

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Futurist at Home

Striking Pictures of Post-Impressionist Furniture



Futurist or post-impressionist furniture is being taken up abroad as a holiday season fad, and these pictures serve to show to what extremes the faddists are going.

In the top picture, for instance, you see the kind of cushions that every perfectly good post-impressionist should have in his or her home.

You can snuggle back on a lounge with an angular horse neighing from a futurist cushion under your right ear, with some impossible posies glaring from another richly embroidered cushion at your feet.

Or, if your nerves are strong enough, you can surround yourself with pictures



similar to those shown in the bottom picture.

During this Christmas season thousands of futurist furniture freaks are being sold by London dealers for Yuletide presents. As they say in England, the people there are "quite mad" about the new fad and the supply barely exceeds the demand.

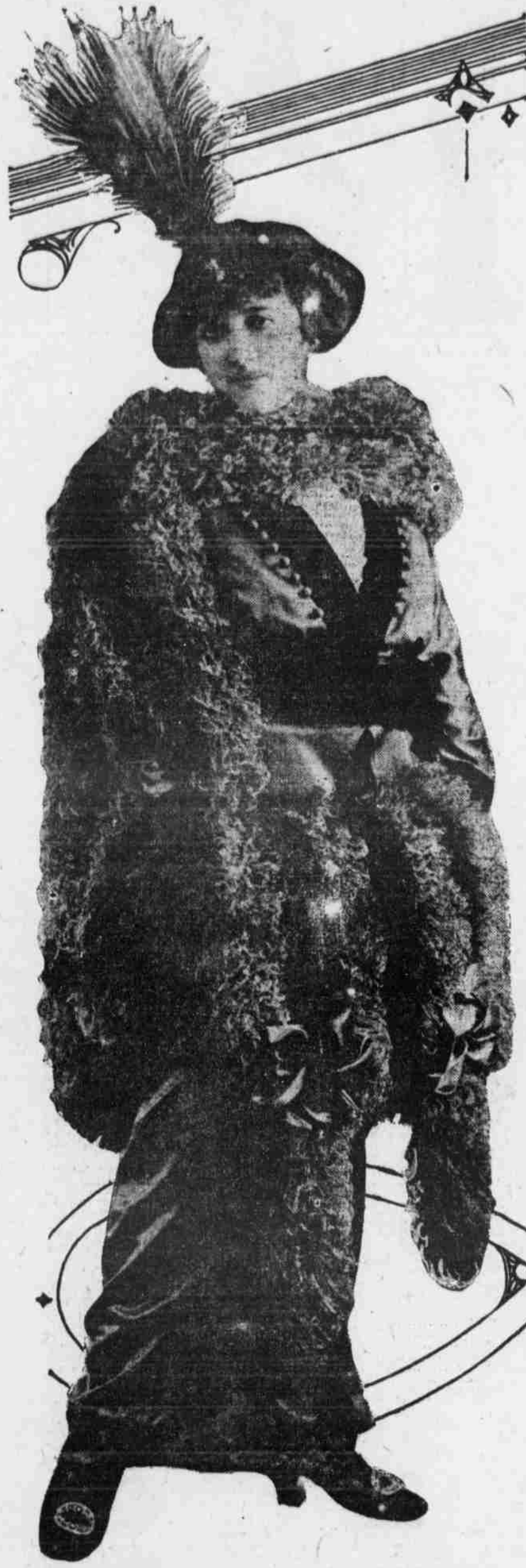
Already some dealers over here are beginning to introduce the "futurist furniture" in a small way, but the idea has not "caught on" as yet.

Perhaps Americans are too nervous a race to be able to withstand the shock of walking into a room of distortions after a hard day's work.

Could Your Nerves Stand This?

Two Magnificent Styles

FULLY DESCRIBED BY OLIVETTE



For the woman who finds far beyond her means, we suggest the use of ostrich combined with velvet—or of the ever useful and warm marabou.

The gown shown on the left is of blue satin with belt and surplice folds of brown velvet.

Vanilla brown velvet forms the center of the scarf and the ostrich or marabou should be of the same tone.

On the muff are three bands of the velvet—and four of the feather trimming.

Bows of satin in rosette form finish the outer bands of the velvet—and long ends of the ostrich fall from them.

This will be found a very useful way to utilize old material.



This evening gown of Copenhagen blue velvet on the right depends for its effectiveness upon line and color. And the two combine in the shading draperies of the rich material.

The blouse fastens beneath the arm and is held by straps of beads that cross under and above the shoulder and finish in ornaments that fall straight in front.

