The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Fair Women of the White House

When Millard Fillmore, the vice president, was called by the death of President Taylor to fill the office of chief executive, his wife, Abigail Powers Fillmore, became the mistress of the White House. When she first met Mr. Fillmore he was a clothier's apprentice and during the winter months a teacher in a New York village school.

Their early married days were spent in Erie county, which was at that time a wilderness on the frontier, in a small house built by Mr. Fillmore's own hands. He had now become a lawyer, and in his wife he found an intellectual helpmate, who cheered and inspired him in those early days. While he practiced law she continued her school teaching.

It was not until the October following General Taylor's death that Mrs. Fillmore was able to leave her home in Buffalo and join her husband in the White House. Her health was very delicate, and although she appeared at all formal functions in her home, whenever possible she shrank from public observation and left to a youthful and charming daughter the duties devolving upon her.

A great want which Mrs. Fillmore felt in the executive mansion was a library. Mr. Fillmore accordingly asked and received from congress an appropriation and selected a valuable library, which was installed in a room on the second floor,

which is today one of the most attractive features of the White House.

When Mr. Fillmore's term expired his wife looked forward to a happy retirement. Her dream was not to be realized. She took a severe cold on the day of President Pierce's inauguration and died at Willard's hotel in Washington on the 30th of March. Washington Irving stated that "she received her death warrant while standing by his side on the cold marble terrace of the capitol listening to the inaugural address of Mr. Fillmore's successor."

(Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Why One Spinster Did Not Marry

When a beautiful woman remains unmarried and smilingly chooses the celibate state, her friends look on in amazement and the world wonderingly ponders, why? Does she really prefer single blessedness to the joys and jars of domesticity? It is self-evident that she has had plenty of chances to wear the matrimonial shackles, but a steadfast refusal to do so indicates a perfect satisfaction with her present mode of life.

Perhaps the real reason why many fair—and otherwise—women remain "old maids," "bachelor girls," or whatever you prefer to call them, is that they are not so much enamored of independence as that the right man never came along. In each man who proposed they saw some fault which, though slight at the time, would have grown into an unbearable bugbear, they knew, if it were necessary to meet the same fault every day.

Woman's intuition, or the faculty of discerning character almost at a glance, has been the basis of many refusals. Of course there are many girls who do not care to exercise their intuition in the choice of a husband, for if they looked with clairvoyant eyes upon their admirers very few marriages would ever take place.

They close their eyes to the faults and take a chance of making the man over, or of marring their own happiness for the rest of existence.

One woman whose continued state of single blessedness has been an enigma to her friends, says:

"The first proposal I received was from a man who answered to the description of the 'average man.' That is, he was neither passionately romantic nor absolutely matter of fact. He was not gifted nor was he really stupid. He was the sort who would be perfectly content to travel along in the commonplace route, never aspiring to the heights nor sinking to the depths of reason and imagination. My intuition told me that if I accepted him I should be doomed to long years of humdrum existence in which he would become more and more set in his ways and more averse to receiving fresh truths, more and more convinced that I should be grateful to him for selecting me to be his wife. Of course I refused this offer.

"The next man who asked me to marry him was the possessor of 'temperament.' I knew the marriage ceremony often changed this fascinating trait into the less fascinating one of temper, and so I refused to become a slave to his artistic gifts.

"Another man wanted to 'mould me,' but as I thought my character was sufficiently well formed already I declined to try the experiment. To a woman of any spirit this 'moulding' process would only have been the name for a perpetual series of discords, or else a married life choked with the smoldering fires of discontent and suppression.

"The man who practiced small economies during his courtship I declined without a regret. Married life with a miser is the most tragic fate of all.

"My friends who are married have often pitied my lonely state and, still, I think there is something tragic in having missed the most beautiful thing in life—love—I do not regret my faculty for looking into the future and seeing men not as they are but as they will be several years hence."

Skirts to Be Longer, Men Decide

Leniency in judgment of women's fashions will be widely manifest when the mystery of their origin is revealed, writes Theodora Bean, in the New York Telegram. Some men in a room on Fifth avenue are members of the National Ladies Tailors' and Dressmakers' association and they are holding a style congress.

Hush, not a word, not an idea to the outside world. Modistes from Paris are hovering near, ready to snatch the models and their accessories, transport them to the Rue de la Paix and sell them as creations to Americans who must be stylish, hang the cost.

The tailors approached the meeting room cautiously—every man is their enemy until they meet in the assembly hall and give the sign showing thereby they are sworn to protect the American woman's fashionable future.

They removed their topcoats and smoked glasses, checked their rubbers and fanned their hastily adjusted bearded faces with real and near Panamas.

