The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Meets a Repeater

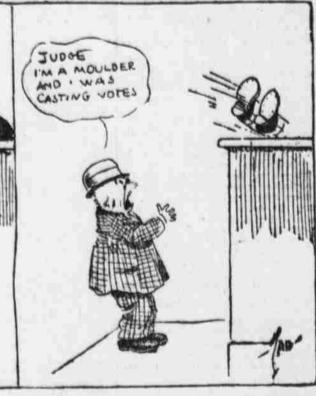
Drawn for The Bee by Tad











Texas Siftings

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

fact of Texas dependent on Illinois, Mis-

I saw mules sold in the stock yards at

bought by farmers who had the good cash

and extra choice gaited saddle horses sold

Texas is neither north nor south. Euro-

pean emigrants and the influx from the

north have broken down sectional lines

You get a good deal of the hustle of

Long years ago we weer told that

Texas lacked two things society and

water. You will find both of these here

The two things that Texas really lacks

There are no double track railroads in

Texas. Melons, peaches, yams, sweet po-

tutoes have been rotting in the fields

The black dirt means fertility of soil,

but it also means impassable roads at

certain seasons. It costs big money here

even to get the product from the farm

Texas has suffered from over-legislation.

has come down to us from the remote

Texas laws have made it difficult for

the railroads to build and operate. The

The tide seems to have turned, how-

Texas is an empire in itself, but its

resources will be practically unguessed

rose, and the waste places be made green.

Easy if You Know How

Texas could feed the world.

impertinent comment.

begged the victim.

get back."

"Great Caesar!" screamed the panting

prisoner. "You must release me. I have

dollars if I made that trip back. Break

Then the "all aboard" bell rang, and

the man that lifts the apron stepped

"I'll pay \$100 if you'll hold the boat!

"Nothing doing!" The mate signalled

when a small boy, one of those that had

"Say, mister! Why don't you slip out

of your coat? The company'll take care

People spend their money and then plan

of it for you!"-San Francisco Call.

the way they ought to have done it.

"Make it \$200!"

there is a dearth of freight cars.

not always especially polite

are transportation and labor.

for lack of transportation.

Denver in Dallas. Yankee enterprise

for \$700 and \$800 apiece.

everywhere noticeable.

now in abundance.

Copyright, 1912, International News when I asked where this came from, they said: "It is shipped in here from Kansas

I have just completed a three week's City and Chicago," So behold the curious tour of Texas. I stopped in twenty-one towns and

souri, Iowa and Kansas for food products. cities, dispensing the oratorical calorio Fort Worth at from \$300 to \$600 a pairunder the kindly guidance of the Ad clubs. To say that to pay for them. Good horses brought \$200

Texas is prosper ous is putting it pianissimo. · Texas is microby

The buying power of the people is revealed by the business done in the department stores. A pioneer people buy things that are coarse and strong, and always the intent is to make the dollar go as far as that famous dollar which

George Washington In the Texas department stores you will find the latest fashlons-modes from Paris and styles from London. Texas has to the railroad station, and just now passed out of the pioneer stage.

This thing that has caused the welling waters of prosperity to flow is the de- The provincial mind fears big business mand for cotton. Cotton is king. Cotton , Much of this fear is temperamental, and

clothes the world. Texas produces one-third of the cotton past, when power was polite pillage-and crop of the United States. Cotton is raised in Texas at less cost per bale

than anywhere else in the world. In most states you hear of "cotton railroads have been overtaxed, overpatches," but in Texas there are cotton

supervised, and subjected to many harassing and exasperating exactions. fields-fields seemingly limited only by the horizon. The discovery that cotton will grow on ever, and the people of Texas now realize that the prosperity of the state turns on the prairie is a new one. Texas, in the

year of grace, 1912, is producing 4,000,000 being broad and generous rather than bales of cotton. This cotton including small and suspicious. the various products of cottonseed is worth \$260,000,000. And yet cotton is only one of nine great products that Texas produces.

