

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Mme. Schumann-Heink's Failure

She Thinks that She Has Made a Failure of Motherhood—Winifred Black Answers in Her Own Way, Giving Some Logical Reasons Why She Should Not Think So.

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Madame Schumann-Heink, the great singer, says she isn't a good mother. "I have eight fine children," says Madame Schumann-Heink, "but I am not the right kind of a mother to them; I haven't had time to be; I'm too busy singing."

"It takes time and attention to be a mother; all the time and all the attention a woman can give, and then a little more than that. A woman who wants to be a good mother must make up her mind to be just that—and nothing else. You can't be a mother and a great artist, too. I know. I've tried and failed."

Failed! Have you, Madame Schumann-Heink? Failed, and that delightful family of yours all dead in love with you, from the great boy down to little Gretchen, who does her best to sing like mamma? Failed—and all the world the better and the happier for your glorious gift of song?

Failed! Nonsense! What was the matter the day you said that? Did Hans refuse to study the lesson you set for him? Did little Lelise insist on having her own way about doing her mop of flaxen hair?

Fail! Why that's just a word to you,

Madame Schumann-Heink! Only a foolish word, that's all. You never knew what failure meant in all your great, rosy, healthy, kindly, generous, wholesome life.

You never step out upon the platform, you never make your entrance upon any stage, anywhere, that everything isn't better and more wholesome and more natural and more as it should be, just because you are there. And you wouldn't be you at all without that brood of children waiting to hear from you just how the concert went at St. Louis, and who came to the recital at Kansas City.

Who's the meanest, most unbearable child you ever knew, Madame Schumann-Heink—the one of a large family, whose mother was too busy to ever attend to him, or the poor little mite whose mother doesn't do a thing on earth but "study" him and "bring him out"?

I know a child like that. He never enters without a doctor's certificate; he never reads anything but the perfectly right books; he is brought up by rote, educated by rule. His mother lives in his smile, breathes by his breath, wouldn't leave him for a single day, though his father lay dying across the continent and called for her with his last breath.

Do you fancy a child like that? And what, pray, will he grow into?

What kind of a world is that poor, devoted mother of his training him for? Who's going to "study" him when she's gone? Who's going to "regulate" the universe for him?

Right next door to the "regulated" boy

lives a family of seven children. The mother of these children is not a great artist, but she's a busy woman just the same.

She doesn't worry much about those children's souls, nor their about their bodies, either. She hasn't time. She makes all their clothes and does all their mending and all their marketing. When baby cries, mother snatches her up just long enough to find out what's the matter, and then lets the baby take care of herself all the rest of the time. Baby seems to do it, too.

There's a 5-year-old girl who combs her own hair, and a 10-year-old boy who's going to his uncle's farm this summer to work for his board, and tickled to death he is to do it. And his mother never even thinks of wanting to go with him.

Which would you rather be—the mother of a family like that or the poor, little self-centered creature who thinks she must give her whole life and soul and brain and body to the "rearing" of one poor, puny, little mite, who'll probably grow up to be a clerk in a bank somewhere, with just enough ambition to wear the correct kind of tie and to fall in love with a "classy" girl?

If I were a little, tiny girl, in Never Never Land, do you think I'd pick out that sort of woman for my mother? Would I choose a woman who bores every one to death telling about her children, a woman who doesn't know a thing in the world but the nursery, a woman who couldn't tell a story to save her life unless it was something about a safety pin and a little girl who swallowed one, and what happened to her? Not I, never!

I'd toddle right up to you dear Madame Schumann-Heink, and I'd look right straight into those deep, clear, loving eyes of yours, and I'd say: "Please be my mamma and please go on singing just the same. You wouldn't be you if you didn't sing. I'd rather have a chance to inherit my nature and my brains and my smile from you than from any other kind of woman in the world, and I'd take my chances with the bringing up."

"Just give me a few of those qualities that have made you the glorious woman that you are, and I'll risk growing up all right, even if you do have to hire some one to wheel my baby carriage and pay some one to curl my hair."

And I'll warrant that every sensible Little Stranger in Never Never Land would cry and with envy if you said: "Yes," dear Madame Schumann-Heink.

