

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

His Honor is to Appoint Six Female Assistants

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



## "Chinese Fashions This Season Give You Art and Beauty," Says Viola Allen

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

The woman who sat next to me at the Century theater during the matinee of the "Daughter of Heaven," kept making curious little drawings on the borders of her program. There would be a tiny little design marked blue or pink, and it wasn't until she had sketched one of Viola Allen's costumes, that I recognized her as the designer of a big dressmaking establishment, getting ideas for winter fashions.

For this is going to be a season of Mings and Manchus, and the inspiration is found in the gorgeous pageant at the Century theater, where Miss Allen presents a most wonderful picture as the empress of the Mings, the Daughter of Heaven.

It was after the great battle scene, where the young empress sees the last of her faithful followers molting themselves on the funeral pile, that I hurried back to Miss Allen's dressing room, to find the gallant empress still in full armor and not yet having cast off the glamour of the string scene.

It was she who explained to me the difference between the Manchu and the Ming, for I had picked up a photograph of the actress in gorgeous Chinese costume, and asked if it couldn't be reproduced.

"Oh, no, that is wrong; that is a Manchu costume," said the empress of the Mings, and I felt as if I had committed high treason in displaying my ignorance of Chinese customs and art and etiquette.

You see, an empress of the dynasty of Ming, even behind the scenes, and off the stage, and in private life, could not appear in the costume of the Manchu, the hated enemy of her race; for Ming and Manchu are different in taste and customs, and that shows itself in the costumes, though both seem equally gorgeous, and both will be copied by the woman who studies the art of dressmaking.

The Mings, less well known to us than the Manchus, went in for director effect in clothes, with high waist lines and long flowing garments, covered with glittering things of exquisite shades. They stuck to pastel colorings except when they were fighting.

On the other hand the Manchus were the ancestors of our own Paul Poiret, avoided waistlines of any kind, and took their colors from Nature who puts green



MISS VIOLA ALLEN, Leading Woman with "The Daughter of Heaven."

and yellow, purple and scarlet together without the slightest communion and attains the most wonderful results.

Only a fly with 1,000 eyes or the poetic night which is supposed to have an equal number of optics, could take in

spirit of the play, and never thinks of fatigue once she has gotten into her part.

And she was still in her fighting costume of vivid yellow, a kind of Chinese Joan of Arc, I asked her if she was as warlike off the stage as on it and if "Votes for Women" was her motto.

"I am ashamed to say," pleaded Miss Allen, in the gracious sort of way she has of speaking, "I simply haven't had time to study the question, and I really don't know anything about it, but I vow that I will learn, for people are already beginning to ask me for my political sentiments. I suppose, because of the part I'm playing now.

"One thing is certain. The Chinese woman even in fighting costume, has less freedom than the American woman of today in her hobble skirts. "Look at the shoes," said Miss Allen, putting out a little foot, in the double Chinese sandal, which looks so wobbly and uncertain.

"These shoes are very hard to walk in at first, and I still think it's a very difficult thing to suggest dignity while tripping in the Chinese way and making those tiny little steps. There is so much in the way one walks; so much beauty and so much character. And the tiny step of the Chinese woman is not characteristic of our race, nor does it, in my mind, suggest the nobility and dignity which we demand in an imperial character."

That little matter of walking is only one of the millions of difficulties which beset the actresses of the Chinese play. Those terrifically long finger nails—signs of the Chinese aristocracy—were another. As I looked at Miss Allen, I realized how good looking you have to be not to be completely disfigured by the slanting eyes and brows of the Chinese makeup. Miss Allen presents a picture of exquisite porcelain-like beauty, and she is quite Chinese, too, as you would see if you got close enough to her to see the black marks across her eyes and the high, fly-away eyebrows made with paint.

"These are the most comfortable dresses in the world," said Miss Allen, fingering her Ming frocks. It was time for me to go, but I've not made up my mind which I will be, Ming or Manchu; Ming, with long flowing garments, or Manchu, with a kind of middy blouse and short pleated skirt.

Both are the latest thing in artistic fashions.

## "Teach Wives to Handle Money," Says Dorothy Dix

By DOROTHY DIX.

Every man who loves his wife and who has a proper sense of a man's responsibility toward a woman he has married and who has given the best years of her life to him, tries to safeguard her future as well as his own.

He looks forward to a time when he may not be with her to work for her and provide for her, and so he settles upon her the home if he can, or puts some good bonds and stocks in her name, or he makes heroic efforts and sacrifices to carry some insurance policy so that she may not be penniless when he is dead.

