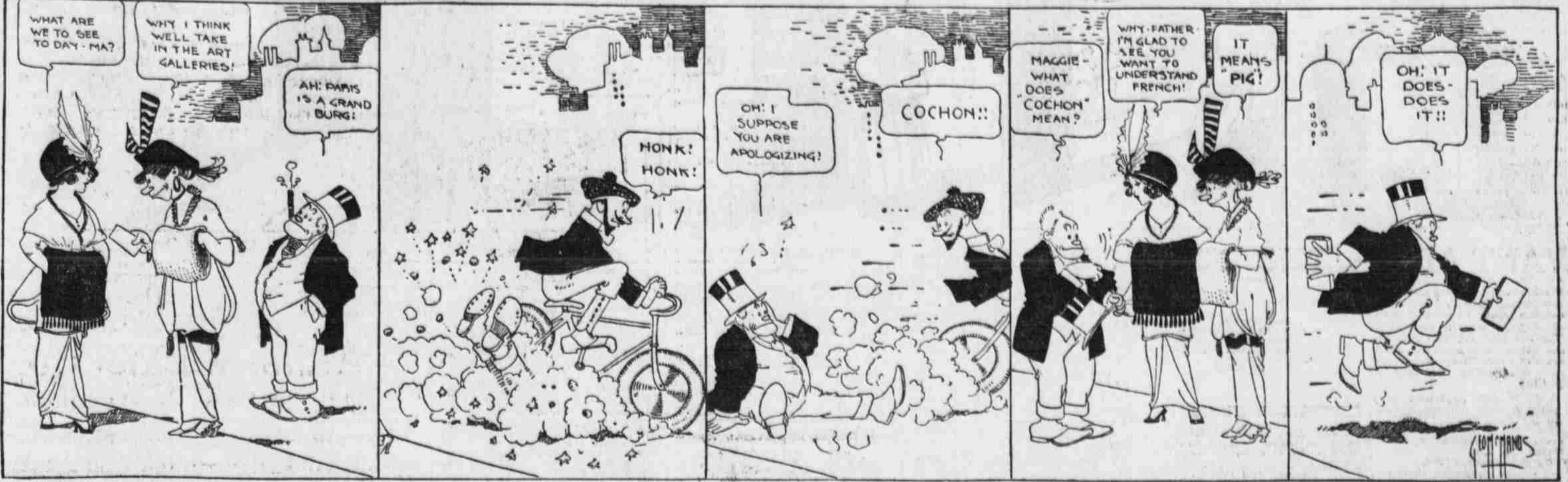


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Bringing Up Father

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



12,318,000 'Phones Used in the World

By GARRETT P. SERVIS.

The the Voltare of the planet Jupiter were made acquainted with the telephone statistics of the planet Earth, he might find therein material for the most biting sarcasm, which would greatly amuse his readers and yet be founded upon a complete misunderstanding.

"Look at that little six-foot world down there," he would say, sneeringly; "it makes up in talk what it lacks in size. Its diminutive inhabitants, not content with the wagging tongues that nature has given them, have invented a speaking machine to increase and spread the deafening babblement in which they delight. There are 1,500,000,000 tongues on their planet, including those of the babies but to these they have added 12,318,000 machines, which enormously multiply the talking power."

"They are not satisfied with the natural reach of their ears, as ordinary asses are, but they must stretch them, electrically around the whole circumference of their insignificant globe, while they cackle and clack and bray to the very heavens!"

"There is one small trapezoid on their spotty globe, which they call the United States of America, that seems to be the storm center of this cyclone of talk. It has 90,000,000 tongues and 8,000,000 talking machines, two-thirds of the entire number possessed by that whole little bubble world! They have a city called Los Angeles, which contains a machine for every four inhabitants. 'City of Angels' do they name it? 'City of Magpies' rather!"

"What are they talking about so much? How does it happen that they cannot rest content with the speaking apparatus that nature, already too liberal to such petty creatures, has bestowed upon them? Are they wearing the gods with advice, or wearing their own weak brains with nonconformist chatter? The next thing we hear perhaps, they will be sending their yawn up to us. These pestiferous little words are enough to make a Jovian tired. We only speak when we have something large to say, and among us only wise men are born with tongues."