However, only half of the people are engaged in farming in Texas. About onehalf of these raise cotton. The result when figured up would show that in some districts whole families will receive in cash \$1,000 for each member of the

family. At one place of 1,000 inhabitants counted over 200 teams that had come to town with loads of cotton. A wagonload is anywhere from one bale to five; so each farmer went back home with from \$50 to \$300 dellars in cash or its equiv-

The tendency of the small farmer is toward the small farm, simply because labor conditions are such that the farmer has to do the work himself, and with his own immediate family. As for the hiring a great number of men and systematizing the business this is getting more and more of a problem. The helpers are not to be had. A big family in Texas is an

Cotton pickers get \$1.25 per 100 pounds. When they were hired by the day they picked 100 pounds of cotton a day. And so the idea of piece work came in and \$1.25 was fixed as a fair rate for picking

100 pounds of cotton. The result has been that piece-work

release the trapped commuter. has quickened the process. I saw girls of 12 years that would pick up 100 pounds a day, and here in Texas in the country all the children work. And working out of doors, with plenty to eat, in a salubrious climate, they are healthy and well the waiting room and in a few minutes and strong-brown, bronzed, happy. They can alcep all right, and they certainly there was a big crowd around the jammed door with offers of advice and assist-

Some expert women pickers do their ance, jeers, comforting and more or less 300 pounds a day, and I saw a few men who could pick 400 pounds a day. great number of negroes make from \$3 to \$5 a day. When pay day comes, and a most important engagement." they get \$100 apiece, there is a great

temptation to go to town and rest up. This vast amount of cash being dis- and I guess we'll get you loose before we tributed through Texas for her cotton crop is not without its drawbacks. Comparatively nothing is being put back into the soil in the way of fertilizer. How ong the black dirt will produce a yearly down the door, I'll pay for it." cotton erop no one knows, but there

must be a limit. There was a time when the Texas steer up to do his duty. seld the center of the economic state. Now the value of the entire number of attle in Texas is about \$150,000,000, and the number of cattle shipped out of to have the apron raised and the im-Texas brings brack in cash, annually,

prisoned commuter was about to faint tay in the neighborhood of \$30,000,000. At Fort Worth are immense packing lingered to see the fun, piped out: plants conducted by the Armours and the Swifts. These concerns, I saw, were payre castern prices for hogs, cattle and hand. That is to say, the prices the a mera receive in Fort Worth for hogs and cattle were the identical prices being

paid by Jacob Dold & Co, in Buffalo. I saw carloads of ham and bacon being unloaded at these packing houses. And, were voting on.

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED TA-RA-RA-RA TAMBO - MISTAH CROSS, I SAW A NEWSDEALER ARRESTED VESTIDDY FOR SELLING LIQUOR WIFOUT A LICENSE INTERLOCUTOR- IS THAT SO?

TAMBO- YES SUN POLICE MAN WALKED UP TO THE NEWS DEALAH STAND AND LOOKED AT ONE OF DE PAPAHS THEN HE AGKED THE DEALER IF THE PAPAH WAS FO' SALE DEALER SAID YES DEN. SAYS DE COP, I ARREST YOU FO SELLIN' LIQUOR WIFOUT A LICENSE INTERLOCUTOR - WHY WHAT PAPER WAS IT?

BACK! DON'T

WALK IN THE

SOUP.

TAMBO - DE LONDON PUNCH

AM WILLING TO DIE FOR MY COUNTRY," GASPED THE DVING SOLDIER THE MOTION PICTURE MAN ASKED, HAVE YOU ANY MESSAGE TO SEND TO YOUR OLD MOTHER " YES," WHISPER

