

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—The Doctor Knows H r Now

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



The Girl and Her Mother

By WINIFRED BLACK.

So it was the dress of the young girls you meet in the streets that drove you to hideous murder...



Well, I'm afraid I don't agree with you. Your mind was diseased and perverted...

And yet they are decent girls, looking for a decent man to marry and make them the mothers of decent children.

But the mothers of those girls sit and hear them talk slang, and wait, them make eyes at strange men...

"For when I walk I always walk with Billie," warbles one of those girls in a scant skirt...

Why, if a girl had sung such a song as that ten years ago in any decent society her mother would have taken her home...

How amusing the world must be to such mamma. I wonder if they laugh when little Freshface runs away with the chauffeur...

Young girls! If the nonsense stopped with them it would be bad enough, but have you noticed mamma herself this year of grace, pray tell?

Mamma wears 'em short, too, and scant and tight, and her stockings are as thin as girls', and her poor, tired feet are in slippers that are jokes...

Dear, dear, I wonder if mamma doesn't sometimes want to slip off somewhere and be a "Ma" for a minute—just a plain, tired old ma, with feet that ache and a corset that will come off...

At the springs where I happen to be just now, every day and every day I see girls who look as if they had run out of the house in the kindergartens-places who look as if they were out of place in decent society...

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I helped Pa out of a bad fix last night. He had been out to a club party the night before, & he hadn't got home until four (4) o'clock in the morning...

But I don't care to let it drop, sed Pa, not as long as you think that I would be such a cur as to stay away from the only little woman I ever loved until 4 in the morning...

See here, husband, sed Ma, I was going to let this matter drop after the manner of the New York system, Ma sed, but I guess that you have overplayed your hand...

I consider your question beneath an answer from me, sed Pa, Bobbie, tell your mother what time I got home. It was about 1 o'clock, I sed.

I expected such an answer, sed Ma. You are a chip of the old block. I guess I am I told Ma, but he is a pretty good old block.

"Johnny, you climb right down from Mrs. Wilkin's lap! That's the only nice dress she's got."

"I'm always glad to have you drop in, Mrs. Chucksley; you never stay long."

"You mustn't watch Uncle Cyrus so closely while he eats, Bobby. You're making him spill his coffee on the tablecloth."

"You looked just as nice as any of the girls there, Tessie, even if the young men didn't ask you to dance."

"Don't be in a hurry, Dingus; I'm really enjoying your call. When you first came in I thought you wanted to borrow money."

One chair is ample during courtship, but after marriage a five-room flat seems too crowded.

Daddydilly

DAY ADAR SAYS—A MAN DISLIKES DETAILS BUT A WOMAN WANTS THE FULL PARTICULARS.

LAWYER LOUIE THE BIG MOUTH—RECEIVED THE DIP PRISONERS WAS DELIVERING THE FIREWORKS AT THE JURY... CLIENTS SHOUTED HE FELL INTO A PERFUME FACTORY...

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED. TA-RA-RA-RA INTERLOCUTOR THE CABBAGE? WHY WOULD THEY CALL THE BOAT THE CABBAGE...

THE WEARY MOTHER WAS ROCKING THE CRYING BABY IN THE OLD FAMILY ROCKING CHAIR WHEN A THOUGHT STRUCK HER...

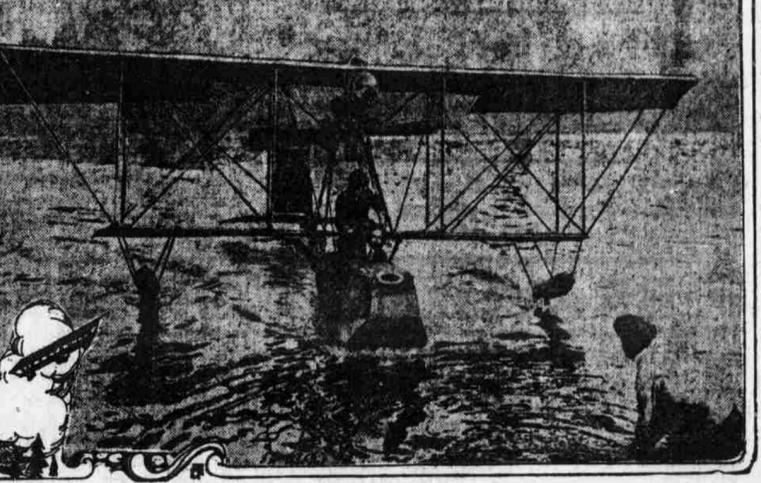
I WORK FOR A BROKER IN WALL STREET ANSWERING PHONES ON THE CORNER...

I STICK AROUND ANSWERING MESSAGES AND DELIVERING PRIVATE TELEGRAMS...

UP ABOUT 50 ORDERS FROM 10 TO 3 I ANSWER THE PHONE AND SET ABOUT 100 ORDERS AFTER THAT I ANSWER MESSAGES AND WRITE OUT RECEIPTS...

An Artificial Flying Fish

An Amphibious Aeroplane With Which a French Aviator is to Make a Paris-to-England Trip.



Beaumont Maneuvering With His Hydro-Aeroplane.

The French "airman," Beaumont, who won distinction last year in his long flights of aeroplanes over Europe, and especially the one from Paris to Rome, has now a hydro-aeroplane which he is going to sell to the English admiralty...

Whether it is on the water or in the air, it is driven by a screw actuated by the same motor. When it traverses the water the aeroplanes are so disposed that they do not lift it into the air...

French marine (his real name being Conneau), and water navigation is consequently familiar to him. This may give him certain personal advantages in the development of the new form of machine...