"Are we alone?" asked a man.

"Turn on the lights—no matter if it is hot—we must be sure only our members are present," called another.

The man with the longest whiskers asked me to step out into the corridor, please.

"Aren't you Walter H. Bartholomew?" I asked. "The national secretary."

"Not so loud," he urged. "This is a secret conference; we will let you know the results."

"When?"

"By September 1, surely. If we permit one line of information to escape before that time, our work, the product of our brains, will be confiscated."

"Is your aim to destroy Paris fashions—is this a conspiracy against France?"

The man behind the beard returned to the room and reappeared with the president, James B. Blaine.

Mr. Blaine used low and vibrant tones, explaining the purpose was not to destroy Paris styles, but to improve upon them.

Another came forward. He was R. J. Hickson, and then a third, A. M. Grean.

"If you will go away now and say nothing of what you have heard and suspected here, then in the middle of August I promise you, on my word as a tailor and a gentleman, I will show you all my new models. We are the judges and we must listen to the spokesmen of all the cities represented," declared Mr. Grean.

"Skirts will not be so short; jackets will be twenty-six inches," begin Mrs Blaine.

"You mustn't say so much," cut in Mr. Grean. "We haven't decided yet."

"Have you decided to do away with the hobble?"

"Personally, I have, and I am to read a petition signed by all the clerks, as well as others, asking the association to destroy its influence or at least disguise it."

"Do you think this could be accomplished by having eight or ten rows of ruffles stitched at the bottom of a skirt, all wired, of course, so as not to interfere or intrude upon the outline or identity of the ankles."

"Possibly," said he.

One on the Doctor.

"What made you mutilate this handsome new book?" asked the physician's wife. "The first thing you did was to cut out a portion of it and throw it away."

"Excuse me, my dear," was the regretful answer. "It was professional instinct. The portion you refer to was labeled 'appendix.'"—Washington Star.

Had a "Supply."

New Minister—Now just one thing more, before I accept this charge. Have you got a "supply?"

Deacon—Well, yes; though we never said anything to the last preacher about it. I'll show you where it is, and get you a key, but I tell you you'll have to be just as careful about using it as the rest of us.

Fair Warning.

First Small Boy—We'd better be good.

Second Small Boy—Why?

First Small Boy—I heard doctor tell mother to take plenty of exercise.—Womans' Home Companion.

PUDGE PERKINS' PETS

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY THE NEW YORK EVENING TELEGRAM (NEW YORK HERALD CO.). All Rights Reserved.

Loretta's Looking Glass—She Holds it Up to th e Bad Provider

There is a letter here on my desk that would make any woman grind her teeth with rage, and any fair-minded man hunt up a buggy whip. It is from the wife of a bad provider.

"I cannot get money enough to dress our two children decently. I have to haunt remnant sales and 'going-out-of-business' places of torment. If the grocery bill runs a few dollars larger than usual, I am treated to a dressing down that makes me boil with indignation. I try to explain that we have had guests, men that he brought home to dinner, but it does no good. If I should set out a dinner that embarrassed him before his friends, I'd get scolded for that. I am never allowed to have money enough to feel comfortable. The bills all go through his hands and are settled by him. This makes me seem like a nonentity to the butcher, the baker and the rest. If it were not for the children, I would not continue to endure it. It's too humiliating. You, Loretta, are always patting men on the back. I wish you could know this creature who makes the life of one of your sisters a perfect torment. I guess you would sharpen your pencil and make a few punctures in him. I wish you would do it without knowing him. I should like to read in print what I should say in speech if I dared.

"AN ABUSED WIFE."

All right, Abused Wife, my pencil is sharpened. The worst that you think and feel is not bad enough to fill the measure of condemnation which your bad provider merits. He is a churlish curmudgeon. He is engaged in the despicable and unremunerative business of squeezing blood from a turnip. You are the turnip. And he will keep on with his fiendish extortion as long as you continue to play turnip. Such a hideous hunks of a man needs to be shown his duty. If he cannot see it, then some one must open his eyes.

Those two children whom you must clothe from bargain counters are his, as well as yours. The glory of sacrificing for them can become too much of a good thing when the mother does it all.

I would be willing to wager that you were an ignorant little girl when you married. You "didn't know how to do a thing." And this naturally skinflinty partner of yours began then to regard you as a sort of non compos mentis. But his methods have forced you to learn. You ought to have done it before you married! But now it is time for you to say, "Mr. Closefist, the running of our home is too expensive. It is costing my health, my dignity, my influence with the children, and their ideal of what home should be. You pursue business methods in your business; and then show yourself an utter incompetent in applying the same tactics to the more important institution of which you are the head. I have learned through bitter experience how little it takes to run our home in money. But I have paid in far more valuable ways.

