

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge is a Regular Solomon

Drawn for The Bee by Tad

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Married Life the Third Year

Helen Finds it Hard to Buy a Befitting Dress for Her Mother.

By MABEL HERBERT UHNER.

"Oh, no, something much plainer!" and Helen looked disapprovingly at the white dress bristling with lace and insertion that the saleswoman held out before her. "Something suitable for an elderly woman."

"We haven't anything plainer in stock. They're wearing everything very much trimmed this year."

"Yes, I know—but this is for quite an old lady. Surely you have something plainer and with a fuller skirt than that?"

"I have shown you all we have, madam."

"But what do you sell for old ladies?" persisted Helen.

"We sell these," answered the saleswoman.

Already Helen had been to three stores looking for a plain, full-skirted, long-sleeved, high-necked white dress for her mother. And so far everything she had seen had been absurdly over-trimmed, with narrow skirts, short sleeves and low necks.

And the saleswoman had been equally surprised and indignant when she had ventured to say that such gowns would be most unsuitable for a plain, modest, elderly woman. "This is what they are wearing," was the inevitable answer.

It is so difficult to find anything in New York, except what they are wearing, as it is to find sunflowers at the North pole. Never was a city or a people so in the thralls of the "latest style," however hideous or unsuitable that style may be. And the stout, gray-haired woman of 60 years is expected to wear exactly the same models as her slim, brown-haired daughter. No longer are there any fashions for elderly women, for they conform eagerly to the most youthful modes. And the result is often astonishing, and sometimes pathetic.

And now Helen went from store to store in a vain search for a plain white gown for her mother. At last, in desperation, she asked a floorwalker.

"Haven't you a single white dress in your shop suitable for an old lady of 60 years?"

And the floorwalker only stared at her in mild wonder and referred her to a saleswoman, who with an indifferent "Certainly, ma'am," began to show the usual models with peak-a-boo waists and bebbie skirts.

By this time Helen was tired, thoroughly tired and somewhat irritated. For there is nothing more wearing to one's nerves and temper than shopping. She was almost inclined to return her mother's check and write that she could get neither the dress nor the hat.

But then she reread her mother's letter, and felt ashamed of her impulse. She could not disappoint her. So she dragged wearily on through more stores, and at last one saleswoman said hopefully:

"I think I have just what you want. It was a special order, but the customer didn't take it."

Then she brought out a plain white mul dress with a full, graceful skirt, trimmed only with some narrow bebbie-banded of fine Swiss insertion. It was just what Helen wanted, but, to her dismay, she found the price was \$3. Thirty-five dollars—and her mother had sent only \$20 for both the hat and dress!

"Oh, haven't you anything less expensive than that? I don't care to pay \$20 for just a wash dress."

"Oh, yes, we have plenty of white dresses from \$15 up, but they're all much more fancy. There you see," pointing toward a nearby case, "that lot is \$22. And some of them are very good values."

Helen looked through the case, but they were all covered with lace and tucks and embroidery.

Again she went back to the chair on which she lay the \$3 dress. She knew the price she must pay for plainness. It is only the things that you can get cheap in New York. The exceptional thing, if you find it at all, you must pay for. And this rare plainness was certainly exceptional and therefore, high priced.

Helen was thinking rapidly. She had known she could not get the dress and hat for the money her mother had sent, and had already determined to add something herself. But she had not expected to have to add so much for the hat as still to be sold.

But she took the dress. She must make it somehow. Then she began search for the hat. Again she reread that part of her mother's letter.

"You see you see we don't have any ladies' nodding toward a pompous, over-trimmed hat. If it isn't asking to



Daffydils

"OLD AGE IS THE DISCOVERER OF LOST OPPORTUNITIES."

THE DANCE WAS ON. THE SCENE WAS ONE OF DAZZLING BEAUTY. IT WOULD TAKE MORE THAN A MERE DAFFYDILIST TO DESCRIBE THE WONDERFUL GATHERING. OUR CHARMING HOSTESS POLLY WAS IN ALL HER GLORY. SHE AND PICK GAVE THE ORDER FOR THE SUPPER MARCH. THEN THE STAMPEDE STARTED. BUT OUR NOBLE HERO, DICK LEE, GRASPING THE SITUATION, RAISED HIS HAND AND SAID IF A CHICKEN'S MOTHER TOOK COULD WOULD THE HENNAWK?

