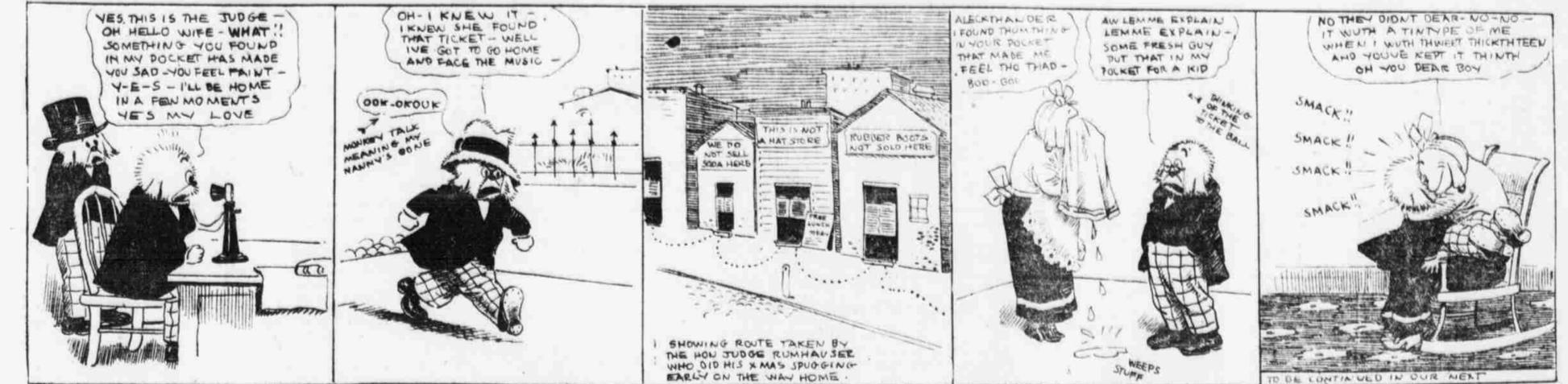


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

## The Judge Was All Mixed Up on His Dope

## Drawn for The Bee by Tad



### Breaking the Shackles

By WINIFRED BLACK.

They are out—the women of the eastern countries? "Turkish women of high rank are taking advantage of unsettled conditions there to escape from the harems. They are travelling, some of them to Macedonia, some to the Balkans, and some to Paris. They carry with them little money, but many gorgeous jewels, and they are dressed in fine silks and laces."

"Little money, but gorgeous jewels, and dressed in fine silks and laces. Can't you see them, the little-footed, silver-tipped women of the harems, ablaze with jewels, aristocratic in dress, penniless hungry perhaps, more than a little frightened, friendless, homeless, strangers in a strange land—but free—at last free?"

Free from the silken chain that tied them to the latticed windows; free from the glistening fetters of gold and of silver; free from the "sheltered" life they were supposed to love.

Free under the blue skies, free out in the clear winds, free from the everlasting bondage of a superstitious idea, free at last, the women of Turkey.

If this war is worth nothing else it is worth that, and what does not that mean to the nation of the Turks?

What kind of a son can a woman bear to a man, no matter how noble, how brave, how clever he is, if she be not a slave?

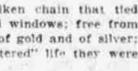
What sort of destiny is there for any country where the mothers are watched day and night because they cannot be killed alone?

Once I walked the narrow ways of an oriental city and saw there in the cages of gilt little rustling, whistling painted things they called women.

One I remember was a flame of yellow and scarlet, and the embroidery of her robes was gorgeous to see, and her jewels clinked as she stirred, jade and emerald and ruby, and from her low brow hung great strings of milk white pearls.

Her little fingers were dyed deep with henna, and her narrow eyes were stained to look dark and glowing. She wore upon her slender ankles bracelets of carved gold—curiously jewelled—and in the midnight of her satin hair hung gleaming stars of diamonds and rubies.

She came to the door of her little slatted cage, hung like the cage of a canary on the wall of a long alley, and she cried to and sang a funny high-pitched singing ditty, and she danced a little and stilled warily under the paint. A little human parrot preening her kays feathers in the glare of the night lamps in the strange old street of sorrow and shame.



All at once she caught sight of something in the face of one who looked at her. That one was a woman quietly dressed, of middle age, her face lined and of sacrifice. And on the woman's breast swung a little cross of silver, and the strange creature in the cage looked at the silver cross and stretched out her hands for it. And the middle-aged woman, from some little town in Massachusetts, unfastened the little silver cross and handed it up to the cage and the little human parrot kissed it and hung it around her neck where it would fall inside next to her heart, and she handed the woman in the street below a bracelet and smiled, and her eyes were of a sudden full of tears.

And after that we walked no further in the street of sorrow and of shame, for the face of the dancing parrot haunted us and we wanted to go to the hotel and think it over.

