

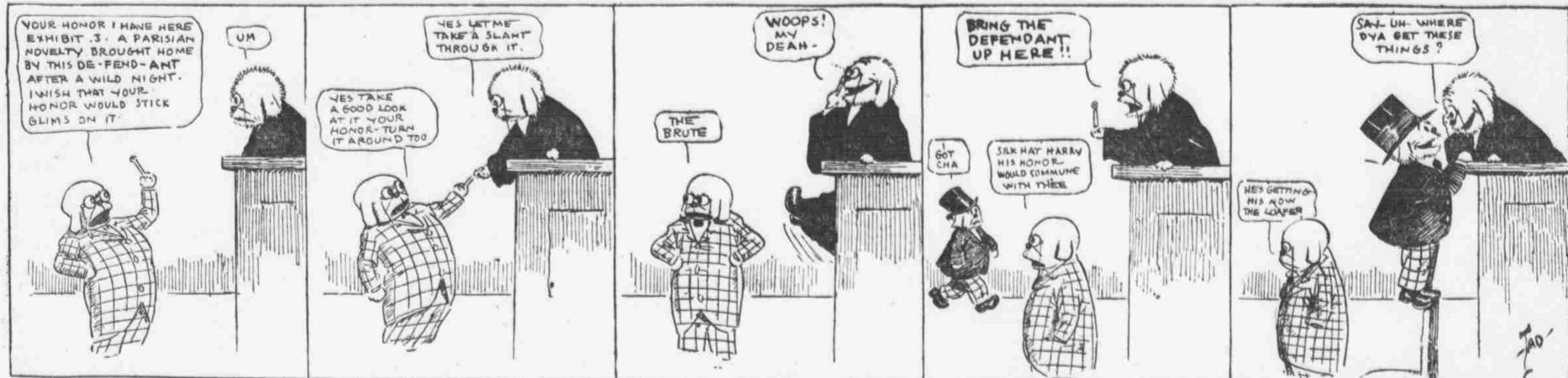
The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Did You Ever See One of Those Things?

By Tad

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The Kind of Women Men Admire

By DOROTHY DIX.

A young girl who says she is very small, writes me a tearful letter in which she complains that men only admire large, tall, majestic women, and that no matter how pretty and sweet a

short woman is she is passed over in favor of some lady of the goddess type.

My correspondent feels that her chances of matrimony and her happiness in life are blighted by her lack of inches, and she demands to know why this is thus.

Unto which I respectfully submit, for her consolation, that this isn't thus. It is not true that men

taking them by and large, are enamored of the tall and stately woman, or that they prefer her to the little, poly-poly girl.

Of course, viewed from a standpoint of pure art, "daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair," has the call over her abbreviated sister. The Gibson girl, the Fisher girl, the Christy girl, all of the various girls with whom we are familiar on the backs of magazines and in the Sunday supplements, would undoubtedly be about seven feet high if they were translated into real life. Also, they all have a lean and hungry look which goes all right in a picture, but it is doubtful if any man would care for it in a lady love.

In this connection it is interesting to remark that, in a previous age, when there was more marrying going on than there is now, and a lot more love making doing, the popular ideal of feminine pulchritude was not the telephone post woman of today, but the small, cuddly-some woman that was just a good armful.

Probably every man has a theory, before he meets her, that the divinity who will stir his pulses will look as if she had just stepped down from the top of Mount Olympus, just as every man imagines that he is a worshipper of beauty, and that no woman who wasn't a real, genuine, bona-fide Venus could ever make his heart go pit-a-pat.

Yet in spite of this alleged devotion to beauty men continue to pick out as wives women who have no standing in the good looker class. In fact, it is notorious that beauties seldom make good marriages, and that while men delight burning incense before living pictures, when they want to get married they generally go off and pick out some lady in the chromo style of art to take home with them for keeps.

It must be a wonderful pleasure and solace to a woman to be tall, and slender, and queenly in appearance, and able to contemplate the reflection of her figure in every shop window she passes without getting heart failure; but her looks do not cut as much matrimonial ice as she supposes. Men may be drawn to her by her beauty at first, but they soon drift away unless she has some charm more potent than mere good looks with which to hold them.

Sympathy, comprehension, good nature,

a willingness to amuse and be amused

all that we comprise in the cryptic phrase "winning ways"—these are a thousand fold more potent in securing the admiration of men than any height, or peachiness of complexion. And in this is the gospel of getting for my short and sawed off correspondent. By taking thought she cannot add one cubit to her stature, but it was the little woman that men loved. Thackeray's favorite heroines, even to Becky Sharp, were all small.

