

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

And He Laughed on Merrily—Ha—Ha—Ha

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



When is Woman Most Attractive?

Mary Garden Says at 35 and Dorothy Dix Says a Woman is at Her Best from the Cradle to the Grave.

By DOROTHY DIX.

Miss Mary Garden, who is generally conceded to know a thing or two, has announced that 35 years is a woman's most attractive age, and that she never means to go beyond it.

Many other women agree in this opinion. It is, in fact, no uncommon thing to find a lady so enamored of 35 years that she stays that age for twenty-five years at a stretch. Indeed, my favorite story concerns a woman who, when attracted for some offense brought to trial, gave her age as 35 years. Five years later she was again led into court before the same judge.

"But," said the judge, "when you were brought here five years ago you gave your age then as 35 years." "Very likely, your honor," responded the lady. "I'm not the sort of a woman who would say one thing one day and another thing tomorrow."

But when is a woman most attractive? It depends upon the woman and the taste of the judge.

In times past men's fancies seemed to have run to extreme youth. Shakespeare made Juliet a child of 14 years. Scott's heroines range along about 17 and 18 years. The Melissas and Clarissas were all in the snob class. Sir Charles Surface and his fellow gallants toasted "the maiden of bashful 16 years."

We like them older now, and regard it as the first evidence of sensible dementia for a man to exhibit a marked leaning toward the kindergarten. To most of us no other human being is so absolutely uninteresting as a properly brought up young girl who is too old to be told fairy tales and too young to be told anything else.

Undoubtedly, however, many women are at their best between 16 and 30. They have then the beauty and grace that all young animals possess, whether they are kittens or puppies or humans. They have a certain animation of youth that wants to jump around and play and laugh that we mistake for intelligence. Above all, they are at an age when we do not expect wisdom or knowledge, and so we do not detect their lack of brains.

Twenty-two is a charming age. It is the high noon of youth. The bud is just beginning to unfold, yet the dew is still upon it. It is the hour in which a woman first discovers she really has a heart. Up to that time a girl has been merely concerned in having a good time, and the chief difference between one man and another consisted in what he could do for her pleasure; how well he could dance; how many theater tickets he was good for; whether he owned an automobile or not.

At 22 a woman's beauty is at its best, her enthusiasms are at full tide, she knows enough to listen intelligently, and not enough to make her opinionated. Above all, she is ready to love and be loved, and she is still plastic enough to be moulded to the hand of the man who gets her.

Thirty is the age at which the fool woman is impossible, the college woman at her best, and the worldly woman most fascinating. The silly woman, who was a charming little goose at 16, has developed into a bore and a bundle of heaviness by the time she is 30. The college-bred woman, who is a late bloomer, has just come into her own, and is a sensible, intelligent companion for men who like women served up with a garnish of brains. Also they have not yet developed a mission in life, as they are liable to later on, so thirty is their most attractive age.

As for the worldly woman, at thirty she is no longer an amateur at the game of life, but a professional who knows the value of every card and how to play it. She has learned how to make the most of her charms, how to dress, and, more valuable still, she has acquired the art of playing upon the weaknesses of men as upon a harp with a thousand strings. Any man who escapes from the woman of thirty who is looking for her, and who owns a Carnegie here medal, and is entitled to be the world's sprinting record.

At thirty-five, according to Miss Garden and others whose experience entitles their opinions to respect, a woman is at her best. Certainly she is midway between youth and age, and has some of the charms and advantages of both, but her youth is the youth of sophistication. It is a time when she calls art to the aid of nature, when the brightness of her eyes and the roses on her cheeks and the



redness of her lips and the gold of her hair owe something to the corner drug store; when she enthuses over things with malice aforethought, and loves with her head instead of her heart.

It is an age at which woman is most dangerous because she knows with deadly certainty what she wants, and is coldly calculating in her way of getting it. It is an age at which a woman marries for an establishment instead of a husband.

Forty-five is the age of the survival of the best fitted among women. All the others have gone into the discard. It is the age at which the business woman is at her best, when she is sanest, most comradely and most interesting. It is the golden age also of the spinster, who has given up the struggle to be a fascinating object of men and absorbed herself in other pursuits. Many women who have been unattractive in youth at middle age have an Indian summer of loveliness of mind and person that their springtime never knew.

There are other women who never come into their own until they hold a baby on their breasts. They may have been homely, awkward, hard of face and blunt of speech, lacking all grace, but motherhood turns them into madonnas that send us to our knees before them.