BOAT RUNG ABOUT SIXTY MILES AN HOUR WHAT DOES AN AUTO MOBILE RUN-ABOUT

ED THE GUN-LUGGER, "ASK

HER IF THE FASTEST MOTOR

BLOW YOUR WHISTLE YOU'RE COMING TO A CROSSING

PORTY-STORY MUGSY THE RIVETTING CHAMP WAS UP 50 HIGH ON THE BUILDING THAT HE HAD TO STOOP TO KEEP FROM BUMPING HIS HEAD ON THE SKY HE HEARD THE NEWSIES HOWLING A SPECIAL IN THE STREETS BELOW HE CLIMBED DOWN, IT TAKING HIM AN HOUR THEN BOUGHT AN EXTRA. OPENED IT AND ON THE FRONT PAGE WITH A FULL-PLAY HEAD IT SAID, TEA POT WAS ON

AND YOU DREW A PAIR OF JACKS WOULD YOU CALL IT A CAN OPEN ER

LET IM UP! HE'S ALL CUT I'M THE BOOK NOPE, WHO YOU KNOW ARE YOU? THAT PUT THE



DI ABAR SAYS YOU CAN MER JUDGE A

MANS BRAIN BY THE LENGTH OF HIS BEARD





What is the Ideal Wife?

Girl Taught to Be Neat Brightens the Home

The little God Cupid tapped three times with his bow on the trunk of a until the state joins hands with big busi- hollow tree.

ness-say as Canada does-and then, in-The sound was a call to the heart deed, will the desert blossom like the that was heard through all the city and country, and there came marching forth all the maidens the world holds.

There were stenographers, serious and sedate; pert little milliners; parlor maids, wearing saucy little aprons and caps; college girls, looking as if the world were theirs, and they were on their way to claim it; waitresses, so starched and im-Just before the ferry steamer San Fran- maculate in their white linen uniforms cisco reached its slip in San Francisco that they looked like somebody's wash

and before the forward sliding doors on on the line; much behairer clerks, from the lower deck had been officially the department stores; dressmakers wearopened, a stout individual slid one of ing that air of patience and weariness the doors aside and stepped through to that too close association with the needle the forward deck. The wind was blowing always gives; cooks, bellicose and belhalf a gale and when the stout man elid ligerent, and girls who had always stayed the door back into position the tails of at home under the shelter of protecting his overcoat caught between the two parental wings.

doors. Other passengers, noting his There were girls from every rank of plight, tried to open the doors so as to life, including the helress whose money release the coat, but they refused to could buy a duke, and the poor child of open. The boat entered the silp. The poverty, who hadn't the money to buy a doors refused to budge for the big deck- ribbon to attract the admiration of a hand whose duty it was to open those butcher boy.

doors and the ones on the other side. Every division had a spokesman who The passengers left by the other door, told of the claims for recognition from while the deckhand summoned his mates Cupid her girls possessed.

to help him open the obstinate door and Let you men listen! Be you tottering from the cradle, tottering to the grave, They pulled and they hauled. They or standing upright and fearless on the used crowbars and tackle, but the coor short walk that iles between, makes to refused to budge. A small crowd of the difference. All that you need say is that city-bound throng lingered to watch the you are unmarried, and this sad confesfun. Passengers for the next trip to the tion of an illness that is so easily cured

Alameda shore were then released from entities you to a front seat. The waitress, starched and immaculate, stepped to the front. Trim of figure, neat of hair, with bright, healthy faces and a cheeriness that comes with no other calling, every man's heart in the audience begins to topple before their spokesman. Miss M. E. McDonald, has said a word.

"I have from 150 to 200 girls in my em-"Doing the best we can, sir," said the play.' said Miss McDonald, "and I know mate. "The boat will start in a minute, whereof I speak when I make the glaim that the work my girls do fits them to be good wives. "You must hold the boat here," insisted the prisoner. "I'd lose hundreds of

They must be nest and trim to hold their positions, and this becomes a habit. will not have a girl in my employ who paints her face. In this way they learn to despise the artificial and cling to the natural. It is a casting off of false standards and clinging to the true

"I do not countenance frowey hair, nor hair of such quantity it looks as if bought by the ton. My girls do not wear hobble skirts, these uniforms give them freedom of breath and limb. They get the best of food in the lunchrooms, tea rooms and the line who doesn't look as if she had estaurants in which they serve and have just stepped out of the proverbial bandfearned to discriminate between good box ? food and had. As a result they do not live in poorly kept boarding houses, but capriciousness of the man-stomach, if a those who are motherless rent rooms and girl is quick and bright she remembers that! do housekeeping.



