

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Velvet Limousine Coat



Paul Point is responsible for this new notion in motor coats. The material is rich blue velvet, which is intensified in tone by the contrast of the white fox used for collar, cuffs and rakish little cap. The coat is very graceful in its utter simplicity of line, the handsome fur and

To Develop Arms and Make Neck Pretty Use a Rake

"If you wish to have a well developed neck and pretty arms, rake," declared a woman whose figure is the envy of many of her friends. "For nothing, except possibly paddling, is as good for developing the shoulders and chest so there will be no hollows, and you know, of course, that unless there are some muscles in the arms there will be thin. The same applies to the limbs. If they are to be shapely muscles must be developed; therefore walking and pushing against any weight while on the feet is excellent."

Let the hand be from your hips. If you are wearing loose clothes, as you should for such work, there will be no difficulty in accomplishing the end. "After I come into town for the winter I keep on raking, even though we live in a hotel. My wooden rake is in the corner of the room, and several times a day I drag it to and fro over the floor, just as if I were gathering up leaves. It doesn't hurt the carpet, for the teeth are light and blunt. "To hold the handle properly you grasp the end with the right hand and put the left loosely about two feet below. As the rake is dragged back it slips through the loose fingers, or they at times may also hold it. The tightness of that grasp regulates the muscular development of the arms, while the constant pushing and pulling from the shoulders broadens the chest. "It's a great exercise, and I think every woman would be stronger if she tried it."

