

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

"A Sign of the Times"

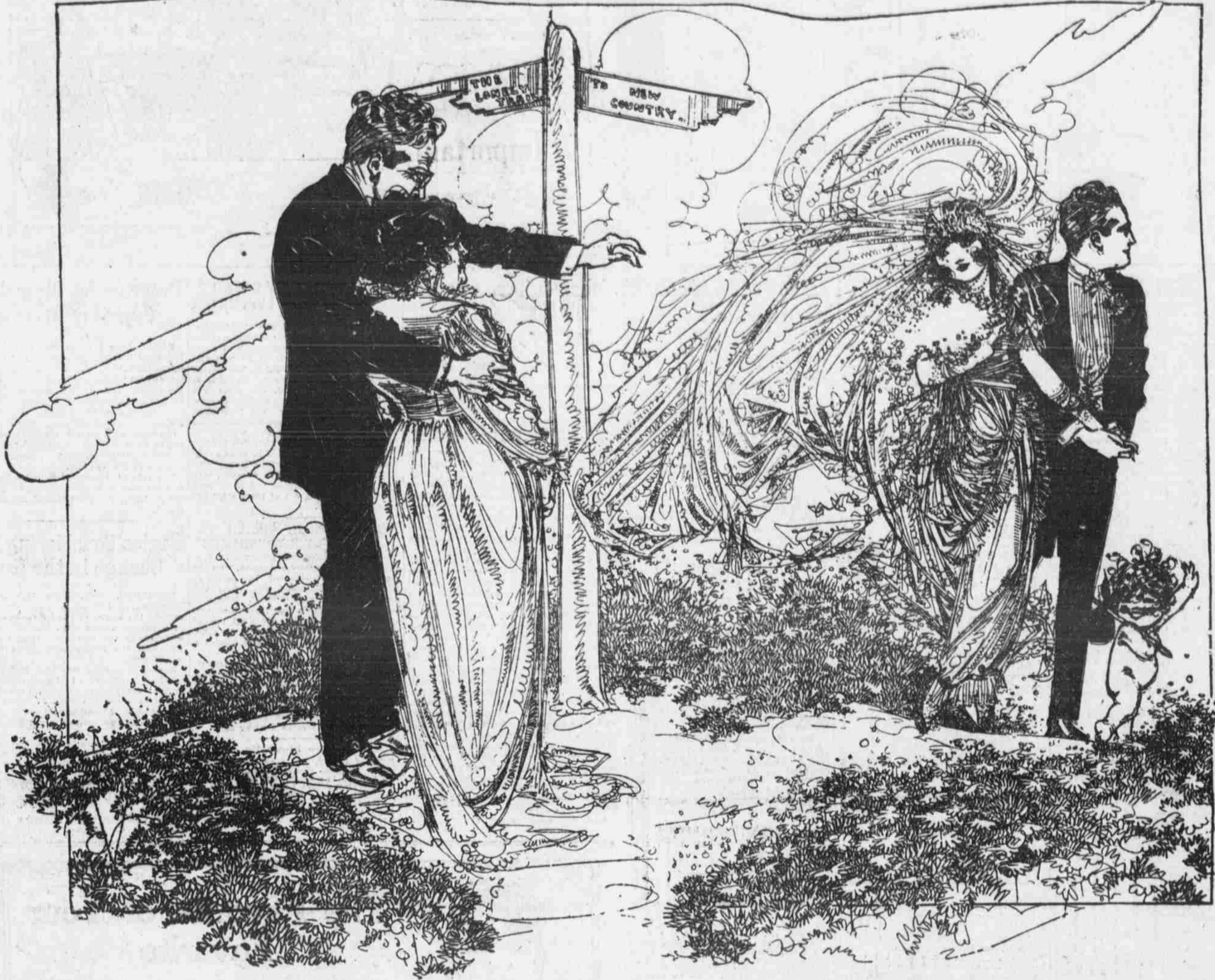
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By This We'll Know It's June

