

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

"Stolen Away!"

As They Did It Long Ago, and as They Will

By Nell Brinkley
Copyright, 1914, Intern'l News Service.



In Olden Days.

As It Will Be.

Long ago—when knights rode with a flower in their teeth and a lady's colored scarf wound round their helms, looking for trouble, and finding it in every wood and cove—eloping was a thing of two on a great grey stallion's back—thundering hoofs sounding up the perilous road to the wall of the mountains—clanking armour and a wake of dust—flying brocade and hair—and behind, down in the inner shell of a castle islanded away from the rest of the green country on a gaunt

pinnacl of rock, folk waving and shouting, the ring of running feet and clanging shields and chain-mail being dragged about, the slapping of saddles on the backs of side-stepping horses, the rolling of the draw-bridge chains—and the cry, "Let down the portcullis! and after them!"
Soon now—since men are taking to the clouds with goggles over their adventure-seeking eyes, no colored scarf around their leather helms, but the color of their ladies' eyes in their hearts perhaps—eloping will be a thing of two in the shell of an air-craft both in leather

and goggles—the stormy roar of the propeller shattering the great silent bubble of the sky—the soft hum of the breeze in the steel cords like remote wind in a pine-wood—the whole trackless waste of the sky to escape through—and behind, down on the terrace of an Italian-style country home, a frantically flourishing figure strangely silent like a man in a "movie"—but were you down there with him you could hear him cry, "Get out the car, Jim—and drive like sin to the nearest hangar!"
NELL BRINKLEY.



Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON X—PART IV.

Breathing—Its Relation to Health and Beauty.

All breathing exercises will have an excellent effect on the development of the throat, if the shoulders are held well back and the chin up. Most lines in the neck come from either wearing high, stiff collars or an improper habit of holding the head, or both. A stiff, high collar by weakening the muscles is responsible for a double chin, and by pushing up the flesh will often make a little area of wrinkled flesh back of the ears. The breathing exercises given in this lesson will help this trouble, and the effect will be more rapid if, while the pupil is doing them, the throat, the skin behind the ears, and any hollows in the neck are covered with a good massage cream. The exercises by increasing the circulation and making the skin pores more active, put the skin in a condition to quickly absorb the nutrition in the massage cream.

When the exercises are finished wipe off any surplus cream with a soft cloth and follow by bathing the skin with very cold water.

A woman is often mortified by discovering that she cannot make a short spurt, like running for a train, without getting out of breath. This condition will always result from incomplete breathing, that is, the habit of only partly filling the lungs. When increased exercise calls for more work from the lungs they are not able to respond without discomfort. Another cause of short breathing is the accumulation of too much fat around the diaphragm. The breathing exercises will help both of these conditions, and I shall give some exercises for waist reducing. However, I wish my pupils to "get the habit" of correct breathing before they commence physical culture. Deep breathing every morning will soon so accustom the lungs to complete inhalation of air that they will be satisfied with nothing else, and deep breathing will become a habit.
(Lesson X to be continued.)

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

First Love.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 21 years old. About four years ago I was in love with a young man and I loved him very much. Through certain objections that my mother had to him, I have never seen him up and about two years later he married another girl. Now another young man who makes a nice salary has asked me to marry him. When he proposed to me I told him to wait a couple of days for his answer. Do you think it is right for me to marry this man, because I think I could never love again? ANXIOUS.

Don't waste your life and love on remembering a man who is married to another woman. Girls have a foolish way of idealizing their first love. Everything in nature flowers again—why not your heart? Don't hurry yourself into a loveless marriage—for the man for whom you can truly care will come into your life some day.

Keep This Promise.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a locomotive fireman and extra engineer 34 years old, and have been married 17 years. I am totally dependent on me for support; also have a sweetheart, 23 years old, who has never been married, and never gambled till a few days ago. At the other end of the road the boys playfully accuse me of being a "heartbreaker." I shot craps for about an hour to shut them up, but I cleaned up about the same time. I have a lot of money, and the girls are 150 hat, then told them how I got the money. They both threw the hats at my feet. Betsy has cried ever since. My sweetheart says she is afraid she was mistaken in me, and has given up her heart to another man. Will you please tell me what to do? I'll never gamble again. TRIED.

