The Bee's Short Story

THE AGE OF WISDOM

By RUTH LOGAN.

Leonore Wilson turned away from her mother and began strumming the piano. The girl was in her late teens, pretty, charmingly gowned, her face registering something of sadness and something of determination.

"I've got to do it mother dear. I've stood it as long as I can. It is imperative that I marry money—not for myself entirely, because Billie and I could be very happy with almost nothing, but you've been used to everything money can buy and I'm not going to throw away this chance. Besides Mr. Courtright is a splendid man and plenty of girls have married men older than he is."

"No, Lenore. Youth must mate with youth. I agree with you about Martin Courtright, but he is old enough to be your father. Perhaps I shall have to learn to do with less, but remember, dear, I've had my life. Your father and I spent 18 happy years together. Now I want you to marry the man of your choice and help him climb the ladder of big things."

The girl shook her head. "When Mr. Courtright proposes I shall accept him. I have told Billie so."

Mrs. Wilson left the room. She had no wish to have Martin Courtright enter and find tears in her eyes. She knew him to be everything a man should be, clean, fine and possessed of a fortune that would give Leonore the place in the world to which she had been accustomed before her father died. But Louise Wilson did not wish Leonore to marry him. Forty-two does not mate with 19 happily unless 19 is older than her years, and 42 is more frivolous than is ordinarily expected. Martin Courtright cared little for gaiety. He liked his books, his golf, his motors and occasionally a good show. He did not dance and frankly scorned the ragtime that Leonore declared to be the grand opera of the soul. On the other hand, Leonore craved excitement. An evening at home with a book would have sent her to bed with a nervous headache. It was not until the family solicitor explained to her the state to which the Wilson fortune had been reduced that Mr. Courtright had been even a possibility. Since the day she became 17 she had never entertained a serious thought for any man but Billie Olmstead.

Fifteen minutes after Mrs. Wilson left her daughter alone in the music room Mr. Courtright entered.

"Well, well, my dear, you are looking like a very different person. Why have you piled your hair high upon your head?"

"I thought you rather liked dignified women," replied Leonore. "I look just like a school girl with my hair down. Don't you like me grown up?"

"Well, I can hardly say. I've always thought of you as a little girl. You are a woman tonight." He came across the room and took her hands in his. "I want to have a serious talk with this strange girl woman."

Leonore steeled herself for she knew conversation would result in Billie's total banishment from her life. "I think I know what you are going to say."

"Yes," he admitted, "the girl you are tonight will understand. I've been afraid to mention it before—you seemed—I don't know how to tell you—you never before tried to please me and I thought you didn't like me. It is very kind of you to do you hair up because you thought it would suit an old man better this way, but my dear child, it is not your place to please me. Age should endeavor to please youth and adjust itself to the ways of youth. Because of that conviction, I've hesitated to say what I'm about to say tonight. I was afraid you'd think I was taking something very precious out of you life."

"You aren't an old man," she answered swiftly. "You are only a little older than mother and she's just a girl. Mr. Courtright, she's wonderful. She seems to understand everything I do. Sometimes when I've been indiscreet she just laughs and says it is to be expected because wisdom only comes with maturity. Isn't that dear of her? Other mothers are always reprimanding their daughters."

"Your mother is one of the finest women in the world, Leonore. I've known her ever since she wore her hair in curls about her shoulders. You are a very pretty girl, my child, but you can't compare with your mother at your age."

Slowly the girl came toward him, her eyes fastened on his. He was sitting in one corner of the room directly under the portrait of Leonore's father. From the eyes in the frame to the eyes of the man in the chair the girl glanced again and again. Then with a little cry she sank down onto the arm of his chair and sobbed on his shoulder. "Mr. Courtright, tell me, do you love mother?"

"If I had known you would take it this way I should never have been brave enough to wound you so deeply. Leonore, I thought tonight you liked me better—I thought perhaps you wouldn't resent so much my desire to give your mother the things she should have to make a woman like her happy. She has avoided me since I've been calling here so regularly; perhaps she wouldn't consider me, anyway."