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By Nell Brinkley

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June—definition—A soft, fair month of the year when the sand lilies blow waxen on the prairie; when the fields turn brown in the far southwest and Irish green in the far northeast; when small boys are triumphantly out of school; when the tender-bloomed foxgloves and the sapphire larkspur burn in tall blue and violet flames on the mountain

slopes; when spring romance has unfolded from a timid bud to the passionate flower; when brides are leaving a lonely couple—one settled into tender, cosy amplitude, the other spare and gaunt under the hand of years—leaving them at the sign post where the path she has walked with them suddenly splits in two and takes itself off over the hills—

one of its halves marked "To the New Country" and the other "The Lonely Trail," and down its arm that flows away to the right goes the little bride and her stranger-lover, and down the other go the wounded twin, with tears and smiles shining through. This is June. NELL BRINKLEY.



Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON X—PART III.

Breathing—Its Relation to Health and Beauty.

Begin the day by throwing back the bedclothes and discarding the pillow. Lie flat on the back, throw the hands over the head and stretch, pushing out first one leg and then the other, the movements coming from the hips. I assume that the windows have been open during the night, either partly or wholly, depending on the season; no one should sleep without a constant renewal of fresh air in the room.

Repeat this stretching movement six or eight times; it will start this circulation and give activity to the limbs.

Throw a loose wrap over the shoulders. If the day is cold, and take an erect standing position before an open window.

Exercise No. 1—Extend the arms, palms up, inhale and exhale slowly through the nostrils, keeping the mouth always closed, moving the arms front and back, describing horizontal circles. This opens the lungs so that the air has a chance to get into the interior and expands the chest at the same time. Make twenty circles with the arms in this position.

Exercise No. 2—Place the hands on the hips, rest lightly on the balls of the feet with shoulders well back. Inhale deeply, entirely filling the lungs; exhale slowly, as slowly as possible, until all the air is exhausted. Repeat this ten times. This exercise will strengthen the diaphragm and if continued regularly will reduce the waist measurement.

Exercise No. 3—Take from six to eight short inhalations, expelling all the breath suddenly. Repeat this ten times.

To finish, throw back the head and blow about an imaginary bubble, moving the head from side to side. This is excellent for neck development and will round and smooth out the throat.

(Lesson X to be Continued.)

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

An Exceptional Case. Dear Miss Fairfax: I note that you say young men should not marry women older than themselves if the difference is very great. Am not a doctor, but I look much older, probably as much as 20. I am in love with the leading lady of the company, who is 20 years older than my senior. I am certain this is no passing infatuation, as I have known this lady for over five years, and love her very much. I know that she cares a great deal for me, too. Please tell me if you consider the difference too great. She seems much younger than her age—I know 20 is her actual age—but she seems younger than I.

AN ACTOR. Women of the stage keep younger looking than any others. Seven years is not an impassable barrier, so if you are sure that you are as old mentally as you look and that this is a lasting love that will outwear any fading of your sweetheart's charms, ask her to marry you. Ten or fifteen years' seniority on the part of the woman would be too great to bridge, however.

Not Worth Your Interest. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 17. I met a young man two years ago for whom I have learned to care. He flirted with me, but I paid no attention to him. I heard through a friend he would like to know me. Now he knows some of my friends. Don't you think he would be properly introduced to me if he cared? He knows that I am no flirt.

ANXIOUS. If this man cared for you in the respectful way that a nice girl desires I'd would now seek an introduction to you. I am very glad that you respect yourself and are no flirt. Wait for a better sort of man and don't think of this man. Either you will forget him or your indifference will interest him. So you will win in any case.

HOW I REALLY CURED MY GREY HAIR

I Will Tell You Free How to Restore to Your Hair the Natural Color of Youth.

I SEND YOU THE PROOF FREE

Let me send you free full information about a harmless liquid that will restore the natural color of your hair, no matter what your age or the cause of your greyness. It is not a dye nor a stain. Its scientific composition after 4 days use.

