

The Beer Mome Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—Everybody & Doin' It

EVERYTHINGS DING AROUND THE HEAT'S







Drawn for The ee by Tad

Slaves of Fashion

By DOROTHY DIX.

Men are always feriding women for be- perspiration from his brow he dons the ing the slaves of fashion, and declaring coat and vest that will put him in danger that the sex that has no pockets has no of perishing of heat or apoplexy before business with the ballot.

Nothing that their harshest critic could say on the subject would half do it justice. The dress of the average woman, particularly if she is inclined to be a little stout, is a collection of implements of torture that would put the rack and the thumb screws of the Spanish Inquisition to shame. Lace a woman in

a straight front in which she cannot take a long breath or make a free movement to save her life, and that pushes her stomach up

under her ribs and disposes of the balperch her up on two-inch French heels that make every step an acute agony; pin on her head four pounds of false hair with forty-seven hair pins that dig into her scalp at different angles, and you have before you a creature who is undergoing tortures that make the sufferings of the early Christian martyrs look like

Yet this is the manner in which fashion decrees that a woman shall rig herself up when she goes forth to enjoy herself. Furthermore, fashion, that demands its toll of life and death, orders woman to starve themselves to be tain; to strip off their petticoats and go insufficiently clad to appear slimmer; to wear thin slippers and silk stockings in cold and muddy weather, and to appear with bare necks and throats when the thermometer is hovering around the zero mark, and woman meekly obey, though they kill themselves by doing so.

When you contemplate the offerings of life and comfort and health and happifashion, it does look as if their brains middle, and hobbled around the bottom. call them fools and idiots not to assert to be. I guess before you got fat." their own independence by dressing in a "I don't want any of that kind of a take a look at men themselves.

the real abject slaves of fashion. Men hard enough to live on the earth and keep are, for women, at least, show some glimmer of rebellion against the autocrat

and hats small or large, but she has terra cotta." enough originality to try to make her own gown or hat different from the others, and expressive of her individual taste, whereas a man would die before he would put on a pair of trousers that wasn't a duplicate of those worn by every other man in the street, and he would as soon be accused of committing murder as of having appeared in public in a hat with a brim a quarter of an inch wider or narrower than that of Brown or Smith.

A man may have the courage to lead a forlorn hope, or to try to break the aviation record or drive an automobile ninety miles an hour, but he turns pale and faint at the mare suggestion of dressing differently from his neighbors. Old Dame Fashion has got him under her

thumb, all right. Men boast of the superior comfort of their style of dress over that of women. but between the misery of a straight front corset and a high, stiff linen collar that looks like a section of sewer pipe. heaven knows there is little to choose. One chokes you about the waist and hips and the other around the neck. and which is the most uncomfortable and the most unhealthful nobody knows. The collar has no justification on earth. It is a harsh and hard abomination that cuts off the blood supply from the brain and holds the head in a vise and that adds twenty degrees of temperature to the body in hot weather, yet no man dares defy fashion and go down to business in a cool, comfortable Dutch

neck, such as women wear. As a further proof of man's abject slavery to fashion, consider the way he dresses in summer. Even on the most tropical days he attires himself as if he were going on a North pole expedition. He puts on a woolen suit, a stiff starched shirt, a three-ply stiff starched collar, a I would cry, too." thick silk necktie. Every layer of clothes means that much more heat to be endured, but while he mops the steaming to make a quarrel?

he gets home. A few years ago a philanthropist, seeking to mitigate the sufferings of his fellow man in the dog days, tried to induce men to leave off their coats and vests in summer and wear shirt waists. as women do. The idea had everything to recommend it. It was comfortable, cleanly, hygienic and even picturesque. Abstractly, men were enthusiastically in its favor, but when it came to putting the theory into actual practice they were so completely dominated by fashion and custom that they hadn't the bravery to do it.

In view of all these facts men have no right to ridicule women for the felly of their dress, or for being slaves of fashion. We ares all tarred with the same brush. If men point the finger of scorn at women's straight front, women can retaliate by calling attention to their choking collars, and if women show their lack of sense by wearing too little clothes in winter, men show their deficiency of intelligence by wearing too many in summer.

As a matter of fact women have a better excuse for being slaves of fashion than men have, because women dress to please men. They'd be glad enough to be loose, and fat, and comfortable, and would go about in flowing mother hubbards, except that men demand trimness and slimness in woman, and so women have to sacrifice comfort to that mascu-

But women will take men however they can get them, so men have nobody but themselves to please and no justification for their slavery to fashion.

