

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Was Raised Quite Cleverly

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



A Labor Salvation Army

Selected by EDWARD MARKHAM.

Frederick Van Eeden is known on both continents as a man who has tried with brain and purse to shape into reality a great dream for economic justice. In Mr. Van Eeden's latest book, "Happy Humanity," a book pleading tenderness and strongly for equality of opportunity for all men, he offers the following scheme for social betterment:

"The communication of capital and rent, the transferring of the accumulation of goods to the hands of the community that is the first and more important step we have to make in the interest of all humanity. In a way this is done already in the co-operative societies which are existing in Europe. But it is not done methodically and rigorously."

"And here the great question presents itself: What sort of community shall that be in whose hands we trust the ownership of common goods? How shall it be localized? Who shall form it? How shall it be organized? Who shall be its members?"

"Men are not at all independently and rationally acting animals they think themselves to be. They are acting and thinking always more or less hurriedly under the influence of great leading minds, and strong spiritual currents. If they were thinking and acting rationally and independently, a great commercial body with a just and righteous social organization could easily and quickly be formed; and it would, because of its greater self-preservation and strength, easily outgrow all other human corporations and organizations."

"But in the present condition of mankind such a community will not be formed unless a great, powerful mind, a commercial and organizing genius, takes the matter in hand and sets all his life and heart to it. That such a man may arise any day, and that his name will be more glorified by posterity than that of Caesar or Napoleon, I firmly believe. Have we not dashed instances of the swift achievements of one single commercial or organizing genius?"

"But we need not confine ourselves, in our search for examples, to the captains of industry, who worked with more or less selfish and narrow aims. We have the instance of a very generous minded man who really did not work for personal benefit and who achieved a wonderful feat of organization that extended over

the whole world. Whatever we may think of the Salvation Army, we cannot deny that as an example of organization with unselfish purpose it stands unique in the history of civilization. This great body is the work of one leading man. And we must all agree that it has done much good, on a gigantic scale, for the rescue of the destitute and the fallen.

"But now, if you will allow me to say so, I should far more highly appreciate the creation of a Salvation Army which prevented the making of destitutes and sinners. For if any one thing wants salvation at the present time, it is labor. On one hand we see the capacity of labor threatened by demoralizing extravagance. On the other hand we see thousands of men who are able and willing to work, starving and hungry, spending their time in enforced idleness in meetings and demonstrations, embittered by their own uselessness, spreading discontent, and disturbing the peace of the community. And all for want of organization."

"The only way of definitely dealing with the great evil is to start a business organization wherein unemployment is methodically prevented—an organization that never turns off its workmen—a labor Salvation Army."

"And like the Salvation Army we have to start small and grow slowly in the beginning, like the seed of the coming tree."

Chinese Logic
Bishop M. B. Lewis of Foo Chow, urging recognition of the Chinese republic at a luncheon at the Union League in Philadelphia, told a little story illustrative of Chinese unwieldiness.
"A gentleman," he said, "entered a Chinese shop to purchase tea. He found to his amazement, that five pounds of a certain tea cost \$2.50, while ten pounds of the same brand cost \$1.00. The gentleman ridiculed these illogical prices, but the shopkeeper, on the contrary, insisted that he was selling in a perfectly logical way. As he put it: 'More buy, more rich—more rich, more can pay.'"
—Philadelphia Record.

Fool Fighters
Graham J. Underwood, the Cleveland reformer was talking about the absurd fight that the Cordage trust had made in New York against certain socialists.
"The socialists are fortunate in their enemies," he said. "Their enemies give them their finest advertisement."
"They who fight the socialists like the Cordage trust," he concluded, "advertise them, benefit them. They fight them, in other words, like fools—and when a fool fights, he opens his mouth and shuts his eyes."
—Buffalo Express.

"Save Your Energy and You Will Preserve Your Beauty," Declares Pretty Frances Starr

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Somewhere way up high in the tip-top of the Plaza hotel, where the windows overlook the park, Miss Frances Starr has her winter nest.

Her sitting room looks less like a hotel room than any you've ever seen, for it's small and of irregular build, and it's done in a subdued kind of yellow color, and when you come into it the first thing that strikes you is the wonderful view of the park, and then you become aware of an excellent grand piano in the foreground.

There are flowers and books, too, but mark you, gentle reader, not a single photograph of the actress herself, and that's quite characteristic of Miss Starr. It's only with considerable effort that you can get her to talk about herself. And she just will not talk about "My art."

