

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HAARY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Was Lost for a While

By Tad



The Silk Stocking Problem

By DOROTHY DIX.

A dispatch from Washington, D. C. says that a wealthy suffragist of that city has started a crusade to prevent working girls from wearing silk stockings on the street, and has asked the chief of police for assistance and authority in suppressing 'em.

Let us hope that this report is a canard, started by a rabid anti to bring discredit on the cause. There is, of course, nothing more absurd in women trying to regulate by law what kind of stockings other women shall wear than there is in men regulating by law the size of sheets hotel keepers shall put upon their beds. Still there is nothing gained by the kettle calling the pot black, and a maternal government is just as offensive and un-American as a paternal government, and we want none of either.

Besides which, at this critical moment in the campaign for votes for women, suffragists should address themselves to people's heads and not their heels. After women have secured political freedom, those who have mania for reforming things can tackle the silk stocking demon if they like, but it is criminal to waste time and energy now.

Also it is useless. Not all the statutes that could be written in the statute books backed up by the supreme court and the power of the standing army, could make lovely woman wear a thing she didn't want to, or take it off if she didn't want to. Only that intangible and puissant force, known as fashion, can add to or take away so much as a string from women's apparel.

The most interesting and the most amusing illustration that has ever been given is the effort that Queen Mary has just made to reform the present ultra-idiotic styles in women's clothes. Queen Mary, who is a level-headed sensible, practical woman, observed that the skirt-light skirts that are the fashion afford neither warmth nor comfort, that the short sleeves and low necks through which the wind whistles in winter are first aid to pneumonia and bronchitis. Furthermore, that grandmothers were wearing costumes that exposed every angle or pound of fat they possessed to the cruel world.

Therefore, the queen's first act when she came to her throne was to bar the lobbie skirts, the décolleté walking dress and the near sleeve from her presence, and to set the example of wearing sensible clothes by having her dresses made ample of skirt, with long sleeves and high necks and a general vintage of the year 1906 about them.

One might think that the question of whether a working girl wore silk stockings or not was one that lay between her own soul and her pocketbook. Not so. It is really not so much a matter of fashion as a problem in ethics.

For the silk stockings on the working girl's foot is the modern materialization for the yearnings for ease and luxury and adornment—the foolish finery—for which so many poor girls sell their souls. When you see cobwebby silk stockings peeping from beneath a hard, worn skirt, you would be a poor judge of character, indeed, if you did not know that the feet they covered were perilously near the primrose path.

For the silk stockings on the working girl represent so pitifully much. They tell the story of her craving for the luxuries that rich women have. They tell of the sylvatic impulses that she must stifle ordinarily, but that she has gratified for once in the purchase of the silken hosiery. They tell of sacrifices that she has made, of lunches she has done without, of pinching economies here and there that she has made to gratify her vanity.

Or else they will tell a sadder story, for there is no other thing on earth so terribly tragic as that the majority of girls go wrong not for love of some man, but for love of dress. They are not passion driven, but fashion mad. They barter away all that is sacred to a woman for a rag of chiffon and a few pairs of silk stockings.

It is this that makes the sight of silk stockings on poor feet that cannot afford them one that must make the very angels in heaven weep. It is because we know so well what road they are tending toward that we would like to stop them, if we could. But it cannot be done by law. It is doubtful if it can be done at all, but the only way is to try to make the working girl understand something of the dignity of labor, and to feel how much more she counts for in the world than the poor, useless society butterfly who is good for nothing but a frame on which to hang and exhibit fine clothes.

If we could do that, then perhaps the working girl would not feel that she must imitate in her dress the society girl, and would spend her money for sensible hosiery instead of silly silk stockings that waste her money and bring suspicion upon her character.

Love and Death

Love with his flaming wings forever breatheth.
At the fast-barred doors of Death's abode:
With yearning lips and longing eyes enraptured
That vainly life to man should not be showed.
From earliest ages of the world's creation—
From the first silent dawn of gleaming light,
Love still hath sought in patient supplication
Freedom for men—the vassals of Death's might.
Yes, at the last, the hands of Love shall sever
The bonds whereby the soul of man is bound.
The gates of Hell shall not prevail forever.
Immortal joys, sought, longed for, shall be found.