"Now, from today, I shall spend more money and less of the other priceless things. I want to keep my health for you and the children. I want them to grow up to respect you as a man who is kind and fair. Now they think you are a niggardly tyrant, who forces their mother to be a slave. I will not allow myself to indulge the mistaken notion that I am serving them by proving to them that their mother is a groveler and a half-idiot. If you cannot see things my way once, we'll dissolve tht partnership that you abuse, the home that you desecrate."

It's a clear business proposition. Make it that way. Don't blubber! If your scrubby old scrimp of a husband does not see it, I shall be surprised.

Told by the Troubled Tourist

"I've been touring about the city a bit since I saw you last," said the Troubled Tourist as he sank into a seat beside me.

"THOSE HOT WEATHER FIXTURES."

"I began touring in the subway; but, believe me, I wound up in a taxicab.

"The only reason I left the taxicab was because I had to in order to thrash the chauffeur for not installing an electric fan in his wagon.

"He whipped me first, though, and so I didn't get a chance to institute the reform. I intended if I got the electric fan put in to go further and install an ice box and sideboard, so that each taxi would be perfectly appointed for an evening's ride; but, as I told you, the chauffeur was unreasonable, and sweltering mankind has lost a boon.

"'I want a nice cool ride up town,' I told the chauffeur when I picked him out, 'and, mind you, keep off the hot asphalt.'

"'What do you think this is, a cross-country taxi?' demanded the chauffeur. 'What you want is an aeroplane.'

"'Might be an improvement,' I said, getting in, 'then we could hit only the high places. Go ahead.'

"We made several stops, for the evening was warm, and then I had the argument about the vehicle's appointments. But, never mind. I'm going to introduce those hot weather fixtures yet. It will save a lot of climbing in and out of taxis."

(Copyright, 1911, by the N. W. Herald Co.)

The Key to the Situation—Bee Want Ads.

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

July 13, 1911.

BEATRICE PETERSON.
3415 Dewey Ave.

Wesley D. Alcorn, 3328 Manderson St.	Monmouth Park	1905
Leslie F. Alcorn, 3328 Manderson St.	Monmouth Park	1906
Ernest Abrahamson, 1210 South Twenty-seventh St.	High	1896
Margaret Aron, 3805 North Twenty-fourth St.	Lothrop	1903
Thayer Brightwell, 4411 North Twenty-fifth Ave.	Saratoga	1903
Robert W. Berg, 3910 Gold St.	Windsor	1904
Ethel M. Butterfield, 2623 South Thirty-third St.	Windsor	1900
Minnie Bible, 1916 Cuming St.	Kellom	1901
Agnes Boreszyk, 2521 South Twenty-sixth St.	Im. Conception	1897
Rogers Bozdech, 1314 Garfield Ave.	Edw. Rosewater	1902
Morris Baum, 1443 South Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1902
Frieda Bahrman, 1703 Van Camp Ave.	Vinton	1898
Lethe M. Chenevert, 606 North Sixteenth St.	Holy Family	1899
Agnes Card, 2809 Sherman Ave.	Lake	1905
Dorothy I. Challis, 1318 South Third St.	Park	1899
Lucia C. Doerr, 3123 South Nineteenth St.	Germ. Lutheran	1904
Ruth Dowling, 1332 South Thirty-first St.	High	1892
Albert Ethofer, 1523 Canton St.	Edw. Rosewater	1905
Thornwald Frederickson, 2248 North Nineteenth St.	High	1898
Jennie Firsht, 1706 Clark St.	Kellom	1900
Susie L. Fearon, 911 South Thirty-sixth St.	Columbian	1896
Frank V. French, 714 North Seventeenth St.	Cass	1902
Tonia Goodson, 4219 Farnam St.	Saunders	1902
Eleanor Goodrich, 4032 Cuming St.	Saunders	1905
Max Givotinsky, 313 North Twenty-third St.	Kellom	1905
James A. Gienger, 3339 Meredith Ave.	Clifton Hill	1902
Margaret E. Hennings, 2720 Franklin St.	Long	1900
Lillian Holstrom, 4213 Miami St.	Clifton Hill	1901
Clarence Hunter, 3301 Corby St.	Howard Kennedy	1903
Evelyn Johnson, 3625 Lafayette Ave.	Franklin	1902
Wesley E. Jensen, 3018 Lindsay St.	Howard Kennedy	1901
Ed Bryan Jackson, 2150 South Thirty-third St.	High	1896
Edith Jones, 4932 Capitol Ave.	High	1894
Annie Kuncl, 301 William St.	Lincoln	1903
Libbie Keoupa, 4113 South Ninth St.	Edw. Rosewater	1897
Bernard Landow, 2202 Howard St.	Farnam	1902
Robert B. Melvin, 610 South Thirty-eighth Ave.	Columbian	1901
Margaret V. Nichlas, 814 South Twenty-fifth St.	Mason	1905
Henry Neef, 4004 North Twenty-ninth St.	High	1894
Hugh O'Connor, 1022 Georgia Ave.	Park	1897
Howard L. Olsen, 3461 Miami St.	Long	1905
Merle Olmstead, 3534 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Lothrop	1896
Beatrice Peterson, 3415 Dewey Ave.	Farnam	1904
Josephine M. Peters, 1913 North Twenty-seventh St.	Long	1897
Brayton Page, 1525 South Fifteenth St.	Comenius	1903
Pauline Pregler, 834 South Twenty-third St.	High	1896
Eunice T. Plotts, 4540 North Thirtieth St.	Central Park	1905
John H. Payne, 1516 North Forty-first Ave.	Walnut Hill	1898
Stella M. Raibourn, 3412 Lake St.	Howard Kennedy	1898
Art Rouner, 1004 South Seventeenth St.	High	1895
Aaron Richards, 2124 Burdette St.	Long	1905
Sakarias Silein, Seventh and Seward Sts.	Cass	1899
Richard Shaffner, 1702 North Thirty-sixth St.	Franklin	1905
Leona Schweizer, 1506 Spring St.	Edw. Rosewater	1899
Harold Sullivan, 3219 Sherman Ave.	Sacred Heart	1896
Charles Selheimer, 2517 Parker St.	Long	1901
August Szezesny, 2709 South Twenty-fifth St.	Im. Conception	1899
Richard I. Toozer, 1523 Wirt St.	Lothrop	1900
La Verne, 578 South Twenty-eighth St.	Farnam	1897
Susie Wyman, 3416 California St.	Webster	1904
Lillian H. Waidelich, 4022 North Thirty-third St.	Monmouth Park	1904
Anna Weiss, 520 North Sixteenth St.	Cass	1904
Bennie Welch, 1405 Ohio St.	Lake	1901
Bernice Zimmerman, 2724 Manderson St.	Lothrop	1903

