

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Is in Search of a Maid

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



The Real and the False Bohemia

By WINFRED BLACK.

There's a man of sense in America. He lives in Kansas City.

The other night he heard that his 17-year-old daughter had gone downtown to a bohemian dinner. The man of sense hopped into his motor car and began looking for that dinner and that daughter.

It took him some little time to find them, but he did. He arrived at the "smart cafe" just as the wine came on the table—the cocktails had already gone.

"Daughter," said the man of sense, "daughter, come home with me."

Daughter stood up, then she sat down. She flushed and bit her foolish little lip. "I'm dining here, father," said the girl, "and I can't break up the party."

"Daughter," said the man of sense, "daughter, come home." The man who took the girl to the bohemian dinner stood up. He did his best to look like the hero in the last society play. "Sir," said the young man, huskily—he really wasn't a bad fellow, but the two cocktails had already gone to his not overly strong head. "Sir, I brought your daughter here. We are having a little bohemian dinner—my friends and I."

"Young man," said the man of sense, "what you and your friends are having does not interest me in the least. I want my daughter to come home and she's coming." And daughter came.

Bohemian dinner! If I had a young daughter at the dinner age and any man, woman or child dared to utter the word bohemian to her, I'd forbid my daughter ever to look at, speak to or think of the person who said that obnoxious word in her presence ever again as long as she lived—or at least as long as she depended on me for board and lodging and clothes.

Bohemian! No real bohemian ever mentions the thing, or even knows what you mean when you mention it—if you are that sort of person.

Bohemian! That's the name and the right name, too, for a lot of cheap little dives with red curtains all over the place, bad cooking, imitation wine and cheap vulgarity that is not imitation at all.

I remember the first "bohemian" place I ever saw. I was 13, wide-eyed and romantic.

Some friends took me to dine over somewhere, with a saloon on both sides of the door, a cheap dance hall opposite and a blonde with black eyes at the cashier's desk.

"A regular grisette," whispered one of my friends, as we passed the blond cashier at her desk in the cage.

"A regular what?" I gasped. "S-sh!" said my friend, "she'll hear you." So I knew that a grisette was something mysterious and not exactly—

The dinner was bad; distinctly bad. This soup, fish that you really couldn't think of, something they called "roast," two leaves of wilted lettuce for salad and a dab of villainous pink stuff they said was ice cream. But, oh, the atmosphere! Oh, the art for art's sake! Oh, the wild, adventurous air of the whole place!

I looked at an elderly person with two pink spots on her cheeks and a mouth so red it really wasn't quite nice to look at.

"Bliss, the famous dancer," said my friend, "dying of consumption. See that young fellow with her? He has devoted his life to her, gave up everything on earth to stay with her till she dies—beautiful story."

The elderly person took a little too

much wine and made eyes at the waiter. Somehow I could not feel quite so romantic when I saw that.

"Bunny Bunstone, the great wit," said my friend again, when a roly-poly man with a pig's face and pair of twinkling, selfish, cold greedy pig's eyes came by.

"So and so, the violinist." Very seedy the violinist and very sullen he looked, and the woman with him looked half scared to death every time he looked at her.

Old, young, pretty, ugly, seedy and flashy—every one of the bohemians, and posing and false and self-conscious, too, every mother's daughter and every mother's son of them.

They talked too loud, they laughed too loud, they looked at the waiters for approval, they ogled each other too obviously when they began dinner, and before they were through—dear me! I wished so hard that I was at home.

Bohemian! Drunk and disorderly, that's what they were in plain police court language, and I'd rather see any girl of mine a prim Puritan to the day of her death than to have her accustomed to seeing that sort of thing and taking at it as a matter of course.

What right has a man to take a girl to a place like that and tell her who she is and what she is, and who it is that sits guzzling at the disreputable table with her disreputable friends.

What right has a middle aged woman to chaperone a decent girl to any such place?

Bohemian! The real bohemian—ah, that's a different thing. You don't have to drink more than is good for you to live there. You don't have to eat messy food and tell risky stories. You don't have to pretend to admire elderly berouged persons because they once ran away with somebody's husband, or completely ruined somebody's son.