I am a woman who became prematurely grey and old looking at 37, but a scientific friend told me of a simple method he had perfected for restoring my hair to its natural color. I followed his advice and I did not regret a moment of my trouble from anything else I did. My hair has never again turned grey, and it is still as soft and lustrous as when I was 20.

So cut out the coupon below and send me your name and address, stating whether Mr. Mrs. or Miss and enclose two cent stamp for return postage and I will send you full particulars that will make it unnecessary for you to ever have a grey hair again. Address Mrs. Mary K. Chapman, Suite 206 K, Exchange St., Providence, R. I.

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SPECIAL NOTICE: Every reader of this paper, man or woman, who wishes to be without a grey hair for the rest of their life is advised to accept above liberal offer at once. Mrs. Chapman's high standing proves the sincerity of her offer.—Advertisement.

Little Mary's Essays—(Babies)

By DOROTHY DIX.

Babies are what poor women has, but rich ladies has Pomeranian dogs, which are more stylisher. Also when folks ride in automobiles they take along their dog, but they leave their children at home.

I wish had been born a Pomeranian with a blue bow on my neck, but I never had no luck, noway.

A baby looks red like a boiled lobster, but it sounds like the fog horn on the steamer in a fog when you go to Boston.

Babies has no hair, and no teeth, but they has lots of voice.

Babies is a deceitful nature, for they look small and weak, but they is the strongest of all known animals, and can wear out the biggest man when he tries to take care of one.

Babies sleep in the day time, and wake up and holler at night. My papa says that the reason Mr. Roosevelt likes babies is because the are both the Big Noise.

There are a great many different kind of babies. There is the First Baby that folks make a big fuss over and give silver cups and rings to, and say, "Oh, ain't it perfectly grand, and just the living image of its papa and mama," and the papa and mama smile, and stick out their chests, and look just as pleasant as if you had paid them a compliment, though Goodness knows I don't see why anybody would be flattered at that. It's

think they'd be mad. I would if anybody told me that I was like something that looked part fishing worm and part cream cheese

Then there is the second baby that nobody don't notice much, and that the papa says looks like the mama's folks, and the mama says is got a snub nose and no chin just like the papa's folk.

Then there is the third baby that everybody says, "what a pity," and then there's the fourth baby that all the near relations and friends says is "outrageous," and that they don't blame the papa for taking to drink.

People who have four babies are considered queer, and nobody invites them to come to see them, for fear they will bring the babies along.

The funniest thing about babies is the way they make folks talk, and act up. When a grown-up sees a baby he begins grinning and punches the poor little baby in its side, and says, "Boo it's itty heart-uns, does it gooky-goo?" And if the grown-up is a woman she kisses the baby 4,320 times, and the baby equals every time I don't blame the baby.

My mother says that there used to be a great many more babies than there are now, and she can remember when every family had six or seven. But my father says that was before the day of the automobile, and that nobody can afford to have a car and a baby too, and that you can take your choice between them, because it takes about the same amount of money to run them. And my mother says, "well give me a runabout instead of the go-cart, besides, they wouldn't let us live in a desirable apartment if we had a baby."

This is true, for if you will look you will see that those people who have 1914 model machines have no 1914 babies.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox on "Real Love"

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Woman is supposed to be a love-craving and a love-giving creature, yet the woman who really loves in the full meaning of the word is as rare as a white blackbird.

The woman who marries for love, or who marries loving fully and absolutely, is one in one thousand of all the brides on earth.

Women marry because they are asked; because they want a home or an establishment; because they think it is time to be settled; because they fear they may be spinters; because they like the man who proposes; because they think he will get on in the world; because he is a "good catch."

But these reasons do not include love. Love may include them all, or it may exclude them all.

The woman who really loves is so utterly absorbed in the emotion that she does not stop to consider the advantages or disadvantages, the benefits or dangers of marrying her lover.

