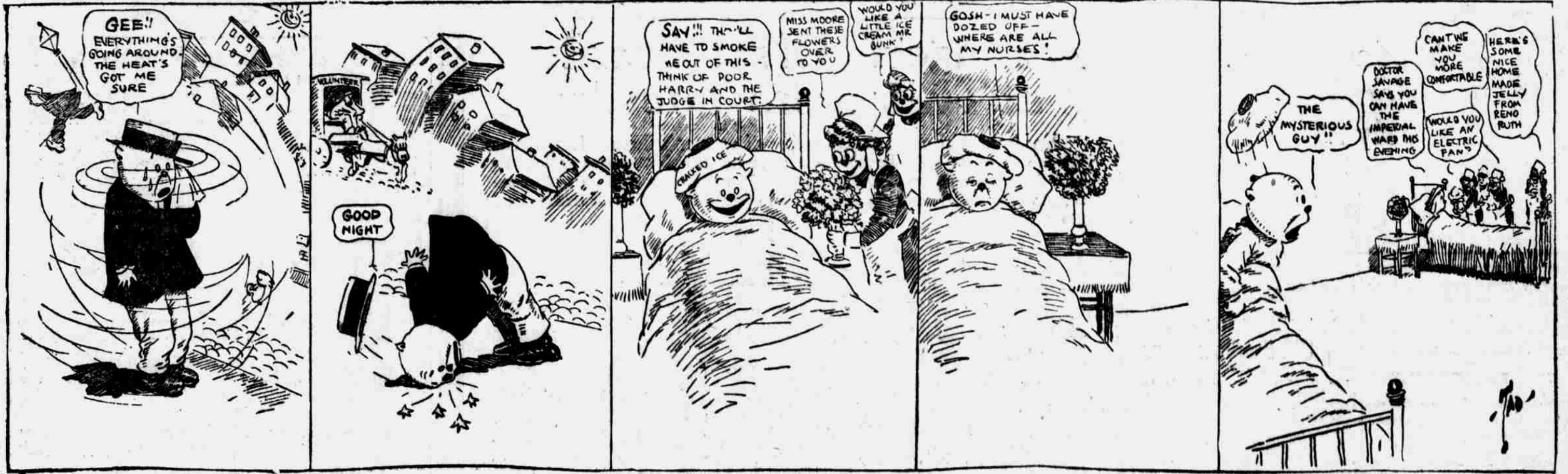


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

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

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Slaves of Fashion

By DOROTHY DIX.

Men are always fending women for being the slaves of fashion, and declaring that the sex that has no pockets has no 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 balance of her anatomy in unnatural places; perch 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 a picnic.

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 women to starve themselves to be thin; 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 happiness that woman make on the altar of fashion, it does look as if their brains were cut on the bias, and frilled in the middle, and hobbled around the bottom, and that the fit home of the entire sex was the institution for the feeble-minded.

You can't wonder that men gird at them for being the slaves of fashion, and call them fools and idiots not to assert their own independence by dressing in a rational and comfortable way, until you take a look at men themselves.

Then you perceive that women are not the real slaves of fashion. Men are, for women, at least, show some glimmer of rebellion against the autocrat occasionally, while men follow the leader blindly.

A woman, for instance, conforms to the general mandates of the tyrant who decrees that dresses shall be tight or loose, and hats small or large, but she has 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 mere 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 unhealthy nobody knows.

preparation from his brow he dons the coat and vest that will put him in danger of perishing of heat or apoplexy before he gets home.

A few years ago a philanthropist, seeking to mitigate the sufferings of his fellow men 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 folly of their dress, or for being slaves of fashion. We are 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 Hubbard, except that men demand trimness and slimmness in woman, and so women have to sacrifice comfort to that masculine ideal.

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

"There was a young man in here this morning to have his nails did," said the Manicure Lady, "and it is the first time since I have been in this business that I have ever saw a elevator, or lavator, or whatever it is they call them bright young souls that goes smiling up into the azure skies like them meadow larks that Percy Kelley used to write about. He was a grand looking fellow, George, the kind of a looking fellow that you used to be, I guess, before you got fat."

