

trilling song, and

she wrote to a

great and popular

magazine for we-

men and told all

about how she did

It and how giori-

ously she enjoyed

I read all about

it all the time.

it in the great and

popular magazine,

and so, "I have no

doubt, did many

wonder what the

rest of the women

save money.

too much?

readers. I

self-not one word. I couldn't.

who read that article thought about it

I didn't believe one word of it my-

If the woman had hold how she did

on a desert island somewhere, or once

adventure, and admired her for her

would you think of a same man who

dressed like that on Broadway, just to

Discovered

"The trashy novelist rides in a French

motor car and drinks champagne with his

dinner, but the good novelist is thankful

for a meal of macaroni. Our had tuste

is to blame. Listen to this terrible story:

lunatic asylum one autumn afternoon,

and among the lunatics he noticed a man

who sat counting his fingers and mutter-

"'Inty, minty cutey, corn' Apple seeds and briar thorn!"

The publisher regarded the man atten-

The publisher laid his hand on the

" 'My poor friend, is it not true that in

Fountain Penn, author of that immor-

fierce whisper, as he glanced cautiously

about the room. Shut up, you old fool!

Do you want to ruln me? If none of the

Gentle Cynicisms.

Hope is a great factor in the fight for

Sometimes a fellow doesn't marry be-

cause he is tacking in will, and some-

success, but it is just as well to remem

tively. About that massive brow, about

that glowing eye there was something

Inty, minty, cutey, corn!

Apple seeds and briar thern!

maniac's shoulder and said sadly:

all winter." "-Washington Star.

strangely familiar

tal masterplece-

O-u-t-out-

"A wealthy Chicago publisher, visited a

Chicago writer said the other day:

they make me a bit impatient.

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Is a Great Stickler for Dignity -:- By Tad

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Ragbag Economy

By WINIFRED BLACK.

She makes her underwear out of old without spending the money to buy flour sacks and her sunbonnets out of an thread to sew them into fingers. old piece of matting, and she makes her The sunbonner? Why bother with the gloves out of old socks that some one matting? You might save that matting gave her for carpet rags, and all the and use it for breakfast food at a pinch. time she was doing Why not tie an old rag around your head it she sang a hapand let it go at that? py, care-free, little,

Oh, these fine articles that I read on 'How I bring up my flourishing family of six on two dollars a week and enjoy life at the price!" No, they don't annoy me or vex me, they make me mad; just plain, old-fashioned American mad. If I had wit enough and patience

enough and industry enough to turn and twist the universe incide out to save a decent penny I'd use some of it making couple of cents an hour more-and call it square.

No, it isn't womanly, and it isn't wise, and it isn't fine, this glorying in mean, small makeshifts and humiliating scheming. It's mean and it's small and it's degrading.

If I ever get to the point where I have to use somebody's old ragbag for a wardrobe. I'll do the best I can with it, and be thankful to get it, but I shan't pretend to be proud of what I am forced to

these things when she was cast away do, There's enough real economy and real when she was spending a couple of winters on a Polar expedition where the of conscientious, hardworking womenonly underwear for sale belonged to the let's not allow these magazine people polar hears, I might have laughed with to manufacture a new standard of ecoher over the expedient of a surprising nomical living, if we can help it.

Leave That Woman Be

THE LONESOME OLD MAID SAT

IN HER ATTI C ROOM READING

A DIARY SHE HAD KEPT WHEN

SHE WAS THE VILLAGE QUEEN.

"OH THOSE HAPPY DAYS" SHE SIGHED. LITTLE DIO I DREAM

ALTUMN OF MY LIFE IN THIS

DOWN HER CHEEK HER HEAD

FELL UPON THE TABLE . THE

DOOR OPENED NOISELESSLY

AND A VOICE SQUEAKED.

TO A DEEP RIVER WOULD

OUT OF MY HOUSE!

NO CHILD OF MINE WILL BE

A MOVING PICTURE HEROINE

THEY BRIDGET?

I'M AM INTERIOR

DECORATOR NOW-YEA BO-

GETTO WORK AT 6 SWEEP

UP, CLEAN THE PAINT

AND GLUE POTS - GET

THE BRUSHES READY-

THAT I WOULD SPEND THE

By Tad

SOME GUYS ARE SO VERY GOOD THAT ITS A QUESTION WHAT THEY'RE GOOD FOR

THE CUSTOMER WANTED HIS

POT PIE IM A HURRY AND HE GOT

IT. REACHING POR HIS TOOLS

ROOF OF THE THING AND THEN

THE ? HE ASKED OF THE

HE HURRIEDLY TORE OPEN THE

LET OUT A YELP THAT COULD BE

HEARD A MILE AWAY. WHATS

WAITER WHO RUSHED OVER.

IT WAS SOMETHING IN FRENCH

IT WAS A RED CARD AND ON

THE MAH WHO DEALS THEM

MONEY IN POTATOES ISTHERE MORE THAN A SCENT IN FLOWERS ?

LEAVETHAT WOMAN BE!