The Manicure Lady

morning to have his nails did," said the Manicure Lady, "and it is the first time ness that woman make on the altar of since I have been in this business that I have ever say a elevator, or laviator, or were cut on the bias, and frilled in the whatever it is they call them bright young souls that goes smiling up into the and that the fit home of the entire sex szure skies like them meadow larks that was the institution for the feeble-minded. Percy Kelley used to write about. He You can't wonder that men gird at was a grand looking fellow. George, the them for being the slaves of fashion, and kind of a looking fellow that you used

rational and comfortable way, until you game," said the Head Barber. "I got troubles enough on earth without going Then you perceive that women are not up into the sky to look for troubles. It's from going in the air."

"I guess you are right about that part occasionally, while men follow the leader of it," agreed the Manicure Lady. "I would like to watch a handsome young A woman, for instance, conforms to the gent like him sailing up toward the general mandates of the tyrant who de- fleecy clouds in a nice biplane; but as crees that dresses shall be tight or loose, for me, I want to keep my little feet on

"On terra what?" asked the Head

Barber. "Terra cotta," answered the Manicure Lady. "That's Latin for solid ground or at least it is as near as I remember How would you pronounce it?"

"When I went to school we used to see a word in the geography that spelled something like terra del fuego," said the Head Barber. "That might be what you

"Now I know what I mean!" exclaimed the Manicure Lady. "I mean terra firma-Ain't is funny, George, that a well educated girl can make such a mistake in the renunciation of a word? If you had came to me yesterday and told me that I could have did such a thing as to renouncé a word wrong. I would have gave you the scornful sneer."

"I don't know what you mean when you say 'renounce' instead of 'pronounce, " corrected the Head Barber What are you trying to do-kid me?" "Never, never!" exclaimed the Manicure Lady. "I may have a lot of faults, George, but I think I am too good a lover of fair play to kid a poor dunce. I'd rather try my fine work on some men that come here to have their nails didmen that know more in a minute than you will ever know. George.

"But as I was saying about this young air man that was in here this morning. always feel sorry when I think of one. Wilfred has wrote a really good poem. which he call 'The Broken Wings,' and in t he tells about a biplane or a monoplane or whatever they call them airships, all about how it fell to the earth with fluttering wings and never rose no more forever. I cried when I read it."

"I don't blame you," said the Head Barber. "If I had a brother like yours,

If it's true that a husband and wife

TO NOT THE 'EMY 'AULING AS 'URTS THE 'OSSES 'OOFS BUT THE 'AMMER'AMMER "AMMER ON THE 'ARD 'IGHWAY." DOWN HE WENT FLAT ON HIS KNOB - THE HEAT WAS RACER HAD BEEN LAID UP FOR SKINHY STRAW MEYER 2 MUTCH FOR HIM. THE SWEEKS. HE HADN'T HEARD BOOD WAS OUT FOR FAIR FROM A SOUL IN ALL THAT TIME

THE BRONY GAY DOG WHILE STROLLING THRU FREEMONT VILLAGE WAS ACCOSTED BY TWO ROUGH NECKS WHO CREASED HIS BEAN WITH A BRICK OUR HERO IMMEDIATELY ASSUMED A SITTING POSITION AND THEN WITH ALL THE STRENGTH HE HAD LEFT HOWLED LUSTILY

DOES THE COLD SPELL WHEN HEAT WAVES ?

DROP THAT WHEELBARROW WHAT DO YOU KNOW. ABOUT MACHINERY !!!

APIPE POSITIONAS

A PREACHER NOW.

GET UP AT & AND

AFTER THE EATS !

NOTHING MAKES MESICK THEN GET MY CHURCH RECORDS IN ORDER. THEN I GO OUT AND OPEN THE MAIL AND VISIT THE SICK TILL G. read the church News JMILE ALTHOUGH

IT HURTS

SAY LEOPOLD I HAVE ANSWER SO LETTERS THEN ATTEND THE APIDE POSITIONAS ANSWER THE DOOR DELL EVENING JERVICE ABOUT SO TIMES AND AFTER THAT TALK TO GO HOME AND LTUDY MY SUNDAY JERMON AND READ NEW BOOK!

BLANKETY BLANK BANG

ALONG CAME THE AMBU-

LANCE FROM THE VOLUM

DOC SOAKED HIS THINK

TANK WITH AN ICE BAG

HERD OPENED HIS GLIM

SURGEON DOC WOULD

YOU CALL THE ORDERLY

KISS ME !!!!!!!!!!!

TEER HOSPITAL THE

AND SUDDENLY OUR

IF YOU CALL THE

AND ASKED,

HORO WITZ THE OLD CHARIOT

MESSAGE CAME FOR HIM

HE NERVOUSLY TORE THE

INTHE CHOICEST YIDDISH.

