

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

"Oh, What a Difference!"

(A Week in Gotham Made in Martha Mary)

By Nell Brinkley

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Martha Mary left her little white gate in the cozy toy town, where everybody knew everybody else, and their grandmother, too, to stay a week in New York Town with Martha Mary's cousin, whose bag of platinum mesh was set with sapphires and always fat with spending money. At the little white gate leaned her mother—ample and smiling—smoothing back her hair from her brows all dewed and warm with "backing" Martha Mary; her father, in from the field to kiss her goodbye; her small brother and his scraggly pup, both grinning and

signaling "fare-you-well." And Mary was clothed, her slim little figure, in a demure blue suit that her mother had made, with a "Peg-o'-my heart" coat and a little roundabout hat smothered in yellow daisies—(Oh, a hat she had dreamed over o' nights!)—and her crinkly blonde hair was drawn in looping waves away from her face like the Blessed Damosel's. And oh, when Martha Mary next saw the plain white gate! One week—one little week after—my gracious but the face of things was

changed! For Martha Mary's mother was barricaded—thinking under her set brows that "this is one of the dancers from the show that came to town last night," the brave, small brother and the scraggly pup ventured to the gate post to take a "peep" at the curious creature, the hollyhocks were scarlet with amazement—the daisies awayed bewildered—for Martha Mary had brought back with her to her plain white gate and pebbled walk a bit of Gotham-Town. Please look at Martha Mary!



Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON X—PART VI. Breathing: Its Relation to Health and Beauty.

Many of my pupils are writing me complaining of a summer's crop of freckles, or of a dry, yellow condition of the skin, the usual aftermath of sunburn or unprotected exposure to the sun. As I have explained in previous lessons, it is much easier to protect the skin from tan and freckles than it is to remove these blemishes. However, we must take in hand the work of removing the trouble. Keep the skin always well lubricated that is, never without the protection of some good complexion cream. If the skin is dried and tanned, do not use soap on it until this condition is removed. Clean the face at night with a good cleansing cream, bathe with hot water until the skin is comfortably warm, dry gently and apply massage cream, leaving this on over night in the morning bathe with cold water and rub a little cream into the face before putting on powder. Protect the face with a veil while out of doors; one of thin mesh is better than none at all.

This treatment, if persevered in will gradually remove the ill effects of sunburn. I do not like to give my pupils strong bleaches. There is danger that any preparation that does the work too quickly may have an injurious effect on the skin. If freckles are present, either on the face or arms, add half a teaspoon of lemon juice to a cup of buttermilk; cover the skin with this, allow it to dry and remain on over night. In the morning wash it off with lukewarm water. Repeat this three times a week.

Mme. Isbell's next lesson to be published in these columns will begin the subject of physical culture. The needs of the too stout and the undeveloped woman will both be considered.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The Long Engagement. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man 22 years of age, and love a young lady of 20 years. But the present time I am not in a position to settle down with her, as I have told her that it would be a crime if I would make up my mind and marry her so soon, as I have parents to look after and won't be able to leave them at present. Do you think that I am doing right by being backward? GEORGE H. T.

While I am not an advocate of long engagements, I think that a man whose parents are dependent upon him would be very cruel to marry and deprive them of his help. But be perfectly honest with yourself and make sure that you are not trying to "eat your cake and have it, too," by entering on an arrangement that leaves you free and ties the girl to waiting for you. Don't use your parents as an excuse to avoid doing your duty by your sweetheart and don't let your love for her make you cruel to them. Just be fair and honest.

Don't Take Such Risks. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am sixteen, and at a theatre the other day with my friend I saw a young man who had made friends with us. Please tell me if it is proper to bother with them if we should meet them again. CONSTANT READER.

Don't meet these boys again and don't meet any other boys in this way. Men and boys respect girls who respect themselves, and any boy who is permitted to scrape acquaintance with you imagines that others have had the same liberty. This cheapens you in his eyes and may earn you a reputation you will never be able to outgrow. Don't risk spoiling your whole life for a few moments of silly excitement and adventure.