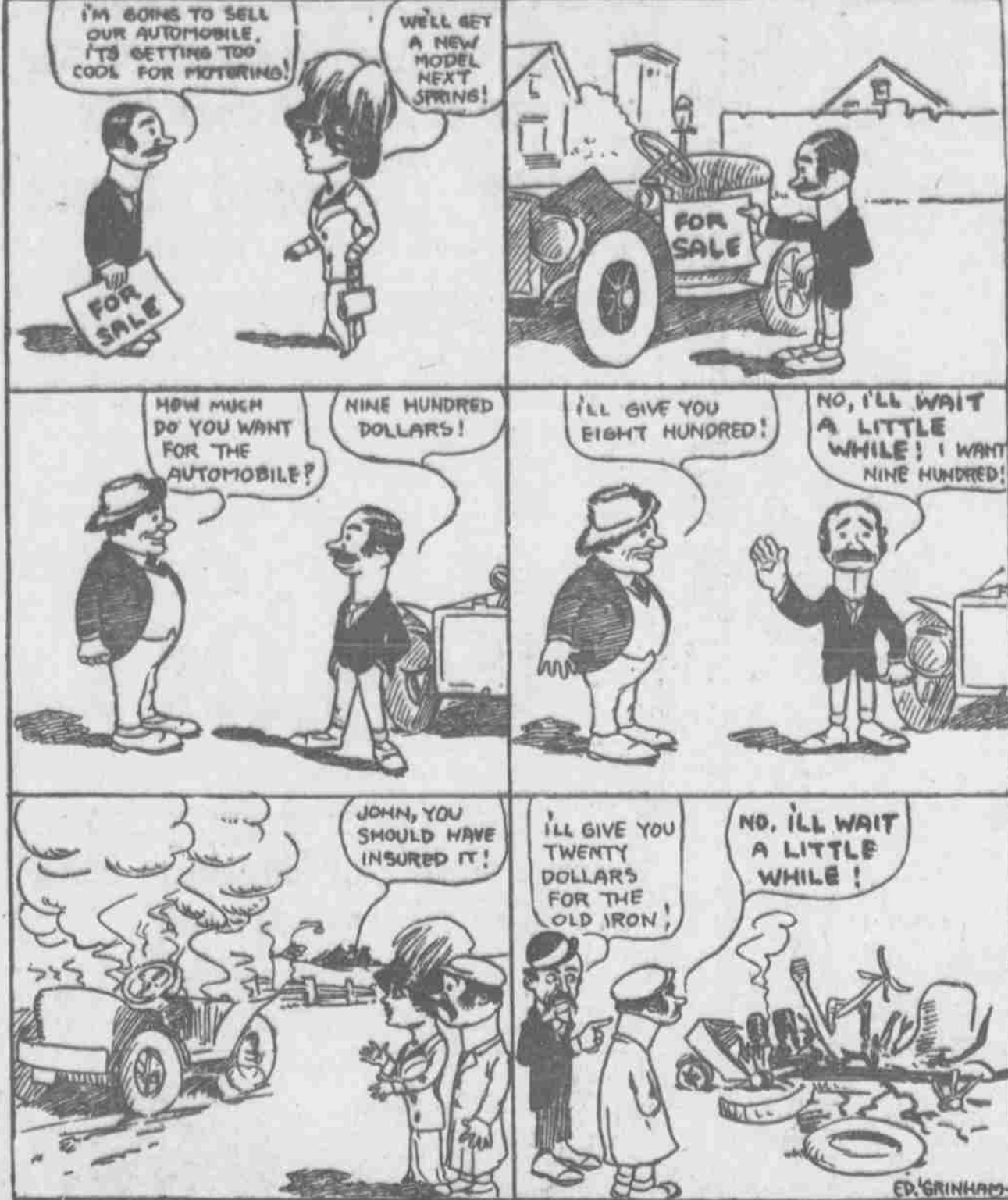
Stunning Dress Models

When a coat must answer for both day and evening wear, I do not think the best model fitting the shoulder smoothly and falling from them with a graceful fullness can be improved upon. The shawl collar is an appropriate finish to the neck and the coat should close a little to the left side preferably. A double-breasted effect is also good for an evening coat, but is apt to make a person's figure appear stouter. The closing down center front is not satisfactory when the coat is for evening wear, but I think the partial double-breasted closing will meet your needs. The black and white striped velvet of the sample will answer nicely for the shawl collar, and if you have sufficient I should run a strip down the right front as a facing, allowing just a narrow edge to show on the outside. For instance, you could have a plain skirt of brown velvet and an overskirt slightly gathered into the belt of marquisette or chiffon. This would reach nearly to the lower edge of the skirt and be slashed its entire length down center front. The bottom should be gathered and drawn back to display the entire front of the velvet skirt and should be finished on lower edge with the bead trimming. The waist could be made with a vest of the velvet embroidered in brown silk below a yoke of fine brown or cream net outlined with a shawl drapery of marquisette edged with the trimming, taken sharply into a narrow velvet belt. The sleeves should be of the marquisette, following any pretty preferred fashion, but little of the trimming should be used there. I think there will be little material left over for sleeves. Velvet cuffs will be a pretty finish. I am glad your frocks have been a success.



"I want to give Archie a surprise for his birthday present. Can you suggest something?" "You might tell him your age!"

WELL, I'LL WAIT A LITTLE WHILE



The DIARY of DOLLIE

A Summer Girl BY M.F.

WEDNESDAY—I came up to town day before yesterday to stay for good. The house certainly did look dusty and must be thoroughly gone over. I could see the drawing room sofa positively teeming at me and saying: "Well, is that you again? I suppose I shall have to listen to you and Tom before very long. No wonder I'm getting worn out." I left the rest of the family in the country taking long autumn walks and drives. There are some woods on our place and Amy goes down there and picks a basketful of chestnuts. I can't see where she finds them. I went down there with Jim and stayed for hours once and we only found eight. The second time we didn't find any at all and lost the basket we had taken with us to put them in.

My immediately went into fits of silent laughter behind the table. Anyone would think I didn't intend to work. I have kept my word about resting when I got tired out, anyway. I really did feel somewhat exhausted after that motor ride with Jim, as it was awfully windy and cold, and before I got dressed to go to Mary's for dinner I lay down for an hour. I meant to take all the covers off the

Three and tore down to the house. They were right on time, for a wander, and when the expressman carried them in I couldn't help noticing how awfully good-looking one of them was. He was so tall and had such an attractive smile. I smiled at him to encourage him a little with an unusually heavy looking trunk, and he looked so pleased he was simply sweet. He had such nice hands and feet and jolly looking blue eyes and a perfect nose. I couldn't help wondering if his played bridge. I thought he might do for the extra man we wanted. He really looked so charming, and I could have introduced him as a friend of mine and asked him not to mention anything about being an expressman. People are so queer. If his clothes didn't look just right I could say he was studying art. I asked him to wait a moment after the other man went out, and said rather timidly (for after all, I hardly knew him): "Do you happen to have any engagement for this evening?" He said, "What?" I felt disappointed, but thought of the way Reggie Van Ass' younger brother, whom all the girls are crazy about, talks and cheered up considerably. I repeated my question, and he smiled so attractively and said: "No, I ain't got no date tonight." I said, "Do you play bridge?" He said, "Now, but wouldn't you?" I replied hastily, "Oh, never mind, it's all right. Are all the trunks upstairs? Thank you very much," and gave him 50 cents extra and dashed upstairs. It was great fun last night, and Mary

