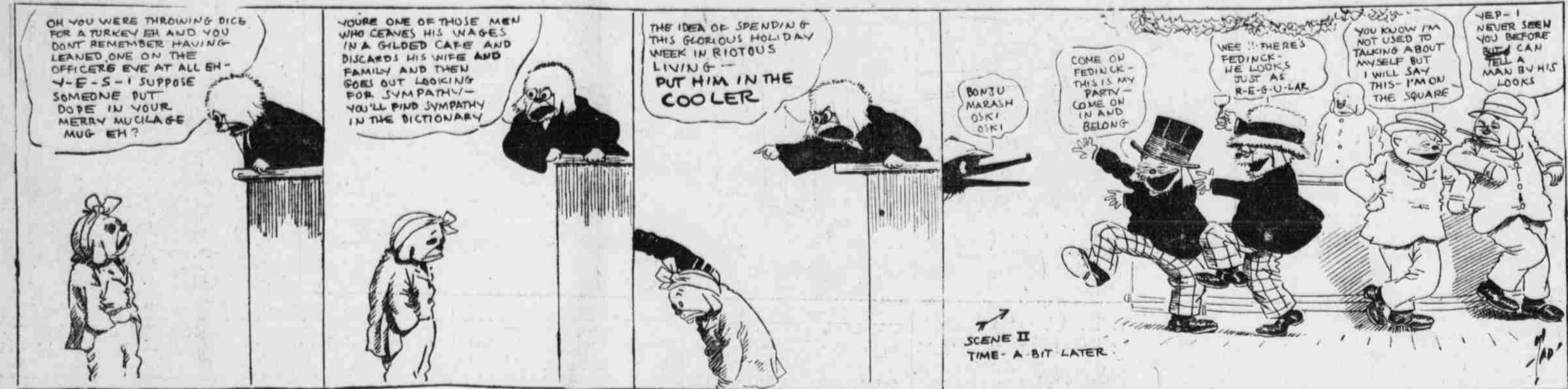


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

His Honor Hands a Roustabout a Lecture

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Made a Thief by Bad Company

By WINIFRED BLACK.

She sat before me the other day—the wife of the thief. She had come to ask mercy for her husband, who had been caught stealing.

She was young and she was pretty, and her black eyes shone from under a hat of late design, and she wore a coat of fine cloth, and her shoes on her small feet were good, and the gloves on her little hands were not cheap.

"You see," said the wife of the thief, "it's this way: I was away, and he got lonesome and wanted me to come home, and he was out of work, and he got into bad company, and he is not strong-minded, and they made him think it was all right. And that's how he got into trouble—bad company—that's the whole thing. I hope you won't prosecute him."

"What was your husband's business?" said I to the wife of the thief.

"Bookkeeper."

"What does he get a month?"

"Fifty dollars," said the thief's wife. "You make your own clothes?"

"The thief's wife swept her modish dress with the tail of her dark eye and laughed a little, like a mischievous child.

"Who, me?" she said. "I can't sew. You do your own washing, then?"

The thief's wife looked down at her little white, useless hands. She looked as if she didn't know whether to laugh or frown. She chose to laugh.

"Why, no," she said. "I never did that kind of work."

"How do you get on with the cooking?" You do that, of course."

The thief's wife smiled this time, and what a dimple she had, to be sure.

"That ain't so hard," she said. "There's a delicatessen store and I get everything or almost everything from there. I don't know how to cook."

Fifty dollars a month the thief made, and his wife does not cook, can't sew, and would not wash for anything, and she says he is in trouble because he got into bad company. I didn't say a word to the thief's wife about the company.

I went to see the thief. He was locked up—as a thief should be. He sat on the edge of his cot and he looked as he had been crying, and he told me about the trouble.

"I lost my job," said the thief, "and

my wife went home on a visit. I had to give up the flat and I couldn't pay my room rent, and I owed the laundry people, and the delicatessen man was after me, and I went into this flat you've heard about and took what I could see."

"How did you lose your job?"

"I don't know," said the thief. "They just let me out, that's all."

"Do you know who took your place?"

"Yes. A fellow that lives in the same house where our flat was."

The new bookkeeper's wife wasn't at all like the thief's wife. I went to see her and found out. She lent as good looking as the thief's wife, but she is sweet faced and rosy and her eyes are bright and true and loving, her hair is pretty and her neat little house dress was well made and hung right.

"She made it herself, she told me; makes all her own clothes, oh, yes. Indeed, she could not afford to hire them made."

Her hats, too, she trims, and the laundry—well, the collars, she sends them, but the rest she does herself.

The delicatessen shop, is there one near by? She didn't know. She does all her own cooking. It is cheaper so, and better, and her husband does not like ready cooked things.

