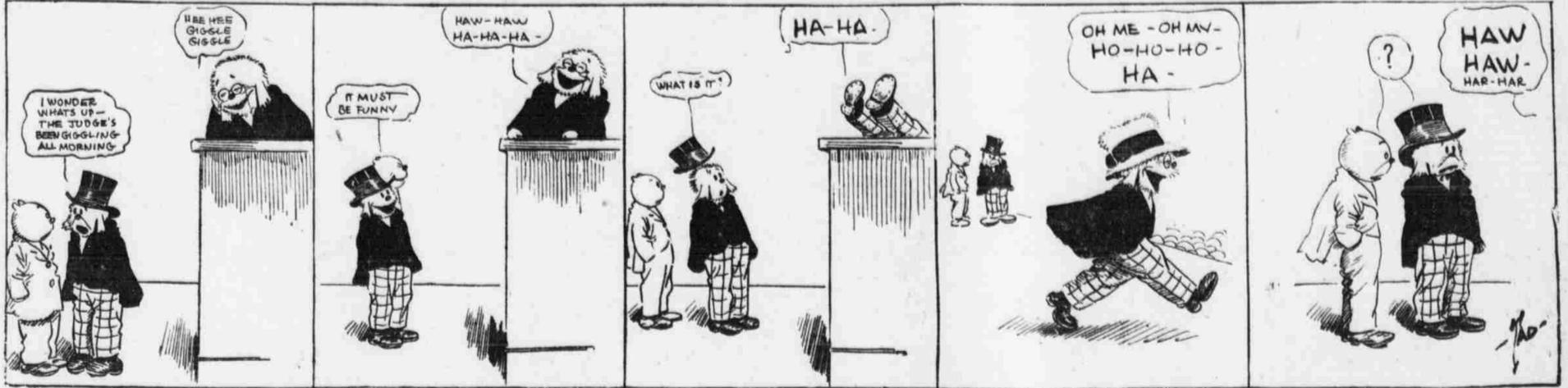


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT The Judge Has Something Up His Sleeve, Ha! Ha! Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Money is a Good Thing to Have, but There is Much in Life that is Valuable Beyond the Power of Money to Express.

By GABRIEL P. SERVIS.

The American people need just such a shock as the rich Mr. Carnegie administered the other day. It has helped to clear the atmosphere, and to give a stimulating fillip to the spirit of independence which has made this country what it is. It has caused the American people to wake up to two important facts—first, that they ought to look out for their own dignity in caring for their public servants, and, second, that money is not everything, nor even the greatest of things, in American eyes.



The idea of having an ex-president of the United States, or the widow of an ex-president, made comfortable for life by the bounty of an ultra-rich individual is abhorrent to our entire social and political system. Very wealthy persons are liable to catch the Monte Cristo spirit and to think that "the world is mine."

Of course, Mr. Carnegie had no thought of assuming a patronizing attitude in making his offer, but if he had stopped to think long enough, and if he had read some of the pages of his own book on "Triumph of Democracy," he would have foreseen the revolting aspect of his proposal, and then he would never have made it.

When a man has occupied the office of the president of the United States, the greatest office in the world, he is not afterward an object of charity, even if his pockets should happen to be empty, which is not likely ever to be the case. But if it be true that our presidents have to expend, in order to maintain the dignity of their positions, more money than their salary affords them, then it is the people's duty to see that they do not suffer in consequence. The simple and dignified remedy is to increase the salary, or provide a pension from the revenues of the government.

If Mr. Carnegie should be permitted to furnish money out of his private resources, the whole world would, justly, point the finger of scorn at their great commonwealth.

Perhaps we owe a vote of thanks to Mr. Carnegie for shocking us into a realization of the situation. Possibly he intended his offer simply as a rebuke to our neglect of our entire social and political life.

Anyhow, it is more kind to him to assume that he had that intention than to take his proposal as an indication that he believes that the American people need a Maccenas, a rich man to pay their debts and maintain their dignity.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Tomorrow's task is always easier than today's.

It is a woman's nature to love the villain more than the hero.

But the man who borrows trouble is never asked to pay it back.

Bachelors are "women's rights" and widowers are women's lefts.

If Satan's majesty erine when he hears a man say he will reform—tomorrow.

The intoxication of love may leave one with a headache the morning after.

All women are born free and equal—but they don't look it at the bathing beach.

Every mother knows that her own child is subject to any other child in the neighborhood.

Most of the political jobs seem to require men who have stubborn things to make good in a business of their own.

