



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Attractive Opera Coat



This stunner wrap for afternoon or evening wear the average young matron will find exceedingly becoming if it is made from a light-colored material and draped with black lace.

Women Must Learn to Argue

"This is the age of woman, and to be a success she must be well spoken," says Mrs. Grace E. Gunn, instructor of the Women's Speaking Club of America. "The various movements now on foot in which women are particularly interested, and the contact with social and business conditions which is bringing woman closer and closer to political and business strife with man, bring with them the necessity that



MRS. GRACE E. GUNN.

women, to emphasize her demands, must be able to argue and to express her opinions with self-confidence and poise.

"I started my work last year as an experiment, and the encouraging manner with which it was received and the success obtained was such that I am continuing on a larger scale this year.

"The club," continued Mrs. Gunn, "teaches public speaking and self-confidence."

"In the club a suffragette training school" was asked.

"No," answered Mrs. Gunn, "I have all classes of women in the club, and there are many suffragettes there. Of course they, like all other public women, are benefited by being able to express themselves well. I, personally, am an ardent suffragette, but I do not believe in militant work. I think that the American man, who is by far the most courteous of men, does not have to be fought by women. When he realizes that a woman who is a taxpayer should have a voice in the manner in which that money is spent, he will grant her suffrage. Then will come, I believe, with the advent of woman as a politician, the regeneration of politics.

"From my little experiment of last year quite a wave has started. There are several similar clubs being started all over the country, and also in England."

"Just what he wanted," said the factious personage to the wandering agent, "and I really do want a sewing machine, but not exactly your kind. What I want is a machine that will sew wild cats."

"Then I have just the thing you seek," returned the wandering agent, with a placid

The DIARY of DOLLIE

A Summer Girl
BY M.F.

Friday—I am getting things nicely settled. I have unpacked all my clothes and Lizzie has got most of the curtains up. She says she can work just as well when I am out of the house, so perhaps it is better for me not to annoy her with my presence a great deal. Took another motor ride with Jim yesterday.

Tom was coming to see me about half past 5 on his way up from business. I had forgotten to tell him about the front door bell being broken and refusing to ring and as Jim and I were about three-quarters of an hour late we found Tom sitting on the doorstep.

It was an awfully chilly day and he looked simply frozen and perfectly furious. It seems the electric battery was all out of order and the basement bell wouldn't ring either. Luckily I was about three-quarters of an hour late we found Tom sitting on the doorstep.

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Tom had a sense of humor then and he and both told Jim how funny we thought it was. I asked him to come in and Tom asked him to be cordially also, but he said he would have to be right off. Amy is coming this afternoon and is going to bring the cat in with her. I made a dark green bag to put it in.

Last year when I brought it to New York I carried it in a basket. It was a dreadful journey. It started a dismal howling the minute I got in the train. I soothed it and it stopped for a while. One or two men I know who generally were impossible to lose if they caught sight of me on that train, stopped to greet me on their way to the smoking car and on hearing low groans from the basket only stopped a very short time.

Walter Hemingway, who always sees me across the ferry, sat down beside me, but long before we had reached Long Island City, he had to talk business with a man in the smoking car. I didn't care, as I would almost just as lief

listen to the cat as to him, and besides I didn't have to bother to answer the former. As we neared the station its screams became really terrific. Two old ladies evidently thought I was ill treating it and simply glared at me.

In the ferry I was positive it was having a fit of some kind inside the basket, but I didn't dare look in to find out. The cords that bound the lid on strained and nearly broke. It finally became exhausted and its cries subsided into heartrending, deep-throated moans, which rose again to piercing yells as the ferry reached its landing. After I had finished the bag for it the other day we had a sort of dress rehearsal and tried it on. After we had tied it around its neck it seemed to fall into a sort of trance and gave only one long drawn out cry just before we removed the bag.

Amy said nervously she hoped it wouldn't do that on the train. I said: "Oh, no, darling, of course it won't. Why should it?" And it really ought not to in that handsome covering, which is a most becoming color to its fur. This is just before I go to bed. I want to meet Amy in a taxi, as we had arranged, and I could hear the cat a long distance away.

She got it in the cab with some difficulty, and it seemed to sort of faint away in the corner. The bag looked simply worn

out and Amy's hat was worn over her ear and her veil was hanging over her neck. I said: "Why, dearest, didn't it behave nicely?"

"We had a dress rehearsal," said Amy, and she was looking at her watch. "Why, dearest, didn't it behave nicely?"