Such might be the hasty remarks of the derisive philosopher of the planet Jove upon hearing of the vast extension of the telephone systems of the earth, and the news that we are now beginning to talk through the ether, to send our wandering voices out into space on the tireless wings of electricity, would, doubtless, increase his irritation and accentuate his scorn.

But what a sad error he would commit! How his eyes would be opened if he could but pay us a visit! If he were

Head Stuffed? Got a Cold? Try Pape's

"Pape's Cold Compound" relieves worst cold or the gripe in few hours—No quinine used.

Take "Pape's Cold Compound" every two hours until you have taken three doses. Then all gripe misery goes and your cold will be broken. It promptly opens your clogged-up nostrils and the air passages of the head; stops nasty discharge of nose running; relieves the headache, dullness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness. Don't say stopped-up! Quit blowing and sniffing. Ease your throbbing head—nothing else in the world gives such prompt relief as "Pape's Cold Compound," which costs only 25 cents at any drug store. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, and causes no inconvenience. Accept no substitute.—Advertisement.

Whose Children's Birthday Today?

The Bee's "Little Folks Birthday Book" answers that question every day for your boys and girls.

The Chapeau Chic--Take Your Pic

Posed Especially for This Page by Members of the Hippodrome Beauty Chorus



The debt a woman owes to her hat is considerable. Fortunately, the girls in this picture have the looks that are under no obligation to any style of attire. They comprise the Beauty chorus in "Our Own Land," at the Hippodrome, and their good taste in selecting becoming hats makes their chapeaux deserve honorable mention. Beginning with No. 3, there is pictured the new modified sailor, so becoming to many faces. It is made

of black velvet and is trimmed with an ostrich plume arranged at what some women describe the "flirtatious" angle. No. 4 is of the fashionable Cloche style, and the wreath of ostrich feathers, with a bunch at one side, gives the French effect so much desired. No. 5 is a modified Gainborough, and the pine tree plume with which it is trimmed and which is so much the craze this season originated with no less a personage than the duchess of Marlborough.

No. 2 is especially becoming, as it permits a pretty arrangement of the hair. It is made of dark velvet, the prevailing cloth in this season's styles, and is trimmed with a lighter shade (or white) ostrich plume. Following an order of fashion, that no hat or garment is the latest unless there is a touch of fur, No. 1 is the most modish in the picture. It is made of plush or velvet, and the bow in front is of a contrasting shade of ribbon. The edging of fur gives it the touch that ranks it among the prettiest hats of the season.

Where Do the Women of the World Belong?

In a Happy Home, If They Have One, Says Dorothy Dix, But If Not, They Certainly Belong Among the Workers, Not the Hangers-on—By All Means Send the Women Back Where They Belong.

By DOROTHY DIX.

A man was expressing great satisfaction over the fact that the new Pennsylvania law limiting the hours a week that a woman may be worked has resulted in throwing thousands of women out of employment. His rejoicing was not the result of any sympathy or compassion for the poor industrial slaves that have been forced to toil far beyond their strength. Nor was it inspired by any humanitarian sentiment toward the weakly, neurotic children that these exhausted mothers would bring into the world.

He was one of the men—happy few now—who had the ancient faith that women are a species of animals, created solely for the service and pleasure of man; that they have no rights in the world, not even the right to make an honest living by their own labor, and that it is a sacrilegious thing for them to dare to compete in business with men. Therefore, he was delighted to hear of anything that would cripple their earning power. "It serves them right," he exclaimed jubilantly; "a lot of them have been sent back already where they belong, and a lot more will have to go, too. I wish they would pass a law that would send every woman in the world back where she belongs."