Leonore lifted her head and placed her palms on his cheeks. "You darling! You most wonderful man in all the world—except Billie. I'm going to tell you the truth. Mother and I both thought it was I you wanted. I am so happy I don't know what to do. I'll have mother come right down. And you won't mind if I go to the club with Billie, will you? I've just got to dance."

"Your mother thought I wanted to marry you!" exclaimed Mr. Courtright. Then he laughed heartily. "No wonder she always leaves the room. She probably was so disgusted with me she couldn't bear my presence."

A jubilant girl danced gaily about the room. "In affairs of the heart I guess wisdom doesn't even come with maturity. I see now that you've cared for mother and that she's cared for you all the time, but neither of you knew how the other felt. I may be excused for thinking that you wanted me because I'm not really old enough to understand human nature, but if you and mother want some good advice from a very unsophisticated girl I'll tell you that it's a slow road getting anywhere through a third party. Right now I'm going to call up Billie and tell him to call for me. And when we come home I hope all arrangements for furnishing me with a stepfather have been concluded."

"Are you going to marry Billie?"

"I told him I wouldn't. I mean, he wouldn't ask me because he thought I was going to marry you."

"So I understand correctly that Billie even thought a man like me could marry a girl like you? Really, Leonore, I begin to feel exactly like a young man. Billie has paid me a great compliment."

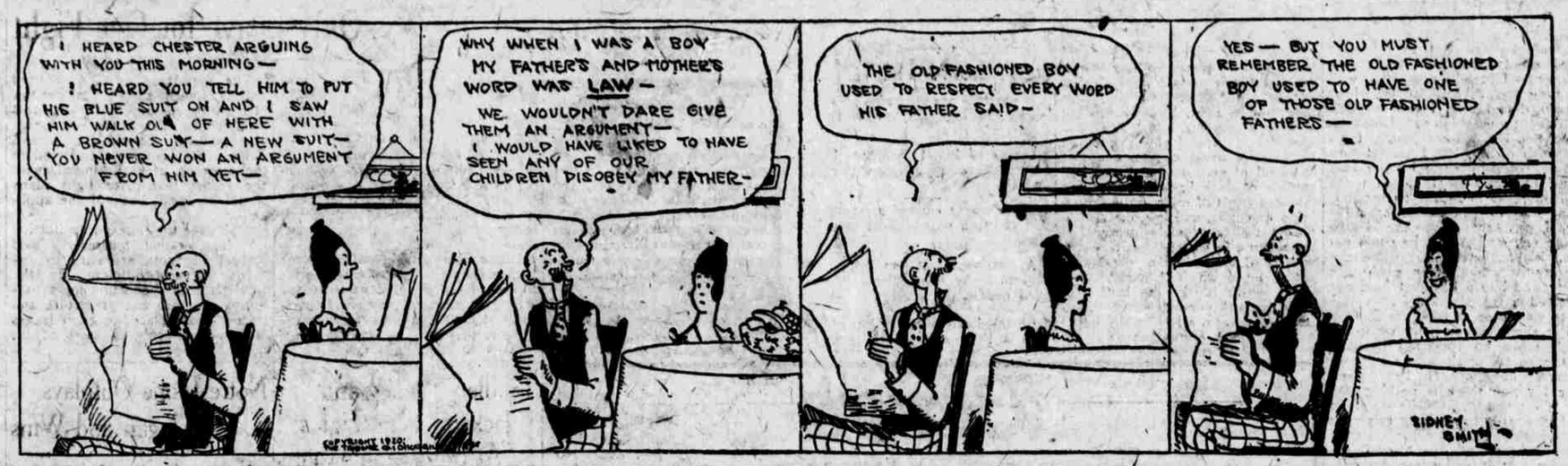
"That's not all. I had decided to marry you, too. Now, do you see how dangerous it is to allow people to draw their own conclusions?"

Mrs. Wilson entered the room at that moment and found her daughter's arms about Mr. Courtright's neck. She smiled faintly. "One can't very well help drawing conclusions, she said from the doorway.

Leonore looked knowingly in the man's eyes and started from the room. At the doorway she paused. "Isn't that proof conclusive that conclusions are awful things. Congratulations and excuse me, please. I'm paging Cupid and I think Billie knows where he hangs out."