MISS M. E. M'DONALD.

kept as the girl keeps herself. The ap- , "The men are finding that what I say pearance of the girl tells what kind of is true. In the past two years twentyhousekeeper she is.

give an unobstructed view of the smil- a good wife." ing row behind her. "It there a girl in

"When serving a meal they learn the The folly of giving women the ballot wifely instinct and I have found that and how much, and just to what turn but part grass will all grow out an every home I have visited is as neatly he likes his steak.

five of my girls have left me to become "Look at my girls," stepping aside to wives, and every one of them has made

A perspicacious young man, passing here an old colored man was busy setting fire to the dead grass in a meadow, accosted him thus:
"Don't do that, Uncle Eb, don't do

Why so, sah, why so?" the second time a man cuts at her "You will make that meadow as black table if he wants cream in his coffee. as you are." "Never mind dat, sah, never mind dat!

· Beauty vs. Duty

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Well, Well, Vida Faulkner Page, so it's (against your sex cries to heaven. Don't sign of mental deficiency to be fat! You said so right out in meeting, your to be beautiful? meeting at a big hotel in New York, Also you said: "The woman who is indifferent to her looks

ought to be sent to an incane azylum. Good news all this, isn't it sisters?-cheery, early morning greetings -but whisper, I don't believe a word of it. Do you May Irwin, do you Fay Templeton, do you Mrs. Cornwallia

Mental deficiency! That's good. Why. some of the clever-

est people I know are fat, and good and fat at that. And some of the stupidest are little scrawny. half-starved creatures, who look as if they'd break in two if you gave them a good hug and an old-fashioned kiss. how she looks ought to go to a sani- the little children are grown up and all tarium," so you think, eh, dear Miss

Well, then, most of the women who amount to a row of plns in this world ought to be shut up in dark cells, padded at that, and never let out again.

"Care all the time how she looks?" Do you know what that would mean to most women, dear lady? Do you realize that the average woman has about as much time to devote to manicuring her nails as the average dock laborer?

Manicurist, hair dresser, complexion specialist: why, you might as well say gold dust from Mars to the average everyday woman-not the women crowding to your funny little meetings, but the women who count, the women whose work amounts to something, the women who help the world along every day, all day, and sometimes half the night, too.

What time has a woman with six or seven children to give to her complexion? If she gets the time to take a good bath every day that is about as much as sha can even hope to accomplish, and mostly she's too busy for that.

What hour shall she have her bathbefore brenkfast, and keep father waiting

After breakfast? Who'd get the girl and the boy off to school, luncheon packed, buttons all on, pencils, in their

stroke of 127

After lunch? Little Bobbie is home from kindergarten, his finger is hurt and a hole in her skirt, there's a rent in the half rug, those curtains need rehanging. Who's that at the phone? There's the door bell, ladies canvassing for the church supper; yes she will give one of her fine hocolate cakes and a cranberry pie, too-What, 5 o'clock, and the mending not even looked at? John will be home in

Hurry, hurry; there, dinner's ready to Of course those corn cakes were a bit of becomes love's old nightmare." trouble, but look at John's face when he catches sight of them. Eight o'clock-just a minute for the

evening paper. Neille must have some help with her arithmetic first, though. Oh, the ribbon is half off the hat and the stockings must be darned. Ten o'clock, they are all in bed asleep, all but mother. She's laying out the little clothes to be put on in the morning, fold-

where it fell, opening a window here, shutting a door there. What, goings to bed without a complexion treatment! No beauty rub tonight! Look at those hands of yourswho would want to kiss them; and that hair, you ought to get it brushed at least

160 strokes a day. your face and combed your hair this week?

morning. And you are not a sign dweller, either, woman. Well-to-do they call you down

away from your door. Thirty-five and you look it. What an account.

you know that it is a woman's first duty Children, husband, work, duty? Pouf!

whichle them down the wind; what you? want is a complexion even if you have to get it in a box. What you want is shiny hair and a figure; that's the way to keep your husband. You are away sehind the times, really, you're hopeless,

And yet, do you know, little woman that I believe you are more than baif right? I don't believe your husband John is such a fool as these beauty cranks would try to make us all believs. I beleve John cares something for such women as you without the complexion and the shining hair. He certainly has spells of acting as if he did.