She does not hold the man up to inspection to dissect or analyze him. She wraps him about with a great shining mantle of love, and sees in him all the manly virtues of her ideal, and she is so persistently imaginative in her thoughts and feelings regarding him that she creates in him the very qualities of this ideal, and in the majority of cases causes these qualities to express themselves in the real man.

This invariably occurs with the lover of a woman who loves absolutely unless she has selected an inanimate manikin, instead of a man, as the recipient of her devotion.

Love is the creative power of the universe, and every woman who loves absolutely becomes a creator.

All men are unawakened gods, and the

woman who loves deeply enough brings out the divine nature of the man she loves.

When a woman loves a man she goes to the uttermost ends of the earth with him, or the desert places, and finds greater happiness than she could find in places without him.

There are some things which a woman who loves a man never does. She does not argue with him over trifles or dispute with him over serious things. She may discuss matters, but as soon as discussion becomes dispute she finds a way to change the topic.

Cupid packs his bow and arrows and

flies precipitately from the presence of a woman who will dispute with a man.

She does not contradict her lover or husband in public. She does not remark that he always spoils his story in the telling and proceed to interrupt him with her own version of it.

She does not jest about her marriage and say it was a mistake or that she regrets it or that she took the worst of her many suitors.

She does not show pleasure if she receives a compliment which reflects upon him.

If a factless woman or a designing man tells her she is superior to her husband,

she resents it instead of being flattered or pleased.

She does not tell people how her husband neglects her or talk of his shortcomings in order to obtain sympathy.

She does not compare him with other men to his disparagement.

However much a woman may flatter herself that she loves a man, she does not love him if she is guilty of any of these things.

For love creates tact, kindness, sympathy, unselfishness, good taste, wisdom and patience, as its spirit guards—and they always accompany it, wherever it may be led.

A New Office for Women

By ADA PATTERSON.

Women have suffered by comparison. Not comparison with men, for they are maintaining a high average in that respect by the public rating that they did, but with objects.

They had been likened to flowers, and against this classification they have made no protest. One of their own sex has compared them to animals.

An elegant Parisienne said that there are animal prototypes for every woman in the world and that every woman should accept hints in dressing from that prototype of hers.

There are rabbit women, she said, who should imitate the demure manner and staid color and furry effects of the rabbit. The tiger woman should dress in a different style and the peacock woman is justified in her fondness for brilliant effects. And who has not heard another woman characterized as a "cat," the character displaying feline qualities by the way she spat the word. Some one has discovered a resemblance in woman

to cloths. There are women who are like broadcloths, others like chiffon, and yet others are velvet women or cloth of gold women, according to their commentator. Recently a young actress said she saw in every woman a similarity to a landscape. "Come I announcing that some women are like cement."

A woman grows restive under that comparison. Cement is not a pretty nor an inviting object as we see it, gray, semi-fluid, commonplace, waiting to perform its function in a new building. Surrounded by heaps of shavings and lath heaps, by small mountains of sand and nails in various stages of newness or of decomposition into rust, its appearance is not attractive and its outlook dull. Yet how necessary is the cement. How weak a thing the house would be without it.

The function of the cement is cohesion. It holds together objects that would otherwise separate or would wear upon each other. Recall the woman you know who perform that office in the home, in business or in society.

One such woman I know is a mother. Her husband is a tyrant of the old school. His family crest should be a man with his foot upon the neck of woman-kind. He believes that woman was created to wait upon man and to serve him forever. They have a modern daughter, warm-hearted, high-spirited, meticulous as a thoroughbred horse.

These two bricks would wear upon each other continually and in the end might crush each other, but for the cement of new school, who regards woman neither as pretty toys nor as household drudges, but as able comrades on the march of life. They will get on together because they talk their lives together because they are capable of taking the mutual view of considering the good of each and of both. In their household "I" is not the supreme.

"We" rules.

The little cement woman looks on and smiles. But her smile fades as she thinks of what might happen to those two bricks if left to themselves. To a dear friend she said in a rare burst of confidence over their sewing: "I believe they would grind each other to powder."

"It is more likely that Alicia would leave home," replied the friend.

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