THE GUMPS— TIMES HAVE CHANGED SINCE FATHER WAS A BOY

Drawn for The Bee by Sidney Smith.



Dog Hill Paragrafs

By George Bingham

Everybody was sirting around the postoffice stove this morning in a comfortable attitude, and there had

been nothing at all of a disturbing nature until Washington Hocks came in and lit his oldest pipe.

Mrs. Jeff Potlocks says rainy weather has its advantages, as husbands are so much easier to keep track of when it's muddy.

The people of Bounding Billows are up in arms over the article published in last week's Tickville Tidings to the effort that Bounding Billows is so small Yam Sims had to back his mule out of town before he could turn around.

Parents Problems

VI. How can an imaginable child best be taught the difference between fact and fiction,

This can most successully be accomplished by inquiring, when the child makes a clearly fictitious statement, "Did that really happen, or are you making it up for fun?" Do not take the child's fabrications seriously, unless he uses them to gain an end. When that occurs he has learned the difference between fact and fiction and needs to be taught to love truth.

WHY—

Are Some People Color-Blind?

(Copyright, 1920, by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

What we call "color" is really a vibration of the light waves, reflected from certain objects to our eye. These waves, being of varying lengths and speeds, produce different impressions and we say that an object is blue or green or red as a consequence. Red rays of light are slow moving, green and yellow are mediumly fast, while blue and violet are quite rapid.

The eyes of some human beings are so formed that the retina—the part of the eye which receives the impressions and acts as a transfer station to the brain—does not permit the color-waves of certain lengths or rapidities to register clearly. Those persons, therefore, whose retinas do not react to slow-moving or color-waves are unable to detect the presence of red, while others who cannot perceive the rapid wave movement have great difficulty in noting blue or violet tints. This produces the effect which we know as "color-blindness"—a defect which may be due either to a faulty formation of the retina or to prolonged exposure to glare. Both tropical and arctic explorers, for example, are usually subject to color-blindness, but in the majority of persons it is due to a defect in the eye itself.

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

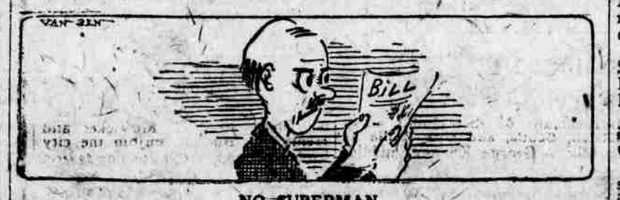
GOOD NEWS THAT TRAVELS SLOWLY

My coal man's due to get a shock,
The haughty wretch will soon be humble.
The anthracite he has in stock
Inside a month is going to tumble;
He'll beg to let him put coal in,
For what it costs to load and heave it;
But that don't help me fill my bin
Because he simply won't believe it.

I know that wool is going to fall;
According to expert advices,
Before the snow flies, we can all
Buy winter suits at modest prices.
This news on every hand we see;
"Clothes Crash" is how the headlines word it;
But that's of little use to me
Because my clothier hasn't heard it.

We also learn that silk is down;
The tidings that one's neighbors bring one,
Declare a song will buy a gown
Next month—if you know how to sing one;
The price of cotton's dropping, too,
Conditions in the trade compel it—
That, everybody knows is true—
Except the gentlemen who sell it.

Because I'd really like to keep
A trifle of my small per diem,
Now I am sure these things are cheap
I'd like to rush down town and buy 'em.
But though I wander up and down
In prosecuting this endeavor,
The men who sell things merely frown,
And soak me just the same as ever.



NO SUPERMAN.

We are glad to learn that the President-elect is much like the rest of us. He said that the biggest fish he hooked in the gulf got away.

AS THE REPUBLICANS SAW IT.

The too solid south did melt and resolve itself at last.

STILL A CHANCE.

If the democrats want to leave us smiling when they say good bye, let 'em take a couple of hacks at the income tax.

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of *Revelations of a Wife*

What Dicky Promised His Mother.

For several days I had no time to speculate upon the "surprise" which Dicky said he had for me, but with which the news of his mother's illness had interfered.