Aid as for the rest of us, do you know that the whole American nation is held together by just such women as you, the plain, unassuming, hard-working little mothers in the little homes all over this great soft-hearted, hard-headed country of ours?

I do hope Miss Page and her followers will not hear about you and have you all "A woman who doesn't care all the time sent to asylume-just yet. Not till all the hungry hard-working men are fed, and all the lonely hearts are comforted. I'm afraid we should miss you, just a

By HEATRICE PAIRFAX. A young man, one who is unmarried,

picks up a newspaper. He turns first to the sports. Perhaps he reads the telegraphic news; he undoubtedly does if something sonsational has occurred. If he is a thinker he reads the editor-

iais. He looks at the comic pictures and then throws the paper away.

A young woman, one who is not married, picks up a paper. Perhaps she reads the sporting news; she usually reads the telegraphic news; she always looks over the society page, and sometimes glances up and down the obituary column. Occasionally, she reads the editorials. But, young man and young woman

alike, there is one part of the paper that is always overlooked. It is the part that refers to the enward jump of high prices. If potatoes have gone up; if butter has advanced; if flour has made another case, books in the strap, hair combed and stride; if it costs more to live today than it cost yesterday, and there are threats Before noon? Who'd make the beds, air that it will cost more temorrow; the young the rooms, sweep the dining room, order man and young woman, if unmarried. the food for the day, luncheon on the think that is a matter for mother and father to worry over.

They are sorry, of course. Or, rather, they would be sorry if they had read such he has to be petted a while, Jane has torn dire reports. But they don't read them. Letters like the following, of which scores are received every day, prove it. A young man signing himself John.

writes: "I am 22 years of age and I am keeping company with a young lady two years my junior. Now, we would like very much to get married. I am earning \$10 half an hour or so, and he does hate to a week and I would like to get your opincome in and not see the table set for ion as to whether or not we could get

along happily together on said sum." "When poverty abideth in the house," the minute: just what John likes, too. runs a new maxim, "love's young dreams John, no doubt, knows the season's

base ball score. Does he know the score butter and eggs have made. He knows who are winners of the prize

fights. I contend he doesn't know that flour and meats and potatoes have romanced down, and that it will not rise to the count.

A man and wife can live on \$10 a week and be happy, but not in a large city. ing the ribbon careless Mary dropped If they live in a little country town. where there is room for a vegetable garden, and carfare doesn't enter into the account, and the wife is an economical housewife, \$10 a week leaves a margin for a rainy day.

But does John smoke? Is his wife a sods and ice cream victim? Are they addicted to the moving picture habit? Well, well, you poor foolish good-for- Do they crave all the little luxuries and nothing half-wit, you'll have to go to a amusements of the day, inexpensive, persanitarium tomorrow, you haven't even haps, taken singly, but amounting to the thought of your books since you washed price of a good steak in the course of a

Will she do the family laundry? Will she make her own clothes? Will his love by a long ways, or even a very poor survive the sacrifice of good dressing? Why not make this a test? Let John in the little village you came from . Just and the girl he loves take that \$19 every an average, rather better off than most week and open an account with an American women, and you ought to go imaginary landlord, butcher, baker, grocer to an asylum because you didn't sit in and dry goods merchant. If there is anyfront of a glass half the day making thing left at the and of the week, they faces at yourself and thinking that that cannot be exultant, for there is a bill of would keep the old man with the scythe sundries to be met that sometimes amounts to half they have taken into

outrage, what a sin! Why, your crime | Ask those who have tried it. They know.