

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

## They Have to Show Rumhauser

## Drawn for The Bee by Tad



## Ella Wheeler Wilcox

---ON---

### Girls Who Risk Loss of Self-Respect by Taking the Initiative in Seeking Companionship of the Opposite Sex.

It is a bit disconcerting to one who feels any pride in womanhood to hear two mothers in one week say, "My son can have any girl he wants. They all run after him. They telephone him, write him and put themselves in his way continually."

And when one knows such statements to be absolutely true, it is worse than useless to try to blame the mothers for speaking with such seeming egotism of her sons or disrespect of young girls.

While touring in the Orient, a mother with a young son of 19 confided to a traveling friend that she had come away with her son for a year. In order to take his mind away from the throng of young girls who made such continual inroads upon his time that he could not pursue his studies at school.

The boy was the only child of a banker; and he had never shown any tendency to be a gambler, but was so pursued by the attentions of girls from ages ranging between 15 and 20 that he was losing all interest in his studies.

The girls of the present era seem to be the pursuers; the young men are the pursued.

And when men are pursued they are invariably contemptuous of the women who seek their attentions.

If young girls could know the thoughts of these men, if they could hear the remarks made about them, they would hide away in shame and confusion.

While the writer of this article believes in all modern inventions as a part of the progress which will eventually lift the race to a higher plane, giving minds and bodies freedom from the drudgery of grinding toil, it seems as if that most necessary and useful invention, the telephone, has become a prominent factor in the folly and boldness of young girls.

In olden days a letter or a telegram was needed to communicate with friends and acquaintances, and both gave an opportunity for reflection before sending.

Many a girl was no doubt tempted to write a letter to a man asking him to call, and before she finished it her pride and self-respect came to the rescue. She did not want him to possess such evidence of her forwardness.

A telegram would seem too urgent; and that also could be shown; so she conquered her desire to see the man until he made his desire to see her known.

In his heart he may despise her, but he will not use her name lightly. Very few young men are reared in this way, and therefore the majority will boast of the success they have with silly girls who pursue them, and they will make light remarks about them.

If you, young miss, who read these lines are one of those who send messages and invitations to your masculine friends, trying to make engagements with them, remember the risk you run, the risk of being laughed at by the youths, and gossiped about by their mothers and older friends.

No amount of entertainment you receive from the efforts you make can ever repay for the loss to your good name.

A man of any age likes to be the one who makes the advances to woman. He will accept the attentions which are forced upon him, because they flatter his vanity, but he will in his heart despise the girl or woman who gives the initiative.

Better stay at home and read a book than go out with a man whose society you had to seek.

### The Manicure Lady

"Politics is booming along grand just now, George," said the Manicure Lady. "There was a nut in here this morning so worked up over the campaign that he thinks Taft is slim and likes Teddy so well that he shows his own teeth. I couldn't get him to say much about Wilson, from whence I gather that he is a democrat, not."

"I didn't care much for the way he talked about how Taft was going to do this and how Roosevelt had did that, and he got on my nerves so much. Why is it that men care so much for politics?"

"A lot of them don't," said the head barber. "Politics never made no hit with me. The only fun I ever got out of the game was when I was a little 2-year kid, having my first vote. I voted for Cleveland that year, I remember, and saw him elected."

"Ha-ha!" laughed the Manicure Lady. "That's the time I got one on you, George. You are all the time correcting me, and now that you have won and made a mistake I am going to correct you. When you was talking about Cleveland you said, 'I saw him elected.' You should have said, 'I saw him elected.' The next time that you try to correct me, remember that men are worse boneheads than women ever dared to be."

"But as I was saying about politics, brother Wilfred has caught the spirit of the whole thing, and the poor boy is trying to make a little money for himself by writing political parodies and ballads. He wrote a ballad the other day that he sold to the Republican X-president committee. 'Unless You Vote for Roosevelt I Never Shall Wed!' The words was kind of punk at that. Writing punk words is kind of habitual with Wilfred. But I thought the idea was kind of good, don't you?"

"I don't know if I do or don't," declared the Head Barber. "Do you suppose that many of the ladies would vote for Roosevelt if all of them had votes? Do you know that he, said once that a woman should stay in her home and take care of as many children as possible under the circumstances? I guess the Old Woman that Lived in a Shoe would be about the only suffragette to vote for our Theodore, and the only reason she would vote for him would be because she had so many children that she didn't know what she was doing."

"Well, no matter how soon it is over, said the Manicure Lady, 'I will be glad Goodness knows, George, I am sick and tired of the whole yuletide. There was two gents in here yesterday that talked so loud that I was afraid they was going to go mad, with hydrazobolus."

## The Ten Ages of Beauty The First Outdoor Girl

Illustration from Good Housekeeping Magazine for September.



THIS PICTURE BY NELL BRINKLEY IS REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION AND ACCOMPANIES AN ARTICLE BY OCTAVE UZANNE, ENTITLED "THE STORY OF FURS AND MUFFS."

### By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

You wouldn't think that this disdainful young person with the falcon perched on her wrist, in her courtly dress and high, gold-embroidered cap was the ancestress of our athletic girl of today. But she is.

When the first woman made up her mind that she would stay at home no longer, but would ride to the hunt with the men folk, she created just as much of a sensation as the first woman aviator—and, oh, dear, how they did talk about her!

Of course, the athletic girl had appeared in pagan times, but during the early Christian era, and the following dark ages, it wasn't considered nice for a young lady to do anything at all but stand around in stained glass attitudes and wait for a possible husband to return from the crusade.