If the average husband should tell the dark thought that haunts him the most with its terror it would be the fear of his wife being old and poor. In want, perhaps, of even the common necessities of life, and it is this spectre of dread that drives him to redoubled effort in his business, and that prompts him to deny himself a thousand little pleasures and luxuries that he would enjoy.

This being true, it is amazing that men bring all their efforts to protect their wives to naught by never teaching the women how to take care of the money they have made so many sacrifices to leave them. Yet the knowledge of how to take care of money is just as necessary as the possession of money. Without the one you cannot have the other long.

Every man knows that the champion way mark of the world is a widow with her insurance money, and that it is such a simple process to swindle her that no dishonest man can resist the temptation to do it. There is not one of us who cannot name off-hand, without even



stopping to think, a dozen pitiful, helpless, poverty stricken widows that we know and are called on to help from time to time, who were left comfortable fortunes by their husbands, but who have been cheated out of their money, or let it slip through their fingers, because they were as ignorant of all business uses as a child.

They didn't know which was the business end of a check. They didn't know the difference between a silk-edged bond and Wild Cat Preferred. They didn't think that such a casual thing as signing your name on a piece of paper that you hadn't read could really amount to anything one way or the other. They were sure that Deacon Smith was perfectly honest because he prayed such beautiful prayers and that Cousin Thomas would pay them back their money because wasn't he their own dear aunt's son?

I know one woman who today is keeping a miserable railroad eating house whose husband left her \$200,000 that she got rid of within two years by the simple expedient of signing an innocent looking paper that a man told her was an option on a lot. She didn't read it. She probably wouldn't have understood it if she had, but when the man was arrested for running a fraudulent real estate agency she found out that she was his partner and responsible for his debts. She truthfully denied that she knew of having such connection with him, or was responsible for his deeds, but the law took a very different view of the matter and she found herself swept bare of every penny.

Each one of you can match this story with another in your own knowledge, and this is what makes it so incomprehensible that the man who is trying to protect his wife doesn't also try to protect her from her own ignorance about money.

Of course men shrug their shoulders and say that women don't understand business. As a general thing that is true, but how should a woman understand anything that she is never taught? Neither do men understand how to crochet and do battenberg stitch embroidery, but that is no indication that they haven't intelligence to learn how to do the proper instruction in them and had the importance of learning how to do

fancy work impressed on their minds.

That there is nothing so mysterious or occult about ordinary financial affairs that a woman can't understand them is abundantly proven by the fact that there are hundreds of thousands of clever and successful business women in the country and that many of the valued employees in every commercial concern are women. Moreover, in the management of their own affairs women are quite as successful as men. The average woman can get twice as much out of a dollar as a man can when it comes to shopping and house-keeping.

There is no earthly excuse that a man can give for not trying to fit his wife to handle whatever money he leaves her when he dies, yet practically no man does it. If you, Mr. Man, who read these files, should die tomorrow, what would your wife know about your affairs? How competent would she be to wind up your business or to carry it on? How much would she know about the best way to invest her insurance money?

Wouldn't she have to absolutely depend upon your partners, and some lawyer, and trust to their honesty and disinterestedness? Wouldn't she be just as liable to go into a rotten speculation as to make a good investment with her money? Does she even know the difference between living on one's income and spending one's capital? Wouldn't she think that she was as rich as Mr. Rockefeller and could afford a trip to Europe or an automobile if your estate amounted, when settled up, to \$25,000, instead of realizing that she must be very economical because she had only an income of \$1,200 or \$1,000 a year, and there was no one to bring in any more money?

If you died the happiness of the woman you love and that you know to be so helpless, the very food and shelter of your little children, would depend on your wife's knowing how to manage money and take care of what you left her, yet you do not take the trouble to try to prepare her for such a contingency!

It's little short of a crime to turn this defenseless creature over to the tender mercy of the financial sharks. Don't do it. Begin today to try to teach your wife something about your affairs, and about investments. Try to take out some insurance against her ignorance along with your other insurance.



### HOTEL ST. REGIS NEW YORK

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NEW YORK'S FAR FAMED HOTEL

Located on one of the world's famous avenues near Central Park, away from the noise of street cars and traffic, yet easily accessible to the theatre and shopping district.

**Rates:**  
Single Rooms without Bath \$3.00 and \$4.00 per day; with Bath \$5.00, \$6.00 and \$8.00; and for two people \$6.00, \$8.00 and \$10.00 per day.  
Suites consisting of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath, \$10.00 upward; larger Suites in proportion. All outside rooms.