THING OPEN. INSIDE WAS

A SMALL NOTE WRITTEN

IF SUPPER IS SLOW

IS BREAK FAST

HEY GALLAGHER

REGISTERING !!

YOURE NOT

IT SAID

YOURE A NOTHIN TILL TO MORROW

The Smiling Beauty

An Object Lesson for the Girl Who Can Smile Prettily, but Won't.



looks to be. On the other hand, even if

you haven't classic features and a

Cupid's bow mouth, if you radiate good

humor and affection those qualities will

shine in your face, and no matter what

kind of a complexion you have, or how

straight your hair may be, some people

in the world are bound to think you are

dear, and a few will think you beauti-

Laughter is the greatest tonic in the

be beautiful is to laugh and be merry.

By HAZEL DAWN. Of the "Pink Lady" Company.

I have been asked to give my particular secret for beauty to the readers of this

I don't believe that I have any especial formula for beauty, but if I were to sum up in a word the quality which to me is the greatest beautifier of the human face, I should call it happiness. Happiness expresses itself in laughter, and to me the laughing face is the prettiest of all.

I have always cultivated a sense of have been enhanced by both character-

I have seen many girls who ought to be juvenates. pretty, and whose natural expression was glum and depressed, or who had over- as deep breathing, and you'll never find no vitality left with which to give a good any idea how ridiculous they look.

a person with a hearty ringing laugh. constantly laughing at something or face is a kindly one people are bound to other, who hasn't a pretty good pair of see a certain beauty striving to express lungs. If you want to be pretty, be an itself. optimist.

an optimist, and if you want to succeed added that I always did my hair plain. in the career of home-maker, be a You will seldem find a girl with a real double-dyed optimist and cultivate a

We can't all be Mark Tapleys, but a bought by the pound and insecurely atgood many of us can cultivate his world, and the greatest natural beautifier. optimistic point of view. That is cer-I am always glad to hear the audience tainly out thing the stage will do for Laughter is just as good as exercise curtain rings up in the evening there is comes from, that I wonder if they have

Little Bobbie's Pa

Pa is all the time telling Ma that the doan't be a thick dunce. Take the lead out of vure shoes. Speed up! only way not to feel the heat in the hot weather is not to lose one's temper, but Pa doesn't practice what he preeches bee-

kaus he is all ...e time gitting mad. He got mad last nite three or four times. Ma knows how easy it is to git Pa mad, so all she did was to laff. She toald me after Pa had got all thru talking & had went into the library that Ps wud be the first one to lose his temper. She dident have to tell me. I knew it all the time.

Pa was going to talk Ma & me out to dinner in a open air place ware there was a lot of palms & tabels, so we dident ar

gue with him, for feer he mite get mad & want to stay at hoam & then Ma wud have to git the dinner. Pa kep talking about how foolish it is for a man to lee his temper. It is worse

for a woman to lose her temper, sed Pa. than for a man. It is jest the opposite with the mind, sed Pa. If a man loses his mind he is losing a grate deal, wile a woman isent losing so much. But wen a woman loses her temper she is certainly cutting loose something, sed Pa. Wen we got to the open air place to eet

the first thing that Pa did was to say: Well, now let us all be calm & cool this eevening. Here, waiter. Here, you, sed Pa. Dig the cotton out of yure ears. I am vary sorry sir, sed the waiter. I

didn't hear you at first sir. Well, sed Pa, why dident you hear me? Whae are you hear for if you arent here to lissen to gentlemen? Move quick, now,

performance, for which the audience has paid admission.

So the actress by and by begins to take things more easily and neither one-night stands nor bad food and poor lodging on the road can ruffle her spirits. She refuses to be annoyed, and if she is upset or nervous she is sufficient of an actress in every day life not to show it, but to assume the happy expression for which she is celebrated, and which is one of her business assets.

Women who laugh a great deal stay sad, severe or even merely earnest. The severe expression tends to lengthen the face, and it always pulls the corners of the mouth down. These long lines are contrary to popular report, the null conthe lines of tragedy and age. The mouth slated not of cast and wrought iron, but of that turns up is the mouth of youth and modern steel. The anchor chains and comedy. No woman needs to grow to be pumps were the only parts of cast and middle aged with those deep lines at the wrought iron. The hull had sunk into the lower corners of the mouth. Those lines mud to within a few feet of the upper come because one is too severe or has deck. All the paint below the mud line worried too much, or even been a little was gone, but the wood was as perfect cross, when with a well-developed sense and sound as on the night the Maine of humor and a litle will power one could sank. Above this line, however, the have turned those self-same drooping teredo had riddled all the pine until it corners upward.

yourself sudden! when you were walk- teredo works only between high and low ing by deep in thought, and looked up to water was disproved, for it had attacked see your reflection in the shop's mirror? the pine of the Maine right down to the Have you realized how severe, cross and mud line. anixous you looked? Do you know that because you couldn't match a sample of clear through" in but one place. in many ribbon your face took on the annoyed places there was a coating of rust nearly expression of an elderly cross-grained Prime Minister?

