

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Luther Takes to the Study of Blonde Eskimos

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Hunting a Husband

The Widow Finds that Dr. Haynes is Indeed a Real Help.

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DEWATER.

Beatrice awoke on Sunday morning with an uncomfortable consciousness of duty to be performed. She liked to rest on Sunday, but today she appreciated that in thirty-six hours she must leave town, while before her lay, what seemed to her imagination, to be a week's work in the way of preparation for her departure.

Weakly she went in to breakfast, and sat silent throughout the meal. Then she began with half-hearted interest to survey the tasks before her. Rugs must be taken up, curtains taken down, trunks hauled up from the depths of the basement store-room by the tip-spraying janitor. Bric-a-brac must be put away in closets and silver must be packed preparatory to going to the bank tomorrow morning. These were but preliminaries, but they were tedious and dreary. By 10 o'clock the once tidy apartment looked as though, to quote the maid's apt expression, "the devil's wife had a fit in it."

Had Beatrice been in a more cheerful or philosophical frame of mind she would have comforted herself with the thought that after all her lot was much easier than that of many housewives at this season of the year. To be sure, she had all that she could do to get away at the time set, but she was taking into the country only the wearing apparel, bed linen and table linen.

For, in the complete little cottage in which she was going, there would be furniture for all the rooms, including china, glass and cooking utensils. There were rugs and carpets laid, while curtains and draperies were at windows and doors. The former owner's wife who had been taken, as Helen Robbins had thought, providentially ill, was a good housekeeper and a dainty one as well. So the cottage lacked nothing but linen.

Yet Beatrice kneeling on the floor before a huge "Saratoga" trunk, was hot, dusty and out of temper as she packed her clothes for an outing which she declared mentally she did not desire. To plan to go was the thing, to do the work necessary for the summer flitting was another. She would have postponed the trip until a merciful change of weather if she had dared to do so. She used the word "dared" in her thoughts and she meant it. Each time that she was tempted to defer her departure, Dr. Hayes' abrupt command recurred to her, and she resumed the disagreeable task.

Yes, he had told her to go, and she was going to do as he ordered. She did not deceive herself with the pretense that anxiety for her child's health was her only motive in hurrying her departure. To be sure, she was uneasy about Jean, but she had something akin to dread of the brusque physician's displeasure. The psychological effect of the harsh command had been great and the woman was, against her own inclinations obeying him. She hated him, she told herself, yet she was implicitly following his commands. She could not have explained why.

She was carrying a great armful of bed linen into the living room—where the trunks were ranged—when the door bell rang and a second later the man against whom she had launched many anathemas within the last hour strode into the room.

"Dr. Haynes!" exclaimed Beatrice, astonished.

She deposited her burden upon a chair and put her hands hastily to her head to arrange her ruffled hair. "I know I look like a fright," she said apologetically, "but I've been working very hard. I had to in order to carry out your instructions. Moreover, I was not expecting company."

Her tone and manner were not cordial, but the man laughed good naturedly. "Eless your soul," he said, "I'm not company. I'm only the doctor, though I did not really intend to stop here this morning. But I began to think about our little patient and decided to see for myself how she is progressing. I wanted to know, also, if you were following my directions."

"I am trying to get ready to go tomorrow afternoon," answered Beatrice coldly, "although I doubt if I can get my packing done today. It is a wearying and trying piece of work."

The man smiled good naturedly. "Oh, you'll get finished packing all right," he said with irritating optimism. "There comes in every job a sticking point at which one is ready to weep—or swear—in despair of ever getting through. And then, if you drive straight ahead at it, you suddenly find that you are almost done. Here, let me help you with that."

He stepped forward and took hold of one end of a heavy counterpane Be-

Daffydils

OAT ADAR SAYS: "IT IS EASY ENOUGH TO FIND A SEAT IN A CROWDED CAR BUT IT IS ALWAYS OCCUPIED."