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Women's Calling Cards are Smaller Than Ever

Calling cards show a decrease in size each year, and this year they are smaller than ever. Women who like to keep up to date are carrying cards no larger than those used by men, which are so tiny that baby cards are being printed with men's names.

Even conservative women are carrying cards measuring less than two by three inches, so that in the case of a deep mourning card there is only sufficient blank space for the name. The smallest woman's card measures two by two and three-quarters inches; the largest, three and three-quarters inches by two and three-quarters inches, with four sizes coming between.

In mourning cards there are five different widths of bordering. The deepest, used by a widow only, measures three-eighths of an inch deep. A woman mourning a daughter or son uses the next width, which is a little less than three-eighths of an

inch deep. A daughter orders the black border slightly narrower when wearing mourning for a parent, and the same width is used for sisters and brothers mourning each other. The two narrower borders are used for half and slight mourning, respectively. By the former is meant going from deep to light mourning, while the very narrow thread of black around the visiting card indicates the death of a distant relative or connection by marriage.

The pasteboard is of only medium thickness. The stiff card is out of date.

This year preference is given to the shaded old English lettering and the black and shaded French script, the latter being the very latest style.

The size of the lettering is regulated by the length of the name to be engraved and the size of the card is regulated by the length of the name.

The cost of the shaded French script style of lettering, for plate and fifty cards,

name only, is \$3; engraving corner lines, day or address, \$2.50 for each line. The shaded old English style will cost the same. Black French script style of lettering, including plate and fifty cards, can be done for \$2.50, extra lines \$1.50 each. The Gothic style of lettering costs 50 cents less, or if one prefers the Roman style of lettering it can be had at the same price.

The simple script style is inexpensive. A plate will be engraved in this lettering and fifty cards be printed for \$1. For engraving corner lines an extra charge of 25 cents is made.

One hundred visiting cards will be printed from a plate for 75 cents. Fifty cards with mourning border will cost 75 cents, and 100 cards \$1.25.

A new idea in announcing the birth of a son is to print the usual baby card with "His Royal Highness" underneath the child's name and, in the corner, "At Home Every Evening." ELIZABETH LEE.

Items of Interest for the Women Folk

One correspondent who is furnishing a new house has lower hall, dining room and parlor finished in oak, and is using mission furniture. The wall paper is cream satin finish, and she asked me if hangings for double doorways and mantle shelves should be in old rose.

I answered her in this way: An old rose shade is one that will harmonize with the walls and the touch of yellow in the oak. Incidentally I suggested that a material combining a tone of brown with yellow would be a striking effect, and that while old rose would be pretty on the mantelpieces, something more distinctive might be used for the doorway on the side where the wall shows cream.

The dining room and parlor, according to the correspondent, have "oriental wall paper." Precisely what this is I am a little in doubt, but I take it for granted that it means the ground is thickly covered with a design showing rich eastern coloring. If the latter is true, plain effects to hangings must be used in the doorway, for nothing is more confusing to the eyes than a jumble of designs, even though the colors may accord.

I should choose for cream walls a portiere having a brown ground with large pattern, preferably conventional, in yellow. There are such colorings in fabrics which are

coarse in texture and thick which will wear a long time and are artistic. Some of these are cotton and wool, or cotton with a little silk. The kind of material is of no consequence, as long as it is heavy enough to hang in graceful folds. Such portieres do not require lining and the best finish is a hem, without fringe, unless the latter be not more than an inch wide. These curtains should hang from rods, the tops being pleated or left plain, as the home-maker prefers.

For the oriental rooms plain fabrics must be chosen for the doors. A plain linen and silk fabric, the ground of which is a dull red, through which runs a line of black, would be effective.

Should something of this kind be used I would have dull red mantle hangings and a silk with a gold line. The gold will prevent any heaviness. HELEN HOWE.

I wish I could impress upon women who want to wash sweaters that they must never be hung when wet. In fact, according to authority on athletics, sweaters should never be hung up whether wet or dry. This man says he always roughly folds his sweater and throws it up on a shelf when not in use. He never hangs it on a peg. Consequently the sweater

always keeps its shape and does not stretch.

To wash a sweater correctly a sud should be made of warm water, good white soap and borax. Into this the garment must be put to soak after ten minutes a little more hot water may be added and the sweater lifted up and down in the water, squeezing it through the hands.

No soap must be rubbed directly in the coat. Neither must it be wrung too dry. When clean rinse in warm water, adding borax, and then dry it in a heap.

In a cloth to a line until the dripping has ceased, when the sweater can be laid on a dry cloth on the ground, a table or any convenient place.