Daffydils

TWEET! TWEET! BLEW THE UMPS WHISTLE RIP! ZOWIE! WENT THE BALL AND BEHIND IT RUSHED THE HOPES OF HARVARD. "BULL" CLANCY GRABBED THE SPHERE AND WAS OFF TOWARDS HARVARD GOAL. DOWN HE WENT ON HIS EAR THE BURCH PILED ON AND CLANCY DISAPPEARED FROM VIEW THEY RAN OFF HIM ONE BY ONE AND CLANCY LAY THERE HELPLESS TIME WAS CALLED AS HIS TEAM MATE LIFTED CLANCY UP TO CARRY HIM AWAY SUDDENLY HE BOUNCED UP AND YELLED, "HEY IF THE CENTER IS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LINE IS THE HALFBACK?"

WHY DON'T CHA LET A PELLER BE, YUM AWFUL BORE?

WHY GOOK, DON'T CHA REMEMBER ME, EH, ANY MORE?

NO! I'M THE BOOB WHO ARE YUH?

IM THE BOOB THAT PUT THE WIND IN THE WINDOW.

OUCH DOC! YE HIT DE NOIVE

"WILLIE, ASK FOR A BIG PINT! IT'S WASH-DAY"

Women Fast Learning that Club Life is a Fallacy

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Can it be that women are beginning to feel a slight reaction from the enthusiasm with which they pitched into the labors of club life?

Is it possible that even the uplift has kited so high that its earnest and panting followers are wondering what it's all about?

Would one dare say that the cry of "back to the farm" has an echo in "back to the home," and that women have caught the meaning?

Josephine Daklam Bacon in a story in one of the current magazines gives a brilliant and illuminating example of the modern up-to-date woman, her troubles physical and mental, and their final happy and completely satisfactory solution.

Mrs. Bacon's heroine is the typical well-to-do young married woman of today, overworking in the cause of suffrage and social welfare and bringing home worn-out nerves and ailing body to her devoted husband, and her perfectly "governessed" children.

A clever old doctor diagnoses her trouble as too much leisure and a desire to run the universe, and advises her husband to make of her once more a primitive cave woman. This the literal and perfectly efficient husband does, and as a cave dweller whose life is filled with the ordinary duties of life and close communion with nature, the woman becomes her normal self again and in time returns to the city, but not to club committees or to social service work.

She has found her job nearer at hand in her home and with her children. As she aptly puts it, "committing doesn't seem to get much of anywhere anyhow."

Mrs. Bacon's views are shared by many women who would think in these days when charities, new clubs and social organizations are constantly on the increase.

"After many years of experience, I have come to the same conclusion as Mrs. Bacon," said Mrs. Mary Janson, whose name has been connected with the social service work and philanthropic efforts in New York and Boston.

"Most of the effort expended in women's clubs is futile, and the women themselves know it. That's why they won't stop. If they did stop, every one would know it, for the world would go on just the same; but they would have no opportunity of self-advertising, no way of meeting other women of higher social standing and chiding into their circle."

"You couldn't get the average club-woman out into the country to effect the transformation which occurs in The Cave Woman's story. She wouldn't be able to keep her mind on it long enough to get there. Belonging to several clubs is not conducive to mental concentration," was Mrs. Janson's most unflattering comment.

Mrs. Ruth Helen Davis, the attractive and many-sided young society woman, is inclined to believe that Mrs. Bacon's story points a moral which many women are beginning to find out for herself, and each in her own particular way.

Mrs. Davis, though she is still in the early twenties, has distinguished herself as a writer, a composer of music; she has translated books from various languages and she is always



MRS. RUTH HELEN DAVIS.

and charming woman with a beautiful and temperamental face.

"I should not like to be quoted as saying anything derogatory to the women's clubs which have done so much for the development of woman," said Mrs. Davis.

"I think, too, there is a reaction in favor of the home, because some women realize that they can do more there, exerting a greater influence and doing more good in a practical way."

"The clubs were of great benefit in widening the average woman's outlook on life and they were, and still are, of great educational value to some. Others, of course, use them to gain social advantages and fritter away time."

"But women of that type would fritter away their time in a cave or anywhere else."

"Personally, I am not a clubwoman, but that is because I believe more in the development of the personal individuality in self-expression and I find that I can accomplish this for myself at least better in various lines of work at home in which I am interested. I am not a suffragette, either. Not that I do not believe in the cause, but I think that a woman can accomplish more by being herself, by being womanly, by the influence which radiates from herself and from her home."

"You see, I was in London at the time of the window smashing episode and I am sure that the suffragist injured their cause by this kind of militancy, for it is absolutely at variance with the feminine ideal at least as it appeals to me."

