

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Exit the Suffragette Judge

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Hunting a Husband

Blanchard Tries to Escort the Widow, but She Escapes Him.

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DEWATER.

Helen's inspiration with regard to the music proved to be a happy one. Beatrice had of late practiced with more or less regularity. Ever since the time when Robert Maynard's approaching call had moved her to reopen her piano and resume her playing and singing, she had found pleasure in the talent which she had neglected for so long.

Robert himself, as he listened tonight, appreciated that in the few weeks since he had heard her sing for the first time she had improved greatly. She had not brought with her to Helen's any of her music, but she could play many of her accompaniments and sing most of her songs without notes. And there were certain compositions of which she was fond and which she had played so often for her own enjoyment that she had no difficulty in remembering them.

She played several of these, then, urged by her listeners to sing, consented. At first there was a little tremble in her voice, for she was nervous before these friends who might also be critics, but their genuine and generous applause encouraged her and she gained confidence. Finally she declared that she "knew nothing more." But as she arose from the piano stool Helen protested.

"Beatrice, dear," she pleaded, "don't you remember how you used to sing, 'Could It'?"

Indeed Beatrice remembered. She also remembered that her husband had loved the song, but tonight, amid these surroundings, he and the days when he had been with her seemed very far off. Yet she hesitated for a moment before answering. Then she spoke softly.

"Yes, I remember. But I have not sung it in a long time."

"But you can sing it without your notes, can't you?" urged Helen. Paul Maynard, leaning on the piano, looked at the musician and smiled encouragingly.

"Please sing it!" he murmured. "I used to love it myself—when I was younger."

He sighed even as he smiled, and Beatrice wondered what experience he was recalling. She glanced at the group by the fire. John Robbins was looking in his great chair, his eyes closed, evidently waiting for her to begin. He always listened to music better if his eyes were shut, he insisted. Robert's hand shaded his face as he sat before the blaze. Helen was looking expectantly towards the piano, while Henry Blanchard stood leaning against the wall at the side of the chimney, arms folded. The entire company seemed in a receptive mood, and Beatrice felt almost excited as she played the prelude to the song. It was a moment that seemed to predict a triumph for her—a moment when she felt that for the next few minutes she could move her hearers at will.

She began the song softly. The plaintive air and pensive words were suited to her voice, and the music stirred her strangely. It wove a thread of memories, and a new pathos came into her tones. She was conscious that the man standing by her was listening intently and that he had forgotten the presence of others besides himself and herself. His nearness impressed her as it had not done before. Once she glanced swiftly at his face and saw a moved, wistful look about the mouth that made her know that her song—or was it she?—touched him strangely.

"But one!" the sweet air pleaded.

But once to enter there when night is falling.

In the old, sweet way, just coming at your calling.

And, like an angel, bending down above you,

To whisper in your ear—"I love you! I love you!"

The sobbing refrain ceased, and, for a moment, nobody moved. Then Helen made a little sound between a laugh and a sigh.

"Heigho!" she said. "Beatrice, dear, you have made me want to cry, and yet I love the feeling." She tried to laugh, and Robert Maynard turned to her and spoke softly. But Beatrice, in the silence of the room, caught his words. "That was one of my wife's favorite songs," he murmured.

John Robbins said nothing, but Henry Blanchard remarked prosaically that he believed it was "raining as hard as ever."

As Beatrice noted Paul Maynard's silence she lifted her eyes to his and found him gazing at her with an expression that thrilled her. For a half minute his eyes held hers, then he smiled sadly.

"Thank you," he said, "so that nobody but yourself heard him."

Without a word the widow arose from the piano stool and came toward the fire. "It is time I was going home, Helen," she said gently. Her voice and manner were subdued, and Henry Blanchard noted it. "Now, see here," he said briskly, "I be-

Daffydils

NO ONE EVER HEARD A MARRIED MAN COAX HIS WIFE TO SING FOR HIM

HUNGRY PETE WAS BITTING IN MAX'S POISON PARLOR READING THE LINE OF MARCH WHICH WAS HEADED BY KALORINE SOUP AND FISHES' LEGS ON TOAST WHEN HE TURNED TO THE WAITER AND WHISPERED "IF A GIRL WAS TO BE INITIATED INTO A LADIES LODGE AND THE GOAT WAS MISSING COULD THEY TAKE A PIECE OF BREAD AND BUTT 'ER?"

SCENE—LITTLE DOG ON A RAIL ROAD TRACK TOOT! TOOT! SAUSAGE

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED TA-RA-RA-RA

TAMBO—MISTAH FLYNN, A CAT HAS NINE LIVES, HASNT HE? INTERLOCUTOR—SO THEY SAY TAMBO. WHY? TAMBO—WELL SUH, IF SHE LOGES ONE OF HER NINE LIVES WHAT IS SHE THEN? INTERLOCUTOR—I GIVE IT UR WHAT IS SHE? TAMBO—AN OCTO-PUSS

I DON'T CARE CALL A COP!!