deal, but of course I have to be on hand to overlook things. Last evening I intended to devote to dusting some books in the library, but Mary Whiting called up and suggested my getting Tom and going out to dinner and the theater with her and Joe. We went for supper afterward and had a lovely time. I meant to get up very early and see about having the curtains put up in several rooms, but discovered to my amazement when the telephone bell awoke me that it was half-past ten. It was Molly Turner, who wanted to know if I'd lunch with her at Cherrie's. She wanted me to meet her at Sever's in about an hour. I just had time to get dressed and be there in time. I told Lizzie that as long as we were so unsettled it would save a great deal of trouble if I went out to lunch, and that I would be home very soon afterward to see about the curtains. Mary Whiting was at Cherrie's, and she and Mollie decided to have two tables of bridge at her place last night. I called up Jim after lunch and he said he'd love to come and wanted to know if he couldn't see me that afternoon, so I arranged to go for a ride in his machine around the park. Mary had asked Tom and me to dinner, and he is going to call for me at about half-past six. This work is easy to do, because the background, being semi-transparent, the design to be followed can be traced on underneath.



"THE SECOND TIME WE DIDN'T FIND ANY AT ALL."

drawing room chairs the afternoon I arrived, but Tom called up almost as soon as I got to the house, and we had tea together at that adorable little place on

finally got a man named Brinton, whom she thought very desirable, but who wasn't anywhere near as attractive as the expressman.

Items of Interest for the Women Folk

Always sew lace with fine thread and never with silk, for the silk stitches are very noticeable. This is true, no matter how coarse the lace; silk will not sink into a fabric as thread will. This is a sewing hint given me recently by a prominent dressmaker, who expressed herself as "tired to death" of seeing quite plainly where her friends had sewed their lace chemisettes and hat-trimnings. One of the most fashionable trimmings of the season is a black gauze or similar fabric decorated with tiny white cash beads. Sometimes they are used alone and sometimes in combination with the long, old-fashioned white glass bugles. Women who have pieces of such trimmings idle should resurrect them and give their new life again. This work is easy to do, because the background, being semi-transparent, the design to be followed can be traced on underneath. An exquisite cover for a baby's crib is a combination of pink and white silk, filled with the softest of down. The center is of white, embroidered in small pink wild roses and their leaves, with a wide border of the pink silk. The price is \$8.75. A baby carriage cover is of the richest ivory white bengaline silk, lined with a softer silk and beautifully embroidered in a handsome design. The edge is a button-hole scallop. All this beauty may be purchased for \$50.

Brightside and His Boy

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS. "Here's a New York judge who refuses to give a woman a divorce on the ground that her husband will not work to support her," begins Brightside, when the lamp of owl-like wisdom, in the person of his omniscient son, begins to shine. "Let the woman do the work, has always been your little Willie's motto," replied Son, approvingly, diving into his cigarette box for the "coffin nail." "Merely because the wife has made a bad bargain, this judge holds, is not necessarily ground for a legal separation," adds Father. "If the giddy young gossamer would take half as much trouble in picking out a hubby as they do in making a 10-cent store bargain," advises Son, "they wouldn't get stuck so often with damaged or shopworn goods. The skirts rush at the first chance to commit matrimony as if every clump willing to hook up is a perfect sample of masculine unselfishness and devotion to the single purpose in life of sating up situations to liquidate her liabilities." "The judge also states that if a man has nothing, he doesn't see how the wife can get anything," continues Father. "It doesn't take a Solomon to dope out if there's no keft in the cash drawer, there won't be any cats," scoffs Son. "The betting is ten to five that wife knew all about that little point long before his judgeship mentioned it. The trouble with that dame, and a bunch just like her, is she wanted to know something that no judge living could tell her—how to make the long green finger without somebody going to work." "Shiftlessness may not be grounds for divorce," observes Father, "but two persons of that temperament are very likely to be unhappy if obliged to live together." "The chap that makes up his mind to cultivate the act of being lazy ought either to pick out a woman who loves her work or one who is mistress to wads of dough," is Son's suggestion. "Sometimes I really think a lazy woman is worse than the man who evades work," comments Father. "I always think so," admits Son. "The shirt that sidesteps her duty can never be loved by me. What chance would the man of the house have to take it easy if wife was always trying to beat him to the Morris chair?" "With the old fashioned woman it used to be her pride to make home comfortable for her husband," reminisces Father. "She would work morning and night to accomplish that purpose." "Those wives that work their fingers to the bone to make things soft for their