"I don't want any of that kind of a game," said the Head Barber. "I got troubles enough on earth without going up into the sky to look for troubles. It's hard enough to live on the earth and keep from going in the air."

"I guess you are right about that part of it," agreed the Manicure Lady. "I would like to watch a handsome young gent like him sailing up toward the fleecy clouds in a nice airplane; but as for me, I want to keep my little feet on terra cotta."

"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 mean."

"Now I know what I mean!" exclaimed the Manicure Lady. "I mean terra firma. Ain't it funny, George, that a well educated girl can make such a mistake in the pronunciation of a word? If you had come to me yesterday and told me that I could have did such a thing as to pronounce 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 duncie. I'd rather try my fine work on some men that come here to have their nails did—men that know more in a minute than you will ever know, George."

Daffydils

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

DOWN HE WENT FLAT ON HIS KNOB—THE HEAT WAS 2 MOTH FOR HIM. THE BOOB WAS OUT FOR FAIR. BLANKETY BLANK BANG ALONG CAME THE AMBU-LANCE FROM THE VOLUNTEER HOSPITAL. THE DOC SOAKED HIS THINK TANK WITH AN ICE BAG AND SUDDENLY OUR HERO OPENED HIS GLIM AND ASKED:

HOROWITZ THE OLD CHARIOT RACER HAD BEEN LAID UP FOR 3 WEEKS. HE HADN'T HEARD FROM A SOUL IN ALL THAT TIME YESTERDAY MORNING A MESSAGE CAME FOR HIM HE NERVOUSLY TORE THE THING OPEN. INSIDE WAS A SMALL NOTE WRITTEN IN THE CHOICEST YIDDISH. IT SAID:

IF SUPPER IS SLOW IS BREAKFAST.

HEY GALLAGHER YOU'RE NOT REGISTERING!!

The Smiling Beauty

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



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

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

I don't believe that I have any special 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 humor and done my hair up in a simple way, and whatever good looks I have, have been enhanced by both characteristics.

I have seen many girls who ought to be pretty, and whose natural expression was grim and depressed, or who had over-

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Pa is all the time telling Ma that the 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 preaches because he is all the time sitting mad. He got mad last night three or four times. Ma knows how easy it is to get Pa mad, so all she did was to laugh. She told me after Pa had got all thru talking & had went into the library that Pa wud be the first one to lose his temper. She didn't have to tell me. I knew it all the time.

Pa was going to talk Ma & me out to dinner in an open air place where there was a lot of palms & tabals, so we didn't argue with him, for fear he mite get mad & want to stay at home & then Ma wud have to get the dinner.

All the way down town on the St. car Pa kep talking about how foolish it is for a woman to lose her temper, sed Pa, than for a man. It is just the opposite with the mind, sed Pa. If a man loses his mind he is losing a grate deal, while a woman loses her temper she is certainly cutting loose something, sed Pa.

When we got to the open air place to eat the first thing that Pa did was to say: Well, now let us all be calm & cool this evening. 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 didn't you hear me? Whae are you hear for if you arent here to lissen to gentlemen? Move quick, now,

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 submergence in tropical waters. This opportunity was utilized by Dr. Maximilian Toch, 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 now lie in the museum of the College of the City 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, contrary to popular report, the hull consisted not of cast and wrought iron, but of modern steel. The anchor chain and pumps were the only parts of cast and wrought iron. The hull had sunk into the mud to within a few feet of the upper deck. All the paint below the mud line was gone, but the wood was as perfect and sound as on the night the Maine sank. Above this line, however, the teredo had riddled all the pine until it was a mere shingle, but the mahogany had not been touched. The notion that the teredo works only between high and low water was disproved, for it had attacked the pine of the Maine right down to the mud line.

The metal of the hull was "corroded clear through" in but one place. In many places there was a coating of rust nearly an inch thick; but the growth of submarine animals over the steel seemed to have acted as a protection against further deterioration. 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 breach 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 razor, would you?"—Washington Star.