You might try re-washing, according to the method described, giving extra care to the drying. For instance, take the measurements of your neck and pull the collar into shape so that when it is dry, neck and sweater measurements will more nearly correspond. The judgment in drying the sleeves, so that they are not too long and consequently too narrow when dry, Shape the fronts also while damp and see that the back is not unduly wide. In this way you may be able to remedy the trouble with your sweater. ELIZABETH LEE.

Tired Business Man

Tells Friend Wife Some Uses for the Deep Sea Going Aerocab.

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR.

"Won't that be fine when they take an aeroplane to sea on each ocean dash, giving the sad passenger a chance to call an avicab and go back ashore!" exclaimed Friend Wife.

"At last—the deep sea going back!" declared the Tired Business Man. "Great for the passenger who thought he fancied life on the bounding billows, but didn't feel very life-like when he got there. I can't see how they'll be able to do without one of those on every liner—except the penny-a-liners—any more than they can now do without the wireless. The time has certainly come, as the walrus said, to talk of many things, including ships, sealing wax, avicabs and wings.

"When these little jumpers start leaping off the backs of steamers we will know how to flee the ocean greyhound, as it were. When there's a Jonah on board, don't fling him carelessly overboard to impair his reputation for veracity and to contradict all scientific research on the interior decoration of whales, but just put him in a life-plane and let him bip. I wouldn't be at all surprised if they would commence taking stowaways ashore in monoplanes when the adventurous youths are dragged shrieking from the hold.

"Cashiers, departing hastily for foreign shores, where extradition papers as well as extra edition papers are not known, may find it convenient to charter the aerocab to duck back toward Canada if they learn that the wireless is gossiping about detectives waiting at the pier for them. And as for smuggling—where! Well, all I have to say is that the judges will have to impose heavier-than-air fines to stop anything, once it works. The customs people will be bothered by 'flies' all year long.

"Then there is the gay hubby who sends his wife abroad for the summer. Imagine his utter chagrin if after seeing her depart on the steamer, he started out to do a little village painting in rosy tints, with roof garden high life and all that sort of thing, only to have his wife come winging back, making one stop here for gasoline in her transcontinental flight to Reno. The wings of the morning would have nothing on the wings of the mourning grass widows.

"Of course, the squeamish passenger might find he was jumping off the rolling pin into the filer, and it might be merely exchanging mal de mer for mal de air.



"WOMEN'S WRIGHTS."

Waves of air might be marcelled just the same as waves of ocean. And there is always the chance of suddenly changing from an aviator to a wai-vator. One should always take along a bathing suit or at least a pair of goloshes when flying from the back porch of a transatlantic steamer.

"If the aerocab breaks down I suppose they could get a sea hose. Then again, maybe not. Anyway, in that case they'd charge by water meter for the ride back. They could eat fish. Any one who drops into the ocean can at least be sure of a flounder. But a 'fare' on one of those aeroplanes would be in a most distressing plight if the aviator couldn't make his flies be 'aved.' I suppose when the crane for having an aeroplane tender spreads to the old masted windjammers we can speak of their pedicure as 'plane sailing'.

"It strikes me that Thanksgiving day is going to be a pretty cold day to try any flying. Maybe the snow will fly or the cost of living soar, which will make the ultimate consumer sore, too, but it seems poor judgment to pick weather calculated to stifle up through the boot soles. Summer time is fly time."

"If women dare fly ashore from ships, what do you suppose they'll use, monoplanes or biplanes?" asked Friend Wife.

"Probably women's Wrights," replied the Tired Business Man.

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Daughters of Famous Men



EMILY STEVENS.

Miss Emily Stevens, the actress who attracted wide attention by her remarkable acting in the dramatized version W. J. Locke's "Septimus," inherits her histrionic ability from a long line of theatrical ancestors.

Miss Stevens is the daughter of Robert E. Stevens and Emma Madden Stevens, and is a niece of Mary, Elizabeth, Richard and Henry Madden, all of whom are well known on the stage. Elizabeth Madden, who in private life was Mrs. Thomas Davey, was the mother of Mrs. Fiske (Minnie Madden), the great actress, to whom Miss Stevens is a first cousin.

It was under the auspices of Mrs. Fiske and her husband, Harrison Grey Fiske, that Miss Stevens was prepared for her stage debut, after her early education in a convent in Philadelphia. Her first role was that of a maid in the Fisks' production of "Becky Sharp" at Bridgeport in October, 1909.