Ask the girls not to lose faith in you because of your blunder. Tell them that you have had your lesson and will never offend again. Each of them is only waiting for you to heal the breach that in their first disappointment in they themselves caused.

Don't Play Kissing Games.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl 18 years of age, and would very much appreciate your answering this question: About a week ago I attended a party given by a girl friend of mine. "Kissing games" were the only amusements indulged in. The girls at the party were very angry with me and said I was not sociable or congenial because I did not play the game (as I was the only one that did not), while at the same time one of the boys told me after the party was over that I did exactly right. Do you think that I acted stubborn or selfish because I refused to allow my self-respect get away from me? Do you think that all the boys thought more of not playing? PERPLEXED.

I think you are quite right not to forget your self-respect and indulge in such an unworthy pastime as "kissing games." Do not allow yourself to be influenced against your better judgment by what any silly girl says about "sociability." Men always admire and respect a girl who respects herself.

You Must Reform.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 20, and deeply in love with a girl three years younger than myself. Some time ago she left me because I had not worked for her while, and because of my using alcoholic liquors. Please tell me how I can win her back as my friend, and oblige.
J. A. R.

The only way to regain this girl's friendship is to be worthy of it. You must be sufficiently ambitious to go to work at once and you must give up the use of alcohol. Don't you realize, my boy, that you are throwing your life away?

The Art of Upholding a Conversation

By DOROTHY DIX.

A writer in a contemporaneous magazine, in discussing upon the art of successful dinner giving, asked, "Why should not preparations on the part of a hostess include serious thought as to what turn the conversation shall take, just as much as it includes serious thought as to the dishes to be served?"
Because, gentle and artless author, spontaneity is the soul of conversation, whereas painstaking forethought is the basis of good cooking. The happiest epigram is the one that is dashed off on the spur of the moment, but the best dish is the one that has been hours in the cooking. The rehearsed story is flat, stale and unprofitable, but the rechauffe of yesterday's roast is frequently better in its second estate than it was in its first.



All of us like to go to a carefully planned dinner, but there's no human being left with enough of the martyr spirit in him to offer himself up as a victim to carefully planned conversation—not if he knew it in time to be taken suddenly. The very idea of taking part in a gabfest that has been previously mapped out by the hostess is enough to strike terror to the heart of the boldest monologist.
The suggestion that a lot of people who have been assembled together should be forced to discuss some subject that has been decided upon by the woman who is feeding them, lacks something of hospitality. She is making them pay for their seats, and the most of them would rather pay Fifth avenue cafe prices than do it, for it is a strange thing how bored most of us are by the topics that are of burning interest to our neighbors.
Above everything else we desire to select our own topics of conversation, and tell our own stories, and make our own jokes, and we be to the misguided lady who thinks to the contrary, and who believes that she can evoke sparkling repartee by hurling her own topics on the table.
Conversation to be interesting has to be like the dictionary, where one word leads on to another, where one good story suggests another good story, and one witty sally brings forth an answering sally. The minute talk becomes cut

and dried, the last savor has gone from it.
The only way a hostess can help out the conversation is by being an expert showman, and having enough tact and skill to bring out the best that is in her guests, and to do it so discreetly that no one can see that she is pulling the strings that make them dance.
It is up to her to say something that will start A. off on his best story; to make an allusion that will cause B. to seem perfectly natural for B. to relate some amazing adventure that he has had, and to start something that will make an opening for C. to put his wit through its paces. And above all, she must be a gifted listener, one who apparently hangs breathless on the words of the speaker. The real secret of good talk is having a good listener, and it's because good listeners are so rare that there are so few good conversationalists. No one can turn out a real first-class workmanlike job of conversation when he is speaking to a lot of inattentive people who miss the point of a story, and fumble a joke.
As for the ordinary individual prepar-