IT CAME FROM SOUTH AMERICA CONCEALED IN A BOX OF THE BEST SARDINES FOR A WHILE THE CREW COULDN'T MAKE IT OUT BUT LATER RED DOG THE OLD TAR WHO COULD READ IN IT DIFFERENT LANGUAGES PICKED UP THE SCRAP OF PARCHMENT AND READ ALOUD "IF YOU CALL A BICYCLE BIKE WOULD YOU CALL AN ICICLE IKE."

THE SENTRY WAS DOING HIS DUTY HE HADN'T EVEN SEEN A MOUSE IN EIGHT HOURS KRISH-KRISH!! THERE WAS A NOISE IN THE THICKET WHO GOES THERE? BARKED OUR GUARDSMAN. HE PIPED A VOICE "CAN YOU TELL ME SOMETHING HE ADDED 'SHOOT' RETURNED THE SENTRY THE MAN LOOKED AROUND TO MAKE SURE THAT THEY WERE ALONE AND THEN ASKED "IF A BUTTERFLY HAD BEEN A CATERPILLAR WHAT WOULD A HONEY-BEE?"

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED TA-RA-RA-RA BONES-MISTAH DRADY, DID YOU EVAH HEAR DAT YOUNG LADY OF MINE SING? INTERLOCUTOR-NO BONES I NEVAH HAD THAT PLEASURE DOES SHE SING WELL? BONES-YES SUH, SHE GOT A MAGNIFICENT FALSETTO VOICE TAMBO-DONT YOU BELIEVE IT MISTAH JOHNSON BONES-WHAT YOU TALKIN' ABOUT TAMBO-DAT YOUNG LADY OF HIS AINT GOT NO FALSETTO VOICE MISTAH JOHNSON ITS ONLY A FALGETTO TEETH

LET M UP HES ALL CUT

THEM'S HARSH WORDS NELL

HELLO DAVE-I GOTTA JOB IN A TAILORS SHOP I'RUSH AROUND TO THE DIFFERENT SHOPS IN THE MORNING AND GET THE CLOTHES

THEN I SIT DOWN CUT THEM OUT AND FIT THEM UP-TRY THEM ON THE CUSTOMERS MAKE ALTERATIONS HUNT FOR BUTTONS THAT WILL FIT THE

BUTTON HOLES SWEEP UP ON THE MACHINES AND COVER THEM UP AND AT NIGHT I GO AROUND TRYING TO DRUM UP TRADE-IM ALWAYS IN BED BY 3AM

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

YEP-NOTHIN' TO DO TILL TO-MORROW

A Happy Wife's Recipe

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

"If girls knew something about business before they married there would be fewer unhappy matrimonial experiences."

This was the conclusion to which Mrs. Joel Feder arrived after we had talked on the subject of married couples as partners in the same business.

Mrs. Feder, who is a smart looking woman with an interesting face, has for some years had charge of the artistic end of her husband's business, and she has been mighty successful with it, too.

Her particular line of the work is of vast interest to countless thousands of women in America and abroad, for she helps choose and disseminate the fashions which will be popular all over the country, and which are copied by the millions by manufacturers from New York to the coast.

So you see she is a very important person, though one hears very little about her.

"Do I believe that a business partnership, such as ours, tends to a happy marriage?" Mrs. Feder repeated my question. "Well, I can only say, look at us. We have a grownup daughter, and each year our interests are more intimately bound together and our companionship and comradeship are closer than ever before."

"That is what a really happy marriage consists of—husband and wife being pals. I think for the most part this companionship is strengthening if the wife can find some little place in her husband's business, or at least can have sufficient understanding of it to ask intelligent questions or make an occasional helpful suggestion."

"No, don't quote me saying that I think a woman should be the boss, for I don't. If her 'man' is not her superior in business, if she can't look up to him and respect him as the head of the firm, your business partnership and your matrimonial partnership will not be a success."

"But there are legitimate lines of work in almost every business in which women can take some part, and I find that among the very happiest couples of my acquaintance most of them are together in business, and have this common bond outside the home as well as in it."