Rubies of Surpassing Value

"Most people are of the impression that the diamond is more valuable than any other jewel stone, but weight for weight, the oriental ruby costs many times what the finest diamond of the Kimberley field will bring," said Henri La Valle of Chicago, who has lately returned from a trip to the East Indies. The other day in London an eleven-carat ruby sold for \$100,000, an eleven-carat diamond in the market would not bring anything like this sum.

"For instance, an eleven-carat ruby sold in London a few years ago for \$3,000. An eleven-carat diamond in the market would not bring anything like this sum. The smaller sized diamonds and 'pigeon blood' rubies are not so wide apart in price, but real rubies are steadily in the lead in all gem markets.

"Last fall I passed through that small district in upper Burma around Mogok, seventy miles north of Mandalay, from which nearly all the rubies of the world come. The pure ruby is corundum—chemically oxide of aluminum. The aluminum sulphate is familiar as alum. The Mogok district was for three centuries owned by the Burmese kings, and in those days, I learned, the possession of a ruby by a private individual, if it was worth more than \$250, was regarded as a crime.

"Those of the larger value were made part of the crown's property except in those cases where the individual had sufficient cupidity to break them up and sell them as several separate jewels.

"Some years ago a British syndicate got a lease on the Mogok property for a period extending to 1922, and began bringing out rubies over a cart road sixty miles to the Irrawaddy river. The process of taking out the brilliant red stones is unique. A pit is sunk ten feet square and twenty-five feet deep and a centrifugal pump is placed in it. The ground all around is then gradually loaded into trucks and hauled away to a washer, any water encountered being let into the pit, from which the pump removes it. This process continues until the level of the mine reaches the bottom of the pumping pit or the quantity of water exceeds the capacity of the pump, in which case it becomes necessary to sink the pit farther and increase the pumping power.

"Chinese in blue jackets and trousers, who eat rice, dried fish and salt pork, load the ruby ground into trucks, which are hitched to an endless rope, drawn up a slope and tipped into screens, through which, after being well shaken and disintegrated, it passes into washing pans fourteen feet in diameter.

"Rows of steel teeth set in revolving arms churn up the clayey mass, the clay and lighter gravel run off into a safety pan and the heavier gravel, containing the precious stones, is left behind—about 1 per cent of the original contents of the washer.

"At the end of each shift a door in the pan bottom is opened and the deposit falls into trucks with covers, which are locked until the sorters are ready to treat the loads. The sorters tip the deposit into a large bin, also locked, from which it slowly dribbles, into a revolving screen covered with various sizes of meshing. The sand is eliminated at once, and the clean deposit falls through in five sizes, the largest directly to a sorting table, the other four to a pulsator, which further separates the heavier from the lighter stuff. Because of the strong temptation to theft no natives are allowed to handle the larger sizes, and the English sorters conduct the next operation of working the stuff round and round in a sieve immersed in a tub of water till the rubies have gravitated to the bottom. The sieve is then smartly turned upside down on a table, so that the rubies are at the top and can be picked out by hand.

"The rainfall in the Mogok region is ter-

rific. Twenty-five inches have been registered in four days there. With great open pits to be kept free from the results of such deluges the engineers often find themselves in great difficulties, so they have decided to drive a drainage tunnel through the hill on one side of the valley, which will not only curb the river flowing through, but also empty the water from the mines by gravity. The tunnel will be more than a mile long.

"When the rich deposits have been taken from the valleys it is planned to equip the hillsides with hydraulic apparatus, as do the gold miners of California and Alaska."—Chicago News.

Its Fatal Defect.

The glib tongued agent was trying to persuade Mr. Wipedunks to buy a dictionary.

"It's the latest thing out," he said; "up to-date in every particular, contains more words than any other, has all the technical and scientific terms that have come into use in the last ten years, and there isn't a feature missing that goes to make a first-class work of the kind."

"Let me look at it a minute," said Mr. Wipedunks.

The agent handed it over and he inspected it briefly. Then he handed it back.

"Young man," he said, "you can't look that book off on me."

"What's the matter with it?"

"It hasn't got no copious index!"—Chicago Tribune.

Put Beauty Into Your Life

Selected by EDWIN MARKHAM.

Dr. Orison Sweet Marden is one of the leading teachers of the times, a man who is pouring optimism into the restless life of the modern world. Here is a passage from his last volume, "Self Investment."