I HAVE YOU - STEPHEN - I HAVE YOU.

INDIGORIE AND MARIANA ENHIL THE ORIENTAL OSTRICHES WERE DOING THE SPAGNATO SQUIRM ON BOARD THE GOOD JHP DADBLUBBER. RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF IT CY GREEN THE ORIGINAL SMART ALECK WHO WAS IN THE BILCANNY SCOPPING UP DARK GREEN SQUAWKED IN A LOW BASS VOICE

IF THEY FOUND HAY AT THE NORTH POLE WOULD THE ESQUIMAUX?

STEALING SUE - WILL YOU - SAW - DARK YOU - SAW.

"TAKE THAT" AND WITH THOSE WORDS, A PIMENTO FOLLOWED BY SOME RAVIOLI, HIT HEREIN TO BE HIT WITH A PIECE OF GEFILTEN FISH, BUT RAVIOLI - BA! THE INSULT WAS COMPLETE. VINCENT SAW THE FIRE IN NERNS'S EYE AND HIKED UP TO PATHE'S APARTMENTS. HE LAY THERE COVERING BEHIND THE LOUISXIN DRAPERIES. THROUGH THE KEY-HOLE CAME A WOMAN'S VOICE - IFATEAPOT SANG WOULD THE RETIENIUM - CURSE THE CARBINES!! THEY ARE BENNITCHED.

OH SAY I HAVE A BEAM OF A JOB NOW I'M CHIEF ENGINEER OF A POINT PLANT AND DON'T SHOW UP TILL THEN I MAN OUT SOME THE MESSMANN!

MAKE OUT REPORTS OF WETSON'S WORK ANSWER THE TELEPHONE STALL OFF APPLICANTS TOP JOBS WRITE UP TIME AND LOU BOON CRANK INSIDE NOT BOLLERS, RUN OUTSIDE

TO FIX OAL CONVEYORS, CLIMB ON THE ROOF AND INSPECT BOLLERS, FIRE UP AND CLEAN THE MACHINES, ESTIMATE TIME ON JOB AND AT 11 I'M HOME

WELL GEE OUTS OF OF THAT YOU GOT NOTHING TO DO

YET - NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW

China's Attitude Toward Religion

Prepared by EDWIN MADYRAM.

The great upheaval that is now going on in China has called out a revised edition of Colquhoun's "China in Transformation," and I take from the book the following interesting paragraphs dealing with China and the religious problem:

"What are the prospects of Christianity in China? To answer that we must ask another question: What has Christianity to offer to China? We offer her a system of ethics which is in some respects inferior to her own. Our moral system is founded on individualism, hers on the family life. Christianity bids a man leave father and mother and cleave to his wife. Its preacher warms even in the family, and its founder said, 'I come not to bring peace, but a sword.'

"These are hard sayings for China, and it will be long ere she can accomplish so entire a change of moral vision as to perceive their true meaning. She is now able to gauge how far the abstract principles of Christianity have been abandoned in building up our ethics; and she can see-for instance, in France-how far the Christian people are from recognizing the influence with which we desire to support Confucius, Lao-tz, Buddha or Mohammed.

"The Chinese are too subtle a people to be drawn away from the worship of one set of words to another without being convinced that the new form has a more vital force than the old.

"To them, unfortunately, Christian doctrine must seem mostly a form of words, since its very propagation among them is founded on what they consider untruth. 'Christianity,' they say, 'was permitted to be preached because it taught virtue; we find that it teaches a great many things which are not virtue, such as defying the law of the land; and it is, in fact, a political and not a religious propaganda.' Readers will make allowance for the Chinese point of view.

"But again, what has Christianity to offer to China? The spiritual consolations and upliftings of our religion do not have the same appeal to a people whose fundamental idea of virtue is stoicism, and whose mystical idea is never been developed.

