

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Nerve of Some People is Monumental

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



A Proposition of Grave Danger

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Shall she wear a \$10 hat and pay for it when she can, or get a \$2 hat and pay for it when she gets it? That's the burning question of the day, according to the latest advice from the woman's department of the Woman's Amazing magazine.



You can get the \$10 one and put off paying the man for mending the sewing machine, or let the little dressmaker who did over your white party dress wait another week.

To be sure, she may need the money - landladies are so pressing this time of the year and butter is so very high. Why, just enough for two extra rolls with the breakfast coffee would really stagger you if you stopped to think about it, the little dressmaker says-but, what's that?—she's used to waiting.

Or you might tell the cashier where you work that you're got to have the \$10 to help bury your grandmother—he's a man and he'll never notice what you paid for the hat, and he'll never dun you for the money, either.

Of you might tell the nice old gentleman, who lunches where you do every day, about it; he's such a kind old man, rich, they say, and just lunches in the cheap places to see the working girls. He takes such a fatherly interest in them.

The other day he told Kitty Donnelly she needn't wait till pay day for the new shoes that she needed. Kitty told her mother, and her mother is such a gump that she wouldn't let Kitty take the shoes from the old gentleman.

Or how about that money that mother is saving for little brother's graduating suit? He doesn't need that suit for a while yet, and you'll have the ten by that time surely, and mother will listen if you beg real hard.

What you can't get a decent hat for that after all? Twenty is the least that they will take, and nothing on it but a bow of ribbon. And the coat that goes with it, not a thing that you'd look at under forty. Well, what a fix you are in, little girl, to be sure.

I'll tell you: there's an imitation velvet down at the little shop around the corner. Some one has worn it before, but what's that when you really must look like something at the ribbon girls' party? You can get a ball dress there, too—a bit ruffled, yet quite clean, but men never notice that, as long as the men like your looks, and what do you care what the girls think?

That's the place for you, little girl, the second-hand shop, and the borrowed money, and the hat and the coat and the near velvet dress and the almost plumé—hat's for you.

Oh! the kind old gentleman at the restaurant understands about that. He

The Manicure Lady

"George," said the Manicure Lady to the Head Barber, "did you ever catch one of those horned pouts? What kind of a animal are they, anyhow?"

"They ain't a animal," said the Head Barber. "It is a fish."

"There you go murrking the English language again," said the Manicure Lady. "They ain't a animal, it is a fish. That's fine talk for a grown-up man, ain't it?"

"I said it is a fish and I mean it," declared the Head Barber, stolidly. "What did you start this conversation for, anyhow? If you want to get nasty about murrking the English, I could get nasty right back at you and tell you how you send all them verbs and nouns to the guillotine. If you want to gab me this morning be civil, kiddo, be civil."

"I didn't mean nothing, George," said the Manicure Lady. "Only I do like to hear our beautiful language spoke as it ought for to be. What I started out for to say was that I got a letter from Wilfred this morning. The poor boy felt that broke down from looking for a job all these months that he persuaded the old gent to stake him to a trip up in the country. He's up there now, and this letter I got from him, told about him catching a lot of horned pouts. He said they caught them at night with a lantern light to get them around, like old soldiers gathering around a camp fire. Maybe it must be some kind of a fish, as you said, George."

Wilfred had to put some of his poetry into the letter, of course. He wouldn't be my brother if he didn't spout some of them bromides. He called this one 'Lines to a Horned Pout,' and this is how it

went if you want to take a chance the way Mister Brodie did.

Little horned pout that I caught last night when the stivory moon was shining bright.

I think how short thy existence was. And shudder to think my the cause. Why should a strong man go about catching a killing you, horned pout? Far from your friends and family dear. You be cold in death in a pantry here. Dreaming dreams that no mortal can see.

And waiting to be swallowed by me. This fact be shall not be forgotten. Little horned pout, I treated you rotten."

"If he felt that tender toward the fish why didn't he go hunting instead?" asked the Head Barber.