Daffydils

WATER WATER DASH IT IN HIS FACE. STAND BACK BOYS GIVE HIM AIR. HOLD HIS HEAD UP HE WANTS TO SAY SOMETHING. THE CROWD WAS MUCH EXCITED OVER THE FALLEN MAN. A SAFE FELL FROM THE 11TH FLOOR AND NICKED HIM RIGHT ON THE KNOB THEY ALL THOUGHT HIM DEAD UNTIL THE OFFICER LETTING HIM UP GENTLY HEARD HIM MURMUR.

IF THE ALPS ARE SWISS WHAT LANGUAGE DOES PIKE'S PEAK?

HE DOWN FIDO!! YOU'RE ALL WET

OLD BILL KIRK SAT AT HIS LITTLE DESK GRINDING OUT POETRY BY THE YARD HE HAD WRITTEN 15 VERSES ABOUT THE TEN JEWELLET CHICKENS IN THE WORLD AND WAS SUDDENLY JUMPED FOR A WORD HE GOT UP TO STRETCH HE WALKED AROUND THE ROOM THINKING AS ONLY BILL CAN THINK HE RETURNED THERE JUST BELOW HIS NECK HE READ.

OFFICER!!! TELL YON CONSTABLE TO SUMMON A COP.

DO BELL HOPPING FOR A FEW HOURS, JUMPED THE FLOOR MOP UP THE OFFICE AND THEN DUST UP AND DOWN THE HALLS, THEN TAKE THE GOLD FISH OUT FOR

THE JUDGE LOOKED AS THOUGH HE HAD A BAD NIGHT THE BLUE BEFORE HE BAWLED WHAT IS THE PRISONER CHARGED WITH? DEFENDANT HE SLAMMED HIS RIGHT ON THE KISSER YEA HONOR JUDGE WAS HE JUSTIFIED? DEFENDANT I DON'T QUITE GET YOU JUDGE I HEARD THE CROWD SAY THAT HE WAS OSSFIFIED JUST THEN THE BAILIFF BREADED IN AND PIPED.

OUCH DOG YOU HIT THE NERVE

WALK THEM HELP IN THE DINING ROOM AFTER THAT I PRINT THE MENU CARDS FOR NEXT DAY GO OUT AND FIND NEW HELP FOR THE BOSS AT 12 PM DONE

YER NOthin TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Murphys, Spuds and Praties

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

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and politicians, and I trust no one will dispute me when I say Ireland has the same.

Potatoes require a soil with more or less clay and gravel, and not too rich in loam. In other words, potatoes are like folks—they require a certain amount of difficulty and hardship.

And another feature in which they are like humans—they need a change of environment. They "run out" when seed is planted over and over from one locality, just as families die from want of transplantation and transmigration.

In Illinois we used to save the little scrubby potatoes to plant, and the good ones we sold or ate. The result was we soon were raising scrub. That is what happens to society in par time—we breed from the unfit, and that is the real cause of war. Ask Andy.

Many of educated folks do not know that the seed of the potato is not the tuber or root which we eat. Potatoes flower and bear a little black seed in a pod or ball. To get a new breed we have to plant the seed, not the "eyes."

And here again you find a case where germs do not reproduce itself. The "eyes" will give you the same sort of potato, but the seed harks back to a former ancestor and may give you something totally different.

To fertilize the flower of a potato vine with the pollen of some one particular

Raleigh's Old Pipe.

The Indian pipe that Sir Walter Raleigh smoked up to the time of his execution has just been sold in London for nearly \$200. The purchaser was Alfred Dunhill of London. Two years ago \$100 was offered for the pipe and refused. Its value was reduced considerably by the loss of a parchment giving its history. The pipe is in four parts, the stem, bowl, bowl cover and a piece into which both stem and bowl fit. It is a foot in length and weighs a pound. Faces of Indians, dogs and what appear to be monkeys are carved on it. Attached to the stem as part of it is a whistle that gives a strident call. The entire pipe is of wood. New York Sun.

The Last of Slavery

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

January 31, 1865.

It was forty-seven years ago today—January 31, 1865—that congress passed the thirteenth amendment to the constitution, the act which forever killed the institution of slavery within the United States and all places subject to its jurisdiction.

Butter late than never, of course, but after all it was nothing more nor less than a case of "shutting the stable door after the horse had got away."

