



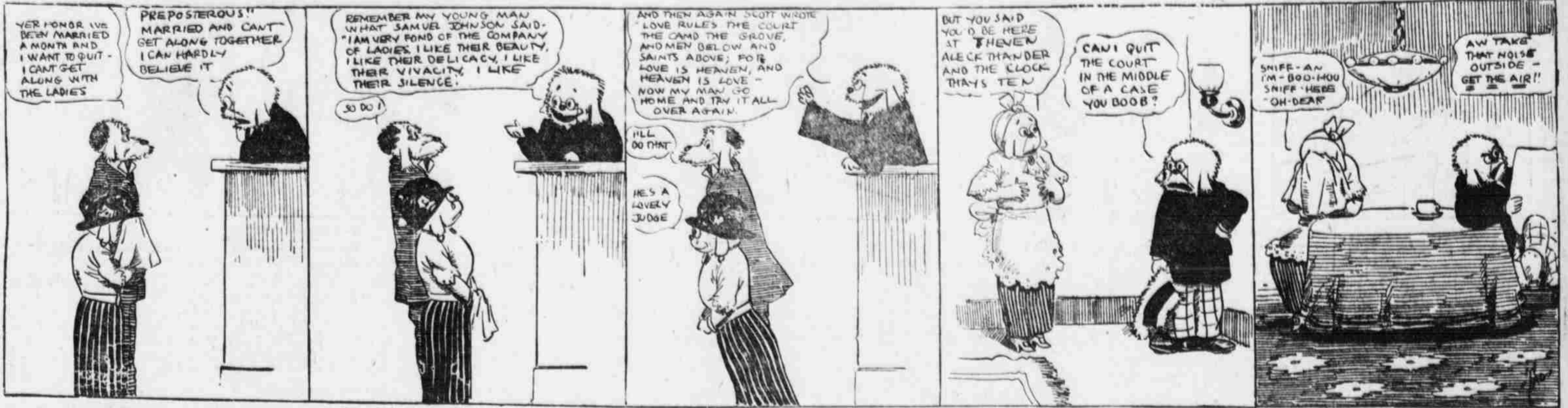
The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Judge Rumhauser Waxes Poetic

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



A Woman Forgives—Can She Forget?

By WINIFRED BLACK.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Sept. 7, 1912.—Winifred Black: The forgiving woman, dear madam, a thousand to one. And nary a nickel's worth of "sneaking fondness," or any other kind of fondness, for the "demanding" woman.



The woman who forgives puts her man on parole. There is something fundamental, primeval, deeply prisoned in the midriff of every man worth while who when forgiven by a woman, and put on parole by her keeps his parole. Some little inner voice informs him that the woman who forgives him is a bigger human being than he is; and the moment he realizes that fact, then he wants her.

I've been through the mill, good Madam Black. The "other woman" was the "demanding" woman; and the God knows I was glad to get back to the side of the real woman (the wife), who forgave as she always had forgiven and I've played the game fair with her ever since, and always will.

A REPENTANT AND HAPPIER MAN—Well, well, here is some good news for the wife who forgives. I'm glad of it, she needs good news, poor woman and lots of it to make her forget the dull ache that she will carry in her heart to the grave.

"He deceived me once, I wonder if—How many times do you suppose, Mr. Gay Husband, that the wife who forgave you so 'easily' goes over and over that wretched formula in her poor, puzzled, shocked, frightened mind?"

Have you the least idea that she is happy now, that wife of yours? She forgave you, yes, but have you the faintest idea of notion that she can ever forget what you did?

Never speak of it? Of course, not! Never lets you think she even faintly remembers it. She must have some remnant of pride somewhere, saved somehow from the wreck.

Forgotten, that would? Never until she forgets the day her first baby was born will she forget the awful hour when she found you out. You, who allowed another woman to make fun of her for a poor, deceived dune who you promised to love, cherish and protect her, and you threw her heart to the dogs to feed us—heart you pretend to cherish so highly now!

Perhaps you do, perhaps you do, but do you think the woman you made light of once will ever believe you again, no matter how much she pretends?

Would you believe her again if you discovered that she had lived a lie to you for months, kissed you with another man's letters in her bosom, gone straight from you to him with some lying excuse to befool you into stupid acquiescence? You wouldn't forget, you?

couldn't. Well, then, what ground have you for supposing that a woman can be greater, broader-minded, finer in every way, than you?

Some of them do? Never, never so long as the world goes around. They pretend to for various reasons, some of them noble and unselfish, and some of them mean and mercenary.

Some pretend to forget in order to keep the family together. Some of them pretend to forget so as to help one they know is a good man in most things to come to his best self again. Bless the hearts of such women, they are the mothers of all that is best in human nature.

And some pretend to forget because they want the money their business gives them, or the social position they gain as the wife of "so and so," the well known, "something or other."

And some pretend to forget because they never really cared a rap about it. These are the woman who don't care tuppence for any man living or anyone above ground but themselves. So long as they are well shod, well housed, well groomed, their husbands may make a joke of them from one end of the town to the other—it is nothing to them.

