

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



A Professor's Advice

By WINIFRED BLACK.

So it is immoral to save your money, is it, Prof. Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania?

It is wicked to wear a 50-cent hat when you could get a \$10 one just as easy as anything, if you'd only borrow the money to do it? Of course, it is not always easy to find one to lend you that money the very day the hat is marked down from \$14.75, but still poor girls have a moral obligation to dress well.



It is naughty to wear shabby clothes, Prof. Patten says so, so of course it must be true.

What you ought to do, little woman, you there in the shabby coat, dear, look at those tight sleeves, and nobody wears anything but the kimono effect this year; what you ought to do is stop payments on that bit of insurance you are trying to provide for the children in case they cough of yours should get worse this winter. What does it matter about the children; who cares for them but you, and you ought not to care, so Prof. Patten thinks. No, indeed, not a whit.

What is Johnnie to you, and why should you always be thinking of little Katie and what she has to wear?

Worse than that, it's wicked, downright wicked; didn't you hear the professor say so?

You mustn't think of the children, you mustn't think of the old mother who depends on you for bread.

What if the old mother did scripp and save to get you your first party dress, what if she sat up nearly all night to get that graduation frock done in time for you? When you told her you were going to be married she cried a little, but she kissed you, too, and wished you well, you that were the core of her heart, you who were leaving her for a light-hearted stranger with a roving and a merry eye.

And now the light-hearted stranger has left you with your children hanging about your neck, and she has come to help you take decent care of them, come through the hunger and the cold and the distance, just as she came through the dark when you were a little and cried out to her in the night.

Well, maybe it's all your own fault the husband going away like this. Perhaps if you had worn a nice 40 hat he wouldn't have done it. Men are such sensitive things, so easily affected by every little bow of ribbon, every dancing feather that whiffles in the wind. You must always remember to look pretty—or they'll 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 finger.

And it is so easy, this adoration business; all you have to do is to look pretty every minute, tired or ill or hungry, or cold or sick at heart, or maddened with the bitter injustice of the world, look pretty, look pretty—or you lose all these things to live for.

But, what? What a silly little woman to forget that! Why, the flaunting girl down there at the corner could have told you that, she's known it ever since she could make eyes.

What, too busy? Busy at what, pray tell? Mending little stockings and patching little frocks? Turning your old dress to make a new one for little Katie? Buying 10 cents' worth of round steak and

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; haven't you read the funny papers; it's a great joke, the bargain counter, to all those who do not understand the pitiful effort to make something take the place of nothing.

Yes, little woman, you're a time waster, an energy waster, a prodigal of your strength and care, a very, very wicked woman, and you never knew it all this time.

Well, it's never too late to learn—begin today. Follow out the teachings of this learned prof. Somebody from Somewhere and spend every cent you lay your hands on for yourself.

When you can't lay your hands on any more, beg money, borrow it, just ever so little, 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 he has, you with your tired eyes and your poor, knotty little hands? What do you expect a man to do, stay in love with a tired, worn-out little fright like you?

The children, they love you? Well, yes, children are silly little things. I've seen them cling to a mother who hadn't an ounce of false hair to her head; and some little tykes I know think their mother is beautiful, and she wears an old-fashioned skirt with room enough to walk in, and her hat looks like a hat and not like a mushroom.

You ought to see those tykes of hers when she comes home from an errand, 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 all the world to be his wife, too. Yes, he more than tolerates her. I've seen him smile to her across a room full of beautiful gowned women, and the look was a cross. But he's an old-fashioned fool, of course—he must be to care for such a woman as that.

You can't judge things by that family, it isn't right to try; when here's the good professor, so wise, so practical, so broad-minded and tolerant, telling you just what to do and how to do it.

What, you won't listen, you don't care for what he says, you wouldn't give one joyous laugh of one of your little children for all the smiles of professional approval in the world?

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 like you. Women who have forgotten all about themselves years ago, women who live but to make those they love happy 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'll 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 and ignorance, and wicked self-sacrifice to heed you.

And, in the meantime, if I were you, professor, whenever I met a woman with a shabby coat and a 50 cent hat and a pair of mended gloves, going to work to support those she loves at home, or even just to take honest, decent, self-respecting care of herself, I'd bare my head to her and say, for the earth she steps on is holy ground.

The depressing thing about the braiding autumn season is how close it is to the Christmas gift season.

Daffydila

A MAN OUGHT TO LIVE IN SUCH A WAY THAT IT WON'T TAKE A BRASS BAND TO GET A CROWD OUT TO HIS FUNERAL!

THE FANS BANK HAD BUSTED. THE DEALER SAT CHIN IN HAND AND GAZED WILDLY OUT INTO SPACE. SUDDENLY A THOUGHT STRUCK HIM - HIS FACE BRIGHTENED AND HIS HAND CLUTCHED THE TABLE HE WARDLED.