OFF THE ARM PICKED IT UP

AND READ . IF THERE'S

THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS WINDY CHARLIE HAD SPENT ON THAT RAFT WITH NOTHING TO EAT EXCEPT SOLDIER BUTTONS. HE STOOD BY HIS LITTLE SAIL DREAMING OF ALL THE FREE LUNCH HE HAD PASSED UP IN THE MERRY MUCILAGE PARLORS

ALONG THE BOWERY SUDDENLY HE HEARD A CLICK. IT WAS A WIRELESS. HE STOPPED AND LISTENED . IT SAID. IFA WOMAN HAD 4 HUSBANDS ALL NAMED WILLIAM WOULD YOU CALL HER A BILL COLLECTOR.

BOOM! BOOM! ITS THE BATTLESHIP OREGON BOYS, WE ARE SAVED.

ORDERS BACK

PUTTY UP HOLES IN SAND PAPER AND CHALK CASTS - RUN SHELLAC FRAMES FOR THE GILDERS PACK ERRANDS AND THEN ON MY WAY HOME! FRAMES TO THE UPTOWN DELIVER 8 OR 9 STORE AND BRING NEW FRAMES AND COLLECT

AT 12 I'M THROUGH

YEP MIHTON YOURE TO DO TILL ALUCKY TOMORROW GUY

Frost Time-Home Time

By WINIFRED BLACK.

B-r-r-r, there's frest in the air; good Hurrah, I'm glad they are here. Only-"glad-to-see-you" frost that what is getting to be the matter with sends the blood to tinging in the veins the old fireplace? and makes the slowest feet walk with I haven't seen a friendly flame since

some semblance of youth and sprightli- the frost came, except the one that leaps on my own hearthstone. I'd have a fire-There-What is place if I had to go without a rug in the that patch of white house to do it, and I'd keep a fire there on the grass over if I had to wear my last year's frock there in the shady and year before last's hat to pay for the corner? Yes, It's frost, sure enough. Why, there's no sort of friendliness in See how the childdren hurry along to

a house at all without the play of leaping fire on the faces that gather around

Throw a handful of salt on that little handful of coals over there in the corner of the grate. See, who ever dreamed of such glorious riots of color-violet, green, erimson, bright yellow. And then is the time to talk, time to reason together, time to fall in love again, time to know what's going on in the little brain there on the other side of the fireplace, time to ask questions, time to laugh and time to sing old-fashloned heartsome songs.

has sold me a dozen bags of hot chestnuts already-and was that a sweet po-No, no canned music before the firetato reaster I saw truding along a back place; no ragtime ditties, either, please. street just now? Hurrah, frost is here! They do well enough in their places, but Summer's fine for moonlight and sea- not before the high altar of a family foam and new friends and sweet nothings fireplace.

and a strain of expensive music under "Should Auld Acquaintance." "Way the starlight and the memory of some half forgotten dream, but for real, Remember You, Dear, in My Prayers"-Down Upon," "My Lovely Eloise," "Till oh, heart of mine, how can you be hard when that old song is heard?-"My Own Sweet Lily Dale"-the songs your grandmother sang when the last cents

> gether. The cold world waits outside; how soon will it claim you, little girl with the soft hair falling on your round cheek; how soon will it draw cruel lines in that rosy face of yours, little boy with the dreaming eyes?

a little. See, was that a dear remembered face that amiled from the heart of the friendly fire just now? Fail's come, frost time, home time, heart time; let's all light the fire and get

By CHESTER FIRKINS. The baby emperor of China, in whose name a constitutional government has been granted to the people."

Of silk and silver and gold, Ruling five hundred millions-And only five years old.

Why are you glum, old fellow? Do they keep you all alone

Your tiny feet in the sandals That cannot touch the floor? Seeing the common children

As you ride in your guarded car, Have you wondered why you are never As happy as they are? That sad little brow and the pouting Of lips that ought to sing-They tell us the whole sad story Of being a baby king.

ly 10 e, a

pt. re

to

Than Genghis or Kubia Khan.

Nubs of Knowledge.

How to Keep Young and Pretty We like well enough to read of Robinson Crusoe and his makeshift clothes, and his goatskin umbrella, but what

If I had to choose between an ugly But these women who tell us how to live pleasantly and profitably on nothing gown and an unbecoming hat, and if some a year just for the fun of it-I'm afraid dreadful fate forced me to wear one or the other, I should wear the ugly gown, It is all very well to beg your way and insist on having the prettiest hat I

around the world for a wager, or be- could get. cause there's some one on the other side. For with a good looking hat on my that you really must see and you haven't head I feel that I can carry off even an the money to pay your fare, but to take unbecoming frock. But 'e wrong hat is up begging as a profession and write like an eclipse—it extin, lakes your face; articles urging other women to follow this season it literally does that, and

your shining example-isn't that a triffe then where are you? I am appalled at the way some women Make your underwear out of flour buy their hats. They go into a shop, put sacks? Why, certainly, I'd make mine on something that is already made, out of coal sacks if I had to, but I wouldn't may a word about it, and, a back view, and walk out with it. Of whisper, if it came right down to that, whisper, if it came right down to that, why wear underwear at all? You could the small shops, carry such a quantity of And those gloves made of socks; why stock that naturally every woman can not rip up the bed tick and make a find something that satisfies her. But. pair of opera gloves out of that? Or, even so, I do not think she gives as much better still, wrap your hands up in rags attention to this very important matter as she should do, for choosing a hat is a momentous affair, and, no matter how many hats you have, each one ought to be sought and bought as if it were the most important event of one's life. No matter how pretty you are, if you are wearing an unbecoming hat you might just as well have no looks at all, Apropos of the pension of \$10 a week

