

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

**EARLY** spring models show skirts with yoke effects, the lower part shirred on with beading like an 1830 flounce. The high waist so becoming to most figures will prevail. Shantung and other silk models now forecast spring fashions.

At this season of the year the regulation winter styles are varied by the appearance of early spring models which give a forecast of sartorial delights to come. The sketch illustrates one of these models. It is developed in Shantung silk of a natural color, and favors the plaited skirt set with a deep heading to the close-fitting yoke. Following the traditions of the last two seasons, the skirt is short and permits more than a fleeting glance of fine hosiery and shoes. A belt of black patent leather gives character to the ensemble. As a matter of fact, a touch of black or of seal brown is used to heighten the effect of contrast on many of the new garments. The black note is duplicated in the shoes, whose tops are of the color of the gown.



Wearing of flat trimmings, the girl in the picture has adopted a hat of tan colored hemp, with facing of black satin. It is a line reminiscent of the Talbot turban of almost twelve months ago. An interesting feature in connection with recent models is the maintenance of the white top shoes, either in fact or by spat simulation. The laced boot, with patent leather vamp and white upper, is considered very attractive. The upper part has trimmings of the leather and the lacing are of black.

## If You Marry a Doctor

BY A DOCTOR'S WIFE.

Some people appear to imagine that a doctor always marries a nurse; that he lives his private as well as his professional life in an atmosphere of ointments and bandages. It is not a bit true, though, for my part, when I married my husband I knew nothing about nursing—my husband told me that he wanted a wife, not a medical assistant. Incidentally, I discovered afterwards how little I knew about the "inside" life of a doctor—and a doctor's wife-lands.

Since I married a doctor my life has been very happy, but also very strenuous. My duties are multitudinous and baffling. The housekeeping alone is a very important matter, for managing a doctor's household is not quite like ordinary housekeeping. Like all medical men my husband has very irregular hours—he may be called out at any time, night or day. It bothered me a bit at first, but now I am more or less used to it—anyway it is not any good worrying or grumbling about it. The chief bother of it is that it means the upsetting of meal-times—I never can tell whether Dick will be home for meals at the proper time or not; but now I make the best of things, and my housekeeping arrangements do not get radically upset by my husband's irregularity. Meals are always served at a regular time, but if "the doctor" does not arrive in time, he does not have cold dishes afterwards—my carefully planned arrangements of boiling water, dish covers and hay boxes, enable me to keep food hot for him, and to serve his meals on a sliding-time scale when necessary.

A remark made by my husband before we were married made me realize that a doctor's wife must be very discreet—that she must stifle her own feelings when policy demands it, and on no account must give any direct or indirect stimulus to scandal mongering or gossip. It is rather a difficult matter to precisely define—what I mean is, that the woman who marries a medical man, must be careful not only to avoid gossiping herself, but must also be careful that no gossip takes place where she is. Even though she, herself, takes no part in it, the mere fact that she was present when some scandal was discussed, will lead people to say, "Well, Mrs. Doctor was there, so it must be play safe." It means that a woman must cultivate tact and use it, for if those kind of things do happen, they may seriously affect a doctor's practice. Again and again medical men have to give up their practice simply because their wives have not grasped what an important thing it is for them to play their part well.

My husband never discusses his patients with me, and I think that no sensible woman who marries a doctor will expect this from him. For in this way, a medical man has as many confidences bestowed upon him as a lawyer, and his reputation would speedily vanish if it was discovered that he had repeated such confidences—even to his wife. That is why a doctor's fiancée should try before marriage to subdue any jealous instincts which she may possess, and to cultivate a very full faith and complete trust in

the man whom she marries. It is hardly necessary to say that I never discuss my husband's patients with other people—even my nearest friends—nor do I let other people discuss them with me. When conversation begins to veer round that way, I tactfully draw it into other channels.

Sometimes people congratulate me upon always "looking nice," and, though I am not vain, such a remark always pleases me. Honestly, the way in which a doctor's wife is dressed may have a quite large bearing upon the condition of her husband's practice. It sounds trivial and impossible, perhaps, but it is true nevertheless.

