

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Two Beautiful Creations

Fully Described by Olivette

Beauty

A Delightful Different with Mme. Yorska

Seldom can one find a more charmingly simple frock for the young than this little model of 'vorceau' blue velvet on the left. The blouse is slightly ruffled, but does not blouse. The V-neck is piped in old rose peau de peche, and a little line of low buttons of the same material fastens the front down to the bust, loose girde of the same rose peau de peche—a cloth which has the soft texture from which it takes its name—"skin of a peach." This girde passes through little brooches of the velvet and is knotted at the back and falls in two long embroidered sash-ends. The long kimono sleeves have a piping of the rose at the wrist. The skirt is gathered at the waist and is draped into a pannier movement at each side, with little pocket flits piped in rose and finished by the buttons. A new and original note is the rose, caught at the bottom of the skirt just above the right ankle.



The little lady in the picture on the right shows you a French idea that some of us will do well to copy. She is wearing a little frock of tango charmeuse with a coat of velvet. The gown has a simple blouse, cut kimono fashion and edged at the V-neck with ecru shadow lace. The skirt is draped up at the center front, and from a Bulgarian ribbon falls a tunic of narrow box plaits edged in a flounce of velvet. The cutaway coat has kimono sleeves edged in bands of red fox. The same fur edges the front and the square collar.

Especially Posed for This Page.



Mme. Yorska in Two Interesting Poses.

By MAUDE MILLER.

What is the secret and how do you tell? Oh, it is an absorbing topic, and a very difficult question to decide. But Madame Yorska, that dear, exquisite dainty little French actress formerly of the Theater Sarah Bernhardt, Paris, who seems to be well versed in the subject, has whispered some very important secrets which will perhaps help those who are more inexperienced.

"Of course, it isn't given everyone to have so many admirers. And now for the secret. The most important thing in the world for a girl to know about. Far more important than any beauty hints; they are of secondary importance. What is it? The secret of understanding a man.

"O, mon Dieu, these men!" said Mme. Yorska, who at present is artistic director of the French drama society of New York, clasping her hands and leaning forward from the big couch where she was curled up among the cushions. "They are like children; they come to us all flushed with health and the joy of living, and often they have not an idea in their heads. But do they enjoy life any the less? Ah, no, and why? Because they are unconscious of the fact. And we women. Do we in our funny superior way look at them askance? Ah, no; we laugh very humbly, and long quite shamelessly to pet them as we would a good child or a favorite Newfoundland dog.

"You must not mind any feeling of ennui, remember, as you funny English put it; it is all in a good cause. These clever men, they are so funny they get drunk on their genius if they have any, but they are no match for the clever woman. She knows intuitively that even if he is clever most of his manner is a pose.

"A poseur is very uninteresting, all the time thinking of himself and his charm. But there is no man who is too clever to lose his hand to a woman if she has learned how to play her best card. She must appear indifferent to him at first, and gradually allow him to arouse her interest. Real interest, or seeming interest, it is all the same. He will be too absorbed in himself to notice. And by and by when she finds that she must tear herself away, he will say to his friends, "Such an interesting woman, so much temperament, so sympathetic, I must see her again." Not a word about the color of her eyes or the straight line of her aristocratic little nose, or the maddening curve of her mouth. Not that I mean to imply that a man does not care for beauty. Not at all, but a clever woman can make a man think she is beautiful.

"Then there is the kind man. One often finds the kindest men among the bourgeois class. It takes brains to be an intelligent bourgeois. And with the kind

man you need not play. It would hurt your heart to be anything but natural when he is willing to play the game so fairly.

"But be careful lest you lose your heart in a game like this, for it is the most dangerous kind to play, although it is generally true that the kind man is too straightforward, too honorable to engage in a game of hearts for his own amusement.

"The very young man is very much the same as the older man with a pose, although he is not so clever. But he studies charm and makes a dash to be what you



call a lady killer. He does not know that he is very funny, he is too egotistical and it is often a very rude awakening. It develops his manhood and in the hands of a very clever woman any latent possibilities can easily be developed after the foolishness has somewhat evaporated.

"You have enjoyed my little talk? Yes? Merci, beaucoup. I have enjoyed it much. I hope I have given you all, what you say, good advice."

The Home Life

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. (Copyright, 1913, by Star Company.)

The writer and his brother are president and cashier, respectively, of our bank. We also conduct an insurance business. In addition, the writer is president and manager of a telephone company, besides being interested in various minor enterprises. The writer goes to his office every morning at 6. He happens to be so situated that it does not inconvenience any member of his family in doing so. I return to lunch at noon, and stay at home with the family until I have had my full hour. We finish the day's work at 5 until 8. The evening is invariably spent with the family. In nice weather and good roads we use the automobile. Although a member of lodges it is very seldom that I go. I allow no business of any kind to interfere with my evenings or Sundays, as all of that time belongs to my family. Every other week I have one day from business. My brother enjoys the same privilege. On those days we do not go to the office, but spend the time at home with the family, or take them out for a ride, or spend the day in the woods, or any way that we choose. At any rate, it is with the family. Business men, as a rule, will say that they cannot take a day every two weeks from business. They say, "Where there is a will there is a way. We do it, and we are always busy. We have a thorough system in our business. Men owe it to their families to give them more of their time, and to add to their happiness, which, at the same time, adds to the happiness of the nation. There would be more happiness in the world if they would do it."



BUSINESS MAN.

This expression of one man's views of home life is interesting, and must come as a surprise to our foreign visitors, who

The Real Saint

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

Life is one long story of injustice to woman. She is discredited for every failure, and man is credited with her every success.

The little homage that has been done to her has always had its little joke tied to it as big as the tin can tied to a country dog's tail.