AS SHE WAITS— SPEAK QUICK I WON'T WAIT MUCH LONGER.

DON'T YOU KNOW WHO IS IT I AM, GOOK? NOPE! WHO ARE YUH?

I'M THE BOOB THAT PUT THE RAT IN RATHSKELLER

HOPE I DON'T TIP THIS GLASS OVER.

HERE! KEEP ORDER DOWN THERE!

PETE

"Always Be Candid With Your Son"

Mother's Fault if Boy Doesn't Grow Up to Be Good Husband

By ADA PATTERSON.

Be candid with your son. Let him look into your heart so that he will understand other women.

Teach him to ask himself, in any crisis, "Is what I intend to do right? Is it kind? Is it wise?"

Never tell him he is naughty.

Teach him that his faults are exaggerated virtues and train him not to exaggerate.

Teach him that the great lesson of life is obedience and set the example of being obedient.

Train him to let the first flash of anger pass while he is asking himself how he has caused that which has made him angry.

The wise daughter of a wise mother talked yesterday of how to train a boy to be a good husband.

Mrs. Woodallen Chapman, herself, an author and lecturer on family and household themes, is the daughter of a famous authority on the same large theme. She talked with enthusiasm of one well grounded in truth, an enthusiasm that overflows and carries the doubts and misgivings and indifferences of others before its wave.

"If my boy does not become a good husband it will not be my fault," she said, her hands clasped upon her library table, her eyes large with earnestness. "I am responsible for that dim woman in the vague future for her happiness, and I intend to be true to my trust. The first year of his life I began to train him for good husbandhood. To tell the truth I began in his first three weeks of his life."

"You look surprised. Let me prove it. That pastime of babies sucking their thumbs is a fault that by successive steps may lead to drunkenness or the drug habit. Allow a child to suck his thumbs and when he is a little older he will continually demand candy as a comfort for all his troubles, whatever goes wrong, he will cry for candy. From that will grow the cravings for soda water, not as an occasional beverage, but as a habit. From soda water a comforter for life's ills, he must think of drinks and drugs in times of stress and disappointment."

"Do you know that a habit is formed in the first three weeks of a child's life will take a year to cure? It was so with my baby. We tried everything we had ever heard of to cure him of that thumb sucking, which is the first sign of gluttony, and the final cure was to make thumbless mittens of canton flannel. He didn't like the taste of that canton flannel and stopped."

"A lesson that was of great use and which my mother insisted upon my giving him was that he must abide by the consequences of his own acts. If he flung his rattle on the floor I did not pick it up. If lay there. If he lay upon the floor and kicked and cried in a temper we walked out of the room and left him alone. In this way he learned that



MRS. WOODALLEN CHAPMAN AND SON, BRUCE.

he had himself to blame if he was deprived of society. I have often said to him, 'Bruce, the great lesson of life is obedience. I am obedient to my sense of duty and to the laws of conscience and country, as you are obedient to me.' He understands."

"I cannot always stop to explain to him why he must do something. I say to him, 'I am telling you to do this because it is right. Some time I will explain.' I think it is a bad plan to always stop to explain to a child why commands are given. Life doesn't explain when it exacts obedience to its laws and a mother is his foreshadowing of what life will be to him."

"But one should never give a command in anger, even though it be suppressed anger. Children are cleverer than we grown-ups about persons' moods, and we can never fool them."

"I believe in the utmost candor between a mother and her young son. Don't lie to

American Clothes for American Women

By DOROTHY DIX.

Women should give their support to the campaign that is being made in favor of American fashions for American women for these reasons:

First—Because of economy—For patriotic reasons.

Second—For patriotic reasons.

Third—Because they do wear American made clothes, anyway, even when they are paying Paris prices for them. Eighty per cent of the "imported" hats are created right here at home and have bogus French labels sewed in them.

Fourth—Because French fashions are decadent, as witness the harem skirt, and the trousers skirt, and the split skirt, and the other monstrosities that Paris dressmakers have sent over in the last few years. Such styles do not suit the sensible, practical, clean-minded womanhood of young America. American women with their liberty have no business in hobbie skirts. They should have fashions designed by their own people that express their own individuality.

Fifth—Women should set the seal of their approval on American fashions for American women because it opens up an enormous field that will bear a golden harvest for the young women of our country. The gold mines of California in '49 were not more of a bonanza than the pioneers in truly artistic dressmaking and millinery will find.

But we shall not come into our own until the clever American dressmaker and milliner is not forced to pass herself off as a bogus French woman and pretend to have the creations of her own deft fingers came from Paris instead of out of her own back room. And she can never do this until women have enough sense and enough pride in their own country to parade the fact that their clothes are American made.