"SAY BOSS, IF COLUMBUS CIRCLE IS ROUND IS UNION SQUARE?"

BARK ON YOU RED DEVILS! NO ONE EVER KNEW RANDOLPH RIVERS TO SHOW FEAR.

WELL, I AM MAKING A FLIGHT AT LAST I'LL MAKE MY MARK ON EARTH YET.

YEP I'VE MADE MY MARK.

WHERE'D YUH DROP FROM, LI' L SAND BAG?

FROM MY CASTLE IN THE AIR DID YUH EVER MEET ME, GOOK?

NO, WHO ARE YUH?

I'M THE BOOB THAT PUT LOONS IN BALLOONS.

PETE

Who is the Head of Your House?

"Wage Earner Should Be Recognized as the Ruler"



crowding through the gates to the train tonight. She was pale and looked ready 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 trios and quartets, and these from the age of 15 to 25 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 she can feel an incident felon on every aching finger tip. She may have been standing behind a counter until her feet feel like quite a bit of a mountain. Or she may be being a member of a nervous being. If you don't believe this, go to some matinee when Caruso is singing, 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 hit it against the post once or twice yourself and you'll find yourself spelling Caruso with a small 'c' no matter how much you adore tenors, and spelling corn with an 'i' indicated initial a foot high.

"She may be engaged in any one of a hundred professions or vocations or employments or just plain job, whatever you choose to call 'em—she doesn't care. She is just a tired business woman and she ought to get just as much attention and sympathy and human kindness as are showered on the tired business man.

"When she goes home, is it to rest? No matter what sort of a poor provider the T. B. M. may be, here the person that is considered when it comes evening hours. If he isn't, he soon acquires a little extra work that keeps him at the office or somewhere, so that he just comes home to sleep. But when the tired business woman arrives home, if she has one, it's ten to one she finds more work waiting for her than she has done in the regular routine of the day. That isn't fair. But she has to go home. There's no other place for her.

"If she is a wage earner of the partial supporter of the family, she should give the consideration to which the responsibility she holds entitles her.

"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 apt with bits of silk and lace and made herself so many pretty things in odd moments that when the time came she naturally turned to dressmaking, and her abilities have placed her in the workshop of a smart salon. She has two sisters younger than herself and a father who can't get a job and who would die of shame and disappointment if he did.

"She sews all day and gives all the money to the support of the family, and makes the clothes for her two sisters. She refuses to marry, a man whom she loathes too well to marry him with the responsibilities that are breaking her young life down, and she gets a little less consideration at home than the family profle.

"I know a stenographer who runs a large family, and includes an infant

Unhappy Homes Interfere with Business

By DOROTHY DIX.

A western railroad has decided to dispense with the services of all of its employees who have not happy homes.

This is a drastic exemplification of the truth of the Bible axiom that to him who hath shall be given, from him who hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

Certainly it is tough luck on the man who has a shrewish and nagging wife and a sullen home to make his job taken away from him on account of his misfortune, and to be deprived of whatever peace and comfort he can get out of a home that takes him 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 get back home.

And this applies not only to railroad 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 is not only the difference between happiness and misery, but between success and failure.

As a rule, however, from the surface quality 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 man's efficiency.

Such a man goes back to his work with a rested body and a clear head. His mind is not distracted from his business by domestic worries and anxieties. He can give the best that is in him to his labor without having to force back into a corner of his mind the recollection of the last scene at home.

For otherwise it is with the man who after his hard day's labor returns reluctantly home to a place that is a perpetual battle ground. He has to summon up his courage to put his key in the lock, for well he knows the complaints, the nagging, the hysteria, that he must face, or the untidy room in which he must posit himself. His home life exhausts him more than the most fatiguing labor, and he goes back to his work with stomach upset, nerves on edge, and a soul sufficed with bitterness. He is literally unfitted in mind and body to do good work, or exercise clear judgment.

Surely Take "Syrup of Figs" If Headachy, Bilious, Constipated

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 miserable, headachy, bilious and dull are due to torpid liver and sluggish bowels. The days when your stomach is sour and full of gas, when you have indigestion, the nights when your nerves twitch and you are restless and can't sleep sound, are caused by a teaspoonful of delicious Syrup of Figs. Isn't it foolish to be harassed when there is such a pleasant way to overcome it?

Give your inactive liver and ten yards of waste-clogged bowels a thorough cleansing this time. Put an end to constipation.

Take a teaspoonful of Syrup of Figs each night, and get set for your-elf a bright, happy, and healthy Christmas.

It's the safe, sure, and pleasant way to get your bowels moving, and to get your life, undisturbed fermenting



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