Two hundred and forty-six years before (August, 1619) there came to Jamestown, Va., a Dutch slave trader with twenty negroes for sale. The settlers bought them, and then there began the trouble which was to worry the whole nation for nearly two centuries and a half, and which was to be got rid of at last at the cost of a million lives and billions of treasure. If they had only closed the door in the face of that Dutchman, and ordered him to be gone with his negroes, what a different thing the history of our country would have been!

"Things had begun to make themselves strong by ill," says the great Shakespeare. Do wrong, and you must do still more to prop up the first wrong; and sooner or later must come the bloody reckoning.

When wise men and good, north and south, first began to realize the wrong that had been committed in establishing slavery in our midst, they began to tremble and to pray; but they apparently did not know that prayer is powerless

to stave off the consequences of wrong action. When men or nations violate the law of right they must settle for the violation in full, prayers and penance to the contrary notwithstanding. Hence it happens that the nation must suffer, as but few nations have suffered in the course of history, before it cancels that Jamestown transaction with the word of 1865: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to its jurisdiction."

Receiving the ratification of twenty-seven of the thirty-six states at the time in the union, the secretary of state announced the result in a formal statement to congress, and the fact became a part of the fundamental law of the land.

It is not generally known that the validity of the famous thirteenth amendment was seriously questioned by no less a personage than Mr. Lincoln himself. In the last speech that the martyred president ever made, only three days before his death, he contended that the ratification by three-fourths of all the states, including those in rebellion, was necessary to the validity of a constitutional amendment. Said Mr. Lincoln in the speech referred to: "It has been argued that no more than three-fourths of those states that have not attempted secession are necessary to ratify an amendment. I do not commit myself against this, further than to say that such a ratification would be questionable, and sure to be persistently questioned, whilst a ratification by three-fourths of all the states would be unquestioned and unquestionable."

However, whether legal or illegal, the deed was done, and done for all time, very much to the joy of us all.

The Manicure Lady

"This unclean weather is getting on my nerves, George," said the Manicure Lady.

"You mean this 'incoment' weather," corrected the Head Barber. "You ought to be careful of your English. There ain't never been a manicure girl in this house that could talk right."

"There ain't never been a barber anywhere that could talk right," snapped the Manicure Lady. "If you seen a proper nigger walking up the street with a adjective you wouldn't know them. I don't see where you get off to be picking at my English."

"You can't see because you never had no chance," said the Head Barber. "I was to a school until I was 15, and you can take it from me, kiddo, I sure kept my eyes and ears open. I suppose your folks had to call off your education by the time you was about through the third reader."

"I ain't no Vassar girl, George, but I think I had better chances than what you had. I went to a good high school, and we had three years of Latin there. I'll bet you never had no Latin."

"I didn't get that far," admitted the Head Barber, "but what good is Latin anyhow? Latin ain't spoke much now by anybody."

"But it helps your English great," asserted the Manicure Lady. "After you have took Latin for a few years you can speak English grand."

"What is some Latin words?" asked the Head Barber, skeptically.

"There is lots of them that I know," replied the Manicure Lady. "There is words like this, for instance: 'The mortar isn't pax volubunt' or something like that. It means that you should never

say anything like a knock about dees-ones, no matter how seldom they say. Gee, George, I could go on by the hour telling you about the Latin language, but it would be like casting pearls before swine and I think my time is too precious for that."

"Wilfred and me was just saying the other night that it is a pity more people don't know them old dead languages like Latin and Greekskrit. Of course poor Wilfred didn't really have a license to talk that way on account of the fact that all he knows is English and very little of that, but he has heard me talking Latin and many a time he has told me that he wished he had learned it, so he could write for them swell magazines instead of for the Flour and Feed Gazette. He said if he could put a Latin word now and then into his poems he might sell them to swell magazines, instead of to trade papers."

"I'll wink the dead language, you know," said the Head Barber. "I know a fellow once that could speak seven languages and couldn't order a drink in any one of them. It's native brightness that counts, kiddo—native brightness, the only thing that makes me successful. But what's the use in chewing the rag about native brightness and success, when them two things is so far beyond you? Gee, I wish I could dig up \$24 somewhere to pay my rent."

Pointed Paragraphs.
Be sure you are right—then don't lose your head.
A girl's idea of a hero is a young man who has good sense.
Having a wife who sits down on him occasionally is a wonderful help to a man's self control.—Chicago News.