

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Anita Stewart's Talks to Girls No. 4—Every Girl Should Learn a Trade.



By ANITA STEWART.

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My mother—my wise, far-seeing mother—began when I was a little girl to prepare me to be self-supporting. I had a very sweet, strong, high soprano voice, and it was intended in those days that I should be a singer, but chance opened the door of a moving picture studio to me. I made good, and my fate was changed.

But how I make my living is a mere detail. The main point is that my mother did not trust my future to luck, as is the common way with parents with their girls, although they are careful enough to try to safeguard their boys.

My mother didn't say, "Anita, in pretty, she'll be sure to marry and live happily ever afterward."

She said, "Perhaps Anita may marry. Perhaps she may not marry. Perhaps, if she does marry, her husband may turn out to be a poor business man, who has no family for making money, or he may become an invalid, or die, and leave her with children, and she may need to know how to make money a hundred times more desperately than any single woman ever does."

"I've seen all of these calamities happen over and over again, and I don't want my daughter to be one of those helpless, futile women who have never made a dollar, and couldn't if they were thrown out on their own resources."

"That's the way my mother looked at the subject, and if every other mother took the same line it would save a lot of useless misery and suffering, for it's the unpreparedness of girls for life that makes so many of them make such a mess of it."

If every girl was taught some trade or profession by which she could support herself it would do away with nearly all of the unhappy marriages.

Then a girl could wait until the man she wanted for a husband came along, instead of having to take the first man who proposes to her, because her family shows her that they think that they have supported her long enough, and that she ought to get out of the way of her younger sisters.

The girl with her own occupation doesn't have to marry for a home, but the dependent girl does, only too often. The girl who has a good trade or profession is treated better by her husband, too. Do you know why so many wives stand for drunkenness, unfaithfulness and brutality from their husbands? It's because they have no way of making a living for themselves. They've never been taught how to earn a cent, and it's a choice between being abused or starved with them.

But the woman with a good profession at her fingers' ends simply serves notice on her husband that if he doesn't treat her right she'll go back to her old position, and you are going to find out that when every woman is self-supporting, there is going to be the greatest

reformation the world has ever known in the conduct of husbands.

And it gives a girl such a sense of independence and dignity to know that she can stand on her own two little feet, and doesn't have to be like a flopping vine hanging onto the nearest support. It makes her feel that she's a human being and some account in the world, and that is about as soul satisfying an emotion as we ever get.

So I say, girls, by all means learn how to do some one thing well enough to make a living by it. It doesn't matter whether you are rich or poor, for no one knows what sort of luck is waiting for us down the road.

A good trade is a strong crutch to lean on if you need it, and if you never need it, it is a comfortable thought to know that you've got it in reserve. It's just like having money in the bank.

(The next article by Anita Stewart will appear here soon.)

### Advice to Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Your "Big Brother."

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 18 and for the last five years have known a young man two years my senior. This young man is a frequent visitor at our house, as he is also my brother's chum, and we grew up to regard him as one of the family. He in return calls me his little sister. Now, after being with him so long, I find that I am not indifferent to him, but love him very much, of which he is not aware. I would not for all the world let him know that I love him. Whenever I hear that he is coming up to the house I purposely go away to try to forget him, but find that it is impossible. He has been up several times, and after finding me out inquired of my mother where his sister was. Now, Miss Fairfax, please advise me what to do. No one knows of my love for him. Every one in the house regards him as one us'us. HEARTBROKEN H. S. R.

Just go on in your friendship for your "big brother." Love frequently grows from a loyal and congenial friendship. Do not fear to show him the tender affection your assumed relationship implies. If sweetness and womanliness do not win his love, neither cold self-consciousness nor a forward declaration on your part would succeed.

She is to Blame.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been paying attention to a young girl for six months. Of late I have heard that, while on her vacation she was with a married man most of the time. She also has another married man meet her and escort her home from her place of business. Do you think that the man that meets her and sees her home a man of good moral character when he has a wife and children home waiting for him?

F. B. M.  
The person most in blame in the case you state is the girl herself. A young woman who knowingly accepts the attention of married men harms her own character and selfishly endangers the happiness of the wife who has never done anything to injure her. Try to persuade this girl that her course is cruelly selfish and very dangerous.

## Tricks of Brain and Wonders of Mind

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

War gives strange glimpses into things not necessarily connected with it. It often places in the hands of a surgeon means of knowledge which he could not otherwise have acquired. A French sergeant received a wound in the head which affected the brain in such a way that at times he exhibited supernatural powers of perception, as if his senses had become more than human in their reach.

Among the experiments tried with him was this: Placed at a desk, with a screen before him which hid his hand, he was asked to write a letter, and, as he wrote, the sheets, ten in number, were rapidly removed so that each line was written on a different sheet, the last sheet containing only the signature. Then he was asked to read and correct the letter, with only the last sheet lying on the table and still screened from his eyes. He read it correctly, and inserted the emendations, and the punctuation marks, in their proper places on the blank sheet, just as if it had contained the entire writing.

A similar power of mental vision seems to have been possessed by Paul Morphy, the phenomenal chess player, who could play eight games at once, blindfolded. Morphy was born with the gift; the French sergeant had it accidentally knocked into his head.