It seems needless for me to enter into the social life of the neighborhood a good deal. My husband, of course, has no much time for "gadding," but if he is to be a successful doctor it is necessary for the social side of his life to be looked after—and that in where a wife comes in is useful. I find that there are endless opportunities for me to be subtly and tactfully "advertise" my husband when I am out. For our part, we entertain very little—justly a doctor is not expected to do much in this direction. Chiefly, we give a big garden party every summer, at which all sorts and conditions of hospitality debts are paid up. This sort of thing prevents the bother of dinner parties, etc., when Mrs. D. is apt to think herself slighted if she is invited with Mrs. A., and so on.

One more thing I would advise any woman to do who marries a medical man—learn good management, all-round management. A doctor has got to keep up a not; but at the same time an apparently wealthy medical man with a good practice may be comparatively poor where actual money is concerned. Many people who would not dream of keeping their grocer waiting for his account are very remiss in settling up with their medical man—and his wife knows it better than anyone else. It means that she often has to make a dollar seem to do the work of ten.

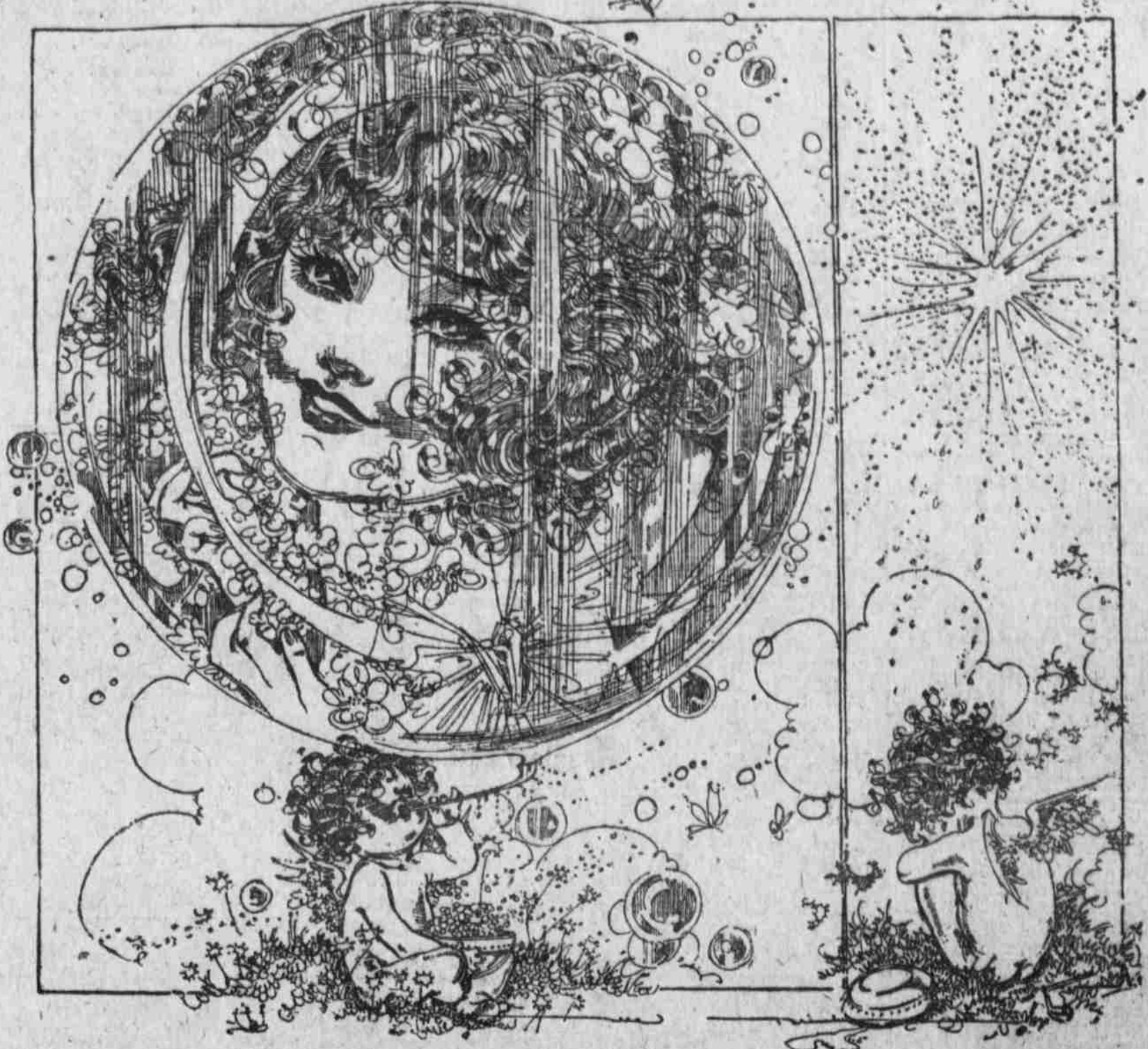
But with it all—all the rocks and difficult waters which the medical man's wife will encounter in her voyage of matrimonial discovery—it is worth while, Worth while, that is, if a woman loves a man and he loves her.