I have a few rules that I go by when the English government has just granted I buy hats, and I will pass them on to to the English novelist, Joseph Conrad, a

> Before I try on a new hat I rumple up my hair, so that it does not look well and is, in fact, quite unbecoming. I try to choose a day, one of my "off" days, when I am feeling bored or annoyed with something, and I look that way when I try on the new hat. I argue, if the hat becoming when my hair is tousted and my face none too pleasant in expression, it should be truly ravishing when I am feeling well and gay. Would you believe that little Gaby was such a wise person?

Whatever the color of the hat is, I insist that the facing shall make a contrast to my hair, or that it shall be exactly the same color and melt into the blonde of the hair. The hat must be a sort of background, and for hig evening hats it is well to choose a hat faced with the color against which your hair and skin come out most effectively.

A great deal of green is worn this you I recognize the pitiable wreck of winter and it's a stunning color, I think, what was once the heaven born genius. but why, oh, why, will the very pale blondes, whose complexion is yellowish and whose half lacks a brilliant color, "Shut up!" the other interrupted in a why will she put this green hat upon her head and so extinguish any pretense to beauty? For the same reason, I supdoes get onto who I am I can stay here pose, that the girl who looks like a little mouse, with drab colored hair and a complexion with grayish tints in it, insists on wearing a drab bonnet without a redeeming touch of color or else some-

There are all kinds of beautiful blus ber that two pairs pat will best a busted shades for the girl who is sailow, and there are pinks and reds to give color to the drab toned little mouse. The greens times because the girl has a superabund- are for the pure blondes with pink cheeks or the dusky brunettes, and both of noticed that they look funereal and destingy with her kisses. -Philadelphia heavy black hats, I think, for I have You can cheer yourself up wonderfully

thing in purple.





THESE pictures show Mile. Gaby Deslys wearing a few of her stylish hats to illustrate the rules laid down in the article written by her below, on how to choose a hat that will be most becoming to you. Here are a few of the rules:

Whatever the color of the hat is, I insist that the facing shall make a contrast to my hair.

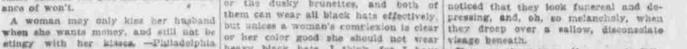
your hair and skin come out most effectively. Unless a woman's complexion is clear, or her color good, she

should not wear heavy black hats; they look, then, so funereal and depressing.

If I had to choose between an ugly gown and an unbecoming hat, I would choose the ugly gown, and insist on having the prettiest hat I could get.

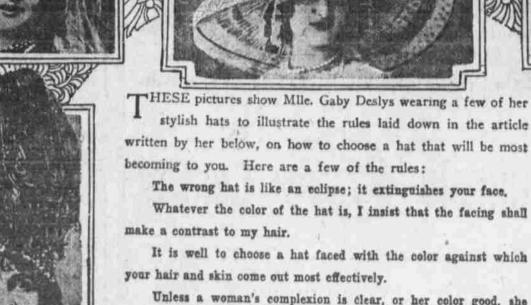
You can cheer yourself wonderfully by wearing a touch of the celor most becoming to you.











by wearing a touch of the color most becoming to you on your hat. Like the plume of King Henry of Navarre, it will always be in the thickent of the fight are being lost for want of storage for



school and mf-m-f-

ph-what's that I

smell, buckwheats!

there's any real

maple syrup left in

the world? How

far would you trav-

el to get some?

The man at the

corner downtown is

very cheerful, He

wonder if



and is a badge of courage and beauty.



The wrong hat is like an eclipse; it extinguishes your face.



But, say, have you heard what's hap-You haven't? Well, 'twas this way;

Good fairies came and carried That stupid old throne away! And they made your people love your And when you have grown a man, They will say that you reigned more

From Great Britain's obsolete cruiser Retribution, built in 1889, at a cost of \$000,000, the sum of \$15,000 was recently realized by auction at Portsmouth. The sheep of the world are reckoned at 450,000,000, of which Australia is credited with \$5,000,000. England ranks next with

one-third that number. The production of oil fields between Tampico and Tuxpan, Mexico, is 100,000 to 110,000 barrels daily, of which about 40,000

ness, give me the winter and the fall. Choosing Your Hat young and we didn't have junitors and elevators and radiators and all the modern conveniences. Come, let's light the fire and sing to-

"Go where you will, on land or on sea.
I'll share all your troubles and cares;
And at night when I kneel at my bedside

I'll remember you, dear, in my prayera." Never mind if your voice does break

acquainted again.

To Pu Yi