Where do these young women belong? Isn't the place where they belong some place where they can make a good living for themselves and help their parents instead of working their poor old father to death to try to feed and clothe them? In a family where there are healthy, intelligent girls, are they where they belong when they hang like a millstone around a brother's neck, keeping him from marriage and establishing a home of his own, because he has to support them? Or are they where they belong when they devote their energies to work instead of playing golf, and leave their brother free to live his life unburdened by his female relatives? It is often said that the reason that men can't marry nowadays is because of the competition in business with women. The reverse of this is true, for every sister who goes out to earn her own living leaves her brother free to marry some other woman.

Where does a woman belong if her husband is invalid, or if he dies, leaving her with little children and not a dollar to support them on? Doesn't she belong out in the working world where she can earn the money to support those dependent upon her? Surely she is in her appointed place doing whatever work comes to her hand, and the pity for it is that the place is often so hard and its wages so poor. "Send the women back to where they belong." They go there, and wherever there is need and want; wherever there is sickness and suffering; wherever there are infirm old people to be cared for, or helpless little children to be fed and clothed, there is where a woman belongs, and there you will find her. To begrudge a woman the right to earn an honest living for herself and those dependent on her is the quintessence of human meanness. That any man could do it passes comprehension. A billion souls the size of his could exist on the point of a cambric needle and not be in telephoning distance of each other.

among the hangers-on, don't you? Not every man is eminently successful in business. Many men toil honestly and faithfully all their lives, and never succeed in making more than a bare living. Suppose such a man has grown old and feeble, and he has a household of able-bodied daughters. Where do these young women belong? Isn't the place where they belong some place where they can make a good living for themselves and help their parents instead of working their poor old father to death to try to feed and clothe them? In a family where there are healthy, intelligent girls, are they where they belong when they hang like a millstone around a brother's neck, keeping him from marriage and establishing a home of his own, because he has to support them? Or are they where they belong when they devote their energies to work instead of playing golf, and leave their brother free to live his life unburdened by his female relatives? It is often said that the reason that men can't marry nowadays is because of the competition in business with women. The reverse of this is true, for every sister who goes out to earn her own living leaves her brother free to marry some other woman.

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Girls! Grow Lots of Beautiful Hair! Lustrous, Charming, 25 Cent Danderine

Removes every particle of dandruff, stops falling hair and is a delightful dressing. Dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yet—yet—yet really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp—Danderine is, we believe, the only sure hair grower; destroyer of dandruff and cure for itching scalp and it never fails to stop falling hair at once. If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair, will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this.—Advertisement.

Washington's Farewell to His Officers

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

It was 134 years ago, December 4, 1783, that General Washington said farewell to his officers at Fraunce's Tavern. He had fought the good fight, he had finished his course, he had kept the faith, and henceforth there was laid up for him the large and radiant fame which he had so fairly won.

The Continental army had been disbanded on the 2d of November, and on the 25th of the month Sir Guy Carleton's red coats had embarked from New York. The long fight was over and the audacious bravado of July 4, 1776, was made good. The United Colonies were free, and would soon assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitled them.

With deep emotion the great and good man, who for seven years had led the patriot soldiers, met his brother-officers to say good-by, to look into their eyes, to grasp their hands, to hear the sound of their voices, perhaps for the last time. One after another, says the historian, they embraced their beloved commander, while there were few dry eyes in the company. The meeting over, they followed Washington down to the south ferry, where his barge awaited him.

Washington went on to Annapolis, where he resigned his command. At Philadelphia he handed over to the comptroller of the treasury a neatly written manuscript containing an accurate statement of his personal expenses in the public service since the day he took command of the army. The sum amounted to \$2435. For this he was reimbursed, but for his personal services he would take no pay.

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SCIENCE CANNOT EXPLAIN

What sleep is. How an eye sees. What electricity is. How a fire gets its light. How a seed grows into a tree. How a rose makes its perfume. Whence the sun gets its heat. Why the compass points to the north. What makes a bird build its first nest. What causes the sex of a baby or an animal. What happens when food is oxidized in the system. What change takes place in iron when it is magnetized. What makes rain fall in some places and not in others. How a bloodhound tracks a man by the smell of his footprints. What makes an apple fall to the ground and not fly off into the air. How a bird can fly in the dark through a forest without hitting the trees. How glands that secrete acid in structure secrete absolutely different fluids. New York World.