When she was too old to be any longer attractive, she was made to do every kind of work and quickly developed into an old hag, so that there were only very young girls and very old ones and neither of them stirred far from home.

Then came the great innovation. I suppose some fine lady like this one with the spirit of a Columbus, and the courage of a lion, decided that she was bored to death with things as they were, and that she would stand no longer leaning out over the parapet of the castle, watching and waiting for something to happen, but that she would go out with the men and get the exercise, the excitement, the fresh air and the fun that they found in the chase.

And so she did. No woman had ever

done this before, not since the year one anyhow, and it was looked upon as a wicked and immoral thing for it you think that people gossip nowadays, you ought to read the pleasant things they said about each other in the middle ages so properly called dark. No woman who was pretty escaped slander, unless she looked herself up in a cloister, and the fact that every right-minded person looks upon gossiping nowadays with disgust, shows that the world is certainly growing better.

Well, the busy-bodies got together when they saw this beautiful lady mounting her palfrey, which is medieval for a horse. She didn't wear a divided skirt, but she did wear a low-necked dress. The people of her time would have been shocked to death at the one, and even we, broad-minded as we are, might object to the other. I am sure if a woman rode down Fifth Avenue in a low-necked riding habit, she would be quickly and quietly led to the police station, and from thence to the psychopathic ward of some hospital.

The first athletic lady wore her handsomest clothes to go hunting in. In that she was entirely feminine, because her escort was composed of men. In those days women dressed to impress the other sex, while now they dress to be envied of their own.

This great lady wore a magnificent surtout sort of robe of green velvet, bordered with ermine—for she was a person of high degree, and to wear ermine

was her privilege and right. Her petticoat was a gorgeous thing of heavy silk embroidered in gold and precious stones—the real kind—were set among the golden flowers.

She wore very elaborate slippers, too. They had points about an inch long and were made of kid or satin or velvet, embroidered so thickly with silk or golden threads that you had to guess at the material beneath.

Hundreds of these slippers are preserved in the Museum of Cluny in Paris and other places. The ladies of those times undoubtedly had small feet, but they were quite broad across the toes and were not the long, narrow, atrocious foot which is the present ideal in that line.

But the most wonderful thing about this first out-of-door girl was her head-gear. Fancy going out into the woods with a cap on your head that was two feet high. And just think how your dignity would suffer if some low, bending branch of the tree suddenly knocked it off your head, displaying the simpler coiffure of today. Sleek, parted hair, the long braids twisted up tight in a kind of a cabochon effect over each ear.

However, the great lady's way was probably made clear for her, and there were no mishaps on the first hunt, for she went again, again other ladies of equal rank joining her, when they saw the effect of outdoor sport upon the lady's health and temper.

Think what it must have meant to them to get out of doors, to get the splendid exercise of the chase, besides the ex-

## Competition

By CHARLES FERGUSON.

To say that democracy hates monopoly is the same as to say that in a democracy a man ought not to hold a high place of political or economic power on any other ground than that it is good for the public that he should do so. His duty to make his place serviceable to the public is exactly as broad and as long as his right to take pleasure in it.

The heart of the competitive principle is this idea that the best place in the community should always be open to the best servant of the community; and that all the other places in the rising scale of honor and power should be subject to some kind of effectual "recall" for inefficiency.

Mr. Louis Brandeis, discoursing on "the regulation of competition," seems to miss this point. He speaks of democratic government, in its everlasting effort to shackle cunning, greed and violence, as if its aim were merely to handicap the strong and make them as weak as the weak are.

This seems to be the fundamental misunderstanding of the nature of democracy. The fact that Mr. Brandeis has fallen

into it will suffice to explain his failure to understand the trust problem. So long as Mr. Brandeis persists in thinking of a democratic government as a political conspiracy to hamstring the fleet and enfeeble the powerful, he will probably persist in the notion that big businesses out to be cut up into little businesses.

But whenever the idea shall enter into Mr. Brandeis's astute and logical mind that democracy loves efficiency as much as he does himself, he will change his theory about the interstate corporations.

Mr. Brandeis has no difficulty in conceiving how the big public corporation that we call the government, can possibly be kept true to the competitive principle without calling in the aid of another government to compete with it for sovereignty over its own territory.

Why then should Mr. Brandeis be unable to understand that there is no need of having two or ten corporations in this country in perpetual competition for the oil business? What is the matter with having just one oil corporation—with plenty of competition inside of that corporation?

It appears that the true solution of the trust problem is to treat the great interstate industrial concerns as public service corporations. They should be compelled to operate under such narrow limitations of permissible dividends and commodity prices that all high-priced capital would be driven out of them into fresher fields, and only men of the highest efficiency could afford to run them.



## Little Bobbie's Pa

Wife, sed Pa to Ma the other nite, doant you suppose that it wud be a good skeem to live out in the country?

No, sed Ma. I cudent help thinking that it wud be a good skeem, sed Pa, wen I was out to the Taylors the other nite. Everything seemed so calm & quiet. It was so different from the sounds & sights of the city. There was the green grass, & the roses in the yard, & the brooding air of luv, Pa sed, that made one feel like a littel child again.

You doant tell me? sed Ma. Yes, sed Pa, there was a brooding air of quiet. It seemed so kind of soothing like. Wuddent you like to play that we are kids aggen & roam oom among the buttercups & daisies?

No, sed Ma. I can't understand it, sed Pa. You used to live in the country wen I married you, out in that dear old Colfax, Wisconsin. In them days you never

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