Picture shows? Oh, yes, once in a while, but they are paying for the home things now, and there's a lot they want to get—so much down and so much a month—so they don't go very often.

I went to see the man who pays the bookkeeper's salary.

"Yes, we let him out," said he. "No, nothing definite against him, you might say, but he and his wife were picture show friends, went every night, and once I saw them there and the wife was dressed better than my wife. I can't see where he got the money for that hat. He handled money for me sometimes and I didn't think it was fair to put him under such a strain, so I got a different sort of man."

"A different sort of man?"

"Well, no, not exactly. I mean a man with a different sort of wife. It amounts to the same thing. Don't you think so?"

Bad company, that's what got the poor, weak-chinned thief into trouble. There's no doubt about that. The worst kind of company, a silly, vain, selfish, lazy, wasteful wife. A foolish girl, who marries a poor man and then will not wash, will not iron, will not cook and will not sew. Bad company, indeed! Poor, silly thief! Bad company, indeed!

He is out of jail now, is the thief. We asked the judge to be lenient with him, as it is a first offense.

Mrs. Daskam Bacon, in a recent magazine story, takes her overworked heroine, a member of all kinds of committees and a social welfare worker, and plunges her down in the middle of a nice and very distant cave somewhere in Kentucky. H. G. Wells, in his last novel, cuts the problems which have entangled his energetic and up-to-date heroine, by yanking her off to Labrador, where she and her husband once more "find" themselves, and the happiness of early courtship, in the isolated setting of a snow-covered hut, and an Arctic winter.

The women in literature always foreshadow the popular feminine trend of mind, so we can expect a vogue of cave ladies, and probably enterprising real estate men will be offering distant and isolated caves at low prices for women suffering from too many nerves, too much club life, and the ensuing domestic complications.

Just at present the idea of being a cave woman makes no appeal, in New York's most progressive circles, because of the chilly temperature.

"A cave woman, indeed," laughed a somewhat neuroathetic member of a woman's club, who announces on all occasions that she is expecting to break down from overwork.

"No cave for me. My husband just gave me a new moleskin coat and hat, with the loveliest algerette in self tone, you know. Oh, my dear, my nerves are just frazzled with all this committee work."

The lady in question was working hard at a charitable bazaar, into which she had put enough time and energy to run an average family for a year.

Miss Nancy Sayres was at the same bazaar and questioned more seriously. That is because Miss Sayres is herself a writer, and, while she doesn't live in a cave, she spends most of the year in the country, living the nearly simple life, with the help of automobiles electric lights, motorboats, and all those really necessary adjuncts to country comfort.

"We can no more go back to being primitive cave women except as a casual experiment than we can pretend to deny the existence of electricity," said Miss Sayres emphatically, "and it is unfair to speak disparagingly of women's clubs and of clubwomen. I admit that the average clubwoman, of what I call 'dressy social' clubs, is given to muddled

Daffydils

EVERY STORY HAS TWO SIDES - EXCEPT IN THE FLATIRON BUILDING.

IT WAS AT THE CIRCUS. THE CLOWNS HAD FINISHED THEIR LITTLE SPIEL, AND AMID GREAT APPLAUSE, THE TALKING HORSE TROTTED INTO THE ARENA. HE BOWED THREE TIMES, AND GRABBING A HUNK OF SULPHUR, HE WROTE IN WORDS OF FIRE:

"IF A CHINAMAN TAKES HIS QUEUE, AND BEATS IT, WILL A BILLIARD BAWL?"

"SLICK" SAM, THE PRESS-AGENT WAS IN HIS OSSIF DOPING OUT A PRESS STUNT. HE HAD JUST DOPED OUT HOW TO PUT ONE OVER ON THE EDITOR OF THE "MORNING AFTER," WHEN, SUDDENLY, THE EDITOR IN QUESTION BROKE INTO THE OSSIF AND SNARLED—"LOOKA HERE, SAM, YOU'VE PUT SOME RUMMY STUNTS OVER ON ME. NOW TELL ME, WHERE WAS COLLEEN BAWN?"

KOSHA FAR-SULYISS, WILL ANY! IF YOU HAD A LITTLE MORE SENSE, YOU MIGHT AT LEAST BE HALF-WITTED!

NOV ALL MY JEWELS ARE IN THE HOCK, BECAUSE I DEALT IN WALL ST., STOCK.

OF ALL MY DOUGH I'M NOW BEREFT, I HAVEN'T GOT A JITNEY LEFT.

THE BROKER BUSINESS IS NO JOKE, FOR THAT WAS MINE AN' NOW I'M DROKE.

LO! WHO ARE YUH?