"In fact, when we remember how little the Chinaman is aware of his own need of religion, it is hard to formulate in words any exact spiritual benefit which we can promise him in exchange for long-cherished customs and traditions. To borrow an expression, the conviction of sin and the longing for salvation do not enter into his purview of life; and, when we reflect that many things which we call sin are virtues in his eye, it is hard to see how we are to bring these things home to him.

"But Christian civilization, without Christian doctrine, has much to offer China; and the benefits of advanced humanitarianism, of applied science, and of personal devotion to an ideal are beginning to bear good fruit after a long period in which their connection with the hated foreigner and his ways was the great obstacle.

"The opening, under official patronage, of a medical school at Peking, promoted by missionaries, but secular in character, is one of the signs of a new order of things. It must be remembered that surgical work has been greatly hindered by the Chinese hatred of mutilation, which rendered operations in hospitals the subject of frightful misrepresentations.

"This most Christian form of teaching—the alleviation of human suffering—has had to fight its way through many obstacles, and has illustrated well the wide gulf which separates the eastern and western modes of thought.

"It is notorious that a new era has begun in China, and that the 'new learning' is no longer to be despised, but has become the fashion. The insecurity of the Manchu dynasty in the midst of these new conditions drove the court and officials into an attitude of great conciliance to foreign powers, and now we see a Chinese Christian elected at the head of the republic which the reform party wishes to establish.

"It is this the beginning of a fresh era in the history of Christianity? Despite everything, the Chinese attitude, the false position created by the extra-territorial rights of missionaries, the transparent political designs of those who profess Christianity, despite all these and many other handicaps, are we yet to see Christianity as a practical and efficient force in the rebirth of the Chinese people?

"Chinese philosophy and morality are breaking down of themselves before the impact of materialism, and dark as the outlook has been and still is for the spread of the dogmas of Christianity, there is reason to believe that the efforts of Christian men to raise the Chinese standard at just those points where it is lowest—in humanitarianism, respect for women, and freedom from degrading superstitions—will eventually win for the religion which prompted them a recognition which no mere doctrinal propaganda could attain.