ing himself, or herself, beforehand with a set line of talk to hand out to those he meets, it is a crime that should be punished by law under the cruelty to dumb animals statute. All of us know people who are guilty of this heinous offense against the peace and happiness of the community.
I knew a woman once who had studied up in the encyclopaedias on the subject of "Ancient Persian Poetry." The minute she'd get in any company she would begin by asking you if you liked poetry, and when you replied that you did, or you didn't, it gave her her cue to launch forth in an exhaustive and exhausting oration on "Ancient Persian Poetry." Presumably she thought she entertained people and impressed them with her erudition, but what really happened was that everybody would say, "For heaven's sake, when Jenny starts off on Ancient Persian poetry, don't interrupt her. Let her get it off her chest, and then we can talk about silk skirts, or whatever we are interested in."
Finally, however, Jenny became such a transcendent bore that she was left at home with her Ancient Persian poets for

sole company. And there are plenty of others like her. Who does not know men and women who lug around some ponderous witicism that they have made, and that is like a set piece of fireworks, that they explode in every company? They have thought up their epigrams in cold blood, and they torture the conversation until they drag it around so that it gives them some sort of an opening. And oh! how we loathe those people who are humorless with malice aforethought!
The truth is that conversation is like champagne. If it has any fizz and exhilaration to it, it has to be opened up on the spot. You can't get your talk ready ahead of time and have any vivacity and punch in it any more satisfactorily than you could decant the champagne the day before.
The chestnut tree is, also, only too common a table decoration at most dinners, anyway. If, in addition, hostesses take to serving canned conversation that has been carefully prepared ahead of time, we shall all begin dining at quick-jump joints, where it is not etiquette to speak while you are gobbling your food.

Home Making--

Too Many Women Swathe Their Bodies in Fine, Dainty Raiment, but Leave Their Bodies in Wild, Squallid Disorder

Copyright, 1914, by the Star Company.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A woman whose perfection of fashionable attire might have served as a model for the "Daily Hint from Paris," asked acquaintances she had made at a friend's house to call. When these acquaintances called they were surprised to find a poorly furnished home, whose every corner cried of disorder. Littered tables; books awry, and tattered magazines on shelves. Rugs with curling corners; dust and desecration everywhere.
No spirit of home to be felt or seen anywhere.
Another woman, whose devotion to her church was so great that she could scarcely converse five minutes on any other subject than her own particular brand of orthodox religion, and whose labors in the interests of foreign missions made her a delight to that organization lived in a house which might have been Pandora's Box; for confusion and disorder filled it from cellar to attic.
There were no soft draperies at its windows; no feminine touches on tables or dressers; no easy lounges or chairs; and not one object which pleased the eye or appealed to the mind or heart.
A ten; upon the desert would have seemed more homelike than this house.
A young woman whose occupation was art work, and her specialty "interior decoration," lived in a home of ugliness and disorder.
All these women believed themselves to be good women; they would have resented an accusation of immorality.
Yet there is an element of immorality in disorder.
Order was heaven's first law, we are told.
The Great Creator of our solar system must have observed this law with great exactness, or chaos would reign now.
There can be no real satisfaction in the association with a woman who is disorderly in her habits and in her home.
No matter if she be a paragon of virtues, and a marvel of talent, and an angel of usefulness in her impulses, she

is not a thoroughly good woman if her home lacks order, cleanliness and comfort. There is an element of the crude savage in a woman who decorates her person with fashionable and expensive attire, and who neglects her home. She is about a few degrees removed from the squaw who emerges from a squalid tent, attired in a red blanket, and decked with bright beads and much paint. Or the Hedonist woman, who lives in a cave cut in the side of some old decaying wall, or who roams from tent to tent, driven forth by vermin, but always swathing herself in artistic folds of drapery, and hanging savagely beautiful chains of strange jewels on throat and arms.
Unless the home-making instinct has developed in a woman, unless she strives to make her abode clean, neat and attractive to the eye, she is undeveloped and uncultured, even though she be a graduate of a dozen colleges and an oracle of wisdom.
The real home-making instinct is the most needed quality in the feminine world today, and it is rarely met with.
There are countless homes which exhibit the upholsterer's taste and indicate a lavish expenditure of money.
A man recently was describing a home which had been prepared for a bride whose husband possessed large means.
"There was not one suggestion of a home in the house," he said. "It was all like a cafe or hotel in Paris or New York."
Great fortunes are not needed to make a home.
Much love, some taste, and a little money will produce a home which is a miniature paradise.
The woman who cares enough about her abode to give it thought can find a hundred helpful hints in any and every monthly and weekly periodical in the land, and with a few simple, inexpensive materials, a few plants, a cautious approach toward color schemes, and much care in order and cleanliness, and a prayer always in her heart that she may found a home which is an expression of love and peace and comfort for its occupants cannot fail.
Once a woman has established such a home she has found the greatest career which has ever been opened to woman or ever will be. She has made a success of her life.
The disorderly and untidy and uncomfortable home bespeaks a woman who is a failure in life no matter what she may have done. Order is heaven's first law and woman's first duty.