I'M THE BOOB THAT BROKE THE BROKER.

Miss Sayres Defends Her Clubs

"Cave Woman" Idea Impossible, She Declares

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

The trouble with the modern woman has been diagnosed as too much leisure, which she fills very effectually with club and philanthropic work to the ruin of her health and domestic happiness as well. According to several prominent writers the remedy is to be found in an abrupt return to primitive life, to the life of the cave woman, filled with ordinary simple duties of preparing food for her family, tidying up the cave when absolutely necessary, and for the rest, getting acquainted with her children and inviting her soul to loaf.

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MISS NANCY SAYRES.

thinking, if she thinks at all and her brain flutters lightly from bough to bough, pecking at every known subject and never understanding or grasping any of them.

"That kind of clubwoman goes in for culture. She is most superficial and hopeless of her sex."

"A woman like that would be just as bored to death in a cave, she would flutter merrily without ever getting anywhere, whether she happened to be at the North pole or in a hotel tearoom, surrounded by her friends. If her husband took her to a cave he would be the most disappointed of mortals."

"Both in Mrs. Bacon's story and in the

Housekeeping, Behind-Times Industry

Selected by EDWIN MARKHAM.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson in "We and Our Children," utters some rather revolutionary, but still complimentary views about woman and her sphere. From the chapter on "The American Mother" I culled a few paragraphs:

"The increasing participation of women in business affairs is at bottom an attempt to make the street, the mill, the counting house and the store as clean, as healthful and as wholesome environments for boys and girls (and incidentally for women and men as well) as the home now is; and I can hardly conceive of any lover of his kind and friend of helpful progress failing to do otherwise than sympathize with them heartily.

We have, to a disastrous degree, forgotten our obligations to our children in our attempts to build up industries, to create the intelligence and the individuality of nature. The real end and aim of all these triumphs is the child himself, as the emblem of the future of the race. Until even our greatest cities are wholesome, happy places for children to grow up in our civilization will be crippled, abnormal and a failure upon one of its most important sides. And we children of a larger growth need this intelligent, humane consideration, and will profit just as much by it as our little ones would.

"The club-jointing, committee-belonging, movement-promoting mother of today is simply endeavoring to organize and apply the greatest force known to humanity, the one great civilizing power—co-operation—to the problem of extending her care, and the care of humanity, over her children from the first ten or twelve years of their lives in the home to the equally important ten or twelve years when they are beginning to get their real start in and hold upon life.

"If any of the requirements of business, the sacred rights of property, or even of our most precious and antiquated political instructions and traditions are in the way, so much the worse for them. If they conflict with the spirit of the new movement they ought to be wiped out, and many of them should have been on general principles wiped out a generation or more ago.

"The direct result in women of this increasing interest in public affairs is so to stimulate her intelligence and to increase her breadth of view as to make her not less efficient in the care and management of her children and her home, but far more efficient.

"If there be any problem in the world which is in urgent need of the application of a little twentieth century intelligence and point of view to it, it is the one of keeping house. In point of planning, or organization, or labor-saving devices, yes, even of sanitation, it is fifty years behind any other of the great productive industries of the day.

"The best we can do to remedy the situation is to let the women engaged in it get out of it long enough, and far enough, so that they can get a good view of it from the outside, instead of leaving

them swimming round and round and round in it, like goldfish in a bowl, 95 days in a year, all their lives long. This sort of isolated, perpetual drowning in petty details would dull the most brilliant intellect and kill the initiative in anybody.

"There is no better training for intelligent, sanitary, efficient housekeeping and home-making than a short business or other public career before marriage. We are doing everything we possibly can to increase the intelligence and efficiency of the workers in all our other great productive industries—mills, and factories, and shops, and schools—shortening the hours, raising the wages, improving sanitary conditions—and yet we throw up our hands in horror at all proposals to create the intelligence and the individuality of the workers in our greatest most vital and most profoundly important productive industry for fear it will make them less efficient.

"The woman who has broadened her intelligence, increased the horizon of both her knowledge and her sympathy, developed her individuality, her judgment and her self-respect, by that most wholesome and profitable form of all educations, earning her own living and making a success of it—this woman is as much superior to the old-fashioned rule-of-thumb, wash-day, baking-day, way-grandmother-used-to-do-it type of housekeeper as a steam engine is to the stage coach.

"This is not a mere glittering generality based upon a priori reasoning. Ask any doctor of twenty years' experience in an American-born community or class, and he will tell you without hesitation, nine times out of ten, that the best mothers, the best-kept and most healthy homes and the best trained and fed and cared-for children are in families where the mother has either earned her own living as a teacher, a clerk, a shop girl or intelligent factory operator, or has had either the means or the determination to specially develop her intelligence and her individuality by, say, a college course, or some form of private study or interest or active work in philanthropic and the more intelligent social movements.