He has already tried the machine on the Seine, twice traversing the city of Paris, with satisfactory results. When in flight it looks, from certain points of view, strikingly like a flying fish, which is the name popularly bestowed upon it.

It was, I believe, in America, that the first successful experiments with hydro-aeroplanes were made, but Beaumont's apparatus, it is claimed, has great advantages over its predecessors. It certainly looks like a very successful device, and it will, no doubt, open the way to many more improvements...

The famous "Iron Pillar" of Delhi, which stands in the inner courtyard of the "Qutb" mosque, about nine miles south of the modern city, has always excited the interest of metallurgists and engineers as well as historians. It was probably made about 413 A. D., and moved to its present site in 1622...

A Man Pleased With Himself

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"And in truth this was Richard's way; whether glad or sorry, he must play with his feelings and dress them up in fine words, and dandle and make a show of them..."

"I am a girl of 19 and in love with a man of 27," writes M. A. H. "He calls on me and takes me out on an average of three times a week. He is a perfect gentleman, and does everything in his power to make me love him..."

I am sorry you love him. He may be, as you say, a perfect gentleman, but even such super-excellence will not make up for a lifetime with a man who thinks little and says much...

My dear girl, every woman in the world who married the man who wrote something to her eyebrow had to support him afterward. Instead of hanging your head like a poor wretched rose, as you are doing, you should hold your head high...

"It would be tragic," you must say to him, "to find myself a full-blown rose in years to come wedded to a man who has become a faded one. I will have no more of you. My future mission is to find a tender young bud of a man who will burst into full bloom at the same time I do..."

I am sure that such a reception of his soulful emotions will cause him to lift his drooping head and decide that he is none too old, nor a shade too faded, to be your mate.

Meet fire with fire. Show that selfish dreamer that you also have selfish dreams. He thinks his eight years seniority makes him too old for you; accept his decision and he will at once begin to argue that he is not a day too old.

Down in his heart he hasn't the remotest notion that he will be a faded rose when you are full-blown. On the contrary, he is as sure of the reverse as he is sure of your little heart right now. And that is why he says such foolish things. He enjoys tormenting you. That delight, coupled with the supreme one of hearing himself talk are joys he can't resist.

The Manicure Lady

"There has been a awful lot of talk lately about the folks that are in this graft case going into cells and spending some of the best years of their lives behind them grim, gray walls, George..."

the warden was. He said that the warden let him go anywhere except to the next town, which was a dry town anyhow.

"It would serve them right," said the Head Barber. "The worst in the land ain't none too bad for them."

"He must have been smoking, George. By the way, what does 'sugar' mean, when it is used as slang?"

"But that's the funny part of it," said the Manicure Lady. "The reason I say it, George, is because the old gent brought a rich friend of his up to the house last night, a gent that had happened to violate some federal law, and had got pinched for it. Of course, in a way of speaking, that made him as much of a convict as some poor devil that had stole a few stamps out of a postoffice or slugged some village postmaster, but you have got no idea, George, how much of prison life this gent that was calling on father told us about. He was kind of rosy-cheeked, middle-aged man, with a deep voice and a happy laugh. There wasn't any of them furtive glances in his eyes, except when he was winking at sister Mayme or me, and I always thought that a gent which had got out of prison had furtive glances. That's what it says in the short stories about prison life, anyway. Once a convict, always one."

"A man with money can come pretty close to comfort anywhere."

"Well," said the Head Barber, "what about it, anyway?"

"Even in jail?"

"Nothing about it," said the Manicure Lady, "except that this man which father had brought home didn't seem a bit downcast about the terrible years he had spent in the Castle."

"Gee, George!" explained the Manicure Lady, "ain't there nothing except money and graft left in the world?"

"You mean the Bastille, corrected the Head Barber, revelling in the knowledge that he had 'put one over' on the girl at the table."

"I guess not," said the Head Barber. "A man with money can come pretty close to comfort anywhere."

"I mean a jail, whatever you want to call it," said the Manicure Lady, "and if it is just the same to you, George, I guess there will be no more conversation this forenoon. It is always kind of dreary to talk with one whose soul is not tuned with yours. Go and hone your razors. Goodness knows they must need it, from the winking I heard from your chair this morning. Didn't I hear one of your poor customers say that after you had shaved him he knew how Mary, Queen of Scots and Sir Walter Raleigh must have felt when they died? Don't try to kid with a helpless girl like me, George. I might get the best of the argument. But as I was saying, this cheerful old ex-convict had nothing but the kindest words for the lock-up in which he was locked in. After he had told all about the different courses they had at every meal, and the fine cigars that he had in his rooms (he called it 'rooms' instead of 'cell,' George), he went on to tell how sweet and trusting

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From Corn to Rubber

That will be a delightful day when the farmer can take a bushel of corn, dump it into a machine and take out at the bottom a fine rubber tire for his automobile.

The process of making this synthetic rubber, as it is called, looks simple. The corn or potato pulp is fermented, turning it into fusel oil. This is then treated with hydrochloric acid and then with soda lime, producing a liquid known as isoprene, which is called the "parent" of rubber. This isoprene is left in a sealed vessel for three days in contact with sodium wire. When the vessel is opened the mass found inside is liquid rubber. Whenever, as in this season, the crop is unusually heavy and the grower is threatened with low prices, a new use such as for the manufacture of rubber, will tend to hold up the market for corn. And should the new material (like the place of "native" rubber, we shall hear no more tales of cruelty from the remote rubber forests, or walls from automobile owners about the high cost of motoring. —St. Louis Republic.

Forget clothes some times make a girl forget the things her mother used to teach her.