### In-Shoots

We may tell our troubles, but we can never learn them. The mild looking husband is not always in the hen-pecked class. He may be a deuce of a diplomat. It is possible to be an idol of the people and not be able to land many votes when running for office. The man who suffers in silence sometimes beams more pain than the fellow who bellows. But not often. High living will develop low instincts. The medical man is apt to become fussy if he lives long enough. A lot of fellows who boast that they read good books talk as though the most of their knowledge had been gained from "movie" billboards.

## "A Bursten Bubble" : (The Summer Girl) : By Nell Brinkley

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The Summer girl is a bubble, an iridescent dream in froth and blossoms, like pink and white snow—and the bubble is burst—the dream is faded and the pink and white snow is melted weeks ago. Dan sat for four sweet months on the highest hill, with his bowl of makin' on his padded knees, and blew the Summer-girl bubble into the warm air to the surprise of the blue and gold butterflies and the destruction of vacationist hearts—and he liked that!

But all of a sudden a chill came over the world—Summer shuddered her bare shoulders and looked to the north—the elves began to kindle fires under the tree roots (and that's where the blue haze of Indian Summer came from—didn't you know?)—and down on things

whistled King Frost, and he thrust at the bubble that Dan was swelling so big—so big—at the bubble of 'he Summer girl that throbbed and swam with a thousand thrilling colors, that gleamed and sparkled and clung to Dan's clay pipe—and snick! It went—in a million drops, a tiny shower of vanishing jewels—and the Summer-girl bubble of Dan's prideful making was gone into thin air.

It's a bursten bubble—it is that—the dream of a Summer girl that was. And Dan has broken his clay pipe and kicked over his bowl and banded his glided-head on his knees and—the Winter wind is a whistling through his wings and the dry leaves whirl.

—NELL BRINKLEY.

## No. 2 Why My Wife Left Me

The Man Who Thought All Show of Affection Ended at the Altar Tells His Story.

By DOROTHY DIX.

"My marriage was a failure," said the second man, "because I starved my wife to death. Oh, not for food. I was what the world calls a 'good provider.' I gave my wife a fine house to live in, fine clothes to wear, a fine automobile to ride in—and nothing else.

"And the material things were not enough for her, as they are not enough for any other woman who isn't a sawdust-stuffed doll. My wife needed the things of the spirit—love and tenderness—and I withheld just as surely of heart hunger as she would have died for lack of food.

"It is a strange thing that we men are drawn to women by certain qualities that they possess; that we marry them because of the appeal that these qualities make to us, and then that we treat our wives as if they were entirely different human beings with different attributes.

"You will see a man, for instance, marry a woman because of her beauty, and then berate her for her vanity in cherishing that beauty. Or you will see a man marry a girl because she looks like a fashion plate, and then he will inveigh against her extravagance in wanting fine clothes. Or a man will marry a girl because she's so helpless and dependent and childish, and he will be bored because she is not a competent, self-reliant woman who can be a helpmeet to him.

"I married a girl who was as shy as a wood violet and as shrinking as a sensitive plant. She was a little, timid, tender creature, who would shiver under a hard word as she would have done from a blow, and whose eyes would fill up with tears at a cold look. She was a creature made for love and tenderness and for cherishing. She bloomed out under the warmth of affection, and withered away under the gray skies of neglect.

"Such women made a far more powerful appeal to men than their strenuous sisters, and from the first minute that I met Alice I was mad about her. I wooed her with as fiery a passion as any hero

of romance ever displayed toward his lady. I overwhelmed her with tokens of my affection. I would have wearied her with my vows of devotion. If women like she can ever have enough of love, I swept her off her feet with my ardor, and into a hasty marriage!