Dr. Jim Paige had confirmed my amateur diagnosis of Mother Graham's ailment as influenza. For three days until the attack—fortunately a comparatively mild one—had run its course, both Dicky and I had our hearts, minds and hands full. Then came the period of convalescence, in Mother Graham's case, always a most trying time, and one which Dicky invariably dodges as much as he possibly can.

"By George, I don't see how you stand it, Madge!" he said one day when he had hastily left his mother's room after an unusually petulant outburst upon her part. "I'm going to keep out of her way until she gets well, or I'll say or do something I'll be sorry for afterward."

I reflected grimly that if I shared his temperamental attitude toward filial duty, his mother would be sadly neglected. The insouciant impudence with which he transferred his tasks to my shoulders, chafed me, but experience has taught me that any remonstrance with Dicky is worse than useless. Like many men, he is tower of strength in any real emergency, but selfishly slides out of the humdrum yet vitally necessary details which appear always to be left for the women of the world to mull over.

But even the most nerve-racking experience ends sometime, and Mother Graham's recovery progressed slowly but surely until the day came when she was allowed to sit outdoors upon the veranda, and Dr. Jim Paige made her his last visit.

Dr. Jim Is Wistful.

"Yuh shorely don't need me any longer, ma'am," he drawled in his old-fashioned way as he took his leave. "Yoh'll be able to hit a ba'r in a day or two more."

I followed him out into the hall to bid him adieu, and as he shook my hand, he said a bit wistfully:

"I don't suppose you've heard from Edie, have you?"

"Not directly," I returned. "I had a letter from Mrs. Durkee in which she spoke of Edith, said she was well and wished to be remembered to all of us. You know, of course, that she is staying in Marvin with Mrs. Durkee until the honeymooners return from their trip?"

"I knew Edie went north with Alf's mother a couple of days after the wedding," he said, "but she was so busy I didn't get a chance to see her. I don't suppose you saw her, I sent word to her she musn't come over."

"I Knew It!"

"I am afraid your dictum or that of any authority would not have kept her away if she had needed her," I said, and I spoke only justice to Edith Fairfax and little Mrs. Durkee. Both had urged that they be permitted to come and help nurse Mother Graham, but I had steadfastly refused.

"No. You're right. She's a great stickler for duty, Edith is," the big physician replied, and I felt a wave of pity for the shy, awkward man, who wore his heart so patently upon his sleeve, but I also felt a gust of irritation and something deeper at Edith Fairfax. Too well I knew the reason why she so steadfastly refused the advances of this "third or fourth cousin" who evidently had loved her so long and devotedly. Her feeling for Dicky was as patent to me as that of Dr. Jim's for her though I did her the justice to acknowledge that to outsiders she was not as self-betraying as Dr. Jim.

I watched him stride down the path to his waiting car, wondering if his rare selfish devotion would ever be rewarded, if the girl he loved would ever open her blinded eyes, and realize the value of the gift she had spurned for so long.

Mother Graham's peremptory voice—I was thankful for the strength of its tones—interrupted my conjectures and called me back to my round of duties.

"I think I'll go out upon the veranda again since the doctor says I'm so strong, but first I want you to tell me something. Do you know what the thing is which Richard is waiting to tell me until I am strong enough to hear it?"

I stared at her in amazement.

"Indeed, no," I said, "although the day you were taken ill he came in saying he had a surprise for me, but when he found you were ill, he said that would change things so he might not be able to tell me about it."

Mother Graham struck her hands together.

"I knew it!" she said. "He's up to something he knows will upset me. Hurry up, get me out on the veranda and when I get my breath back I'll tell you what I know."

Philadelphia, with its 700 mills, giving employment to 225,000 men and women, with a normal payroll of over $2,000,000 a week, is the textile center of the world.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

THE TALE OF SANDY CHIPMUNK

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XI.

The Mail-Box.

Climbing an oak at the crossroads one day, not far from Farmer Green's house, Sandy Chipmunk discovered a queer box nailed to the trunk of the tree. Much as he wanted to, he couldn't look inside the box, because its lid was closed.

That was enough for Sandy.

And since Sandy was afraid the box might be some sort of trap, he didn't dare go near it and poke at the lid.

Later that day Sandy told Frisky Squirrel about the strange box. And Frisky told Fatty Coon. And Fatty told somebody else.