"What does she look like off the stage? What is 'The Rose of the Rancho' like and the girl who took the easiest way, and Becky, whose case is so puzzling to the audience at the Balcon Theater, who can be so sweet and demure and exquisite, and suddenly change right before your eyes into a devilish little cat, with hardly a point of resemblance to the first character?"

If Miss Starr wanted to she could slip down into some of our social settlements, among the pretty young college girls, who are endeavoring so valiantly to work for the betterment of those less fortunate, and no one would ever suspect that she had been on the stage even for a minute.

The better the actress the less actressy she looks, and Frances Starr has earned her right to a foremost position among the young stars of the stage.

"The Rose of the Rancho" has grown more thoughtful in looks, more intellectual, than when she took New York by surprise in the part of the Spanish girl five years ago.

She looks very young, very slight, and almost frail, though she is really a strong, athletic type of girl.

Her hair is a wavy brown, with much light in it; her eyes are blue like the pale sapphires, and she has a deep and very fascinating cleft in her chin, and she is simple, natural and totally lacking in self-consciousness.

These particulars are put in at the request of so many readers who seem to spend a good deal of their energies in figuring out whether their favorite actress looks the same off the stage as she does on.

"Of course, I had to ask Miss Starr what rules of health she observes. It's quite useless to ask a pretty girl why she is pretty. One should never ask that question of a woman under 30, anyhow."

"When I'm working," said Miss Starr, "I simply devote all my time and energy to that. Beyond a short walk every day I do nothing which could deplete my store of energy. I really don't understand how women can run about all day, and give out so much vitality as they do, and have anything left for their work. I'm sure I can't."

"Do you cultivate that air of mystery which Pierre Loti says is so essential to woman's charm?" I inquired by way of aiding conversation.



Charming Miss Frances Starr, New Leading Woman in "The Case of Becky."

"Indeed I don't," Miss Starr put in quickly. "But I need quiet and rest if I'm to do my work properly. It's one of the lessons I have had to learn, to conserve my energy for the thing that is worth while-work."

"Seeing too many people even being in a crowded place is exhaustive, but as far as the idea of shrouding one's self in mystery which Loti advocates that seems pure selfishness to me. Besides it's a luxury that few can afford. Fancy the girl who has to go up and down in the subway each day in her work trying to live up to Pierre Loti's ideal of femininity."

"Sometimes I think the least one knows about one's favorite authors the better," said Miss Starr, musing a lost illusion. "Somehow I never think about the personal side of the applause," said Miss Starr. "I just feel that I have done what I wanted to and succeeded in conveying my thoughts to the audience. It is a difficult part and though I have the most wonderful teacher and critic in the world—Mr. Delacour—it is a pretty exhausting role just the same."

While learning the part Miss Starr went deeply into the study of psychology, pathology and all the other "ologies" which shed light on individual cases of dual personalities like Becky. Then she found that Becky is only one of many who in a less dramatic way have suffered from some early shock or mental suggestion and have later joined the great army of delinquents, feeble minded or criminal young people who present the greatest social problem of the age.

Sea's Increasing Toll

Disasters of the sea are on the increase. The last few years have been especially severe on marine interests all over the globe. Millions of dollars have been lost by insurance and steamship companies and individual owners of craft of all kinds.

Scattered about the graveyard of the deep are the hulls of thousands of ships, many of them stranded on shoals and rocks. Others of these wrecks are drifting as derelicts, a menace to navigation.

During the year of 1911 more than 1,000 vessels were wrecked throughout the world. Of these 88 were vessels of over 100 tons each. Their gross tonnage was \$94,528 tons. There were 427 steamers of 619,702 tons and 461 sailing vessels of 252,091 tons.

The vessels of over 100 tons wrecked in 1911 aggregated 947,699 tons, of which 197,440 tons represent steamers. The total number of ships lost in this year exceeded the losses of 1911 by several hundred. It was one of the worst years that shippers have had.