Is it worth while to make ugly lines in one's face just for trivial things as we women are constantly doing?

The dressmaker disappoints us, and we frown a whole day. Now, by developing a sense of humor you learn that it is the nature of dressmakers to disappoint, and you avoid this trial by ordering your frock a long time in advance. A sense of humor does a great deal

toward helping one to be charitable to one's neighbor, and I think that charitableness and kindliness are reflected in the face sooner than any other thoughts. The skin may be disfigured with scars or marks, but if the spirit behind the

When I said I believed in a sense of humor as a particular beautifier I also sense of humor and a good lookingglass who will make a ridiculous object of her-

self by displaying hairdressers' goods

tached to her hair. If nature has been very stingy with you and only given you a couple of hairs. humor and done my hair up in a simple laugh, not only because I know that they you. A stage career is full of ups and I think any woman is justified in suppleway, and whatever good looks I have, appreciate the work of the actors on the downs, or worries and pretty irritations, menting the deficiency, but I have seen stage, but because it is so good for them. no matter how successful one may be so many girls with really nice hair cover Worry makes one old, laughter re- Now if one is going to be temperamental, up their own tresses with importations and let everything worry one, when the from China, where the coarse, long hair

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Yes sir, sed the walter. He talked soft

& low, but all the time he was looking at Pa the way one prize fiter looks at a other prize fiter. Wen the waiter had went away Ma smiled at Pa soft & nice & tried to tell him sumthing about a matinay show that she had saw that afternoon, the naim of

the show was the Rose Maid & Ma was telling Pa how Mister Schader had fixed up the party. You donnt say, sed Pa, kind of sarcastick, who is this Mister

Why, deer, sed Ma, you arent jellus, are you? Mister Schader is the press representative. You oughtent to be jelus of a newspaper man, sed Ma, you are one

I will be fellus of anybody that I want to be jellus of, sed Pa, kind of loud. Where is that waiter? It is going to take him all nite to bring this order?

Keep still, deer, pleese, sed Ma, everyou body in the whole house is looking paver's at our tabel. Please doant talk so loud. I will talk as loud as I want to, sed Pa, Nobody in the world can teech me how to. pitch my voice.

Then Pa was cross all the eevning. He picked on the waiter & the littel waiter. that call a Omnibus & the hat boy & the street car conductor. A soft answer turn-cl eth away wrath. Ma toald Pa, but youare the worst turner I have evver saw. Ma & me was cool all the time, but Pare was so hot that he had to use a napkin for a handkerchif.

The Effects of Mud and Water

The resurrection of the Maine after thirteen years at the bottom of Havana harbor furnished an unusual opportunity for study of the effect on metals and wood of long submersion in tropical waters. Tois opportunity was utilized by Dr. Maximilian Tech, to whom every opportunity was given by the government to make his investigation thorough and exhaustive. Many valuable specimens from the shattered and worn hull and fittings, illustrating the effect of the various destructive agencies at work, were obtained during the investigation, and Low He in the museum of the College of the City oung longer than those whose faces are of New York. Dr. Toch gives a brief resume of his findings in the Engineering News of July 4.

The first thing he discovered was that, was a mere shell, but the mahogany had Have you ever caught a glimpse of not been touched. The notion that the The metal of the hull was "carreded

an inch thick; but the growth of submarine animals over the steel seemed to have acted as a protection against further disintegration, It was found that wherever the steel had been close to copper or brass, corrosion was more marked, as the result of electrolytic action. The breech of a ten-inch gun, for example, which had brass fittings, was eaten away "practically completely." The brass and copper, however, suffered very little. The pumps, composed chiefly of iron and bronze, were scarcely aged at all by the long submergence. In fact, at least one of them was fitted up with new piston rods (the piston rods, being of steel, were badly corroded), and used in pumping the liquid mud out of the hull.

The ammunition was found in surprisingly good condition. Many of the smaller rifle shells could be exploded, although the report was weak, owing to the partial degeneration of the smokeless powder. The rubber packings were in perfect condition. Regarding the condition of the human skeletons. Dr. Toch says: "All the bodies found were entirely disarticulated. No vestige of clothing, with the exception of such metallic objects as were in or on them, remained, but it is worthy of note that, in thirteen years, the bones had suffered no decomposition whatever."

"Why do you always insist on talking about the weather to your barber?" "You wouldn't have me talk about anything as exciting as politics to a man who is handling a rasor, would you!"—Washington Star.