So the news traveled, until at last it reached the sharp ears of old Mr. Crow.

By the time Mr. Crow heard the story it had grown amazingly. And it went something like this: Farmer Green had bought a new trap in the village. And he had nailed it on a tree to catch all sorts of animals and birds. And after he had caught all the forest-folk in Pleasant Valley he intended to take the trap to Swift River and set it for fish and eels and turtles.

When Mr. Crow heard the news he haw-hawed loudly.

"What are you laughing about?" Jasper Jay asked him. (It was Jasper who repeated the story to Mr. Crow.) "You wouldn't think it was such a joke if you were caught in the trap."

"Trap!" Mr. Crow sneered. "That's no trap. That's what's called a mail-box. Every day a man with letters and newspapers drives over here from the village. And he stops at the cross-roads and leaves something in the box of Farmer Green."

As soon as he heard that, Jasper Jay flew away to tell everybody about the mail-box. And at last Sandy Chipmunk heard the story. But by the time it reached his ears—after it had been told by one person to another almost forty times—the story was somewhat different from what it had been when Mr. Crow first told it to Jasper Jay. This is what Sandy heard: The thing on the tree was a mail-box. Every day a man drove from the village in a wagon drawn by twelve horses. He had a load of letters as big as six haystacks. And he left a handful of letters in that box, because he wanted to get rid of them so he could go back to the village for more. And anyone could take a letter—if it happened to be for him.

It was Frisky Squirrel who told the story to Sandy. Of course, after so much telling it had changed a good deal. But Sandy Chipmunk didn't know that. And he hurried to the cross-roads at once, to watch for the man driving the twelve horses.

When he reached the oak, where the box was, Sandy climbed the tree and perched himself on a limb and waited. He had not sat there long before he saw a man drive up the road. Sandy Chipmunk was surprised when the man stopped beneath the tree and dropped some letters and newspapers into the box. He was surprised because the man drove only one horse, instead of twelve. And the man had only a single bag of mail in his wagon, instead of a great heap—as big as six haystacks.

Sandy Chipmunk was somewhat disappointed. But he was glad of one thing: The man left the lid of the box open. And as soon as he had driven on again, Sandy crept down the tree and crawled right inside the mail-box.

Though he was not expecting a letter from anybody, he thought it would be just as well to look and see if the man had left one for him.

Now, Sandy had never learned to read. And you might think it would do him no good at all to look at the envelopes. But he soon came upon one which he was sure was his. And the reason for that was that he had found an envelope with the picture of a chipmunk in one corner of it!

That was enough for Sandy.

"I'm glad I came!" he said to himself. "Here's a letter for me! And how surprised everybody will be!"

So he took the letter in his mouth and started down the tree.

The very first person he surprised was Farmer Green himself. He had walked to the cross-roads from his house. And he had almost reached the oak when he saw Sandy Chipmunk spring from the tree to the stone wall, with a letter in his mouth and scamper away.

Farmer Green ran after Sandy. And he threw stones at him. But Sandy Chipmunk ran so fast that Farmer Green soon lost sight of him.

"I'd like to know what was in that letter," Farmer Green said, when he told his family what had happened. "I'll have to warn the letter-carrier to be sure to close the mail-box after this, for I can't have any more of my letters stolen."

Johnnie Green couldn't help laughing, when he heard his father tell about the chipmunk running away with a letter in his mouth.

But Farmer Green didn't seem to see anything to laugh at.

"I only hope," he said, "the letter was nothing of importance."

(Capyright, Grosset & Dunlap.)

I'M THE GUY

I'M THE GUY who never wants to go out with his wife.

I don't see why she can't go alone when she wants to pay a visit to a friend, or see a show or take a walk. Why should she want to drag me along? I prefer to stay at home, where I can read and take it easy. In the evening I'm tired after my day's work, and on Sunday I like to sleep and loll around all day. This gadding about makes me sick.

If the wife feels hurt or slighted or gets the sulks, I should be worried. She ought to be glad I stay at home. I don't try to hurry her off when I want to go somewhere.

Women are so unreasonable, anyway. You can't please them, no matter what you do. If you go out and leave them, they get sore; if you don't want to go out, they get peeved likewise. So what's the use? I'll do as I like.