hubbies are only the kind you read about," says Son doubtfully. "You couldn't find one of 'em today in New York with a fine-tooth comb." "In the old days, when a girl got married she expected to become an equal partner in sharing her husband's work," resumes Father. "Nowadays when little Bright Eyes cops off one of us while slaves, one of her first plans is to get her hands white and soft by cutting out all work," explains Son. "Just because some guy has been foolish enough when proposing to promise to work day and night to make her happy she believes he meant what he said. Not only that, but she tries to make him keep his promise." "In the cities there are too many things to divert the married woman's mind from her home," suggests Father. "She doesn't seem to need much of an excuse to pass the buck to hubby when it comes to doing the chores in the flat," declares Son. "When a dame happens to pick what she calls a lemon—a hubby who is some loafer himself—she hustles to the telephone, calls up a divorce lawyer and makes loud cries for help." "Let us hope this judge's denial of divorce on such flimsy grounds will stop such nonsense," severely hopes Father. "Meaning, of course," amplifies Son, "that married men can still be as lazy as they please and be protected by law from the demands of unreasonable wives." (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Daughters of Famous Men



Miss Flora Zabelle, singer and actress, who, in private life is Mrs. Raymond Hitchcock, is the daughter of Rev. M. M. Mangasarian of Chicago, who is probably the most famous Armenian minister in this country today. Miss Zabelle was born in Constantinople, and in type and coloring is distinctly oriental. Her story has been told by Johnson Briscoe in "The Actors' Birthday Book," in this way. She was brought to America by her parents when a mere child, the family locating in Chicago. It was in the Windy City that Miss Zabelle grew into womanhood, and there, too, she began her theatrical career, making her debut in the late '90s in the chorus of the Castle Square Opera company. It was the season of 1900-01 that she received her real start, creating the role of Popsy in "San Toy" at Daly's. After a few months in this part she was advanced to the title role, showing that even then early her talents were appreciated. The following season she reappeared on Daly's stage as Isabel Blythe in "The Messenger Boy," her singing of the song "Maidie" proving one of the most alluring hits of that season and is still happily remembered. It was after this that Miss Zabelle joined the forces of Raymond Hitchcock, and, with the exception of one season, she has been his leading woman ever since, she having become Mrs. Hitchcock on May 6, 1906. She was Annette in "King Dodo" on

How to Make a Rose Jar that Will Hold Scent

All varieties of sweet scented roses may go into the making of a rose jar, from the single petals of the wild rose, with its peculiarly delicate "woody" fragrance, to the modern American Beauty, with its rich perfume. Of course, the more fragrant the roses used the sweeter the scent. To make this fragrance, strip the rose leaves and dry on papers spread on the floor in an unheated room. When you have a half peck of dried leaves, measure a pint of salt and take a large china or glass bowl and strain a handful of the salt on the bottom. Then add a layer of leaves, proceeding this way with alternate layers of salt, having the first and last layers of the salt. Cover closely and keep in a cool place for five days, stirring carefully and working with the hand several times each day. This stirring and work is essential to prevent dampness and the matting of the leaves. At the end of this time add three ounces allspice, pounded in a mortar, and one ounce best stick cinnamon. A few cardamom buds are also an approved addition. Let the contents of this jar rest another week, save for stirring twice a day. Now put into the bottom of the permanent hot-pours jar one ounce slightly broken allspice. Mix with a stick a half pound dried lavender blossoms or an ounce bruised cloves, another ounce stick cinnamon and a half ounce allspice, or nutmeg coarsely grated, a cupful ginger root, sliced thin, half an ounce anise seed, two ounces orris root and, if desired, two grains of musk. Mix thoroughly, fill the jar and place in the corner of the drawing or living room. A few drops atar of roses may be added or any other desired extract of fragrant flowers. Old fashioned housewives are also sticklers for an occasional addition to their pot-pourri of a few drys of musk, verbena rose, geranium, or one or two cloves pinkie with their deliciously spicy fragrance. EMMA PADDOCK TELFORD.

DRAWBACK



"He is a man of few words!" "Yes, but they're all bad words."