"I think that every woman has some message to give to the world, the expression of her own personality. The trouble with so many women is that they try to find the expression before they

A Travesty on Marriage

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Hughes Hughes says that Mrs. Woodworth, the Boston socialite, who gave her husband up to her friend is a wicked woman, as well as a foolish one.

"The whole affair is a travesty on marriage," says the bishop. "What is the world coming to when such a woman as that can be admired, nay, even honored, for doing such a thing?"

Well, I'm afraid, none of us, even the wisest, has really much of an idea as to what the world is coming to, but it certainly is a strange affair, this affair of the wife who gives her husband up to another woman and says that she is perfectly happy to do it.

I know a woman who did this very same thing, a brilliant woman, close akin to genius.

The woman's friend fell in love with the woman's husband, and the woman said, "There, little girl, don't cry," when the friend tried to slip away before any harm came of it. "I've seen it from the very first, and I am glad. I am not happy with this man, he isn't happy with me. Why should we both be miserable, to say nothing of you? Why don't you send me away and marry each other?"

Which was, after some deliberation, and much discussion, exactly what they did. Only the wife came home at the last minute and gave the bride away at the wedding.

And some said, "How horrible!" and some said "How noble!" and some said "How tragic!" and the woman's friend and the woman's husband went away to live and were apparently very, very happy.

And this is the whole queer part of the whole queer story, to me: They took the woman's little girl with them to a foreign country, where she would not see

her mother once in six years or so, and the mother was glad to have her go, and the little girl was glad to go.

There is the whole truth about the whole affair. I don't know how to explain it exactly—but there it is.

The woman was a clever woman, an honest woman, and, according to her (least a conscientious woman; but she didn't seem to know how to love, and not knowing how to suffer, and not knowing how to suffer, she was quite happy in her way, so long as she had a chance to do what she called "live her own life."

She lived her own life successfully, too, and made a name for herself, which she never could have made if she had been what she called "hampered" with the husband and the little girl, and she was and is still, I hear, surrounded with admirers—men and women—who make a little court for her and call her a queen.

They were quite comfortable and sensible about it, they said. They took a good deal of pains to say it. I thought the husband, the wife and the wife's friend now not a wife at all. But I don't think it will last. Things that are not right never do last.

The little girl didn't say a word. I keep wondering what she thought.

The little girl, she's the one I am interested in, for she will in the course of nature live when the rest are gone. It is her fate to hand the torch of life on and on again when the other three are quiet in their graves. What sort of children will that child's children be?

Will they believe in marriage until death do them part, or look upon it only as an experiment? Will they believe that duty is duty, no matter how many people it kills, or will they think that divorce answers all the hard questions we hear in the matrimonial witness box?

I wonder and wonder; for, after all, the little girl is the only one who really counts much in such a case— isn't she? I wish I knew how she felt about it all, and how she will feel when she is a woman and knows what now she only vaguely feels.

Surveyor's Experience with a Grizzly

Left for dead by an infuriated female grizzly bear which had mauled him almost to unconsciousness is the nerve-racking and thrilling experience of K. C. Chipman, chief of a Dominion geological survey party, while camping on Mineral creek near Wilmer, B. C.

Mr. Chipman had gone out from camp alone with his rifle to examine the mountain side behind the camp, which is very steep, as to the best place to scale it for triangulation purposes on the morrow.

Presently he sat down on a log to rest; a bear charged at him from some bushes without the slightest warning.

As he struggled in surprise to free himself he saw a pair of claws on one side and behind him. Unknowingly he had sat down to rest between a female grizzly and her young. Fling one shot, he rushed down the steep mountain side, the bear following with such determination and force that it rushed clean past him.

Instantly Mr. Chipman turned and went back up the hill. As a bear, however, can run faster up hill than down, he was quickly caught by the huge beast and shaken as easily as a terrier shakos a rat. Luckily the fierce shaking caused the bear to lose her footing on the steep hillside and both rolled together some distance down before bringing up.

It was now that Mr. Chipman displayed the courage and presence of mind that saved his life, for on bringing up among some bushes he lay perfectly quiet, feigning death. Satisfied, after sniffing him

all over, that he really was so, the bear ambled away to her cubs.

On his men getting to him he was carried into camp and made comfortable, while a couple of men were sent down here for Dr. Opie, as it was found impossible to carry Mr. Chipman out from the head of Mineral creek to the junction with Toby river and the logging road. Dr. Opie got to Mr. Chipman about midday Saturday, after a gallant fight for miles with burnt and fallen timber.