Boy or Girl? Great Question!



This brings to many minds an old and tried family remedy—an external application known as "Mother's Friend." During the period of expectancy it is applied to the abdominal muscles and is designed to soothe the intricate network of nerves involved. In this manner it has such a splendid influence as to justify its use in all cases of coming motherhood. It has been generally recommended for years and years and those who have used it speak in highest praise of the immense relief it affords. Particularly do these knowing mothers speak of the absence of morning sickness, absence of strain on the ligaments and freedom from those many other distresses which are usually looked forward to with so much concern. There is no question but what "Mother's Friend" has a marked tendency to relieve the mind and ease of itself in addition to the physical relief it gives. It is a very wide popularity among women. It is absolutely safe to use, renders the skin pliable, is penetrating in its nature and is composed of those embrocations best suited to thoroughly lubricate the nerves, muscles, tendons and ligaments involved. "Mother's Friend" is almost any drug store. It is prepared only by Bradford Regulator Co., 401 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox on—"Assininity"

The Younger the Person, the Worse the Failing, Because He Has Just That Much Longer to Live

Copyright, 1914, by the Star Company. By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

It has long been said there is no fool like an old fool. But a little observation shows us there is no fool so foolish as the young fool. The old fool, at worst, has a limited period of action, and the lives of others are not likely to be so involved as in the career of the young fool. Once upon a time there were two fools who met on common ground. One fool was a man with arrested mental development and an inflated purse. His brow and chin creased when he first faced life as if in terror of an existence thrust upon him by badly mated parents. Through the laws of the land, which permit murder until it can be sold for extortionate sums, the fool was heir to a vast estate. So as soon as he was out of the hands of despairing but well paid tutors, who had succeeded in teaching his few parrot tricks of speech and behavior, the fool went forth to find him a wife; and destiny brought him to his affinity—a girl with the face of an angel, and the heart of a fool; for she believed there was no happiness on earth which might not be bought with money. She was young and chaste and beautiful, and she sold her youth and virtue and beauty to the man fool; and together they set forth to people the world with more fools. The woman fool did not love the man fool; love had in no wise entered into the bargain. She loved his wealth, and she had believed, as fools do the world over, that money brings happiness. But this particular fool possessed a certain refinement of nature, which made her life as wife of the man fool, and mother of his children, one long martyrdom. And in order to escape the horror of her situation, she began another fool career; she called in the aid of drugs to help her forget her misery. And before she had reached middle life she died, a drug victim. Not one hour of happiness had this beautiful fool experienced. There are many such fools in the land. There are asylums for the insane, and prisons and reformatories filled with fools who have believed that money is the open door to happiness—money, no matter how obtained—and with fools who imagine drugs or drink will drown sorrow and restore peace of mind. There is no fool like a young fool. There is no greater menace to the human race than a young fool who worships the money idol.

Little Mary's Essays--(Women)

By DOROTHY DIX.

When the Lord made the world He was in a hurry to get the job done by Saturday night, so he didn't take time to make a lot of folks. He just made one man, and called him Adam. But Adam was lonesome because he didn't have no wife, and nobody to blame it on when he lost things, and couldn't find them, and the dinner wasn't good. So the Lord put Adam to sleep, and took out his wishbone, and made woman out of him, and that's why the women ain't never got enough of anything, but are always wishing for more. Women are some like men, and some different. Men can run faster, and throw harder and have got bigger hands and feet than women has, but a woman has got a longer tongue than a man has, and she can holler louder. A woman cannot walk far in the open air, but she can walk all day long in a department store, which would make a strong man tired. Women is afraid of snats, and mice, and burglars that hides under the bed, but a man is afraid of a woman's club, and mothers-in-law, and other dangerous animals. When a woman has to have a tooth pulled she puts on her best dress, and waves her hair like she was going to a picnic, but a man's wife has to take him by the hand and lead him to the dentist because he is so afraid that he will get hurt. My Sunday school teacher says that God made man His own image, but women make themselves over every year to look like the figures in the store windows. Some times a woman will have a little hair on her head, and some times she will have a lot of it. Some times her hair will be gray, and some times it will be golden colored, and some times just the color of our new mahogany dining table. Some times women will have warts right up under their arms, and some times they will have warts around their knees, and some times they will