For the first years of her career she was associated entirely with Mrs. Fiske's company, making her first marked impression on the New York critics with her youthful and beautiful interpretation of the role of Claire Berton in "Leah Kinsch." Her other roles in the Fiske repertoire included Lisa Lee, and later on Abraham Durbeville in "The D'Urbervilles," Lady Ethel Mickleham in "Miranda of the Balcory," Gladys Ulmer in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," Miriam in "Miranda of the Balcory," Lady Blanche Thistlewood in a later revival of "Becky Sharp" and Grace Phillimore in "The New York Idea."

In the spring of 1908 Miss Stevens played the role of Suzanne in the support of Madame Kalich in "Therese Raquin." Later she supported George Arliss in his memorable production of "The Devil," and later in "Septimus," her most pronounced success.

Miss Stevens has done much to uphold

the worthy traditions of her family, and her future on the stage is promising. When in New York she lives at the Three Arts club, in which and her distinguished cousin, Mrs. Fiske, are both interested.

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Much Wanted Recipes

Green Tomato Mince Meat—Chop fine one peck of green tomatoes, add three-fourths of a cup of salt and let stand over night in a stone jar. In the morning drain thoroughly, cover with water and cook until tender. Drain again, then add three pounds of brown sugar, three pounds of raisins seeded, one pound of chopped suet, one cupful of molasses, the juice and yellow rind of three lemons, three tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon, and one tablespoonful each of cloves and allspice. Add one can of fruit—cherries, currants or berries—cook slowly for an hour, then seal in cans for winter use.

Green Tomato Chili Sauce—Run through the chopper one peck of green tomatoes and three cups of white onions. Add three cupfuls of sugar, three points of vinegar, two heaping tablespoonfuls of salt, three heaping tablespoonfuls of cloves and cinnamon, two heaping tablespoonfuls of nutmeg and ginger, and a dozen of the little African chills which come in the mixed spices. Cook slowly two hours and a half, then turn into sterilized glass jars, using new rubbers and taking care that the jars are covered so as to be air tight.

Gingered Green Tomatoes—Allow eight medium sized onions to one peck green tomatoes. Slice and sprinkle with a cup of salt. Let them stand twenty-four hours, then drain and cover with fresh water. Make a strong infusion of ginger, allowing one quart boiling water to one pound bruised ginger root. Scald the chopped tomatoes in this until tender, but not mushy. Drain. Mix together one ounce ground ginger, two tablespoonfuls black pepper, two teaspoonfuls ground cloves, quarter of a pound white mustard seed, one-half cup mustard, one ounce allspice, three ounces celery seed and three pounds brown sugar. Put the tomatoes and onions in the preserving kettle with the sugar and spices in alternate layers, then pour over them enough white vinegar to cover well. Cook until the tomatoes are clear, then pack in glass jars.

Green Tomato Preserves—Select rather small, solid tomatoes and cut in halves crosswise. If larger, quarter the halves. Put each portion tomatoes allow three-quarters of a pound sugar and a half lemon, juice and yellow rind shredded. Put the sugar in the preserving kettle with enough water to dissolve it, and when it reaches the boiling point add the tomatoes, and a tablespoonful cassia buds and the lemon. Simmer gently until the tomato is transparent.

AGREED.



"I must have been a fool when I married her."

"Certainly. It couldn't have come on so badly in two years."

DOWN AND-UP.



The Sufferer—If you refuse me I shall buy an aeroplane and dash myself to pieces!

The Actress—Oh, do! My manager will raise my salary!

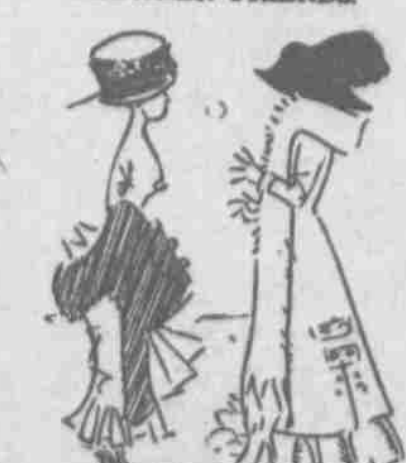
BRUTE.



She—I wonder why a man never pays his wife compliments after they are married?

He—He has all he can do to pay her bills.

BETWEEN FRIENDS.



"My little boy sometimes says things that I don't repeat."

"Well, that's a change, any way!"

LOW FINANCE.



"I'll have to reduce your salary for a year or two!"

"Why, sir?"

"My wife wants another automobile!"