And there are other women whose best hour is almost their last hour. Ugly in youth, they are beautiful in age, for life and experience often chip rough features into beauty, and love lights a lamp within the dull soul of many a woman that irradiates her whole being. Just the goodness and the kindness on many an old woman's face make it beautiful.

Daffydils

SENTENCES BE BEATED TA-RA-BA-RA BONES. MISTAH SANDERS, ARE THE MAGAZINES DEVOTED TO GARDENING PRINTED ON HOE PRESSES INTERLOCUTOR - I PRESUME SOME OF THEM ARE BONES. WHY? BONES. DATS APPROPRIATE AINT IT? HOE PRESSES TO PRINT GARDEN MAGAZINES THEN I SUPPOSE THE WIRE AND SPIRITS GAZETTE IS PRINTED ON A CIDER-PRESS AINT YOU NEVER BEEN NO PLACE? AVE A'EART, ORATIO

FLOSSIE WAS HAVING HER THIRD SWEET SIXTEEN BLOW-OUT, BUT SHE WAS NOT VERY HAPPY. WHY? OH, SHE HAD FAILED TO RECEIVE A TELEGRAM FROM JACK, 'HER JACK', CONGRATULATING HER. SUDDENLY THE BELL RANG AND A MESSENGER BOY HANDED HER A LETTER. SHE TORE OPEN THE ENVELOPE AND READ: "DEAR FLOSSIE, IF RUSSIA WARRD AGAINST JAPAN, WHAT WOULD THE MIKADO DO?"

JERRY HAD JUST ARRIVED FROM THE WEST TO BE WITH THE FAMILY FOR CHRISTMAS. IT WAS HIS FIRST MINCE PIE IN FIVE YEARS, AT HOME, HE GOT A SPECIAL PIE FOR HIMSELF AND AS HE DUG INTO IT HE HIT A PIECE OF PAPER. JERRY TOOK A LONG GLANT AT THE PARCHMENT AND READ OFF: "SAY JERRY, SPEAKING ABOUT FOOTBALL DOES THE FISHING TACKLE WELL?" HOLD! SHE BELIEVES IN THE CAUSE LEAVE THAT WOMAN BE!!

No "S. P. U. G." for Her, Says Irene Franklin

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Miss Irene Franklin, her "orange phosphate" hair piled high on her head, her hands full of local patterns for dolls' clothes, stood in the fitting room of a big theatrical costume, and called the weary maker of gay stage frocks into dressing dolls for Christmas. After she had succeeded, she turned and answered some of the questions that were put to her.

"Am I a spud?" Well, what's that? "The Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving?" I guess not! Do you think I'd give up the pleasure of buying Christmas presents to join that society? No, indeed! Why, there's nothing like Christmas. Somebody said that up at our house we keep the original Dickens's Christmas spirit stored; anyhow I know we bought the house because the hall was big enough to hold a great big Christmas tree.

"That tree goes right up to the second story, so when you're on the landing up there you're right in among the upper branches of the tree."

"Spud, indeed! Why, there's no other like Christmas, nothing in the world that can take the place of the Christmas spirit, and it seems dreadful to even think of expurgating it, or bringing it down to the mere giving of sensible gifts."

"The pleasure you get out of Christmas is the joy of buying things that you want for yourself and giving them to other people."

"Would I give up the pleasure of sending Susie a pink negligee with paper effects trimmed in swan-down? No, indeed. Of course, Susie lives on a cattle ranch, and has no use for the negligee, but she'll get it just the same. And I get the satisfaction of buying it for her."

"Do you know how to cut out those Christmas tree chains—the ones out of colored paper? Oh, you don't! Everybody does at my house. We spend our evenings at it; even the baby was up till 11 o'clock last night making things for the tree. Oh, didn't you know about the baby?"

"Oh, I'm every kind of a mother. Ordinary mother, step-mother and mother-in-law. You see my little sister is only 12 years old, so I'm a sort of mother-in-law to her, but the children are all on to me. Little sister has discovered that it really isn't proper for me to be on the stage, and the baby's beginning to find out that I can't sing."

"Will I do 'Kiddie'?" Oh, I never will set away from that song and I never



MRS. IRENE FRANKLIN

I love to do character work. My' how hard I worked on the 'Wallaces.' My' the beautiful thing is that after you've spent oceans of time and care on a character make-up, half the time the people would rather see you come up with your own face and a long tailed dress sprinkled over with looking glass. Did you see my in that silver gown? I call it the sardine can dress—Queen of Sarlatins effect. But you should have seen the one with the diamond crown, and the blue lace-trimmed. I looked just like the brewer's daughter coming in one the third float at the carnival. You know the brewer's daughter is always the queen of the carnival, because of papa's beer.