Why did she want the silver cross, the woman who lived in the cage? What would she do with it? Did she think it an amulet, or did she read in the eyes of the elderly woman a deep pity and love for all who are enslaved and cannot escape whether their cages be of gold or of iron? What did she do with the cross when we had gone? How did she think of us who stood there and looked at her with such alien and for the most part unfriendly eyes?

Who shall say? But so it happened, the woman in the cage and the woman in the street. One young, pretty, loaded with gorgeous jewels; the other plain, middle-aged, her kind eyes full of sorrow and of the memory of sorrow, but free, free to walk the earth, free to eat, to sleep, to starve, to die alone, but free.

Does she live now, the little strutting parrot? Is she faded and gray, and must she be a bond slave and gray, and obey such as she once was? Has she still the little cross of silver that she begged from the woman who stood in the street below her that night of silver and of velvet under the oriental stars?

I wonder, I always wonder.

They are out now, the women of the harems; they are running away from their cages, away from the perfumed darkness of the zenanas, away from the splashing of idle fountains in flowery court yards, away from the little gray apes they keep for company, away from the strutting birds they train for amusement, away from the lattices, away from the dark and the secrecy and the stench of the slavery of the harem.

Now may the air of freedom blow light upon you, sisters, and may you learn to look the world honestly in the face—at last!

Sell your jewels, put away your soft silks, lift up your beautiful eyes. No, there is no shame in being a woman, we are proud of our mothers here, proud of our own great destiny, too far may we not teach our children how to bear freedom nobly and as a gift of God?

Free—free at last—oh, bond slaves of ancient tradition, the sound of the breaking of the locks that held you prisoners shall echo around the world.

### The Manicure Lady

"At last I have found out something that Wilfred can do," said the Manicure Lady. "There was a long time that my brother failed in everything he attempted, especially when he tried to write those verse things. Brother Wilfred is good at one thing, though, and I saw him prove it yesterday. He can count rabbits."

"I don't know if shooting rabbits is one of them mainly arts that I have read about, but if it is a mainly art Wilfred is sure full of manhood because we war town on Long Island yesterday and the other took his shotgun along. Father wanted the right to use the gun part of the time on account of the fact that he had bought it and paid for it, but Wilfred kept insisting the old gent that it could be foolish for him to shoot at anything on account of him being near-sighted."

"When we got down to the place where father and mother and Mayme and Wilfred and me was going to visit for the day, my brother digs up some kind of a log that he called a beagle. Did you ever see a beagle, George?"

"You mean a eagle," corrected the Head Barber. "Beagles ain't dogs. They be."

"Nobody said they didn't," said the Manicure Lady. "But you are wrong. I don't mean a eagle—I mean just what I said, a beagle. A beagle is a long, low, built dog that likes to run around in the woods hunting for rabbits. It reminds you of one of them Dutch dachshunds, only it has more whiskers. Gee, George, it would have did your sluggish heart good to see that little dog running the rabbits. Wilfred asked me to go along

and told me that when the hunt was over his sister would be proud of him for once in his life. And so I was, George, the way it turned out."

"Wilfred showed me a piece where there was an old log, and after he had scraped off the snow and put a old newspaper on the log for me to sit on, he started the dog off through the woods. He explained to me that it would be foolish for him to follow the dog. He said that the dog would remember where he was sitting, and would chase any rabbit he found right up to the place where he was."

"Sure enough, after we had sat there about two hours, that beagle started to bark, way off in the distance. We could hear his bark coming nearer and nearer, and finally Wilfred cocked his gun and stood ready, like one of them minutemen that fought under Napoleon at the battle of Lexington, Ky."

"Then I seen the rabbit. It was a big, white one, and it was all that you could do to see it on account of the snow, but when it got a little ways from Wilfred, it stood up and looked around, and my brave brother gave it the Roosevelt work before it had a chance in the world to get away."

"I don't like to see a man shoot a little wild creature that is defenseless," said the Head Barber.

"That's the joke of it, George," said the Manicure Lady. "This wasn't a wild rabbit at all. It was a tame Belgian hare, and Wilfred had to pay the farmer for shooting it. It's a good thing for Roosevelt that he left Africa before the farmers found out who was doing the shooting around there."

### Daffydils



### Beauty is Woman's Greatest Aid, Declares Miss Sally Fisher

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

"How can you expect me to give advice on health and beauty when I am sick in bed, and have a wretched and perfectly disgusting cold? I consider that utterly heartless," groaned Miss Sallie Fisher, from the depths of her pillows.

She wasn't the Sallie Fisher I expected to see, for she was really and truly ill. The sparkling animation and vivacity which was part of her fascinating personality were subdued by a row of medicine bottles, but nevertheless, even pain and suffering cannot daunt the interviewer in search of information.