Riley's Favorite Poem

Editor of The Bee Home Magazine Page:

I love Riley's verse. Some choice pieces of his are appearing in the Sunday issues of The Bee—and, too, in beautiful attire.

The editorial, "Riley, Field and Nye," was an ideal tribute to the Indiana poet. The sonnet to Nye is fine. I'd never seen it and am, therefore, thankful for the copy.

In an old scrap book I have a page devoted to Riley, and among the clippings there is an anonymous piece of verse which, it is said, he (Riley) many years ago declared was his favorite English poem, and that he long tried to find the author, but without success. I am sending it, so that your readers, especially those who love Riley, may have it.

Brave Love.

He'd nothing but his violin:
I'd nothing but my song—
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long;

And when we rested by the hedge,
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.

We sometimes supped on dewberries,
Or slept among the hay—
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play

The rare old tunes, the good old tunes!—
We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet love song.

The world has aye gone well with us,
Old man, since we were one;
Our homeless wand'ring down the lanes—
It long ago was done.

But those who wait for gold or gear,
For houses and for kine
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and sere
And love and beauty pine—

Will never know the joy of heart
That met without a fear
When you had but your violin
And I a song, my dear.

Is it any wonder, Mr. Editor, that this poem won such high praise from Riley?

Respectfully, CONSTANT READER.

Partnership.

Mr. Lately Married—But, dearest, I thought we had planned to go to the opera this evening?

Mrs. Ditto—Yes, love; but I have changed our mind.—Puck.

A Summer Wish.

I wish I could sail where the icebergs are thickest,
And idle where walruses hide,
Or sit on the northermost point in Alaska,
And dangle my feet in the tide.
I'd like to slide down on the side of a glacier,
In snow at the bottom to roll;
How fine it would be, in the teeth of a blizzard,
To sit on the top of the pole.

To live, in an ice covered Eskimo cabin,
On polar bear blubber and such;
An icicle fork to assist in the eating—
Oh, really, the thought is too much!
Alas, I am hampered by getting a living.
The thought of it all makes me sick.
I have to stick 'round in this sun frizzled climate
And buy my ice cream by the brick.

(Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Trouble on the Border

The best fruit hangs highest, but don't try to get it without climbing.

A Summer Idyl