Pink and red roses mark the line of the draped belt in front, and a smaller bouquet holds the skirt where it crosses above the left foot.

The skirt ends in long, round train, and at the waist there is a folded tunic of the velvet.

The sleeves are of flesh-colored tulle. OLIVETTE.

A Talk to the Male Jilt

By ADA PATTERSON.

Washington is amazed that a bride married less than a month ago should retire to her country home at the height of the social season. The bride's frank statement, "I want to go to the country so that I may have quiet days and long pleasant evenings at home with my husband, when we can read and chat undisturbed," brings by very little the amazement Washington wenders if the young woman, the daughter of a wealthy and distinguished United States senator who would be in her own right and in any place a distinctly popular girl, isn't growing a little peculiar.



If she is, would that we were all blessed with friends of the same "eccentricity." We should greet this girl's decision as a welcome sign of the recurring of the home instinct that has been sleeping, if not dead in the breasts of so many American women who gather in large cities and, so far as nature will permit, transform themselves into shrill-voiced brilliant plumaged sisters of the peacock.

The girl who is frankly tired of society is the daughter of a blunt, clear-sighted man of powerful and well-governed intellect. Inheriting his power and vision, she was not long blinded by the daze of the foolish satellites. The brilliant dust that society throws into the eyes of the foolish satellites. The brilliant dust that blinds them for a time they think they enjoy crowding together as closely as sardines in a can, chattering aimlessly, tinkling the tea cups, and wrinkling their faces in an attempt at being vivacious that ends in making them look like aged, ugly monkeys. But sooner or later they realize that they do not enjoy it. They discover that they are working harder than their dressmakers, worrying far more than their landladies. They keep on steadily and monotonously as a canal horse on the tow path, as draggingly as a galley slave at his oars. "Why do they do it?" a woman who

had forsaken the city for the country, and whose bright eyes, smooth complexion and naturally pink cheeks, pink-firm muscled cheeks, bespoke the wisdom of her choice. Two women had "just dashed in for a minute" and dashed out again because they had been to a morning lecture by the moment's favorite swam and were due at luncheon "in just ten minutes, my dear." They must rush home to dress for a tea aristocrat at which they were to try a variation of the turkey trot, and an emphasized tango. The evening was filled with a Bohemian dinner and the theater and a supper that followed. There were dark circles under their eyes. Deep diagonal furrows ploughed by fatigue stretched from the inner corner of their eyes and lay about their cheeks. Their faces were sallow and spotted from too much to eat, and too great intimacy with crowded rooms and a too little acquaintance with the beautifying out of doors. Exhaustion, not content with this debauching, had etched fine lines criss-cross upon their

faces. They looked as tired as draught horses staggering to their stables. "Why do they do it?" repeated the woman who had forsaken it all for the country, and without waiting for an answer, herself answered it.

"It is because they think that all this makes them important. That's the secret of it. I'll warrant you. I used to think so too. I rushed around to the Juna clubs and to Mrs. Smith Jones's luncheon and Mrs. Green Browne's tea until I was tired enough to lie down and die, yet whip kept lashing me on. One day I sat down and had a talk with myself, and we understood each other. I said to myself, 'to be important you must care only for important things.'"

She had found the truth. This woman who looked ten years younger and ten times happier since she had joined the increasing American exodus to the land of right living.

"The land of right living lies all around us, except in the shelf life of the great cities. It may be in a village. It may be in a suburb of a city, or it may be in the frankly avowed country, or that border line where town and country meet. But it is not among the inmates of the sandwich dwellings, apartments, which are merely flats disguised by more or less reliable elevators. It is a place of elbow room and thought room.

The great cities are merely market places. They are clearing houses for our wares, be they talents or commodities, stories or pictures, shoes or potatoes. They are buying and selling places, but when that business is finished happy is he or she who owns the litchkep of a home beyond the thousand-voiced city.

We need human contact to some extent. We need occasionally to look across the table into a friendly face and exchange tales of what we have seen on the road of life. But we do not need the vitality robbing crowd. We do not need the state of strained eyes and strained voices, and wandering attentions called society. We need to forsake life's ocean for one of its quiet bays.

For concentration upon a task be it only the task of being happy, we need a state of uninterrupted.

The girl who has deserted the capital in its social season knows what she wants and doesn't want. She is tired of tinkling cymbals and she wants, as Lamb did, quiet in which to enjoy books and music, chat and whinnisms.