The Kearsarge and the Alabama

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Fifty years ago, June 19, 1864, the Alabama, the most famous war craft in all history, went down beneath the blue waves of Cherbourg, France, riddled by the merciless broadsides of the Kearsarge. The Alabama was built by the Lairds of Birkenhead, and was, for its day, a perfect cruiser, long, slim and shoal of draft. In its time the fastest of the greyhounds of the sea. It was 290 feet long, thirty-five feet wide, and drew but fifteen feet of water. Of barkentine rig, it also had a steam power of ten knots an hour, its screw propeller being so arranged that it could be detached and hoisted out of the water when it was desired to work with sail only. Its armament consisted of eight guns—two 100-pound Blakelys on a pivot forward, one eight-inch smooth bore on a pivot aft, and six thirty-two in broadside. Sailing out of the Mersey July 28, 1862, the Alabama began the work of destruction on the high seas which it kept up without a break for two years. It literally swept the American merchant marine from the sea. The fear inspired by this stormy petrel of the deep did infinitely more harm than its guns, although they did enough. The insurance companies, shippers and ship owners were so frightened by Semmes' ship that the carrying trade utterly abandoned American bottoms. A single vessel wiped out the foreign commerce of the United States, and to this day the maritime supremacy that the Alabama destroyed has never been restored. From the Cape of Good Hope and the East Indies the Alabama, on the night of the 10th of June, 1864, sailed into Cherbourg harbor, little thinking that it was to be its last port.



Waiting for the gallant cruiser lay the Kearsarge, and when the Alabama appeared out on the morning of the 20th the historic fight began. It was generally known that the battle was to come off, and the shores were lined with hundreds of thousands of spectators. The ships fought in a circle, about six miles from the shore, and the fight lasted about an hour. The vessels were pretty evenly matched as regards crew and armament, but the power of the Alabama was defective, owing to the fact that it had been stored too near its condensers, and consequently its shots, though well aimed, did not tell an old those of the Kearsarge. A shell from the Alabama penetrated the sternpost of its adversary, and had it exploded—as it would have done with good powder—the Kearsarge would have gone down. But the Kearsarge was not to go down. It was to be the high honor of putting an end to the craft that had made more trouble than any other one ship since the world had stood. Fighting his ship until it was literally shot from under him, Captain Semmes gave his sword into the sea, and had just time enough to reach a friendly deck. The Alabama was virtually the gift of England to the confederacy; a gift, by the way, that was contrary to all the rules of international law and courtesy; an act that, with characteristic magnanimity, the United States is now repaying by allowing England to dictate the way it shall operate its own Panama canal.

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Household Hints

Cracks in furniture should be filled in with beeswax. Soften the beeswax until it becomes like putty, then press it firmly into the cracks, and smooth the surface over with a thin knife. Sandpaper the surrounding wood, and work some of the dust into the beeswax. This gives a finish to the wood, and when it is varnished the cracks will have disappeared. Putty used in the same way soon dries and falls out. Used in water as a daily gargle, borax keeps the throat healthy. Used in water for cleansing the teeth, it "disinfects" them and prevents their decaying. Some people place a small bag of unslacked lime inside the piano to keep the damp away. This prevents the wires from rusting, and keeps the piano in good condition. When washing and rinsing colored materials add a teaspoonful of Epsom salts to each gallon of water, and even the most delicate shades will neither fade nor run. Serge or merino dresses which have been dyed black can be safely washed in this way without any risk of the dye running. Directly tea is split on a tablecloth cover the stain with common salt. Leave it for a while, and when the cloth is washed all stains will have disappeared. In order to insure a good gloss on starched collars, first mix the starch