

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT--The Judge is Under the Doctor's Care

By Tad

Copyright, 1911, National News Ass'n.



What Men Think

By CHARLES FERGUSON

Winifred Black, in her interesting article on "The Beauty Craze," printed recently in The Bee, asks with her characteristic directness and sincerity, "What the American man thinks of all this beautiful-or-did cult."

"Do the men really demand this sort of thing?" she asks--referring, of course, to the straining efforts that some women make to be beautiful.

It is respectfully submitted that in general men do not demand or appreciate the excesses in feminine clothes and cosmetics that Winifred Black describes. Some men do, but they are not the kind of men that Miss Black would consult. They match the women she criticizes.

These men and women are in hot pursuit of fine things. But they do not know what fine things are. They are under the illusion that fineness is the opposite of efficiency, and that elegance is achieved by dead-set to be useless or to seem to be.

This way of thinking is very old. It has been fortified by false philosophers and false religions, by all the inveterate

laws of caste and privilege, by sentimental literatures, by the dazzling artifices of finance, by the temperamental artists, and pretty nearly the whole race of haberdashers and hatdressers since the bewildered world began.

"The beauty craze" of which Winifred Black writes so eloquently, so persuasively, with such healing wisdom, is a great thing gone wrong. It is the morbid and distempered aspect of the greatest thing in the human world--to wit, the passion for perfection.

What do sensible men think of the painted women? They think of them with pity and sorrow, and with contrition for their own ancestral sins that made the painted women possible.

But do such men think lightly of that passionate striving after beauty--even at cost of ease and with high sacrifice--which is the special glory and travail of true womanhood? Most assuredly not.

The struggle after beauty--of shop girls, housewives of narrow means, the myriads of frail burden bearers at the base of our crushing economic system--is the age's great quest and martyrdom.

Nothing is really more fine than the way some women, in mean streets, make fine art out of their coarse conditions and translate into elegance all the difficult processes of housekeeping and child-rearing, and the grim necessities of board and clothes.

Why begrudge their ribbons and dimity things? These are their decorations of royalty, and their ribbons of the legion of honor.



Daddydils

I MADE THE BOSS WHAT HE IS TOON-- BUT WHAT THANKS DO I GET?

HOW MUCH DID PHILADELPHIA PA WHOSE GRASS DID K.C. MO WHAT BOSS DID NEW ORLEANS LA HOW MUCH DOES CLEVELAND O.

WHAT WAS IT MADE CHICAGO ILL. WAS WASHINGTON, D.C. SHE WOULD TALOMA WAH IN SPIE OF A BALTIMORE, M.D.

WHEN HARTFORD AN NEW HAVEN CONN. WHAT REVENGE DO THEY SOAK. COULD NMAN BUILD A LITTLE ROCK ARK IF HE HAD NO GUTHRIE O.K.

THEY WERE BOTH IN THE COOLER FERDIE SAPHROD FOR ORDERING SWEET MEATS WITHOUT THE NECESSARY GILT TO PURCHASE AND PHILLIP POTPIE FOR SELLING DOG MEAT FOR SAUSAGE. THEY SAT OPPOSITE ONE ANOTHER. SOBBING QUIETLY FINALLY FERDINAND GOT UP TO STRETCH HE TOOK A SLANT AT PHILLIP AND THEN TENDERLY TOUCHING HIM UPON THE SHOULDER ASKED IF A PAIR OF LIVELY WHITE HANDS CAN TIE A LOVE KNOT WHAT CAN A RED NECK ME?

LAWRENCE THE UNDERSTUDY HAD THE CHANCE OF HIS LIFE THE STALL HAD A CHILL AND COULD NOT GO ON. AT 8:30 LAWRENCE WAS INFORMED OF THE FACTS. HE DRESSED UP SAT IN HIS ROOM WAITING FOR THE CALL AND SHIVERED. HE WAS CALLED SUDDENLY. RUSHING OUT IN THE CENTER OF THE DRAWING ROOM HE WAS STRUCK BY DUMB WITH FEAR. HE GOT HIS CUE TWICE BUT DIDNT FOLLOW SUDDENLY HE PIPED-- IF A HORSE NIBBLES GRASS CAN A CATNIP TEA?