He found that the leather leggings worn by Mr. Chipman had practically saved his right leg below the knee from serious injury, but so with the left, which is badly torn above the knee from the shaking, the bear's teeth being deeply buried in the knee also, inflicting it considerably. Mr. Chipman was all right again probably in a month—Vancouver Sun.

Entry Tales.

"I'd let you have \$5 in a second. Stop, if I had it."

"If the goods are not as advertised, bring them back and we will cheerfully refund your money."

"Yes, sir, I've been married ten years and if I had it to do over again tomorrow I'd marry the same woman."

"Of course, we can afford an automobile, but my husband thinks the street cars are so much safer."

"I never could say why anyone would drink wine when they could get beer."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How The Body Kills Germs.

Germs that get into the body are killed in two ways—by the white corpuscles of the blood, and by a germ-killing substance that is in the blood. Just what this substance is, we do not know.

The blood of a healthy person always has some germ-killing substance in it to ward off the attack of disease. The fountain head of life is the stomach. A man who has a weak and impaired stomach and who does not properly digest his food will soon find that his blood has become weak and impoverished, and that his whole body is improperly and insufficiently nourished. To put the body in healthy condition, to feed the system on rich, red blood

and throw out the poisons from the body, nothing in the past forty years has excelled Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a pure glyceric extract (without alcohol), of bloodroot, golden seal and Oregon grape root, stonk root, mandrake and queen's root with black cherrybark.

"My husband was a sufferer from stomach trouble and impure blood," writes Mrs. JAMES H. MARTIN of Frankfort, Ky. "He had a sore on his face that would form a scab which would dry and drop off in about a month, then another would immediately form. It continued this way for a long time. He tried every remedy that any one would suggest, but found no relief. He then tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which completely cured him. He has stayed cured now for two years, and I recommend this valuable medicine for impurities of the blood."

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



J. H. MARTIN, DR.

BLOTCHES ON FACE DRY AND SCALY

Eczema Began in Hair. Spread to Face. Came on Hand and All Over Fingers. Itching Terrible. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured.

295 Kanter Ave., Detroit, Mich.—"Some time last summer I was taken with eczema. It began in my hair first with red blotches then scaly, spreading on my face. The blotches were red on my face, dry and scaly, not large; on my scalp they were larger, some scabby. They came on my hands. The inside of my hands were all little bumps as though full of shot, about one-sixteenth of an inch under the skin. Then they went to the outside and between and all over my fingers. It also began on the bottoms of my feet and the calves of my legs, and itch, oh, my! I never had anything like it and hope I never will again. The itching was terrible. My hands got so I could scarcely work."

"I tried different eczema ointments but without results. I also took medicine for it but it did no good. I saw the advertisement for a sample of Cuticura Ointment and Soap and sent for one. They did me so much good. I bought some using them as per directions and in about three weeks I was well again. Cuticura Soap and Ointment entirely cured me." (Signed) Henj Passages, Apr. 8, 1912.

A single cake of Cuticura Soap (25c) and box of Cuticura Ointment (50c) are sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 12-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Like it and hope I never will again. The itching was terrible. My hands got so I could scarcely work."

"I tried different eczema ointments but without results. I also took medicine for it but it did no good. I saw the advertisement for a sample of Cuticura Ointment and Soap and sent for one. They did me so much good. I bought some using them as per directions and in about three weeks I was well again. Cuticura Soap and Ointment entirely cured me." (Signed) Henj Passages, Apr. 8, 1912.

A single cake of Cuticura Soap (25c) and box of Cuticura Ointment (50c) are sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 12-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Like it and hope I never will again. The itching was terrible. My hands got so I could scarcely work."

"I tried different eczema ointments but without results. I also took medicine for it but it did no good. I saw the advertisement for a sample of Cuticura Ointment and Soap and sent for one. They did me so much good. I bought some using them as per directions and in about three weeks I was well again. Cuticura Soap and Ointment entirely cured me." (Signed) Henj Passages, Apr. 8, 1912.

A single cake of Cuticura Soap (25c) and box of Cuticura Ointment (50c) are sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 12-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Like it and hope I never will again. The itching was terrible. My hands got so I could scarcely work."

"I tried different eczema ointments but without results. I also took medicine for it but it did no good. I saw the advertisement for a sample of Cuticura Ointment and Soap and sent for one. They did me so much good. I bought some using them as per directions and in about three weeks I was well again. Cuticura Soap and Ointment entirely cured me." (Signed) Henj Passages, Apr. 8, 1912.

A single cake of Cuticura Soap (25c) and box of Cuticura Ointment (50c) are sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 12-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."