These great writers knew the hearts of men, and they built on the fact that

while men reverence and worship at the shrine of the tall, majestic woman, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, it is the cute, little, cunning woman, with kittenish ways, that can wrap them around her finger.

Of course there are many explanations of this phenomenon. The most obvious is that it flatters a man's vanity for a

The Mutual Admiration Society

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

In the average American village of 1,000 or 2,000 people there is a coldness and indifference existing among residents toward the majority of the people of the place.

Such villages have from three to nine churches and people who attend one church, seldom attend the others.

Among each little denomination swells a social clique that looks down on the others and disdains and politely thwarts and blocksades to the extent of its ability all the other similar cliques in the village.

There is a public school, but not one parent out of twenty ever visits it or takes the least interest in its work or members. Religion, business and society in your average village is competitive and cooperative, and such a thing as communism of thought, purpose and ideals does not exist even as a hypothesis.

President Hadley of Yale has recently said:

"The best thing the young man gets in college is the college spirit. The graduate of a university is forever a brother to all who go, have gone or will go to the university."

A college to a certain extent is a community. It is a "collection"—and this was

the original meaning of the term.

God made the country, man the city, and the devil the small town. The devil always stands for dissolution—pulling apart—denominationalism. The word "denominational" means to name and denominationalism is a struggle concerning definitions.

The villages that are beautiful and successful are where the inhabitants quibble least and work together most.

The act of working together evolves the Mutual Admiration society, and this forms an atmosphere in which individualism can breathe and blossom. "Great men come in groups," we are told. The fact is, common men often evolve into uncommon men when they live in groups that work together.

Mother's Lament

The house is still as still can be. Except the ticking loud and clear Of the old clock; it starts me. The quiet reigns about me; afraid. She sleeps beneath the kitchen stool; And by these signs all doubt is laid— Our little Willie's gone to school!

There's no one tumbling down the stair, There's no one making such a noise That at times makes me declare He's the noisiest of boys.

There's no one in the jam or cake, Or "hookin' pie that's scaredy cool. My father in this world won't make Our little Willie's gone to school!

Yes, I am the one, I know, upon the shelves Are there, and softly sit— They seem lonely by themselves! There's less of noise about the place. There's more of peace and order's rule;

But, oh, I miss a chubby face.

Since Willie's gone to school!

New York Telegram.

Daffydil

THANK YOU AND YOU'LL THANK ME THATS THE BEST QUARTER YOU EVER INVESTED

APPLE HEADED JIMMY WAS A BUM BUT BUMS HAVE APPETITES AS MOST OF THEM WILL TELL YOU. JIMMY'S STOMACH THOUGHT HIS THROAT WAS CUT HE EDGED INTO A GOLDEN CAFE EDGE OVER TO THE LUNCH COUNTER AND WAS JUST ABOUT TO DIP HIS MAULER INTO THE PLATTER OF COLD BEANS WHEN A HOT DOG BARKED.

WOULD YOU BE HUNGRY AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK IF ATTENUATE?

OUT OF MY HOUSE!! NO CHILD OF MINE CAN BE AN ACTRESS.

IUE GOT A SWELL JOB IN A DRUGSTORE NOW START AT 6 A.M. SWEET UP AND DUST CLEAN THE SHELF BOTTLES, WASH THE MORTARS AND GRADUATES PUT UP MEDICINES,

RUN DOWN TOWN TO THE WHOLESALEERS, GRAB A BITE TO EAT ON THE WAY, JERK SODAS, SELL STAMPS HUNT UP NAMES IN THE TELEPHONE BOOK FOR CUSTOMERS, SETTLE FIGHTS,

TAKE CINDER OUT OF PEOPLE'S EYES, ADVISE GIRLS WHAT CAR TO TAKE TO GET TO UNION HILL N.J., ANSWER PHONE CALLS FOR PEOPLE WHO CAN'T HEAR WELL AND AT 12 MIDNIGHT I'M THROUGH.

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

YEP NOTHIN' TO DO TILL TOMORROW

BOOM!! BOOM!! IT'S THE BATTLESHIP OREGON BOYS WE ARE SAVED

SYDNEY HAD BEEN STANDING ON THAT CORNER ALL EVENING. THE COP CAME ALONG AND AFTER TALKING SYDNEY UP WITH HIS CLUB TOLD HIM TO FOLLOW HIS BETTER DOWN THE LANE.

WHAT'S THAT? RIPPED THE BULL

AS HE TURNED TO HIS HERO WHO HAD MUMBLED SOMETHING.