"They wouldn't let him go hunting up there where he is, George," replied the Manicure Lady. "He was up there last year with a old gent named Ben Spear, and two of them went out with two rabbit dogs, looking for rabbits. Before the sun had set they came back without the dogs. Wilfred had shot one of the dogs for a rabbit, and Mister Spear had shot the other on the way home. He was aiming at a bluejay and shot low."

"They oughtn't to let a greenhorn handle a gun," said the Head Barber.

"No," agreed the Manicure Lady, "or a razor, either."

Reflections of a Bachelor.

A man has to work pretty hard to get money and very hard to keep it.

A widow can forget a great deal more than she ever knew.

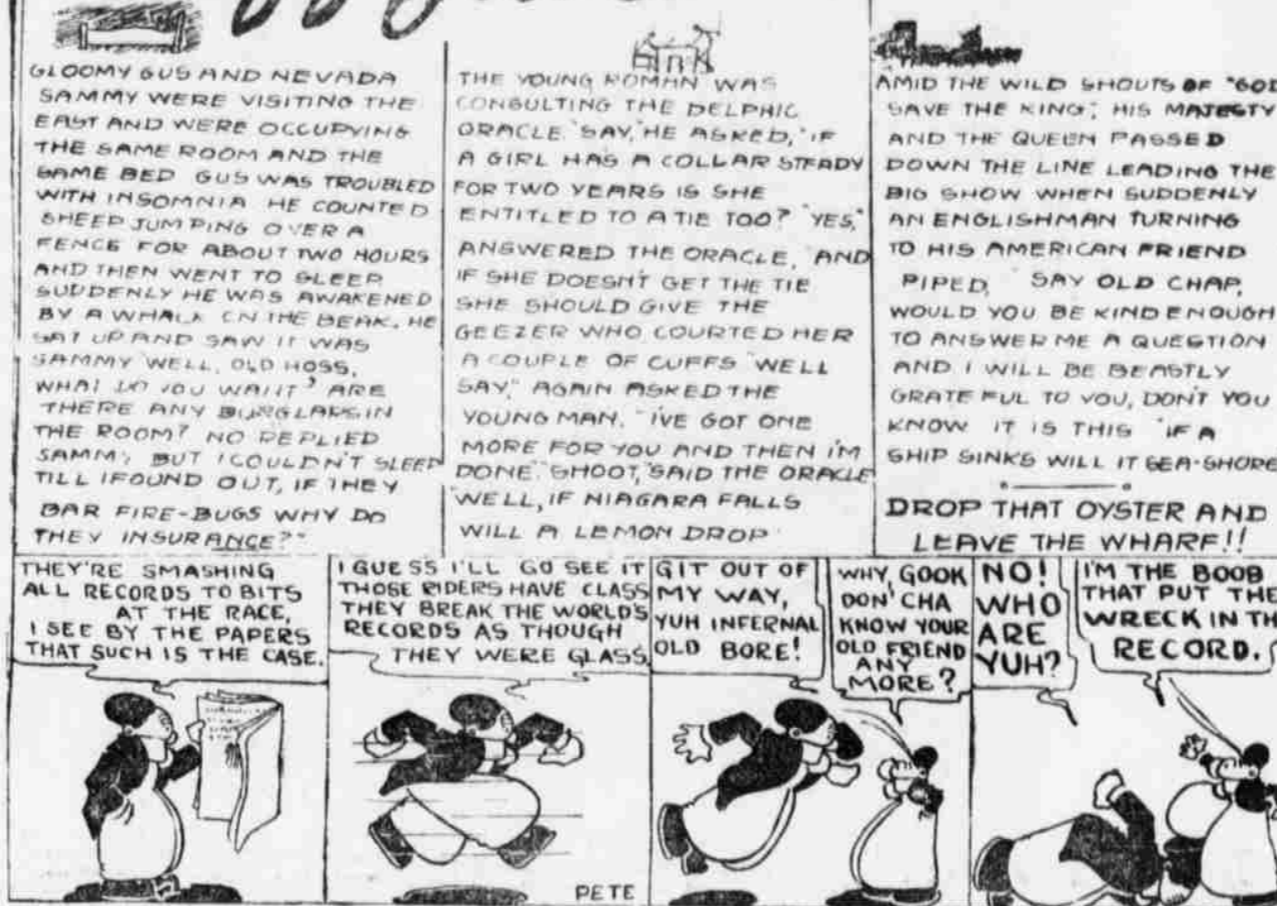
Girls study one another and then they have learned men.

