



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Missus Tells Rummy an Old One

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



The Petticoat King

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

The petticoat king is dead—long live the king!

That is, he is dead financially—gone into bankruptcy, laid down, cashed in, and a receiver has been appointed.

The petticoat king was president of a corporation that made more petticoats than all the petticoats manufacturers in America.

On being interviewed as to the cause of the collapse, the ex-king declared that less than half the women who now meet on the street wear petticoats.

We are obliged to take the word of the ex-king, for it but seemingly he knows what he is talking about.

He says that his firm have in stock petticoats to the value of over a million dollars. That is, these petticoats cost a million dollars to produce. But they cannot be sold for half this, simply for the reason that the swish and swing and musical rustle of the petticoat are no longer in demand.

A few years ago petticoats had color, and they also "listened." Now, neither of these things is desirable. The slim pinneers has created a vogue. The gown clings like a process server.

So confident was the ex-king that petticoats would not go out of fashion that he banked on his prophetic vision, but alas, and alack, he prophesied in the direction of his interests. He had lived so long in a petticoat atmosphere that his soul had become subdued like the dyer's hand.



Daffydils



Making Over a Skinflint

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Dear Winifred Black: Your articles always interest me, and I have been helped by your talks time and again. I would be greatly obliged to you if you would tell me how I can cure my husband of doling out his money to me.

We are five in the family, and of course I am obliged to ask for money every day or two when it is given to me in such small sums. On every occasion I have to listen to things that would not look well in print, but oh, how they do hurt! I really believe I have no self-respect left.

Now let us be business men, and can well afford to give me \$18 in one lump each week, which is all I want, and out of which, I told him, I would pay the rent and gas bill. But it is no use. He says I could not take care of the money.

Love him? Of course I do. I just think he's one of the best fellows in the world, except when I have to ask for money.

This thing has made a thief of me. I have taken money out of his pocket many times when he was asleep. He never



An Appeal to Parents

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

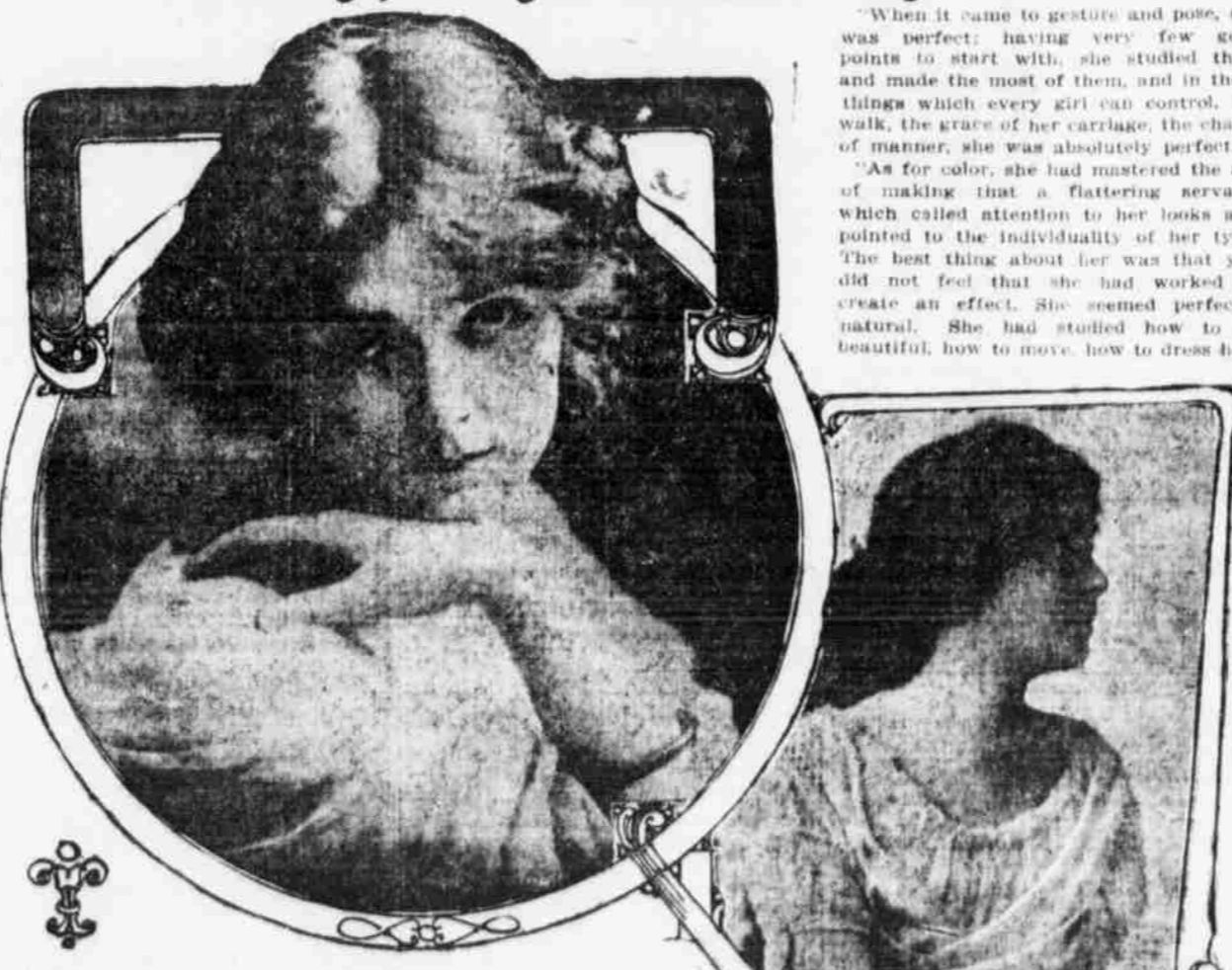
Will the mothers and fathers of marriageable daughters forget their years and turn back when they were young, while they read the following letter?