Do You Kiss Him?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Should a gentleman steal a kiss from a young lady?" writes a man who wants some authority for yielding to temptation.
A. E. C. writes that she is 16, and a young man asked her to give him a kiss and she refused.
A girl of 18 says a young man who takes her out occasionally always wants to kiss her; she refuses because she knows he kisses other girls, and her refusal makes him so mad he neglects her.
Another girl in her early teens says she is not engaged, but that she and a boy have pledged each other their eternal love. Her problem is: Shall she show her love by hugging and kissing?
D. E. is in love with a girl of 17, but has never kissed her. Recently when he was calling on her, she let her sister's sweetheart kiss her good night. "Do you think," he asks in a burst of jealousy, "that that was proper, even if she is an Australian?"
A girl of 20 belongs to a club of which both sexes are members. She, alone, refuses to be kissed, and the other girls tell her she will never have a beau unless she submits. That when girls let boys kiss them by force it is not improper.

ing himself, or herself, beforehand with a set line of talk to hand out to those he meets, it is a crime that should be punished by law under the cruelty to dumb animals statute. All of us know people who are guilty of this heinous offense against the peace and happiness of the community.
I knew a woman once who had studied up in the encyclopaedias on the subject of "Ancient Persian Poetry." The minute she'd get in any company she would begin by asking you if you liked poetry, and when you replied that you did, or you didn't, it gave her her cue to launch forth in an exhaustive and exhausting oration on "Ancient Persian Poetry." Presumably she thought she entertained people and impressed them with her erudition, but what really happened was that everybody would say, "For heaven's sake, when Jenny starts off on Ancient Persian poetry, don't interrupt her. Let her get it off her chest, and then we can talk about silk skirts, or whatever we are interested in."
Finally, however, Jenny became such a transcendent bore that she was left at home with her Ancient Persian poets for

sole company. And there are plenty of others like her. Who does not know men and women who lug around some ponderous witicism that they have made, and that is like a set piece of fireworks, that they explode in every company? They have thought up their epigrams in cold blood, and they torture the conversation until they drag it around so that it gives them some sort of an opening. And oh! how we loathe those people who are humorless with malice aforethought!
The truth is that conversation is like champagne. If it has any fizz and exhilaration to it, it has to be opened up on the spot. You can't get your talk ready ahead of time and have any vivacity and punch in it any more satisfactorily than you could decant the champagne the day before.
The chestnut tree is, also, only too common a table decoration at most dinners, anyway. If, in addition, hostesses take to serving canned conversation that has been carefully prepared ahead of time, we shall all begin dining at quick-jump joints, where it is not etiquette to speak while you are gobbling your food.

At the Shore.
Atlantic City grows more and more overcrowded. Even the sea breeze seems to have a stuffy smell there now.
The speaker was Dr. Henry J. Adeler, the Denver pioneer of sea-and-sun therapy. He resumed:
"Two ladies sat on an Atlantic City piazza. The first said:
"Oh, how lovely!" said the second lady.
"Lovely?" returned the first. "Why, I think it's horrid to let the excursionists throw their beastly rubbish all over the place like that!"—Philadelphia Press.

At the Shore.

Atlantic City grows more and more overcrowded. Even the sea breeze seems to have a stuffy smell there now.
The speaker was Dr. Henry J. Adeler, the Denver pioneer of sea-and-sun therapy. He resumed:
"Two ladies sat on an Atlantic City piazza. The first said:
"Oh, how lovely!" said the second lady.
"Lovely?" returned the first. "Why, I think it's horrid to let the excursionists throw their beastly rubbish all over the place like that!"—Philadelphia Press.