Every woman who reads these lines has got a double interest in encouraging American fashions for American women. For one thing her own property is bound up in it, for it helps business, and that is making money, and that is the best thing a woman can do. For another reason it opens up a lucrative profession for her daughter. In these times of high living every mother must face the fact that her

daughter either has to support herself at present or is likely to have to do so before long.

Now, there is hardly a family that hasn't got in it some girl who is sort of a near-genius. She has a most decided artistic bent. She has an exquisite sense of color, and a true eye for line. She can make all sorts of clever little sketches.

All of this seems so remarkable to the family that they have her taught to draw and paint, and they spend thousands of dollars on her art education, believing her to be a genius. But the girl finds out that she isn't a genius, that she has only faculty and talent, and that now when the great masterpieces of art are reproduced by wonderful mechanical processes there is no demand for the work of amateurs.

So, therefore, the girl's talent has gone to waste and the money spent upon her art education has been thrown away. But with the development of the idea of American fashions for American women, there is opened up for these artistic young women a lucrative occupation in which they may make much money, add to the beauty of the world, and cause other women to rise up and call them blessed.

The making of a lovely and suitable gown, or hat, is just as much a work of art as the painting of a picture. It requires just as much knowledge of line, just as much sense of color, just as much perception of what is beautiful. The only difference is that the artist works in fabrics instead of oils or crayons.

We need women of intelligence, of education, of refinement for dressmakers and milliners, for only a lady knows what is suitable for a lady to wear. We need women who have made a study of lines to make up dresses that will emphasize the best of our figures and conceal the worst. We need women with subtle artistic perception to make up hats and dresses that will tone up or tone down our complexions and keep us from looking as ugly as the Lord made us.

And in proof that this need is dumbly recognized stands the fact that every dressmaker in every city and town and hamlet in the land who even approaches to this ideal, and who gets a reputation for her color combinations or her lines, is overruled with work and can charge whatever she pleases. The women who have turned their artistic talents to dressmaking. One dressmaker in this city last year refused a salary of \$30,000 a year to give up her own business and go to a department store to be the head of a dressmaking department. She scornfully remarked that \$30,000 wouldn't pay her living expenses. And this woman hails from Ohio and not from France.

It's a curious thing that the two original occupations of men and women, farming and sewing, are the two things that they have gone on doing from the days when Adam ploughed with a crooked stick, and Eve plied her flax leaves together with thorns, with the least intelligence possible, but they are waking up now, and the next two learned professions are going to be agriculture and artistic dressmaking. Men and women are going to put brains as well as brawn into tilling the soil and making clothes and the ones that get in on the ground floor are going to make the first fortunes.

They told me up at Columbia university the other day that where they had one application for a teacher in Latin or Greek or higher mathematics, among the girl graduates, they had a dozen requests for young women who could teach dressmaking and millinery and cooking.

I tell that as the evangel of a new era of common sense for my sex and that women are waking up to the fact that their real opportunities lie in their own domain and that the most successful women are those who follow the occupations for which they have a natural inherited aptitude that has been bred in them through the centuries. Only now they are going to do scientifically and well what their foremothers have done ignorantly and blunderingly.

And foremost among these new industries will be the designing of American fashions for American women and the time will yet come when foreigners will recognize the superiority of our hats and dresses, just as they now recognize the superiority of American dentistry and American reaping machines.

Literary Saws.

The late Adrian H. Joline of New York was distinguished as a writer no less than as a lawyer; and an address of his before the Greater club is still remembered for the many literary aphorisms it contained. Among these aphorisms were:

"Fine leathers do not make fine works."

"Circumstances alter bookcases."

"Authors will happen, even in the best regulated families."

"Never look a gift book in the binding."

"A roving manuscript gathers no dust."

Gives Up Blood for Babies

An example of woman's sacrifice was unfolded in Baltimore between the lines of matter-of-fact routine court work. The arrest of Charles Leroy Brown brought out the fact that several months ago he deserted his wife, leaving her to support her twins, 7 years old. This she succeeded in doing until three months ago when she was compelled to go to Johns Hopkins hospital, where another baby was born. Then her money gave out.

While in the hospital Mrs. Brown learned that blood was a valuable article in a hospital, so in order to obtain money she sold a quantity of her twin children which she sent to the people who were caring for her babies.

Hearing later that a patient in another institute was in a serious condition and that the only hope held out by the surgeons was in transfusing some healthy blood into the patient's body, Mrs. Brown offered to give more of her blood to save a life.

The surgeons were at first chary of risking Mrs. Brown's health by further loss of the vital fluid. But an examination of her blood showed that it was healthy and a vein in her left wrist was opened and the blood taken out. Mrs. Brown stood the operation well and in a few weeks was able to leave the institution. One of the remarkable features of the case is that Mrs. Brown weighs only 120 pounds.

Another is that Governor Wilson of New Jersey, the president-elect, is personally interested in her case. He signed the requisition papers yesterday which gave a detective the right to bring her husband back to Baltimore.