"And then, knowing her need of love, knowing her need of appreciation, I dropped all love-making at the altar, and the impassioned lover that she had married was metamorphosed into the callous and indifferent husband, who had apparently ceased to care for her, or even to notice her except insofar as she was a part of his establishment and ministered to his comfort.

"Looking back over my married life I cannot remember that I ever told my wife that I loved her, or that to me she grew dearer and dearer as the years went on and I realized more and more fully how rare and fine a soul she had. I cannot recall a single time that I made her feel that I was doing some particular thing for her, just because the one thing in the world that was of paramount importance to me was her happiness.

"I cannot remember that I ever paid her even a compliment, or told her how beautiful she was in my eyes, or how wonderfully well I thought she did her whole duty as wife and mother.

"I can remember now that, at first, in our early years of married life, she used to come and nestle her face up against mine of an evening, begging for a little caress as humbly as a dog begs for a bone, but I would carelessly push her away and tell her not to bother me when I was reading the evening paper.

"I can remember how she used to ask me if I liked the new dress or hat that she had bought—fishing for a compliment, you know—and I would make some satiric remark about women's fashions. Or, perhaps, she would anxiously inquire if some dish at dinner was not good, and I would reward the hours of labor she had spent in preparing to please me by mumbling out that it did well enough, but I liked plain food.

"Gradually—so gradually that I did not notice it—my little wife grew more and more silent and went about the house quieter. She quit disturbing me at my reading, and she no longer brought her little frizzles to me for my approval. She got paler, too, and thinner, but I was not in the habit of noticing her and I did not see it, and so I went unwarmed to the crisis of my treachery.

"There came a day when she was not able to leave her bed. The doctors said

## Twilight Sleep

By REV. MABEL M. IRWIN.

"In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children."

Woman is the gateway of humanity. Through and by her come all the children of men. It would seem, therefore, if she be compelled by no fault of her own to bring forth children in sorrow and pain that a lamentable injustice had been done her, against which all womanhood might reasonably be expected to rebel.

Those who seriously regard this primitive curse upon motherhood as operative today welcome the "twilight sleep" and its attendant painless childbirth as a belated gift of God.

Through this discovery some even dream that paradise may be restored, paradise where man and woman in wedded bliss may safely and joyously "multiply and replenish the earth" without sorrow and without shame; paradise where in the beginning the command was given them when "God saw all that he had made and behold it was very good."

Others there be who—having no theological bias—accounting for the modern woman's growing aversion to motherhood welcome this latest gift of science with optimistic assurance. These deem that if the pains of childbirth were removed all women would welcome motherhood, and that the "race suicide croaker" would be heard no more in the land. They see in this discovery but another asset making for national perpetuity.

Upon soberer thought, however, it is seen that these are at best but surface conclusions, and that something other than an inanimate drug—however skillfully compounded and administered—must be found to heal the "hurt of the daughter of my people" lest they cry, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace."

Aside from all the merits of the drug which makes the mother forget her pain, aside from all the possibilities of its effects upon the newborn babe for good or ill, we must not forget that after all it is but a drugging of the sensibility to pain and not a doing away with the condition itself.

It is after all but a mitigation rather than a removal of the curse which attends children. The "twilight sleep" bears about the same relation to painless birth as does the evening twilight of a summer's day to the glories of the coming morn'.

There is no reason to suppose that in the nature of the case the bearing of young should be attended either with sorrow or great pain. There is no evidence of it in the kingdoms below man, untouched by civilization. Even the primitive human mother, allowed to exercise her primitive instinct of virginity while carrying her child, brings it to birth with little pain.

That it has become so serious an experience in human civilization bespeaks the fact that the man has wandered far away from the original intent or purpose of nature in its reproductive plan.

Humanity today is suffering not from the imposed curse of an extra-human deity, but from a disregard of the fundamentals of the reproductive law written in the nature of woman herself.

In the "twilight sleep"—as in all other nerve-numbing conditions—we have a palliative and not a cure, a physical bequest and not a remedy.

Welcome then as it may be to those who feel compelled to choose its "poppied aid," others of us, seeking prevention rather than fancied cure; seeking the way to remove the pain—curse and transgression—must continue to regard the "twilight sleep" as but a minor accompaniment to the joyous song at creation's dawn: "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it."

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