"They are like the great middle class in France, where husband and wife work together, and where unhappy marriages and divorces are very few. These married business partners have a common interest, and it is a very strong bond that holds them together. It often seems that it's easier to get a divorce than dissolve a business partnership; when you have to do both it is simpler to be reconciled, isn't it?" laughed Mrs. Feder.

"But, speaking seriously, I believe that every woman should know something about business, not only because it gives her an interest in life, but because she gets so much better understanding of her worries and troubles which her husband has to endure day in and day out."

"If every wife could understand the nervous strain under which the successful business man is forced to labor, the disappointments and constant irritations of his daily work, there would be fewer unsympathetic wives, less nagging when the husband comes home, and more endeavor on the part of the wife to make things pleasant, restful—to make home a place where her tired worker can recoup his forces and get some recreation."



MRS. JOEL FEDER.

"No girl can understand this unless she has actually worked in the office with her husband or seen some other man struggle in the daily grind of business life."

"If girls had this experience there would be less extravagance, I am sure, because they would understand how hard it is to earn money. And the natural conservative element which is part of the feminine nature would assert itself."

"How can you expect a woman who hasn't the faintest idea of the value of that line of the work and of the models who pose for the fashion pictures."

"This kind of work brings me into very close touch with young girls of all classes, and often the word of an older woman of experience, one who really desires their good and who likes them, makes a great difference to the career of these pretty young women, who develop into theatrical stars or to society women, according to the future which fate has in store for them or which they work out for themselves."

"Now that women have gone into almost every line of business, the co-operation of the wife—especially if she is the wife of the boss—often means easier hours for the girls, better and more sanitary conditions for them. Naturally, she understands their needs better than the man would and if she is in a position to do so she ought to help her own sex."

"At the base of most unhappy marriages you will find a lack of frankness about the finances. This can never be the case with business partners and consequently one very large element of unhappiness is entirely eliminated."

The Miraculous Movies

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

The other day there was a swell wedding in a western city.

The ceremony was out of doors in a garden under the trees. There was a little procession from the house to the garden; then after the ceremony there was a banquet at a beautiful spot under the spreading elms. After the banquet there was a wedding journey to the shore of a little lake.

Now the particular point was that every feature of this wedding was duly recorded by the unflinching movies. One hundred sets of films were prepared and presented to as many guests and relatives, some of whom were unable to attend.

And it so happened that I was one of the guests who received a set of the movies. I put them in my cameragraph, called in the neighbors, and we had the wedding all over again, even to the playing of the music.

I have the films. They are mine to keep, and I can produce this wedding at any time. Ten years from now it might be very interesting in case there is a divorce—bless my soul, Teresa, how terribly sunburned the back of your neck is!

The value of moving pictures as a factor in education is very great, and the extent to which they can eventually be used no man can say. The business is still evolving, climbing, growing, availing. From a mere plaything, whose business was to astonish and produce "Oh's" and "Ah's," we now have something the pedagogical prizes.

There was a time when children used to run away from school. Finally, we heard of children running away and going to the movies. The value of the moving picture shows. But now the movies are being used as an educational adjunct, children are running away from home and going to school.

The Montessori system of education is founded on the proposition that everything that makes an impression on the senses is educating the child. Impressions on the brain through the sense of sight is the easiest possible way to teach. In fact, it is the natural way to teach. There is a fascination in motion—just note the crowds around any show window where something is being done. Children want to go somewhere. They want to see things, and this constant desire for motion, movement, new scenery, new ideas, new sensations, is all a natural part of the great evolution of the individual.

The child learns through his senses, and should learn in joy. The thing that interests him, that holds his attention, is the thing that is educating him.

The use of moving pictures is being advocated in a great number of schools, from the grades up to post graduate courses.

There was a time when a piano in a private home was considered the very height of luxury. Now the most modest cottage contains a serviceable instrument.