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

OH YES I'M A DR. SINCE LAST JUNE. I TOOK A 4 YEAR COURSE AND GOT THROUGH IN 3 YRS AND 12 MONTHS. I GOT A JOB LAST WEEK AND STILL HANG ON

I MADE THE OFFICE AT 7 AM. THEY RUSH TO MADISON ST COURT IN TIME TO HEAR MAS VELL HEARNE HEARNE. STICK THERE TILL NOON THEN BACK TO THE OFFICE TO PREPARE AFFIDAVITS ETC.

THEN I SET ME SUMMONSES. TILL 3 THEN I HAD SCHOOL. AT 8 I SET ON LAWN FOR MEET DAN AT SCHOOL. AFTER THAT I BRUSH UP FOR APPROACHING BAR EXAMS. I'M ALWAYS IN BED BY 4 A.M.

GEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

A Talk With the Unsuccessful

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

However you may have striven for success and failed to achieve it, and however worthy of better fortune you believe yourself, do not waste your remaining vitality in bitter meditations on the injustice of fate in bestowing its favors upon the less deserving.

No one ever climbed to success by denunciation of those above him.

An ambitious young actress who had never obtained anything better than a maid's part in a play, despite her possession of beauty, voice and dramatic qualities of personality, sat and discussed the stupidity of the public and the degeneracy of good taste as exhibited in the vogue of certain theatrical favorites of the day.

tell me frequently how very bad is the literature accepted by the magazines, and how very good is their own rejected material.

They rail at editors, publishers and people.

The same counsel applies to all aspirants in any line of art or, indeed, in any vocation in life.

Waste no breath or brain power upon the demerits of the successful.

What is worthless will not long endure. Whatever is masquerading in false colors will in time betray itself in its own hue.

The pretender in the court of art will be exposed by Detective Time. Only real things last.

Clasp this truth close to your heart and be real yourself.

Observe the fictitious only to avoid its methods.

Do not exhaust yourself running about and crying to the world that what it applauds is not real. Save your strength for showing them something better to applaud.

Cease comparing yourself, even men-



Sherlocko the Monk :-:- THE ADVENTURE OF THE MYSTERIOUS ROBBER-

By Gus Mager



Piute Pete

By MILES OVERHOLT.

"Curiosity, it is said, once killed a cat," said Piute Pete, as he thoughtfully took a handful of matches from the whatnot. "If that be true, I know where a man who has a few tales of curiosity on hand can make some money."

"Last night at my flat the midnight air was split in twain and busted up the back in nine places under my window by a herd of cats that was holding a sort of campmeeting and auction sale combined and I couldn't sleep."

"So I threw the pitcher and the wash-bowl and some photographs and my shoes at the felines; but it failed to break up the session to any extent. The cats merely climbed up on the roof and continued to transact business in the regular order."

"Then I got up and ran against a rocking chair and fell into the fireplace, driving one of my best toes into the wall so far I had to draw myself loose with a porous plaster, and knocking the varnish off my nose. Then I threw my trousers and an empty whisky bottle that the janitor had left in the room by mistake at the cats, and broke a window out

of an adjoining room. I then stood on a collar button, which up to that time had been lost, and thought it over.

"I decided to climb out of the window and kick the cats off the roof."

"When I reached the roof all the cats had disappeared but one. It remained perfectly still while I tiptoed up to it, holding onto the roof with one hand (me, I mean) and driving shingle nails into the roof head first with my bare feet. That was about the barest feat I ever did."

"When I got close enough to the cat I drew back my right foot and kicked with the condensed strength and eagerness of hours of suffering."

"There was a crash as my foot struck the corner of the roof, which had in the darkness resembled a cat."

The doctor says he will be able to save my foot, owing to its great constitution and strength; but the carpenter says the roof must have suffered the wrath of an earthquake.