Man flattered her by making her a symbol of justice. Then he tied a bandage over her eyes to discredit her judgments. He made her the symbol of purity, hoping the compliment would soothe her into forgetfulness of his refusal to let her vote. He made her the symbol of patience, because that is a virtue of which he is willing to let her have a monopoly.

She invented love; he stole the idea and made a boy child love's representative. She invented Christmas and he made an insane-looking man, too old to hold any other political job, the Christmas saint.

It is time, children dear, in these days when every woman is demanding her

rights and tearing the veil of hypocrisy off the face of man, that you should know the truth.

The saint who floats through your ante-Christmas dreams, dropping from a reindeer chariot bags of goodies and toys is a man, is he not?—with a long, white beard and highly colored cheeks? Then wake up. For while you dream there sits near your bed, unappreciated, unused and undreamt, the real Christmas saint, your mother.

Her cheeks are pale, through much midnight preparation of your Christmas gifts; her eyes are not merry, as were the eyes of the man of your dreams; they are tender and loving, and perhaps a little wistful, because your wants are so many and her resources so inadequate. But, no matter how little she has, there is always something for the children at Christmas; and though every gift represents self-denial, she never tells of the sacrifice, nor complains when the credit is given to the imaginary old man with the lazy-fat stomach and the long, white beard.

There is always Christmas where there

Woman and War :-: By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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We women teach our little sons how wrong And how ignoble blows are; school and church Support our precepts, and inculcate The growing minds with thoughts of love and peace. "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," we say; But human beings with immortal souls Must rise above the methods of a brute, And walk with reason and with self-control.

And then—dear God! you men, you wise, strong men, Our self-announced superiors in brain, Our peers in judgment, you go forth to war! You leap at one another, mutilate And starve and kill your fellow men, and ask The world's applause for such heroic deeds. You boast and strut; and if no song is sung, No laudatory epic writ in blood, Telling how many widows you have made, Why then, perforce, you say our bards are dead And inspiration sleeps to wake no more,

And we, the women, we whose lives you are—

What can we do but sit in silent homes, And wait and suffer? Not for us the blare Of trumpets and the bugle's call to arms— For us no waving banners, no supreme Triumphant hour of conquest. Ours the slow Dread torture of uncertainty, each day The bootless battle with the same despair. And when at best your victories reach our ears, There reaches with them, to our pitying hearts, The thought of countless homes made desolate, And other women weeping for their dead.

O men, wise men, superior beings, say, Is there no substitute for war in this Great age and era? If you answer "No," Then let us rear our children to be wolves, And teach them from the cradle how to kill. Why should we women waste our time and words In talking peace, when men declare for war?

Wearing Kimono to Breakfast

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Is it proper to wear a kimono to breakfast in a boarding house? What do you mean by "proper"—what sort of a boarding house do you live in?

I have seen girls come down to breakfast in a mob cap and a bodice jacket, and by the way they crooked their little finger and had such a time tipping their coffee, it was easy to see that they imagined themselves the most charming and fascinating of creatures—but they weren't.

They really were not—at all.

It takes the prettiest woman in the world to look pretty in a kimono—it is almost as bad as a bathing suit when it comes to showing up every defect that a girl has and ought not to have.

Besides, it really is a bit negligible for a boarding house table—don't you think so, Mores?

It is all very well to read about the charmers in satin peignoirs and dainty gold beehive slippers—that's in a book where a girl can cry and look pretty at the same time.

Out of a look a peignoir, or a kimono, or a dressing jacket, are fit for just exactly one place in the world, and that is in your own room.

You won't fascinate the young book-keeper who sits opposite with that kimono—you'll just make him wish you would take time to dress yourself before you come to breakfast.

Don't make any mistake, my dear, the one thing a man really admires in a real girl is modesty—if he ever gets it into his head that you are lacking in that, nothing in the world that you can do will make him really respect you again.

Get yourself a couple of neat pretty little house dresses. You can find them in the wash frock department of any of the big shops.

Blue and pink and lavender and flowered—all colors, all styles, all prices—I have seen very neat, pretty little blue wash dresses for sale at a dollar and a half—get one of those, do your hair in a pretty simple knot and you'll look as sweet as a peach and feel sure that you are doing the right thing at the same time.

Hang the kimono up on the last nail in

your closet and never think of wearing it outside your own room. That's a nice, sweet, sensible, modest girl.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Act as if You Didn't Care.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 20, and although I know several young men have never met a young man who seems to care enough to propose to me.

What shall I do in order to win someone?

If you let the men know you are on a husband hunt they will carefully avoid you.

Be a little independent; find such happiness in the society of women the men will be interested in knowing what you are happy about. And don't worry because no lover comes your way. He will bring sorrow as well as joy when he does come.

Purely Friendly.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am very much in love with a young man five years my senior. He has gone away to college and writes to me twice a week. We are not engaged, but he tells me how much he cares for me in every letter. Now I am undecided how to answer his letters.

A. C.

Be friendly, keeping a careful guard on your pen. Write nothing you would be ashamed to see in print. If he still loves you when his school days are ended there will be many opportunities for telling him that which it is wiser never to write.

A Future John D.

Aprons of compulsory school attendance Superintendent Maxwell said in Yark:

"A certain Yakubicka, a Bohemian urchin, rose suddenly the other afternoon in the midst of the lesson, plied his books in an orderly heap and proceeded to clump out of the room.

"Yakubicka, where are you going?" the astonished teacher asked.

"Teacher," Yakubicka answered gravely, "exactly fourteen years ago at 2 o'clock in the afternoon I was born. So I am now entitled to quit school."

"From the doorway he waved his hand at his fellow students.

"No long, fellows, he said, "I'm off to learn pantmakin'!"—New York Times.