself apelling

Careso with a small "c," no matter how

much you after tenors, and spelling corn

"The may be engaged in any one of a

with an imminuted initial a foot high.

showered on the tired husiness man.

When she goes home is it to rest!

No matter what sent of a poor provide:

the T. B. M. may be, he's the person

that is considered when it comes even-

office or somewhere, so that he just

ornes home to sleep. But when the

tired business woman arrives home, if she has one. It's ten to one she finds

more work wating for her than she has

done in the regular routine of the day.

That lan't fair. But she has to go home There's no other place for her.

supporter of the family, she she ceive the consideration to which the re-

aponsibility she holds entitles her.

'If she is a wage earner or the partial

"I am thinking of one girl I know She found herself forced to leave school

and go to work before her education was

finished, she is ant with bits of wilk and lace and made herself so many pretty th nes in odd moments that when

the time came she naturally surned to

The news all day and gives all the

he can get out of a ng run that takes im away from the scene of his misery Perhaps the reason that trains are so often late is because so many conductors and engineers are not in any hurry to

As de, however, from the surface cruelty of such an order there can be no question of the wisdom of the railroad in making it, for happiness in his home life is an actual, tangible asset that adds appreciably to a mann efficiency.

Nor is the reason for this hard to find. We all have just a certain amount of strength and vitality and pervous force.

to get her a square deal?"

Unhappy Homes Interfere with Business

By DOROTHY DIX.

A sestern railroad has decided to dis- and if we consume this in fighting home ployes who have not happy homes. This is a drastic exemplification of the requence, truth of the Bible axiom that to him who

who hath shall be given, from him who hath not shall even that which he Certainly it is

lough luck on the man who has a shrewish and nagou wife and a coven'y home to are his fob taken awas from him on ecount of his misortunes, and to be derived of whatever race and comfort

et back home.

men, but to men in every walk and calling of life. Between the man who goes forth to his labor from a peaceful, cheerful, well ordered home, and the one who goes forth from a home that is a well of bitterness and unrest, and strife, there not only the difference between happisess and misery, but between success and

tense with the services of all of its em- | conditions we have not got it to give to our work, and the work suffers in con-At its best modern life is heartbreaking strenuous. Competition in every line is as flerce as a fight among ravening

welves. Every man is forced to work at high pressure, and every nerve and sinew and bruly cell speeded up to the limit. The inevitable result is that the end of the day finds him exhausted in mind and body, and whether he goes back to his labor the next day with fresh energy and hope and courage, or exhausted and discouraged and despairing, depends upon the kind of a home that he has.

If he goes at night to a home that is literally a haven of rest; if he is set down to a good dinner of wholesome and well prepared food; if he is petted and coddled and made much of until the very memory of the rebuffs he has received during the day are wiped out of his memery; if he can spend a gulet, restful evening over book and pipe, or with the friends he enjoys; if the face of his wife across the hearthstone from him is turned to him with a look of love, and of understanding and appreciation; if there are little children who clamber on his knee and whose arms are about his neck; if in a word, the whole atmosphere of his home is one of surshine, and tenderness, and awestness; it works a daily miracle for him and renews his strength and abil-

a rested body and a clear head. His mind is not distracted from his business by domestic worries and anxieltes. He can give the best that is in him to his labor wi hout laving to force back into a corner of his mind the recollection of the last scene at home.

Fa: otherwise is it with the man who aft his hard day's labor returns rely tantly home to a place that is a persetual battle ground. He has to summon up his courage to put his key in the lock. for well he knows the complaints, the siner this one really can't work and quarreling, the hysteria that he must sends two brothers to business college, face, or the untidy room in which he To do this she types manuscript of plays must sit and the miserable food on which and novels at night. Sometimes she he must poleon himself, His home life works until morning and then goes un- exhausts him more than the most facomplainingly to her 'real work,' as she tiguing labor, and he goes back to his calls it. I'll warrant you know lots of work with stomach upset, nerves on edge, such cases you're f so why not agitate and a soul sucharged with bitterness tie the tired business woman a bit, and try is literally unfitted in mind and body to do good work, or exercise clear judgment.



DY GEORGE, that's what I call beer. It pleases the eye, tickles the palate, has just the right tingle that goes well with anything you eat, and makes your meals digest properly.

Pabst BlueRibbon The Beer of Quality

is the only beer that pleases everybody. It has a flavor all its own and is not to be compared with any other.

> Bottled only at the brewery in crystal clear bottles, showing at a glance that it is clean and pure.



Have a case sent home today. Phone or write

The Pabst Company. Phones Douglas 79, A 1479



Surely Take "Syrup of Figs" If Headachy, Bilious, Const pated

Sweetens your stomach, clears your head and thoroughly cleanses your liver and 30 feet of bowels of sour bile, foul gases and clogged-up waste.

All those days when you feel miser- food and clogged up waste matter is to torpid liver and sluggish bowels. The nausea-no griping-no weakness, days when your stomach is sour and full. You simply can't have your liver in-

waste-closs'd bowe's a thorough "Strup of Figs and Hixle of Senna."

sh the sour bile, untig sted fermenting chica cut.

an a headachy, bilious and dull are due moved on and out of your watern-no

of gas, when you have indigestion, the active and your thirty feet of nowels nights when your nerves twitch and you constituted with sour, decaying waste are restless and can't sleep could be matter and feel well. The need of a laxavoided with a teaspoonful of delicious ative is a natural need, but with delicious Syrup of Figs. Isn't it foolish to be dis- Syrup of Figs you are not drogging your-

Give your inactive liver and ten yards. Ask your drugg'st for the Pull name

t with sure and that see for yourself genuine, ohn retable, behing the name there and broad accounted them by a chose the third bushess windows the history but thorough the " and Fig Sarup Company. Advert remaining adverted above the history of the last the last the her

he recognized as the lend of the house. This is what the said. perced when there is such a pleasant self Being composed entirely of luscious shouldn't you called the american business man. He seems to have become themey to the support of the family, and spensibility entities you?

ple a crumon in those or a continue. I may be a first at sould bely of her large family and include as family

"I'm fired of hearing about the tired

figs, senns and aromatic it cannot injure and she immunities to which the mentioner injure and the clothes for her two sisters. fat. Execution tries to please and sooth! She refuses to marry a man whom she Mrs. James of Den who is known as the firm, Ast the world joins in the deare to lo ed too well to stadle him with the despring this time. Put an end to con. Refuse, with sorm, any of the so-called without some on Long Island and one make high pur the has space in the responsibilities that are breaking her string on.

Fig. 5 rap imitations. They are meant of the parties wasn't in the least function never are a front sents at the theaters count life down, and she gets a little have a tempoonful of Syrup of Figs to decrive you Look on the label. The so they began to post forth them out a ment over one But what less consideration at home than the family profile