"These are a few reasons why I can use some curiosity, the stronger the better."



How To Be Beautiful

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Last summer I went abroad to "do" the various beauty establishments in London, Paris and Berlin. It was an interesting pilgrimage and proved conclusively that Lincoln was wrong when he said that you couldn't fool all the people all the time.

It's being done daily at tremendous profit to the doer and much expense to the person done.

One of my first errands took me to an exclusive beauty shop in Bond street, which has an old and established reputation and which was one of the first places in London to open a manucuring department.

"Of course they will have something quite new in the line of fingernail polishing," thinks I to myself, so I put my hands in with those of an exceptionally pretty manicure and told her to do her best and newest.

She did.

She looked me in the eyes while she whittled my nails, and told me all the gossip she had heard. She liked Americans. She had just finished polishing the hands of our most celebrated financier.

"You'd never believe that he was so rich. Why he looks that shabby, with a waistcoat spotted with grease--I'd say he was only a two-penny-a-week man, but they tell me he owns the Atlantic ocean.

You'd think he'd 'ave better clothes."

In her sweet English voice she chatted on. I listened to her, quite fascinated, and tried not to scream when she inadvertently cut me. The light was very bad, but she said she didn't need a good light to do nails by.

"I'm so accustomed to them," she prattled on merrily.

She thought the queen foolish not to do her hair in a modern way and wouldn't I try a bottle of the wonderful new liquid soap--every one was using it.

She has just washed the hands of America's richest millionaire with it. I bought a small bottle, paying exactly 100 times what it was worth, for it proved to be tincture of green soap perfumed with lemon verbena. The soaps and polishes she used were old friends of mine, put up in new boxes. She helped me on with my gloves and bowed me out of the shop gracefully.

It had really been too dark to see them before. I had no nails left to speak of, but the roots were a brilliant red. The pretty lady had carved and cut recklessly while she hypnotized me with her flighty conversation. And I had paid her for it, though I know better. The experience with the manicure was one of many that I had before I reached the conclusion that Europe no longer leads



THE ACTRESS THOUGHT THE PUBLIC STUPID.

After she had hauled most of the theatrical stars from their firmament of glory, and shown that their glitter was only made of tinsel, I begged her to desist. "You will never become a moon or a sun," I said, "by giving your vitality to such thoughts as these."

"Let the public applaud whom and where it will. Let the calcium light fall where it may; there is some cause for it all; conserve your forces for attracting the success you believe you merit. Every bitter, resentful impulse indulged in is a step away from your goal."

"Do not talk about the desire to lift the ideals of the public to a higher standard of art until you have lifted your own mind and heart to a higher standard than acrimonious criticism. Cease to concern yourself with the poor acting of



THE WALL OF THE UNSUCCESSFUL AUTHOR.

others and concentrate upon the determination to act well your own part and to find your rightful place upon the stage.

"Make yourself over, mentally, before you attempt to make over public taste." Young authors, and those not so young.

Great gifts should be word like a sword's cutting.

And not like gems on a beggar's hand; And the toll is constant and unceasing. That lifts up the King to the crown's demand.

(Copyright, 1911, by American Journal-Examiner.)

The Fleet

By PERCY SHAW.

The country pays its taxes. And it can't see much to praise. Till the fleet comes steaming, steaming Where the shorebound millions gaze. Then it's: "See the masts and guns. Say, but they're fifty ones; We'll sweep the seas, just how we please. With ships like those, my sons."

Drub shapes all snug at anchor.

Our ten million dollar brides. Do not need an inspiration. And forgotten thrills besides? Watch the fleet haul up and down. See the wicked muzzles frown. Your blood will race, in maddened chase From your shoe tops to your crown.

We all forget our taxes. In the forecast of our pride. As we see the fleet go steaming. Where the farthest billows ride. Then it's: "Guess they know the way. If it's war or if it's play; Since we own 'em, now we've known them. We're more chummy anyway."