"Whatever our vocation, we should resolve that we will not strangle all that is finest and noblest in us for the sake of the dollar, but that we will put beauty into our life at every opportunity.

"Just in proportion to your love for the beautiful will you acquire its charms and develop its graces. The beauty thought, the beauty ideal, will outpicture themselves in the face and manner. If you are in love with beauty you will be an artist of some kind. Your profession may be to make the home beautiful and sweet or you may work at a trade; but whatever your vocation, if you are in love with the beautiful, it will purify your taste, elevate and enrich your joy, and make you a true artist instead of a mere artisan.

"There is no doubt that in the future beauty will play an infinitely greater part in civilized life than it has thus far. It is becoming commercialized everywhere. The trouble with us is that the tremendous material prizes in this land of opportunity are so tempting that we have lost sight of the higher man. We have developed ourselves along the animal side of our nature—the greedy, grasping side. The great majority of us are still living in the basement of our beings. Now and then one ascends to the upper stories and gets a glimpse of the life beautiful—the life worth while.

"There is nothing on earth that will so slake the thirst of the soul as the beauty which expresses itself in sweetness and light.

"An old traveling man relates that once when on a trip to the west he sat next to an elderly lady who every now and then would lean out of the open window and pour some thick salt—it seemed to him—from a bottle. When she had emptied the bottle she would refill it from a handbag.

"A friend to whom this man related the incident told him he was acquainted with the lady, who was a great lover of flowers and an earnest follower of the precept 'Scatter your flowers as you go, for you may never travel the same road again.' He said that she added greatly to the beauty of the landscape along the railroads on which she traveled by her custom of scattering flower seeds along the track as she rode. Many roads have thus been beautified and refreshed by this old lady's love for the beautiful and her effort to scatter beauty wherever she went.

"If we could all cultivate a love of the beautiful and scatter beauty seeds as we

A New Story

A Story that Has Not Been Handed Down from the Time of Rameses II of Egypt.

By ELLIOTT HUBBARD.

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We are told that all stories had their rise in Egypt in the time of Rameses II. But here is a story which traces no such pedigree.

It is not standard by reason of parentage, but it is legitimate by performance. It has the peculiar and unique quality of being true. So here is the story:

A one-legged man in Poughkeepsie hobbled into a shoe store on his crochets. The clerk, who had studied scientific salesmanship and had just read an essay on "Charm of Manner," wiggled, jigged, ambled and minced forward, smiled serenely and asked in dulcet tones, "May I have the pleasure of showing you a pair of shoes?" And the one-legged man said, "Nix on the pair. One shoe—see!"

The clerk was slightly up in an aeroplane. He coughed, hesitated, said "er" and "ah," when the proprietor, who had been viewing the scene through a peep-hole from the back of the office, came forward and met the situation as a brave man should by saying to the clerk, "Show the gentleman a shoe! How often have I told you to give a customer exactly what he wants? You know we cater to gentlemen with one good—er—leg. One shoe? Certainly, of course, of course!"

So they sold the man the one shoe at exactly one-half the price for the pair.

This gave the shoe man an idea, and the next day each of the newspapers in that town contained a goodly ad, begin-

ning with the slogan, "We cater to one-legged men!"

"Of course everybody interested in advertising, and those who were not, read the ad and laughed. Also they passed the ad along to other people, saying, 'Bill! Well, now, wouldn't this give you the same—ain't?' Think of it, a shoe store catering to one-legged men!"

Every one-legged man in that town and vicinity had the ad showed to him fifteen times before lunch. Also, every one-legged man in that town went down to that shoe store and bought one shoe.

One legged man can kick as hard as men with two pedals.

Disappointed men are always great kickers. And great kickers are great advertisers.

This man, who ran the shoe store, instead of turning a customer away, made a friend of him. Then he took advantage of the adventitious circumstance and turned it into an advertisement.

One-legged men associate with people who have two legs. Most of their friends have two legs. Some one-legged men have families; and Dr. J. H. Tilden, the eminent sanesiologist, assures me that when one-legged men wed and have families, most of the children have two good feet.

The argument is that one-legged men buy shoes for two-legged people as well as themselves.

And the result of advertising shoes for one-legged men brought a lot of publicity and a goodly number of customers to that particular shoe store.