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MOVIES

Downtown Programs.

Sun—"The Soul of Youth."
Strand—"Always Audacious."
Rialto—"The Scoffer."
Moon—"Cupid, the Cowpuncher."
Empress—"A Beggar in Purple."
Muse—"The Man Who Had Everything."

Neighborhood Houses.

Grand—Bryant Washburn in "What Happened To Jones."
Hamilton—Pauline Frederick in "The Fear Woman."

Charlie Chaplin and Samuel Goldwyn are reported to have held a conversation in front of Delmonico's, New York, the other afternoon at 4:30. But neither one made any money!

Florence Andrews, a Los Angeles girl, has been engaged by Raymond Hitchcock for a part in "Hitchy-Koo." Miss Andrews is a former pupil of Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, so she has adopted as her stage name, Florence O'Denishawn.

Elliott Dexter will go to Europe, after making two or three more pictures here, in hope that his health will be improved. He may make one picture while abroad.

The fourth birthday of the Sun theater will be celebrated next week with lavishness centered about the presentation of "Sweet Lavender."

So ecstatic is Harry Goldberg, manager of the Sun, over the success of his palace of entertainment that he has booked an added attraction to the picture program.

The Darling Saxophone Four will be the added attraction.

"The White Slave," Bartley Campbell's famous melodrama of a generation ago, has been purchased by D. W. Griffith for translation before the camera.

Louise Eazenda won first prize in a costume contest at a Hallowe'en party by making a dress out of a yard of pink crepe tissue paper without using thread or even a pin. That's what macksennett training does for a girl.

"Bull" Montana, noted for his characterizations of brute roles with Fairbanks, Tourneur and Neilan productions, is taking on dignity. He is to be programed hereafter as Jack Montana. He is a former pugilist and wrestler.

Common Sense

Expenses of the Future.

By J. J. MUNDY.

Perhaps you are one of the middle-aged men of today who, having saved little money, cannot see what the future can do to increase the rainy day income or savings account.

You have lived pretty well, spending more than men of your income should spend, but always with the thought that some time you would strike something to lift you out of the worried class.

Recently you are not indulging in such dreams.

Too many of your investments have proven worthless.

You are sort of convinced that what you have in later life must come from your savings alone, and you cannot see what you can do to increase that weekly or yearly wage.

Only one conclusion, man—cut your expense account.

If you have had it demonstrated to you that you are not wise in investment and you positively cannot see what else to do, why do you hesitate about the course you must pursue?

Make a budget and take the time between now and the new year to weigh your essentials and the unnecessaries or possibly extravagances as against a more hopeful future considering your salary.

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Ultimatum Is Served On Cox He Must Take New Demo Chairman

Washington, Nov. 26.—Following a series of conferences in progress for more than a week, W. G. McAdoo today served an ultimatum on Edmund M. Moore, personal representative of Governor Cox that the former candidate for president must accept one of three men as chairman of the democratic national committee or be prepared to fight.

The names presented are those of Robert W. Wooley of the Interstate Commerce Commission; Daniel L. Roper, former commissioner of internal revenue, and Joseph P. Tumulty, secretary to the president.

Mr. Moore was informed that McAdoo leaders are confident they can control the entire organization, but prefer to be conciliatory.

Under the proposed organization it is understood that the party will never again suffer for lack of money as it did in the last campaign.

"That means that Baruch and Thomas L. Chadbourne are ready to finance a four-year campaign with McAdoo as the candidate for president in 1924," said one democratic leader who was not so enthusiastic over the McAdoo program.

Mysterious Rain Puzzles Residents of Georgia Town

Dublin, Ga., Nov. 26.—A mysterious rain which falls daily on a certain spot in this city, whether it is cloudy or fair, cold or hot, has been going on until it has awakened the curiosity of the people in the neighborhood and started much talk.

On the sidewalk of Columbia street between Franklin and Washington streets there is a spot near a tree where the ran can be seen falling in a light shower from about 11 a. m. to mid afternoon. It is not a hard rain, but can be plainly seen and felt. Residents in the street say it has been going on this way for two years or more and so far no explanation of it has been found.