"Yes, but glad to be in vaudeville again. The great thing about vaudeville is that it gives a chance for a progressive person who wants to work and is willing to work until she finds the thing that pleases her public. Every town is different, and every audience is different. There are places where the audience wants the children's songs, especially the matinee girls in the afternoon. In the evening a more sophisticated audience wants different songs. I have written about forty songs in the last couple of years, and the monologues to go with them, of course. I like to do comedy work with another comedienne, and I

The Vaudevillians

The Guests of Mrs. De Shine's Boarding House Are Dining.

By HELEN GREEN VAN CAMPEN.

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Little Minnie Mangle—I wrote a letter to the heart expert of an event paper 'bout nervous Willie McWatt of the Jugglin' McWatts, an' she says if my parents says a year too young they're a couple dozen, an' love is allus beautiful before you git old an' mean. So I'm goin' to.

The Ingenue—Fourteen! Ha, ha! I think this will prove that girl's age. Child wonder, indeed—the wonder is the Mangles dare exploit her as 9 years old.

Mrs. Mangle—Imogen Montagu, a mother's anguish should teach even your heart, which is harder than a 1907 punt! Minerva, Willie McWatt must be put out of your life.

Mr. Mangle—Lemme ketch that kid proutin' round her an' I'll show him some now Jugglin'!

The Landlady—Mercy knows, it seems like yesterday the Mangles Four come here, Minnie and Theodore ridin' in the same go-cart, an' now she's writin' to the papers.

Baby Theodore Mangle—I wanna be an actor when I'm big, pop. Teddy's the thickest of bel'n in voddleed!

The Property Man—I'll take half your bet, kiddo. Watchin' a mob doin' the same junk week in an' week out's slowly puttin' me to the bad. Six sister acts in a month signin' the same rag. Pass the cake.

La Bella Onlonita (the Spanish dancer)—Do you mean 'Everybody's Doin' It,' it's been in my act all winter, and I don't switch my turn 'cause some cunny cat grabbed some of it, whether the stage hands like it or not.

The Buck Dancer—She's got nerve, all right, springin' that wore out number.

La Bella Onlonita—I consulted the public's taste, Mr. Trippitt, and believe me, Onlonita was dancin' in a palace when you worked twelve shows a day in Connors' at Coney Island and helped the bar-bow wash up.

The Buck Dancer—The Palace museum in Red Wing, Minn., where I saw you first, I s'pose?

The Landlady—Johnny, that there style of humiliatin' a lady won't take no bows around any joint of which Mangle de Shine is captin', an' I desire it put out immens'ly.

Minnie Mangle—Willie McWatt says where they board they got chicken every night.

The Property Man—Wake up. They ain't no such place nowhere.

The Landlady—Well, folks, I was troupin' since a extremely youthful gell, an' et at the best tables, an' while I neither eat nor expect yuh to agree, I'm goin' to remark that took be an' large, I defy any of 'em to put the bee on my cookin'!

The Buck Dancer—It ain't what we git. It's what we don't.

La Bella Onlonita—I told you before no cabbage. It makes me real faint.

Little Minnie Mangle—The lady I wrote my letter to about Willie says parents' duty is to provide reception rooms where a gent can be received and light refreshments.

Mr. Mangle—This here comes of you readin' love stories an' leavin' her git a peek at 'em, an' Henry McWatt'd like nothin' better than git her into his family, fur he knows she's a swell little performer.

Mrs. Mangle—Minerva's mind cannot be left wholly unprepared, William. I hid her head, and ponder.

Little Minnie Mangle—An', see! I jest eat that stuff up, don't I mamma? The lady I wrote to says when you're married the hard sloddin' begins, an' many thanks all it is to stall 'round the flat and phone for a cab, but instead he never enjoyed anything more than working with Miss Ada Lewis.

Mr. Mangle—But she's a dear! Finest thing you ever know, and so clever. I used to do a scene 'at it' every evening, and even the orchestra stayed in to see what we do next. First time I ever knew of an orchestra listening to comedy work right through the season when they didn't have to.

In vaudeville you've always got to offer something new. The vaudeville audiences are pretty regular theatergoers, and they listen with attention; they come to be interested, and not only spend a few hours after an all too hearty dinner. To the latter class of theatergoers dancing makes the greatest appeal, because it doesn't require any intelligent or concentrated attention—unless it is exceptional dancing, of course. Well, I have to hurry home and have dinner, so that I'll have time to work on the Christmas tree. No spangin' for me, remember. Good-bye, and Merry Christmas."

(Note by the interviewer—Me for Irene Franklin.)

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