It is a great man who can seize the psychological moment by the marshal wave and swim safely into port on the tide of opportunity.

Scientific advertising is psychology, and a sympathetic attitude toward the needs of humanity is the first item in the recipe for success.

Never turn a possible customer away. Meet people rightly, but do not fall to part with them in a way so that when you again meet you will both be glad.



What is a Sign of Love?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

What do you think is a sign that love has come? You have an opinion, and, without a shadow of doubt, it is based on experience. Looking back to that experience, would you say the writer of this letter is in love?

"I am a youth," and considered good-looking by the fair sex, I think I am in love with a girl, but she seems to be indifferent to me. I think of her day and night. Is that a sign, that I love her?"

I say it is. To dream of a girl all night, and think of her all day is conclusive proof of love. Of no one in the world does a man think so constantly except of the girl he loves.

There are also other signs, many of them more convincing. He sees no fault in the girl. He is never with her so long at a time that he has had a surfeit of her society.

The hours fly when with her, and drag when away. The only happiness he knows when they are apart is counting the time when he will be with her again.

He has no hopes that are not centered around her. He can imagine no joy that is independent of her, and his first thought is of the effect she may have on her.

He wants to shield her. He longs for the right to protect her from every adverse wind that blows. He regards money as only a means for making life pleasant for her; he counts all his friends of no value unless they are also friendly to her.

The signs of love are legion, but this young man has the one that is unmistakable. In the constant thinking of her will originate every dream for her, every hope for her, every ambition.

He continues: "She is very popular among the boys, and she treats them all as she treats me. A friend of mine saw her once, and now he is apparently smitten with her. Would you consider that a cause of breaking off my friendship with him, or would you step aside and let him have her?"

Ah, here is a sign that doesn't point to genuine love. No real-lover entertains the thought of "letting" some other man have the girl he loves.

If the most peacelike man in the world, every drop of blood in his veins becomes fighting blood at such a prospect. "Let him have her! Not if constant devotion, if patience, if a fight for every inch of ground with every weapon love calls its own can win her!"

The man who steps meekly aside in such a contest is one of love's molly-coddles. He has water in his veins, and luke-warm water at that.

We will never win anything he wants in life for that reason that there is always some other man who wants the same thing.

He will find there are others who want what he wants in every walk of life. If he will meekly give up a fight for the girl he loves he will meekly surrender the round of the ladder he has reached because some other man wants it.

He will get nowhere. Indeed, I doubt if he will ever start, for every at the starting place there are always others who want to have their turn with their toes on the line.

He loves this girl. Of this there is no doubt. But it is a weak, spineless sort of affection; the kind that clings without giving support; the kind that drags and pulls down.

If he goes to her and says, as he has said to me in effect, "I love you. I think of you by day and by night. Another man loves you. Shall I step aside and let him have you?"

If he says that, and she has the sense she needs for her own protection, she will tell him it is not in his power to "let" any man have her. That is within no one's power but her own.

But if he feels that way about it, she will add with scorn, he need never attempt to see her again.

Then she will regard him as a closed incident: a book that has been read and that left a disagreeable impression.

One half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives—and what's more, it doesn't care.

But a man never keeps on being crazy over a woman very long after she begins to act crazy over him.

The Bathing Girl of the Rockies

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By Nell Brinkley



Cannon-Balling it Down the Toboggan.

Out in the west, my "own country," down in a deep, green valley, tucked away between high slopes, on whose tops the red deer graze, tucked away where two wild, loud mountain rivers join hands and voices and go jollily on together, there's a bright green, sun-filled pool like an emerald, in a stone-bottomed, stone-walled square. You little maids who have the great gray ocean to dip your little pink toe in might sniff at my warm, pretty green pool—anyhow, I know you'd call it dinky—but that's because you don't know it. It flows from the always boiling heart of the moun-

tain that leans above it, and when the snow blankets its stone lips, its water is warm as a timid maiden's bath, and this time of the year, this June time of the year, you'd find if you looked in on the green pool, a drove of pretty little girls with faces that would lighten up your old heart considerable, wreathing its edges about, driving their way through its green flood, and cannon-balling it down the toboggan that curves a graceful length from the tree-tops to the brink. Just the same little mermaids that ride the Atlantic's old gray sea-horses.