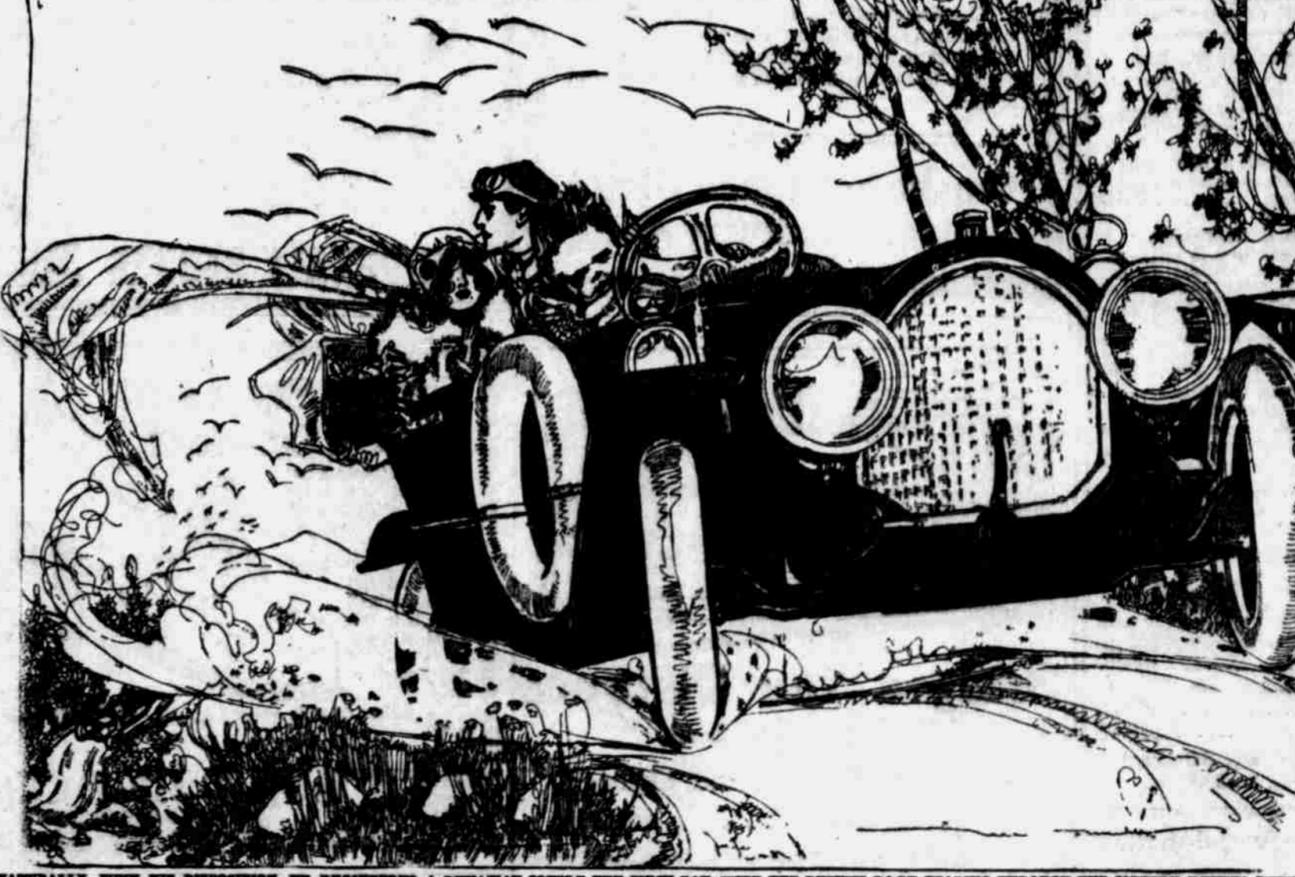
"But the question of religion in China is not, to the mind of the writer, only concerned with the future of Christianity; through the amalgam of Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism (which for the average Chinese has supplied the place of a religion that is a moral and ethical force) as an elevating influence to Christianity, yet it has certainly had some very striking effects, and has helped to produce a type of man with some sterling qualities, and a society whose very longevity is a guarantee of efficiency.

"The precepts of Confucius and Lao-tz and the Buddhist doctrines of the pure and are of the loftiest character. But as yet the English school boy or girl may contract a lifelong aversion to the idea of being compelled to memorize chunks of it, so the 'classics' of China are in danger of being neglected in the rush for western education. The danger is that Young China, reborn in the fashions of his fathers, may set up without any religion at all. The Chinese are extremely tolerant in religious matters. Tolerance in religious matters is not always a positive virtue; more often than not it is a question of indifference. Young China may find Christ, but cannot dispense with Confucius.

The Adventures of Cupid

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By Nell Brinkley



NATURALLY, WITH HIS DISPOSITION, HE ENGINEERED A RUNAWAY OUPLE THE NEXT DAY, WITH THE MOTHER'S DADY SEARING THROUGH THE COUNTRY BEHIND THEM.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
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So he has become a chauffeur. He is everything, anything. He can steer any craft ever built for land, water or air. If those who love wish to call back the gorgeous past, and the old chivalry life with the trumpet's sound and alembic spear, Cupid has only to cast over them his magic spell and they do not know in what times they live.

The lovers in the stators who have trusted their lives to his wild steering do not know if they are riding in an airship or an old-time stage coach. All they know is that love is the guiding hand and that they sit together.

There are sharp curves ahead; many danger signs on the road will be disregarded by the little tow-headed child on the wheel. There will be bumps, jars and jolts, and perhaps an upset or collision, but through it all they will be happy and content so long as love leads.

For love is a reality which is born in the fairy region of haziness. It is a calculation of haziness.

Fortunate are those with love's guidance on the wheel! For so long as love guides, pursuit from behind, dangers on the road and the dragons of the future ahead will not stir.

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No sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason."—Shakespeare.

And having passed through this stage of inexplicable bliss, they discovered here was nothing in life worth living for each other, and that the only way to secure each other beyond interference of parent, guardian or friend was to lose.

Cupid, in his many adventures is faithfully portrayed by Nell Brinkley in