"I am 22 years of age, and a young man has been calling to see me twice a week for the last three months. The parlor and dining room of our home are separated by large folding doors, which are always open, making one large room.

"Whenever my friend calls, mother and father sit in the dining room and read. They never come into the parlor and copy on a conversation with us, but sit there like two judges about to pass sentence on a couple of law breakers. We naturally feel self-conscious, and after a half hour's conversation (about everything under the sun except what we would like to speak about) the conversation becomes strained, and his visit generally ends in our taking a walk and finishing it on the front porch.

"I maintain that a girl of my age is entitled to the privilege of sitting in a room alone with her lover, and that my parents can just as well sit in the sitting room, which is separated from the dining

Women Can and Do Achieve Beauty, Says Miss Fay Wallace



By HARGRETT HUBBARD AYER.

It happened that I got to see Miss Fay Wallace very early in the morning, before that long, reddish mane of hers was tucked up in a grown-up manner.

At the time, her hair was tied with a big bow of ribbon, and hung down her back over a negligee of apricot-colored silk and satin lace. The hair and the silk went beautifully together, and I found myself studying Miss Wallace's clever color arrangement of walls and hangings and cushions, which is all made to form a most artistic background for this little girl with the red hair, as she calls it, though it is more auburn.

Miss Wallace has considered this question of color very seriously. It is reflected in the light gold color of the walls, and in the old rose of the cushions, in touches of tarnished gold and brown in the walls. Everything in the room goes with that hair and brings out the faint color in Miss Wallace's white cheeks and the deep brown of her eyes.

"A girl with red hair has to study herself more carefully than the decided blonde or brunette type," explained Miss Wallace, when I congratulated her on her color scheme.

"I adore colors, anyhow, and I do try to get the right combinations, and I am always experimenting to see if I can't find anything better. Colors should be used to make one look one's very best. It is wonderful what a girl can do nowadays

FAY WALLACE, THE AUBURN-HAIRED BEAUTY, IN 'READY MONEY' AT THE MAXINE ELLIOTT THEATER.

to transform herself into a woman of real charm and beauty. It seems all a matter of intelligent work and will power.

"I know a girl who was absolutely plain some years ago. Nobody admitted that she had the slightest claim to beauty. She was both awkward and homely. Yet, a year or so after I had first seen her, she was considerably improved, and in another twelve months she had grown into an absolute beauty, a woman who commands attention and admiration.

"Now this girl had achieved beauty by hard work. Careful diet and exercise, kept her complexion and figure perfect. She had studied the art of dress exactly as you would take up a course in a foreign language or mathematics.

complexion. Few red-haired people admit that they can wear rose color, but I find all the pinks, especially the salmon shades and the dull old rose shade, bring color to my cheeks and fade out the freckles which always come in the summer time.

"Take a large black hat and face it with pink; that is much more becoming than the violent contrast of black velvet which so many people insist on. If your coloring is very delicate and your style is dainty rather than impressive, violent contrasts are too striking and they are apt to overpower the small woman. I think they should be left for a very large woman.

"Of course the girl with red hair can wear all the grays she wants to, and the reddish brown that shades into her hair. I do not believe that dead white is becoming to her; it certainly isn't to me, so I always choose ivory or a cream colored tint.

"Almost everyone you see wears something snow white about the neck—lace or satin or whatever the material may be. The skin always looks yellow by contrast, no matter how fair it really is, and personally, I always insist on having lace of that nice antique color, even if it is brand new. You know how you can get that color by the way; it's very simple. If your lace is good, mix a little orris root with a little powdered saffron until you have the color desired, then rub it into your lace. Have enough of the powder to cover the lace and leave it for several hours; then shake it out well and brush it. Your white lace will have taken on a lovely old lace tone, which is most becoming and will be delicately stained beside.

"The colors that I find most effective are not the brand new vivid colors, and aside from the fashionable shade of the moment, but rather the dull, faded colors, which have lost their harshness and brilliancy beside which both hair and complexion look dim. The most beautiful colors in the world to me are the dull and faded blues and grays in Chinese embroideries.

"The girl with red hair has a wide range of color to choose from, if she will stick to the soft shades, and not try to dim the brilliancy of her hair by a violent and startling contrast."

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