Fidelity is the one great virtue a woman asks of a man and a man demands of a woman. Without fidelity you are no more use to any one than so much straw scattered by every wind that blows. Run along, little man, run along. Nobody wants you or your kind anywhere in the family.

Why She Did It

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been calling on a girl for three years, and now I have fallen in love with somebody else. That somebody else is a cousin who is visiting the other girl. I think the cousin knows that I am in love with her, and I know that the other girl is very jealous. What am I going to do about it?

EMBARRASSED.

Embarrassed, well, I should think you would be embarrassed, you poor, weak, shilly-shally, dilly-dally creature, you.

For three years you have taken up this girl's time; for three years you have made her believe that you were in love with her, and now just because her cousin knew you are ready to break the other girl's heart.

A fine fellow you are, to be sure. So you think the cousin knows you are in love with her?

Why don't you tell the truth for once? You know she knows it, for you have done everything you could to make her know it. He honest now for a few minutes and admit it.

Every time you've had a chance you've given counsel to understand that you never really breathed a long breath till she "came into your life."

For cousin, I hope she, at least, has sense enough to see through you and to estimate your deep and tremendous passion at its true value.

Why, you aren't worth a tear—you aren't worth a sigh—you aren't even worth a little crooked quirk of a smile.

What in the world would any woman of any sort of character do with a poor weakling like you?

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

You Must Hear Your Mother.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 16 and would like very much to go on the stage. I am keeping company with a young man about the same age, who is on the stage and has asked me to go with him. If I go I will have to leave home for my mother said that I could not go. I am in love with this young man and he said that if I do not go on the stage he will have nothing more to do with me. He says he loves me.

M. L. C.

He doesn't love you. No man loves a girl if he advises her to disobey her mother. This is proof that he lacks sincerity, sense and honor. You must not see him again, and you must give up all thought of the stage unless you want to commit moral suicide.

Certainly.

Dear Miss Fairfax: In keeping company with a young man who is a year older than a young man, I am about a year older than a young man.

STEADY READER.

A year's difference in age is too little to think about.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"I was reading a poem last night that was wrote by a gent named Mister Poe," said the Manicure Lady. "The name of it was the name of some bird, something like a crow, and, gee! George, that poem made the chills run up and down my spine for fair. I think it must be grand to be able to write poems and frighten people."

"I don't see any class to frightening people," declared the Head Barber. "Why didn't he write something to make them laugh?"

"Any clown could do that," said the Manicure Lady. "But this piece was too hard for a clown to write. Part of it went, 'Ah, distinctly I remember' I could see the dead leaves flying when I read them lines. And that makes me think, George, of something that puzzles me a lot of times. Why is it that a person gets bluer in the fall than in the spring? I try to be bright and merry like a little songbird, but all of a sudden I think about how short a time we are here, or somebody that died in a railroad wreck, or the Giants in the last world's series,

and all my happiness is shot to pieces. That's the way I am most every fall since I can remember."

"I get that way, too," said the Head Barber. "All my creditors come around and tell about that it is going to be a long, hard winter, and would I please kick in with at least part of the amount."

"It ain't no money trouble that makes me blue in the fall," said the Manicure Lady. "It must be because that is the time of year when everything is getting through. Nothing could be more sad to look at than a tree without no leaves on it, but that is what your lamps rest on the minute you go for a drive in the park. Wilfred feels the same way I do about it. He says that every dead leaf is the ghost of some dead lover. Of course I don't take no stock in that sort of it, but he is all the time moaning about love and we all let him have his way up to the house, because it is wrong to cross a poet. The old gent is the only one that gets after him, but I think down in his heart he feels kind of proud of Wilfred when the poor boy manages

to get one of his poems in a magazine. But there I go rambling again. As I was saying, this is a blue time of year. Wilfred wrote some lines on the back of a looking glass up to the house last night. There was a lot of paper and a fountain pen in the writing desk, but Wilfred noticed that Burns and the other old poets would go around and write lines on window panes and in the front of books, so he has to do the same. These here is the lines he wrote.

The trees are bare and everywhere—
The smell of frost is in the air.
The mind grows sadder as it thinks
Of winter, and my poor soul shrinks
At the thought of wind howling from the north.
Snow drifts, frozen pipes and so forth.
Each life is like a single year—
First in the spring we happy appear.
Then in the summer life we enjoy,
And in the winter we can find no joy.
"It rhymes all right," said the Head Barber, "but I can't see no great amount of sense to it."

"I thought it was kind of minor league myself," said the Manicure Lady. "But I suppose poets has their off days the same as barbers."