You just have to be natural, and real, and honest and perhaps a little clever. You may dress in gingham or in silk, or walk in purple and rustle in lace; no one will care and many will not even know. It is you they will like, not some posing, self-scheming creature that pretends. But you—just you as your mother bore you—and if you are kind and generous and simple as well as wise and clever, or even just kind and simple and nothing more, they will love you—in the real bohemian, even if you like things to be clean and prefer ham and eggs to "rotis" and wilted salad.

So you took her home, did you father—home to mother, home to little brother?

Bohemian! For her, or the little girl whose first tooth you have somewhere set in some absurd ring or other?

And she cried all the way home, did she, and tried to be dignified and insignificant? Her soft cheek was flushed with the cocktail she drank before you arrived, and she kept saying that she would never step out of the house again as long as she lived. You had humiliated and shamed her so.

Well, well, it was a bad half hour, but it is past now, all past, and some day the little girl will tell her daughter how you came and made her go home with you.

It may be bohemian to have the curtains yellow instead of red, and the cocktails will doubtless have a new name, but they have the same old-fashioned effect, just the same, and if you are a wise mother you will keep daughter away from bohemian and keep her far away at that.

Stop any one out of a dozen poor things who slip by in the dark these chill evenings—painted, bedeviled, ogling, poor things, and if she tells you the truth, you'll hear something about the first bohemian dinner that will make you glad daughter has someone to protect her from them and all their like and kind.

Here's to you, Mr. Kansas City man. Some day little daughter will thank you for taking her home in time.

Daffydils

A GOOD MAIDEN SPEECH—"ASK PA"

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED TA-RA-RA-RA

BONES—MISTAH GLENN, AIN'T IT BEEN SAID THAT A DIVER CANT GO DOWN OVER 150 FEET IN THE WATER?

INTERLOCUTOR—YEG BONES, 150 FEET IS ABOUT THE LIMIT, WHY? BONES—WELL IT AINT SO, MISTAH JEFFERSON, OUR BASS GINGER HEAR, HAS OFTEN GONE DOWN MUCH DEEPER.

INTERLOCUTOR—IMPOSSIBLE EXPLAIN YOURSELF BONES—AIN'T A FATHOM & FEET?

INTERLOCUTOR—YEG BONES—WELL SUN, MISTAH JEFFERSON HAS SUNG IN A HUNDRED FATHOMS DEEP"

THE GREAT RURAL DRAMA, "WHEN THE AUTO LEAKS WERE FALLING," WAS GOIN' ON AT THE OP'RY HOUSE, GATGUT CORNER. ALMOSE STANKATER, LEADING MAN, CAME ON WITH HIS LITTLE SPEECH IN THE SECOND ACT WHERE HE SAYS, "HE WHO STEALS MY PURSE STEALS TRASH BUT HE WHO STEALS MY GOOD NAME GETS THE ADVANTAGE OF TWO WEEKS BILLBOARD ADVERTISING. THE PROP MAN THEN YELLED IN, "WOULD YOU SAY THAT CINDERELLA HAD A PERFECT (PERFECT TOE)!"

WELL, I'M OFF TO THE HORSE SHOW.

WHAT BRINGS YOU OUT HERE DOWN THIS ROAD?

I CAUGHT COLT IN THE REIN, AN' I'M A LITTLE WORSE SE IN OUT FOR THE AIR.

NOW TROT ALONG, OR I'LL WHIP YOU, KID!

DON'T YOU KNOW ME YET, GOOK?

WEIGH WHO ARE YOU, LITTLE HIGH-MART?

I'M THE BOO THAT PUTS THE NEMIN IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

HOLD SHE BELIEVES IN THE CAUSE. LEAVE THAT WOMAN BE!

PEPE

Sympathy

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Is the way hard and thorny, oh, my brother? Do tempests beat, and adverse wild winds blow? And are you spent and broken at each nightfall? Yet with each morn you rise and onward go? Brother, I know, I know! I, too, have journeyed so.

Is your heart mad with longing, oh, my sister? Are all great passions in your breast aglow? Does the white wonder of your own soul blind you? And are you torn with rapture and with woe? Sister, I know, I know! I, too, have suffered so.

Is the road filled with snare and quicksand, pilgrim? Do pitfalls lie where roses seem to grow? And have you sometimes stumbled in the darkness, And are you bruised and scarred by many a blow? Pilgrim, I know, I know! I, too, have stumbled so.