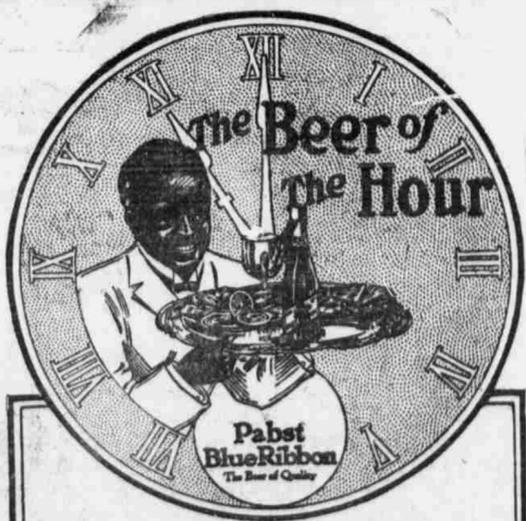
In addition in 1911 vessels of over 100 tons each aggregating 25,517 tons were broken up by hand and dismantled, an amount 25,164 tons so destroyed in 1910.

Of steamers and sailing vessels removed from the merchant fleets of the world in 1911, about 25 per cent of the sailing vessels were got rid of by dismantling. Of such tonnage 84 per cent represented British vessels. One quarter of all the vessels wrecked were abandoned and foundered at sea and the rest were stranded.

It was the wreck of the Titanic in this year—greatest in loss of life and greatest in loss of money—that capped the climax of the disasters of the last two years, which were the worst in the annals of marine history. The loss of this monster ship will probably make this year a record breaker in loss of life and money. The Titanic was valued at \$50,000,000 and the specie, jewelry and merchandise that went down with it were estimated to be worth \$10,000,000.

Without including the Titanic, the first quarter of this year shows very heavy losses through wrecks.—New York Sun.

The Myster Puss.
"I am afraid," said Senator Borah, "that the alteration in which I have become involved must be more or less obscure to the usual listener."
"About all you have both said lately is 'You're another.'"
"Yes. And we have said it so often that I am afraid nobody remembers exactly what either of us was accused of being, in the first place."—Washington Star.



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Daffydils

IN AN OLD MAN AND HAVE HAD MANY DOUBLES BUT MOST OF THEM NEVER HAPPENED

HIGH CARTER GOT BEHIND AN AUTUMN LEAF IN THE PARK AND WATCHED HIS MAN THE MAN APPROACHED A CERTAIN TREE WHICH EMITTED A SHORT SHARP BARK. THIS SEEMED TO BE A SIGNAL FOR THE MAN DREW A SMALL BOX FROM HIS POCKET, LEFT IT AT THE FOOT OF THE TREE AND WENT SILENTLY AWAY. THEN AND ONLY THEN DID NICK CARTER APPROACH THE TREE. HE LOOKED TO RIGHT AND LEFT THEN CROSSED THE BOX OPENED IT AND DREW FORTH A DOCUMENT WHICH READ, "IF JACK JOHNSON HAS A GIRL NAMED AFTER HIM WOULD THE GIRL DO?"

THEY WERE HOLDING A MEETING AT NINE ROSALIE'S SLATE WRITING WAS THE DISH THE SLATE WAS SHOWN WITHOUT THING ON IT. THE ROOM WAS DARKENED THEN THE DEVOTEES SAT AROUND THE TABLE AND WAITED FOR THE SPIRITS TO SEND A COMMUNICATION ON THE SLATE AFTER WAITING FOR SOME TIME THE NINE TURNED UP THE LIGHTS AND PRODUCED THE SLATE ALL CROWDED AROUND AS SHE READ, "IF A DRIVER DROVE HIS TEAM UP IN FRONT OF A SALOON AND LEFT IT STANDING TILL HE CAME OUT WOULD THE TEAM STAY?"

PRAG AROUND THE LIDDONS. HERE COMES THE COP

CHARLIE GHEIL WILL NOW GIVE LETS GO DOWN TO THE ALLEY AND GET THE SUGAR BOWL

DENTLEMEN BE SEATED TRARRARRA DONES. MISTAH JOHNSON, DAY MAN TAMBS AM SURE A GRANNY INDIVIDUAL HES ALWAYS COMPLAININ' BUT SOMETHING DS BODDER DAY HE COULDN'T SEE ANYTHING TO NICK ABOUT SO HE WENT DOWN TO BE STORE AN' BOUGHT A BASEBALL. INTERLOCUTOR BRIGHT A DASE-BALL. WHAT FOR? DONES- SO HES HAD SOMETHING TO NICK ABOUT

DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? SHOOT WHO ARE YOU? IN THE BOOD THAT PUT THE CHEST IN CHESTNUT

DO YOU KNOW YOU HAVE A LICENSE? SHOULD I KNOW? WHERE IS YOUR LICENSE? OH- LEAVE GO HOLD OF IT MY ARM

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