R. M. HAAN.

## Bad Man Quickly Bluffed

It is a pleasant fiction that the gang leader of New York is as full of valor as a blown bird's egg is of marbles. But it is only fiction. There are men among the gangs who would hesitate to face a cottontail rabbit if the bunny had been drinking. There are others who would light a bonfire in a powder magazine on occasion.

"The late Jack Zelig was of a cautious and scrutinizing habit," said one of his acquaintances. "He certainly wanted an edge on the other fellow if any smoke play was in prospect. He could hardly have been a full blown coward, considering that this town has been as safe for him lately as a canoe is for a man in love, but no hero medals were pinned on him at that. Remember the time that he advertised that he would kill Chick Tricker? That carmine event was known in advance to every one south of Fourteenth street except the prospective victim. Tricker thought that Zelig, if not a friend, at least harbored no grudge. The pair met in a shadowy hallway and Zelig shoved a gun against Tricker's breast bone.

"Here's where I croak you, Chick," he said.

"Who?" said Tricker. "Croak who? You croak me? Not a chance, Jack. You couldn't shoot a kitten in a bag. Yuh can't croak your finger to pull that gun, you job."

"And Zelig couldn't. But he broke all the international records for running backwards as he made his get-away."

Even a married man may do as he sees—so long as he pleases his wife. Unlike most workers, the mosquito presents his bill before he does the job.



You do not eat the right food

YOUR bodies are ill-nourished because you feed them on foods that they cannot get the good out of. Do not eat so much meat and other heavy foods that are hard to digest. You get all the good elements of these dishes in

## FAUST BRAND SPAGHETTI

in a much easier digested form. It contains practically no waste. It is all quickly and easily converted into strength and energy. Serve Faust Spaghetti often and you and your family will become strong, robust and put on flesh. It's a splendid food for growing children. Faust Spaghetti makes delightful dishes and is a very economical food.

At your grocer's—5c and 10c a package.

Maull Bros., St. Louis, Mo.

## Daffydils

THE LIPS THAT TOUCH LICKER SHALL NEVER TOUCH MINE

UNGERY ENNERY, THE LUNCH COUNTER BOY WAS BEING SLOWLY WORKED TO DEATH. YEA BOI! THE HASH SLINGER CERTAINLY HAD HIS TROUBLES. ALL THE PATRONS OF THE BUSY BEE WERE HOWLING FOR EATS AND OUR HERO'S VOICE WAS THREADDARE FROM BARKING. SUDDENLY UNCLE LUTH BLEW IN AND GRABBING ENNERY BY THE LISTENER CHIRPED,

"THE GLAZIER TAKES PANES TO DO A PUTTY GOOD JOB. EH ENNERY?"

DPOP THAT OYSTER AND LEAVE THE WHARF!!

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED TA-RA-RA-RA SAM-NISTRAN SHIELDS DID YOU HEAR DAT DE GUYONNET WRE THINKIN' ABOUT TAKIN' DE INDIAN'S HEAD OFF DE ONE CENT PIECES AN' SUBSTITUTIN' A BUFFALO?

INTERLOCUTOR-YES SAM-WELL, NOW I WOULDN'T PUT A BUFFALO ON DE ONE-CENT PIECE

INTERLOCUTOR-INDEED CAN YOU SUGGEST ANYTHING BETTER THAN A BUFFALO?

SAM-YES SUH ID PUT A BLOOD-HOUND ON DE SCENT.

TESSIE MCNUTT WHO GANG AFTERWARDS' BEFORE WILL NOW SING THEN

CONGRESS WAS IN SESSION EVERY MEMBER WAS PRESENT AND THE GALLERY WAS FILLED WITH A CROWD OF INTERESTED AUDITORS. IT HAD BECOME RUMORED ABOUT THAT THE CONGRESSMAN FOR BROAD ABE CO, MISSOURI WOULD SPEAK FOR AN APPROPRIATION TO REPAIR THE BRIDGE OVER WURDIBURG CREEK THE EXCITEMENT WAS INTENSE AS THE HONORABLE GENTLEMAN AROSE AND CLEARED HIS THROAT HE LOOKED AROUND AND THEN JUST AS THE FIRST WORDS TUMBLED ON HIS LIPS A KID'S VOICE FROM THE GALLERY SPOKE,

IF MASSA CHU SETTS IS ON THE COAST WHAT IS OREGON?

COME ALONG HERE!

JUDGE, THIS MAN WAS YELLING ALOUD AT A POLITICAL MEETING

MUCH OBLIGED TO MEET YOU JUDGE-OLD TOP

HE'S CRAZY-PUT HIM IN A PADDED CELL

SAME TO YOU JUDGE

SAY WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

IN THE BOOB THAT PUT THE HENS IN ATHENS