It would be a hasty conclusion that a sufficient number of properly directed knocks on the skull might turn a dull into a genius, and yet the mind does, in most men, seem to be enclosed in an obscure shell which reveals bright gleams through its crack.

Sometimes the mind appears to take advantage of the hours of sleep in order to free itself from its accustomed shackles. The lightning quickness of its action at such times is startling. It throws off time, and yet retains its image so perfectly that the dreamer is absolutely deceived.

One of the most interesting examples of the instantaneousness of dreams is recorded of himself by L. P. A. Maury, a distinguished French antiquarian and historical writer. As he lay sleeping in his bed a curtain fell and struck him violently on the back of the neck, awakening him with a start. During that moment of waking, which could not have occupied more than two seconds before consciousness was complete, Maury had a dream in which he thought he lived through the reign of terror in Paris, was arrested and tried before the revolutionary tribunal, was condemned to death and sent to the guillotine. He felt the quiver of the descending knife and the shock as it struck his neck—and then the dream vanished and he awoke!

If a similar accident had suggested a like train of thought, consisting of mingled memory and imagination to a person wide awake, he would have had no sense of the lapse of any time except that actually involved in the development of his reflections, but for the dreamer, to whom the details flocked immensely faster than they could have been conceived by a waking thinker, there was a sense of slow passage of the time corresponding in length with that which would have been required by the events themselves.

Just as the dream makes the persons who play a part in it seem absolutely actual, so it introduces the effect of the ordinary flow of time without the slightest apparent curtailment. Here is something worth thinking about—an image of time can be made to appear exactly like real time; an hour, a day, a week, a year, can be condensed into a second, and the mind will perceive no difference. Might not the process be reversed and a second be expanded to an age in the consciousness of a different order of being than ours?

In these things we see the origin of the speculations of certain philosophers, who maintain that there is no such thing as time, that it is a mere notion of the mind and that in reality everything is simultaneous.

What the mind does in sleep is not always merely telling itself stories, for often very important work is performed in dreams, having a bearing upon everyday affairs. Coleridge composed the most imaginative of all his poems in a dream. Codorot, the great French mathematician, more than once had the conclusion of some profound calculation, on which he had vainly labored before retiring to bed, presented to him in a dream.

Dr. Olynthus Gregory often employed in lectures to his college classes ideas and even words and sentences which he had worked out while asleep. There is at least one instance on record of the invention of a new word by a dreamer. It is recorded by Dr. John Abercrombie, who says that a gentleman dreamed that he was enclosed with a crowd of people in a penthouse, where they were threatened with suffocation for lack of fresh air. In his distress he cried out: "Il faut detoiler!" ("Force off the roof!") As he uttered this cry he awoke. Now, there is a French word meaning "roof," but no verb "detoiler," which would mean to take the roof off. The stories of warnings of death and danger conveyed by dreams are innumerable, but probably illusory.

### In-Shoots

Base ball enthusiasts are not as foolish as the sporting editors would have us believe.

When the average man gets justice in the courts he is usually too old to enjoy it.

In nearly every instance the woman with a lazy husband is a hopeless pessimist.

A fellow can look mysteriously wise without having a secret worth keeping in his head.

Love in a cottage does not bring much joy when the cottage is owned and run by the husband's parents.

## Simple Elegance, the New Paris Note

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In this suit dress of green velours de laine, Doeuillet has trimmed the full skirt with skunk fur. The jacket ends are edged with fur, as well as the cuffs and collar.

Paris fashion designers will put women in trouserettes before they are through. They are continually hinting at that sort of thing, and while they do not yet feel the time is ripe, they never miss the opportunity to strike the note.

At a recent fashion review in the French capital, the scene of the play was laid a hundred years hence, and Paul Poiret had the chance to bring out the trouser skirt for which he has long had a predilection. Poiret has often been heard to remark that the trouserette is the "fashion of tomorrow."

The fashion note in Paris today is extreme simplicity, and a return to refined elegance. Doeuillet has designed some charming costumes since the opening, says Emille de Joncaire, writing in the Christmas number of Harper's Bazar. Doeuillet is always conservative, and has a large French clientele. He shows at his best now when the simplicity he has always advocated has become popular. Doeuillet's skirts are short and full,

Doeuillet has fashioned here a gown of old rose taffeta with the skirt draped high in the back and trimmed on the bottom with skunk fur. The tight fitting waist is of heavy silver lace, and bands of passementerie form shoulder straps.

and he calls attention to the fact that in order to give a youthful air a full skirt must be quite short. The circular, bell-shaped skirt has not, however made its appearance. Recently he created a gown of soft velvet in coral tone for one of his exclusive American customers. The

skirt is draped on the hips and bordered of blue gabardine is this serviceable little frock, which has a loose hanging bolero and white silk vest. The full skirt has two wide tucks at the bottom, and wide pockets on the sides are heavily embroidered in deep tones.

Pockets are brought into prominence in every costume; sometimes their presence in a very full skirt is accentuated by a lining of contrasting color. Sometimes they are frankly a leading feature and outlined with fur or embroidery. But they are not intended for usefulness and must not bulge with handkerchiefs or purse, though they may hold the few coins one needs to have at hand.

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