I ONLY WANTED TO KNOW

SAID SUD AS HE STOPPED.

IF A GOOSE IS FIT FOOT

TO EAT WOULD YOU CALL

IT A PROPAGANDA?

MM! BUT YOU'VE GROWN STOUT.

DON'T YOU DARE—I ONLY

LOOK THAT WAY

YET IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE!

BY TOM POWERS. Copyright, 1911, by International News Service.



Married Life the Second Year

Warren Decides on an Apartment, but Helen Objects to the Neighborhood.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"But, Warren, it will all have to be papered and painted. I don't see how we can get in by the first."

"Why not? They can do over that place in three or four days."

"But can we get

any one now to move us?" Helen stopped over for the spool of thread that had slipped from her lap. "All the wagons are engaged weeks ahead for the 1st of October."

"Leave that to me. I'll get the wagons. All you've got to do is to pack."

"But, dear, this apartment isn't ready yet—wouldn't they let us stay here until the 15th? That would give us so much more time."

"And pay rent in both places? Well, I guess not."

Helen dropped her sewing and came over and rested her cheek against his. "You haven't signed the lease yet?"

"Well, what of it?"

"Don't sign it, dear. Let's not take that apartment. I don't think we'll be happy there."

"Why not?"

"Oh, you know I don't like it—the location—the whole atmosphere of the building!"

"Now look here, we thrashed all that out last week—and we're not going over it again. By gosh, you're a persistent woman!"

"Nothing's ever settled with you. You're eternally harking back to the same thing. Now, I'm going to sign that lease tomorrow, and we're going to move in on the first. Is that plain?"

Helen flushed. "Warren, do you realize how much this means to me? I'm in the apartment all day—you're there only in the evening. Shouldn't my wishes have some weight?"

"Oh, that's your tone is it? You're trying to make out that I'm forcing you into this. Didn't I tell you all summer to look around—to find some apartment where we wouldn't be shut up against a brick wall as we are here? And you said you couldn't find anything—wasn't that it?"

"I said I couldn't find anything as good as this for what we're paying here."

"Well, I did find something. You were obstinately determined to stay here, and that was your method of working it—it only didn't happen to work."

"Oh, Warren, I didn't try to work anything—you know that's not like me."

"I'm not so darned sure about that."

"Of course I wanted to stay here. I told you that all along. You know how we looked at apartments before we came back, and I couldn't find anything to compare to this."

"Well, I found six good size rooms,

with plenty of light and air, in a brand new apartment, and not a cent more than we're paying now."

"Oh! but the neighborhood! Dear, there's a garage and a Chinese laundry right across the street, and all the rest of the block is—"

"But we're not living across the street nor on the rest of the block, either. We'll be comfortable in that apartment—and that's all I'm aiming at. If you've aspirations for a fashionable address—you've married the wrong man to gratify them!"

"Oh, Warren, how unjust! You know I'm not thinking of a fashionable address. But I didn't want to be in a street over-run with dirty children. And it's not only the street—it's the whole atmosphere of the building. Dear, I know we won't be happy there."

"Well, he hasn't been so internally happy here—have we?"

"No, perhaps not," in a low voice, "though it hasn't been the fault of the apartment."

With an oath Warren rose and flung his paper to the floor.

"Now, see here, I told you we weren't going to discuss this. Well, I mean just what I said. "Now," emphasizing each word with a vigorous thump on the table. "We're going into that apartment the first of October. You had your chance to find something and didn't do it. So now we're going to talk to this, and we're not going to talk any more about it. Do you hear?"

He went out slamming the door after him.

Helen heard him getting his hat and coat in the hall and then came the bang of the outside door. For several moments she sat motionless where he had left her. Then she went over to the window.

Warren was standing on the corner waiting for a car. The street lamp lit

Instead of going on we got set back. They played like amateurs without a bit of nerve against most of the other clubs.

They couldn't field, they couldn't run nor hit.

But just the same they always trimmed the Cubs.

So here's to you, Mr. Dahlen.

And you other Dodgers, too.

You made us lose the pennant.

We're not the least bit angry.

We'll try to see the joke.

Our feelings are the kindest.

But we sure do hope you choke.

Candor Won.

As a result of a wager the following advertisement was recently printed in a New York paper:

"I promise nothing. I engage to perform nothing, but send me 25 cents in stamps. Perhaps there is a little surprise in store for you. Address 241."

The impudence and apparent candor of this cool appeal met with apparent success. Stamps poured in for several days.

No fraud order could stop it. Had the bet not been won and lost in short time it might be running yet.