There's a woman can think the baby has a bright way of getting.

Even if it didn't come always back, broke marriage would still be a more or less serious thing—New York Press.

Saffyails

FATHER ALWAYS WANTED ME TO BE A CLUB MAN.



Health and Beauty the Expression of Thought, Says Miss Bessie Wynn



By HARGRETT HUBBARD AYER.

Time was when the beautiful actress giving an interview to the faithful scribe, amused one of her most photographed attitudes and then announced languidly that she always had her teeth filled with diamonds, washed her hair in champagne and her face in rich cream; took cand and milk baths, etc., and continued as long as the imagination of her press agents and her own memory served her.

Fortunately those times have changed, and when I called on Miss Bessie Wynn at the Broadway theater I was thankful that only vague memories of former interviews haunted the dressing room and that I was face to face with a charming example of the new kind of stage beauty, who is an sensible and practical in her methods of preserving her health and good looks as the old-time beauty was absurd in her way, at least in such methods as she designed to make public.

Surrounded by all the pretty frocks she wears in "The Sun Dodgers," with the glittering head-dresses and hats on her dressing table, and the yards of diamonds that make up the train of that beautiful black-and-white frock, forming a background to her dark and winsome beauty, sensible Miss Wynn went back to the first principle of health, the power of mind over matter.

"I think everybody accepts the fact that our lives are largely the result of our thought, and that health and beauty are the expression of healthful and beautiful thought, but the great trouble is that few people are willing to take the trouble to control and direct their minds in a constructive and helpful way," announced Miss Wynn thoughtfully.

"We have heard a great deal about 'thinking beauty,' or putting one's thoughts on any definite subject; but how many people can do it? Everybody realizes the power of thought and probably each person has had some experience in a small way of the power of the mind when it is directed and concentrated on one subject by the force of the will.

"But how many people can focus their minds on any subject for even a minute at a time?"

"How many people can really concentrate on anything? Very few, I am sure. Now, if one really wants to make any radical changes in one's way of thinking, this concentration is absolutely necessary, and it can only be accomplished by a regular mental drill by taking hold of the thoughts which you want to express and dwelling on them systematically and regularly, just as you would exercise your body if you were taking a course of physical culture.

"There are two things which are absolutely destructive both to health and to beauty, and which in my mind are the cause of people's growing old and ugly. These two things are worry and fear.

"Women grow old from worry and from constant anxiety and fear. Two-thirds of the time they worry about things that don't happen and regularly, just as you would exercise your body if you were taking a course of physical culture.

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Ambassador Bryce on South America

Selected By EDWIN MARKHAM.

A book of large interest and import is "South America: Observations and Impressions" by the Hon. James Bryce, famous author of "The American Commonwealth." A fragment from the final chapter gives an inkling of Mr. Bryce's treatment.

"The traveler in South America who confines himself, as many do, to the larger cities, finds them so like those of Europe and North America in their possession of the appliances of modern civilization, in their electric street cars and handsome parks, in their ably written press, in the volume of business they transact—I might add in the aspect of the legislatures and in the administration of their government—that he is apt to fancy a like resemblance in the countries as a whole.

"But the small towns and rural districts are very far behind, though least so in Chile and Argentina.