No, gentlemen, don't make yourselves believe any more fairy tales. Women forgive, poor things, lots of them, but they do not forget, and never can, any more than men can.

So you were "glad to get back to the real woman, the woman who forgave as she always had forgiven. And you "played the game fair with her ever since and always will." Until next time, good sir, I'm afraid I would keep thinking if I were the real woman who had to forgive this time, as she had so many times before.

And I wonder if the "real woman" thinks you are a "real man," right down deep in her heart of hearts. Do you suppose so, really? And do you honestly believe she likes to "play the game" with such a very uncertain partner as you seem to be? Honestly, now, I'd really love to know.

There exists in New York on One Hundred and Forty-eighth street, near Amsterdam avenue, a church that is unique in a city of many strange institutions and movements. A few Sundays ago, at the afternoon service, the building was well filled with a quiet audience. The clergy presently came in vested in the habiliments of the Episcopal church, preceded by a procession of young women in vestments, led by a cross-bearer. At a signal these young women, who formed the choir, ranged themselves before the altar, facing the people, and in graceful, rhythmic motions of the hands and arms "signed" a hymn, which the silent congregation looked at with rapt attention.

The clergyman then continued the service in signs. The people knelt or stood, as the ritual of the Episcopal church demanded, yet never a sound was heard of voice or music, only response was made by the eloquent moving of answering hands from the crowded pews. A sermon followed from the conspicuous pulpit, for these people must see if they would understand, and by a series of motions, some so graphic as to be comprehensible to the visitor, a discourse was addressed to the silent, watching throng. The whole service was pathetic and touching to a degree, and as one slowly made his way from the edifice he wondered if anywhere else in the great city so curious a worship had that day been offered. It was learned subsequently that St. Ann's church for deaf mutes, for that was the church that had been visited, was the only church in New York solely used for the silent people. Later on, in conversation with the vicar, Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain, whose sermon had been seen, but not heard, it was learned that St. Ann's was a part of St. Matthew's parish, of which Rev. Arthur H. Judge is rector, and that the vicar had been over forty years in the deaf mute work. He travels, so he said, far and near in his ministry, he attends court to interpret for deaf men who chance to need his services there, he buries their dead, baptizes their children and assists them in their needs.—New York Post.

Daffydils



What is the Ideal Proposal?

In Turkey Courtship Comes After Marriage

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

What is the ideal proposal? How would you like to be proposed to by a Turk?

No, not Blue Beard, but the modern Turkish gentleman, who, according to Madame Blanche Arral, is one of the most charming, courtly and delightful people, and an expert in the art of love-making and proposing.

Madame Arral, the noted singer, has made several tours of the world, and been entertained in Constantinople by the most distinguished Turkish families. She is herself a princess by marriage.

She has had an excellent insight into Turkish life, courtship and proposals, and she told me about it in that cramping vivacious manner of hers, which is part of a magnetic personality.

"If you want to know how the Turk proposes," said Madame Arral, laughing, "you must be prepared for a reversal of the ordinary order of things. Courtship follows marriage in Turkey instead of preceding it."

"The marriage is arranged by the mother of the prospective husband. This lady, after it has been decided upon that the son of the house shall be married, goes out on a tour of inspection to visit other women of her own class, station in life and fortune, who have marriageable daughters. A girl can be married off at the age of 12."

"Usually the young Turk completes their education in a foreign land, generally in Paris, and before leaving home they are wedded to some young girl or child of their own country and religion."

"Of course, the courting is done when the young man comes back from his studies. As I was saying, the marriage is arranged by the two mothers. The mother of the prospective bridegroom, after she has satisfied herself that she has picked out the daughter-in-law best suited to her son's position, tells the young man something of his future wife's appearance and he has to be satisfied with that."

"The girl is a little better off, for she may get a glimpse of her future husband. Of course, the Turkish women are always closely veiled and are never seen in public. But at concerts where I have sung, the distinguished ladies of Mohammedan society were behind an immense screen built in to the far end of the wall and made in such a way that you could not see who was behind it, but that those back of it could observe the auditorium and the singers at their leisure."

"At such a concert, or possibly from the latticed window of her chamber, the Mohammedan maiden gets her only view of her future husband."

"The wedding takes place with the bride and her family on one side of a curtain and the groom and the priest on the other. It is only after the ceremony that the husband lifts his wife's veil for the first time and sees her face."



MADAME BLANCHE ARRAL.

According to the singer, marriages in Turkey are arranged by the mothers of the contracting parties. Not until after the ceremony does the husband see his wife's face.

"I should think that would be a dreadful shock sometimes," I interposed. "Possibly it is, though most of the Turkish women are beautiful, especially when they are young," continued the singer.

"But now begins the actual courtship. And the Turk, who is the most charming husband in the world, is as gentle and tender as any hero of romance. His wooing is full of delicate sentiment, and he will promise to fetch the moon down to win the affection of the loved one. He has much experience and is an expert at love-making."