Do you send out rebellious cry and question, As mocking hours pass silently and slow. Does your insistent "wherefore" bring no answer, While stars wax pale with watching, and droop low? I, too, have questioned so. But now I know, I know! To toll, to strive, to err, to cry, to grow. To love through all—this is the way to know. (Copyright, 1912, by American Journal-Examiner.)

New Chivalry Recognizes Woman as Equal of Man



By ADA PATTERSON.

There is a new chivalry. Miss Modeste Hannis Jordan, cousin of the former United States minister to Spain, has discovered it, and she knows much of chivalry, as she comes from that part of our country in which it flowers most abundantly and longest.

She is one of the self-voiced, soft-headed women from the south who have conquered difficulties and claim the self-centered bogies of fear and weakness in the business world. From a Florida town where men still wear wide-brimmed hats and omit nothing from their sweeping compliments save the final "y," to an office in one of the highest buildings in New York, where no man ever takes off his hat in the elevator lest he contract pneumonia before he reaches the ground floor, is the distance Miss Jordan has traversed, and this is what she has seen by the way.

"Chivalry isn't dead, but a new kind has been born," said the busy executive of four branches of business, looking up from her neatly crowded desk. "I like the new kind because it doesn't continually remind me that I am a woman. It recognizes in you and me and other workers that we are minds and characters in action. It listens to our opinions and looks level-eyes, into our eyes, without coquetry."

"You except the street corner masher?" I asked.

"Don't think of him. He is a freak and not worth a thought. There are so few of him compared with the mass of the men in the United States—native Americans with the new chivalry planted deep in their hearts."

subway, it is not because the instinct of chivalry is dead, but because it has not been trained along the right lines—lines that belong to the present time. His mother, his sister and his women friends must teach him this, if his school teachers haven't.

"They should have taught him and should teach him every day, that women claim no special consideration in any but one direction. Nature has given her a body traller than his.

"She is not made for going to war, nor for breasting wind and weather, nor for battling with throngs as in the subway. Therefore, he should protect her, and he does, if he is worthy of the new chivalry."

Radiant Frances.

Looking the woman is the basis of all successful detective work. Nearly every girl is left-handed for a

while after her engagement is announced, chivalry is dead, but because it has not been trained along the right lines—lines that belong to the present time. His mother, his sister and his women friends must teach him this, if his school teachers haven't.

"Every man with a baby in the house ever inquires if any inventor is working on the problem of perpetual motion.

"Every man wants a slow pace enforced upon the motorcar until he owns one.

"A pretty girl never has occasion to wear a veil.

"Some women have children, and others only theories as to how children should be reared.

"There is a quarrel in nearly every family, and generally it is about money.

"A boy often gets the worst of it. In a good many instances he affords his father the only opportunity the latter ever has to show his authority.

"What makes a girl so independent is how safe it is for her to be bow-legged instead of stoop-shouldered.

A WOMAN'S GOOD LOOKS

Depend on her general health and freedom from pain. Many a woman looks old before her time because of those irregularities which are essentially feminine. Starting from early womanhood, she suffers from frequently recurring derangements that upset her womanly health. If she be beautiful she grows into that mellow age without wrinkles and crow's feet about the eyes or the blue circles underneath. It is invariably the rule that such women suffer little, or not at all, from womanly derangements which sap the health and leave in the face the tell-tale story of pain and suffering. Dr. R. V. Pierce, the famous specialist in the diseases of women, found a prescription in his early practice that soothed the organism peculiar to womanhood—called the machinery, as it were, of the human system—and helped the woman to pass those painful periods that scar-lined and aged her face. This remedy became the well-known Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, that has benefited thousands of women and saved them from misery and suffering at different periods in life.

Miss Marysville H. Patterson, of his District Street, Newark, Ont., writes: "I am now a well woman after suffering for three years and declining with several different doctors, each saying it was something different, and the last one, by putting me through a thorough examination, said I was suffering from a growth which, in time, would result in cancer, and said I would not live more than two years if not operated upon right away. I became hysterical and discouraged, but would not consent to the operation as I was too weak and too much afraid, but at last, through the advice of a friend, I tried Dr. Pierce's medicine, and after using two bottles of the Favorite Prescription I immediately felt a change. I also used two boxes of Healing Suppositories and eight boxes of Lotion Tablets, and can safely praise the name of Dr. Pierce's medicine to all who suffer from any female disease. It is these medicines as all they are claimed to be, and I know well have others who have helped me."

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