"If one regards these various nations as a whole, one is struck by the want of such an atmosphere of ideas, if the phrase be permissible, as that which men breathe in western Europe and in North America. Educated men are few, there is little stir of thought, little play of cultivated intelligence upon the problems of modern society. Most of these countries seem to lie far away from the stream of intellectual life, bearing only its distant murmur.

"The presence of a great mass of ignorance in the native population partly accounts for this, and one must remember the difficulty of providing schools and the thinness of a population scattered through desert of forest covered regions. These disadvantages may in years to come be lessened.

"In the more progressive states conditions are changing as fast as anywhere else in this changeful age. No countries have more possibilities of change than those of South America. European immigrants are streaming into the southern countries. The white race is commingling with the aboriginal Indians in the west and with the negroes in the east. Scientific discovery is bringing its latest appliances into contact with countries still undeveloped and with peoples long left behind in the march of progress.

"South America, which has hitherto, except at rare intervals, stood outside, has now begun to affect the commercial and financial movement of the world. She may before long begin to affect its movements in other ways also, and, however little we can predict the part that its people will play, it must henceforth be one of growing significance for the old world as well as for the new."

The Impatience of Love

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A young man who signs himself Eddie writes that he fell in love with a girl of a station a little lower than his own, and that because of the interference of his sisters a mutual followed, and now the girl he loves to "such distraction the uncertainty is driving him mad" refuses to speak to him.

"One of the tragedies of love! Nothing is more serious at the time than a lovers' quarrel, and there is little in life that leaves a deeper pang for future memory.

"There is no sweetness in lovers' quarrels that compensates the sting."

"What shall I do?" writes Eddie. "I am awaiting your answer as a starved man waits for food."

You who have passed that period of life which might be defined as the "happy time of delusion" will claim that Eddie exaggerates his condition. However there is proof in history and fiction, in poetry and prose, that he doesn't exaggerate his feelings on this. A starving man doesn't wait for food in greater agony of apprehension and distress.

This is the difference. A starving man will make every effort to get food. A man in love, stupid blunderer that he is, will sit back and lament. And more times than are told some other man runs away with the girl he loves because of his lackadaisical attitude.

My advice to Eddie is that he forget there is such a thing as a difference in stations in life. It is a foolish distinction recognized only by the narrow-minded. If the girl loves him and he loves her, and they are both honest and sincere in their love, the recognition of such a bar to their happiness denotes a petty mind.

Go to her with your heart in your hand. If she rejects your offering go again and again. You write that the girl has told you she loves you. Keep that consolation in mind before your eyes if she refuses you twice seven times.

Refusals may be humiliating, but the humiliation is good for you. Every man is made a better man if the woman who loves him administers an occasional treatment.

Perhaps you have shown her you thought you were in life above hers. If that is the case I hope she will refuse you often enough to convince you that she is on a plane so much higher than you it will take humility and devotion on your part all your life to make her forget it.

Waste no more time in mournful letters. Take action, and take it promptly.

REV. COLLYER'S ANVIL

It appears that the anvil in the blacksmith shop of the father of Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, beside which the son learned his trade, is carefully preserved by the society of Unity Church in Chicago, of which the blacksmith preacher was pastor for twenty years from 1829 before going to the Church of the Messiah in New York City. How that relic was obtained is thus related:

A parishioner, traveling abroad, happened to visit the birthplace of Collyer in Yorkshire, and stumbled across the smithy, almost hidden among the newer houses of the growing town. The visitor inspected with some interest an old anvil standing in one corner of the shop.

"How long has that anvil been here?" he asked the proprietor.

"Why," said the blacksmith, "it must have been here high thirty or forty years."

"Well, I will give you a new one much for it as will buy you a new one."

"Certainly," replied the puzzled smith, "but I would like to know what you want with this anvil."

"I will tell you. There was formerly an apprentice in this shop who used to work on it. That boy has now become a prominent man. Thousands love and honor him as a friend and teacher, and I wish to carry this anvil with me to America as a memorial of the humble beginning of his life."—New York Sun.