"I was a very plain child," said Miss Fisher, with a reminiscent look of pain. "But I have always longed for beauty more than anything else in the world. I think that it is the greatest gift that any woman can have, and it's absolutely gold-dub for a woman to say that she doesn't long for it."

"Beauty is essential to success and happiness in every walk of life."

"That depends, of course, on what you considered beauty," I interrupted.

"Well, of course, we sort all expect to look like Lillian Russell or Maxine Elliott, who to me represent the two opposite types of perfect beauty. But I think if you struggle hard enough for it, some degrees of prettiness can be achieved by the girl who determines on it."

"Here is where I'm to give some advice," Miss Fisher went on. "Never let an ugly child realize its own plainness. Nowadays so much can be done to make people pretty, and it's such a heart-rending sensation to know that one is plain, that every child should be spared it."

"If a child has any one feature that is good she could be saved from utter homeliness, and nowadays beauty is so much a question of mind and will, there is always a chance for the plain girl."

"But, Miss Fisher, how did you effect that transformation in yourself?" I inquired.

Miss Fisher beamed her enchanting smile.

"I just love compliments," she said, "even when I don't believe them."

"But I insisted that the little girl who had made 'Dearie' famous all over the country while she was sweet and attractive, could not say claim to the dazzling beauty of Sallie Fisher who brings the 'Womanizer's' club to their knees every night at the Astor theater."

"If my looks have improved," said Miss Fisher, "it's because I love beauty and desire it so ardently. You can do a great deal to study, you can improve yourself physically by exercise, diet and care, but I think back of it all it is the mind, the beauty loving spirit, the desire to improve in every way, to study, to learn and accomplish something. All this shows in one's face, because the face is just the reflector of the soul, and as you grow to think, and to care for beautiful things, you naturally reflect your constant thoughts."

"That's the secret, not to sink into the sloth of homeliness, or to let other people push her into it, there is always a chance that she will grow into a pretty girl, and if she can't be really pretty she can at least be an interesting one."

As she had gathered interest in her subject, Miss Fisher's naturally brilliant



MISS SALLY FISHER.

color had come back into her cheeks. Her bright eyes glared and despite the medicine bottles, she was her healthy vigorous self again, giving out that sparkling vitality which is called personal magnetism, and of which she has a quite inexhaustible fund.

**Revenge.**

"It's all right, my dear, go ahead and call me down."

"That's right. Hub it into me now. Have the last word if you want to. Hate the last hundred words, if you like, but I'll get even with you."

"Oh, you will, eh?"

"Yes, you bet I will. I'll square this little argument."

"And what, may I ask, are you going to do?"

"I'm going to vote against giving you the halbit; that's what I'm going to do."

And with a triumphant air he marched out of the house—Detroit Free Press.

**Musings of a Cynic.**

Success is merely a matter of profiting by the frequent mistakes.

Some people have no higher ambition than to be numbered among those present.

Many a woman who is made up really looks as though she had been marked down.

Lots of men who make the most noise in the world belong to the exploded theory class.

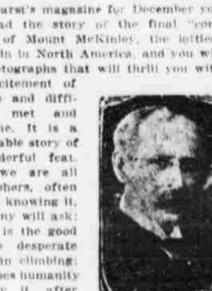
A girl's ideal is naturally shattered when he comes back.

Some people are careful to have everything in its place, and then can't find the place.

Don't give up till the final count. Many a fellow who has failed at everything else has finally married well.—New York Times.

### Climbing Mount McKinley

By GARRETT P. SERVINS.



In Hearst's magazine for December you will read the story of the final "conquest" of Mount McKinley, the loftiest mountain in North America, and you will see photographs that will thrill you with the excitement of dangers and difficulties met and overcome. It is a wonderful feat. But we are all philosophers, often without knowing it, and many will ask: "What is the good of this desperate mountain climbing; what does humanity gain by it, after all?"

From a strictly utilitarian point of view it is difficult to answer such questions. If you are one of those who think that nothing is worth while, unless it can be expressed in dollars and cents, then there is no answer that will satisfy you. The climbing of Mount McKinley was simply the achievement of an ideal, and nobody can appreciate it whose own life is not led on the uplands of idealty, and whose nature does not demand something more than food, drink, clothes and ordinary social amusements.

But to those who do set noble ideals before their minds, and who believe that utilitarianism, in its unusual sense, is good, to man's higher nature, the feat of Prof. Parker and Mr. Browne will appeal with the mysterious force of a great poet—a poem written not in words but in achievement.