"When a Turk proposes to a European woman he does so by letter; a letter full of ardent promises and tender feeling. Oh, yes, I had a proposal of that kind," said Madame Arral, answering my question, "and it was one of the most charming epistles I have ever received; and

The Scholar in Politics

By ELMERT HUBBARD.

Now that the shouting of the captains has ceased and the noise of battle has died away, it is well to see that business, big and little, is not apprehensive.

The worst didn't happen. The workers are going forth to their tasks until the evening. The waters flow, the winds blow, the sun shines. Iron, steel, lumber and oil are in demand.

Advices from Chicago, Denver, San Francisco, Minneapolis, Philadelphia and New York reveal the fact that wholesale dealers are struggling with an influx of telegraph orders unprecedented.

The further fact that the New York Stock exchange quotations show an advance in prices averaging three points is an index finger pointing the way.

Have we discounted the politician? Possibly. In any event, we are not afraid of the scholar in politics. Scholars have never worked and have not in politics occasionally have. Also, we are a little afraid of the reformer and the Utopian who comes with a hand-made panacea. And certainly we would avoid the professional revolutionist and the anarchist. But the scholar in politics is never a danger and a menace to civilization.

The president-elect is a historian and a student. And he knows, above all men, that this world is not to be made over by revolutionary processes. Woodrow Wilson is sincere, but he is not a saint. He can smile. He realizes that we are all in process, himself included.

You know, a singer gets many delightful compliments if she pleases her public. "Well, I don't see what good it would do to be proposed to in the most beautiful language, and then find that your future husband has three other wives," I announced.

"That is all a matter of custom. The Turkish women are reared to expect nothing else, and in a way they have an easy life. To the Turk, a wife is a luxury, to be taken care of and guarded from all trouble. Just about as a European man would look after an extraordinarily precious race horse."

"The women themselves are invariably sweet, docile and gentle. What else can they be? They have been trained by many generations of mothers to submit absolutely to the will of their husbands, and as the Turkish gentleman, in his own home, is undoubtedly a most charming man, and kindness itself to his women, most of the women of the harem know of nothing to complain."

"The Turkish woman lives only for her home; she has absolutely no life outside of it. She stands at the outer extremity from the independent American woman, who to us French people, at least, seems to live a great deal for the outer world."

"The Turk is extraordinarily jealous and the women think this a sign of his affection. Many women wonder how American men can allow their wives so much liberty, and why the wife does not resent a total lack of jealousy in her husband. A French woman would be indignant to think that her husband cared so little about her as not to be jealous if she flirted with other men even in the most innocent way."

Miss Mitchell was found in her home unconscious after having inhaled gas. An ambulance call brought Dr. Crispell from Plover hospital and the woman was put in the automobile ambulance. The engine of the automobile stopped in Forty-sixth street between Fifth and Sixth avenues, and while the chauffeur was repairing the engine Dr. Crispell telephoned to the gas company and when the ambulance arrived at the hospital the pulmonologist there waiting for the case. The gas company's men applied the device in the presence of all the members of the hospital staff. After an application of forty minutes the regular oxygen-tank was applied and the patient began to show signs of life. Since then she has steadily improved.—New York Times.

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Pumping Out Inhaled Gas

Annie Mitchell of 835 Sixth avenue, New York, is a prisoner in Plover hospital, charged with attempted suicide. She is recovering from the effects of gas poisoning. According to the physicians at the hospital she owes her life to the application of the pulmonologist, the new device for producing artificial respiration which has been adopted by the Consolidated Gas company to relieve those suffering from gas asphyxiation. The company has put one of these instruments in its emergency wagon and has notified the hospital that it will send the appliance anywhere it is needed.

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The easy Resinol way to get rid of pimples

JUST bathe your face for several minutes morning and night with hot water and plenty of Resinol Soap. Finish with a dash of cold water to close the pores. This simple treatment will almost always get rid of pimples and blackheads, quickly and completely. In severe or stubborn cases, apply a little Resinol Ointment, allowing it to remain on a few minutes before bathing with Resinol Soap. The healing, antiseptic balsams in Resinol Soap and Ointment soothe and cleanse every irritated pore, leaving the complexion clear and velvety.

Philadelphia, July 5, 1912: "Over a year ago my face broke out all over with pimples which were so unsightly that I was ashamed to go any place in company. I tried many different remedies, but they only seemed to get worse till I sent for a sample of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. (See ad.) and used them as directed. After using one cake of Resinol Soap and one ointment I was entirely cured." (Signed) Joseph Phillips, 123 McKean St.

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Resinol Soap and Ointment stop itching instantly and speedily heal eczema and other skin humors, dandruff, chapped hands, sores, boils, burns, wounds and piles.

Trial free: Resinol Soap and Ointment (10c and 25c) are recommended and sold by druggists everywhere. For sample cards, write to Dept. B-1, Resinol Chem. Co., Baltimore, Md.