I can remember when the Remington typewriter was exhibited at Philadelphia at the Centennial exposition. Operators were desired, and an advertisement was placed in the Philadelphia papers for men and women to run these machines. A poster was added to the advertisement thus: "Only those who can play the piano need apply."

It was supposed that the degree of digital skill acquired in playing a piano was requisite in running a typewriter.

Also, I remember one worthy teacher of Spencian penmanship who offered to "race" the typewriter in writing out 5,000 words. A match was fixed. The day was set. The Spencian penman won the prize, the lady at the typewriter having had a case of nerves in the midst.

We all said that the typewriter was a very wonderful plaything, and the way the operator would print your name out on a slip and hand it to you made up think we had achieved fame. We folded up the precious slip and carried it away to show the folks at home, proving to them Brother Jasper's dictum that "The world do move."—Copyright, 1912, International News Service.

Between Love and Fame

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A perplexed little girl named Hannah writes me:

"I will be 15 in October, and have been keeping company with a young man three years my senior for over a year. We have been travelling in the same set since we were in school together, and I am sure he is all right. He is a good, steady, reliable young man, gets \$32 a week and it considered a good catch by every one who knows him."

"Here's lies my trouble. I have, I have been told by an artist in the musical world, a contralto voice which, if properly trained, would land me on the operatic stage. The question is, Do I love William enough to renounce my art? Or do I love my art enough to give up William? I know I cannot give up both."

"Sometimes a feeling within me urges me to yield to his importunities and become his wife, and at other times I dream of the footlights and fame."

My dear girl, you have rightly expressed it by saying you "dream" of the footlights, and I regret that I haven't the eloquence of the ages that I might use it in urging you to wake up.

On the one hand, a man who has the making of a good husband in him. A man, good, kind, tender, and he has been your true lover since the days you were children in school together.

Following out a wise nature's plan, and if you have any doubts now I can assure you that every doubt will be dispelled when you have experienced the happiness greater even than that of being a wife—that of maternity.

On the other hand, a struggle for recognition which may never come to you. Women with finer voices than yours, my dear, and whose struggle for fortune and fame began when they were much younger than you, have found only disappointment and sorrow and unhappiness as their reward.

If you renounce William and set your feet in the path which looks so alluring, I warn you that you have a perilous and troubled journey before you. And should you overcome discouragement and defeat and conquer in the end, that you will find nothing in the glare of the footlights and the applause of the public as satisfying as the happiness a true woman finds in a modest little home of her own.

"True love is the gift of God," and you would give it up for a mere chance of obtaining something as passing, as worthless as fame!

My dear girl, wake up!

A Fable of Fate

Fate cannot be evaded. A grand vizier asked his master, the sultan, for permission to depart at once for Smyrna. "You may go, vizier," the sultan answered. "But why this sudden departure?"

"Alas! alas!" said the grand vizier. "I have just seen the angel of death among the throng before your throne, and he looked at me so long and strangely that I am sure he must have come for me."

"Go, then; go at once," the sultan said, and after the vizier's departure he beckoned the angel of death to him and asked:

"Why did you gaze so strangely at my grand vizier?"

"I was only wondering," the angel answered, "why the man was here, for I have orders to kill him late this afternoon in Smyrna."—London Opinion.

Hints for Housekeepers

Try to win the friendship of your butcher, so that you can go to his ice-box and pick out your own steak.

It is easy to screw a lawnmower up so tight that your neighbor can't use it after he has borrowed it.

Don't use your discarded furniture for kindling wood. Store it in the attic. A waste side man recently sold to a second-hand dealer a twenty-year's collection of old furniture and got \$1.50 for it.

Try walking all you can, it will use up much shoe leather and make the shoes trust rich, besides wearing yourself completely out and giving the doctor a job.

It is no longer fashionable to cut a woman's hair by putting a large bowl upside down on her head and trimming up to the edge of it. Take him to a barber and pay for the hair cut out of the boy's savings bank.—Chicago Tribune.