"Time and time again I have heard the expression from my colleagues: 'Now that's a family it's a real pleasure to practice medicine in; the mother is almost as good as a trained nurse, and better than a good many, because she knows how to use her brains in an emergency, instead of being carried off her feet by her emotions, or stamped by her feelings.'

"There is no better mother anywhere on earth, in my private opinion, formed from a very extensive experience on both sides of the Atlantic, none within 20 per cent as good as the intelligent, self-respecting, independent American mother of today."

Family Doctor's Song

Dr. Charles L. Dana, at the anniversary meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine, pronounced what may be figuratively termed a funeral oration on the general practitioner, of whom he spoke as follows:

"There has been much said about the disappearance of the old-fashioned family physician and general practitioner. He was a splendid figure and a useful person in his way, but he was badly trained. He was often ignorant. He made many mistakes, for one cannot by force of character and gentility of person make a diagnosis of appendicitis or recognize a tumor of the brain. I think the old family doctor is going, and it is a good riddance."

Considering the time, place and circumstances, this may be regarded as an official "hail and farewell" by the specialists to the mere doctor. But is it so sure that a public which has long not its trust in the family physician will accept his summary dismissal? Stranger things have happened in the development of medical science than that the methods of today should be discarded tomorrow, and it is by no means certain that a coming generation of patients will rely more on specialists than on doctors trained in the general principles of medical practice.

The limitations of the "old family physician" are admitted. But he knew the family history, and that knowledge may be thought to have compensated for lack of familiarity with the newest drug from a German laboratory or the latest deft process in the use of the knife. The fact his patients had in him was a curative agency of no mean value. That fails may have been partially lost, but it is premature to pronounce his obituary. For the general physician who keeps abreast of medical progress there is still a well defined field of usefulness equally with the specialist.—Austin (Tex.) Statesman.

The Ionian Isles

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

By the Treaty of Paris, signed ninety-seven years ago, December 5, 1814—the high contracting powers—Great Britain, Russia, Austria and Prussia—agreed to place the "United States of Ionian Islands" under the exclusive protection of Great Britain.

This agreement was made not because it was demanded by Russia, Prussia and Austria, but because it was demanded by Great Britain—and because behind Great Britain's demand stood her formidable navy, argument that was not to be ignored.

The Ionian Isles, on the west coast of Greece, consisting of the seven islands of Corfu, Zante, Santa Maura, Ithaca, Cephalonia and Paxos, may be said to have formed the nucleus, out of which has come the modern Greek nationality. It was in these "Isles of Greece" that the spirit of revolt against Turkey had its birth, and, thanks to England, it was there that the noble enthusiasm grew to the steady proportions of later years.

Great Britain, through the means of its protectorate, kept the hands of Turks and other nationalities off the islands and safeguarded them against all would-be despoilers until the year 1864, when they were handed over to Greece.

On May 30 of that year the lord high commissioner of Great Britain handed over the archives to General Zaimis, the Greek plenipotentiary, and on the following day the commissioner left Corfu, taking along with him the English troops and men-of-war. On June 4 King George made his entry into the capital and the representatives of the Ionian Isles took

their places in the national assembly at Athens.

It will be noticed that among the islands was Corfu—and thereby hangs a tale, the saddest that the world knows anything about.

Corfu is none other than the ancient Corcyra, the little bit of earth that is responsible for the greatest calamity that ever overtook the human race.

Corcyra brought on the Peloponnesian war, which ruined the Athens and practically destroyed its wonderful civilization.

Had it not been for that war the Athenian genius would have continued its development for we know not how long a period, and the gain to humanity would have been inconceivably great. Athens, so far as culture went, was Greece, the home of nearly all the great thinkers, the center of the art, eloquence, science and philosophy, which made it the "enlightener of the world," and when Athens went down all that was not barbaric went down with it.

Because Corcyra appealed to Sparta to help it fight Athens, and because, as a result of the fight Athens was beaten and practically wiped out, the harm was done that could not be recalled. It took the world eighteen centuries to recover, even in part, that which was lost through the Peloponnesian war.

Good Recipe for Fruit Cake.

One pound of flour, two pounds of butter, one pound of sugar, twelve eggs, half pint of brandy, four pounds of raisins, three pounds of currants, four nutmegs, four tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls of cloves, three tablespoonfuls of allspice, two tablespoonfuls of soda, three-quarters pound of citron cut very thin. Beat the flour, butter, sugar and spices well, then add the fruit. This makes two large loaves and will keep for months.