These men did not go there merely to measure the height of Mount McKinley. Its height had already been measured, probably more accurately than they were able to do, by means of surveying instruments, placed many miles away in the valleys and on lower peaks. Whether its elevation is 29,000 feet or 29,425 feet is a matter of small moment compared with the fact that men in spite of enormous difficulties, have succeeded in reaching its summit. The grit, the determination, endurance and courage which they exhibited form a valuable object lesson in the development of character. Every reader feels himself stronger, bolder, more capable as he follows the narrative of their adventures. It is a tonic for the soul. It makes all difficulties seem less formidable.

The young man who starts out in life without any of the advantages of education, or wealth, or social position, and by sheer grit overcomes every obstacle, never losing confidence in himself, never giving way to discouragement, never whining, never thinking that he is the victim of fate, or bad luck, never paralyzing his energies, or wasting his time by envying the good fortune of others in climbing Mount McKinley, and he will go to the top.

When Frederick, who afterward won the title of "the Great," found himself, like a bull in the ring, surrounded and tormented by insuperable enemies, his army in flight, his capital captured, his palace looted, his friends falling away, every circumstance against him, but his courage and resolution unbroken he was climbing Mount McKinley, and he got to the top.

When Robert Bruce, the Scotch hero, lying on his back, a fugitive from his kingdom—alone, deserted and half starved—saw a spider fix its broken legs a dozen times to the ceiling, never giving up its efforts until at last it made the web fast, he was watching the conquest of Mount McKinley, and he learned the lesson so well that he himself soon stood on the pinnacle.

Every man has his Mount McKinley, if he is good for anything. Those who have none are of little use to themselves or

anybody else. It is only by continuous, unintermittent effort that a man can perfect himself. If you find yourself becoming lazy, indifferent, easily discouraged, disposed to think that fortune has turned her back on you, or if the world loses its interest for you, and you begin to let things slide as they will, wake up. You need a mountain to climb. Don't envy the rich and idle—these know nothing of the joy and strength that comes from the conquest of difficulties. Set an ideal before you, and mount, over the crevasses, the chasms, the snow slopes, the ridges, the precipices, defying the clouds, the winds, the cold, and the fatigue, until you see the world at your feet.

There are many great mountains still to be ascended, both in the physical and the moral world. No man has ever yet reached even the foot of Mount Everest, the highest point of the globe. Explorers have gazed longingly at its glancing summit from the tops of lower peaks a hundred miles away. Some day they will climb it.

So, no man has yet climbed the peak of achievement which carries on its apex the tallman that will unlock the secret of interatomic energy, the all-enveloping power with which nature is crammed, and the control of which would make our greatest engines seem but the toys of children. But some day the foot of man will be pressed upon that summit also.

But don't think that because you have not genius, or great opportunity, there is no climbing for you to do. You can climb a peak worth conquering every day of your life if you will.

### Jonah's Fish Stories

In view of the widespread report that the new Baptist version of the Holy Scriptures modernizes the story of Jonah by eliminating the "whale," an animal with a throat of inadequate dimensions for swallowing an adult human being, and substitutes the less specific and more possible "great fish" as the carrier of the prophet, it seems worth while to remark:

1. There is no mention of a whale in the King James version of the Book of Jonah.

Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights. \* \* \* And the Lord spoke unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land.

2. There is no mention of a whale in the Douay version of the Book of Jonah.

And the Lord prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah, and Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights. \* \* \* And the Lord spoke unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land.

3. The single mention of a whale as the precursor of Jonah occurs in the gospel according to St. Matthew, translated not from the Hebrew, but from the Greek.

For as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, \* \* \*

This is from the King James version. The revised version and the Douay version likewise mention the whale. Such is the only basis, together with such repetitions as the pictorial version in the New England Primer, for the popular idea of Jonah's adventure. In making Matthew correspond with the account of the Book of Jonah the Baptist revisers have not done a very audacious thing.—New York Sun.

### WOMEN TAKE NOTICE!

A man cannot understand the torture and suffering many women endure uncomplainingly. If the majority of men suffered as much pain and endured with patience the weakening sicknesses that most women do, they would ask for immediate sympathy and look for a quick cure.

Many women have been saved from a life of misery and suffering by turning to the right remedy—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—a remedy which is safe to take because containing no narcotics, alcohol or injurious ingredients. It is an alterative extract of roots, made with pure glycerin, and first given to the public by that famous specialist in the diseases of women—Dr. R. V. Pierce, of the "Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y."

Mrs. LIZZIE M. HERRING, of Lincoln, Neb., 320 "C" St., says: "I send a testimonial with much pleasure so that some suffering woman may know the true worth of your remedies. I was a great sufferer from female troubles, but after taking one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which a friend advised me to take, I found myself very much improved. After taking three more bottles, and using two boxes of Dr. Pierce's Lotion Tablets, I found myself on the road to recovery. I was in poor health for five years but now I am cured."

I hope all women suffering from female weakness will give Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a fair trial.

Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pills regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules.



Mrs. HERRING.