



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## The Forty-Dollar Bill for the Hat

By WINFRED BLACK.

You paid forty dollars for the hat, and you knew all the while you couldn't afford more than fifteen, and your husband laughed when you wore it home, and didn't care very much for it, after all, and now the bill's come home and you are afraid to show it to him—and when you come to look at the hat it isn't a thing but a common place straw, with a twist of ribbon and a foolish, lanky feather bobbing like something that is broken loose from somewhere—and what, oh, what, shall you do?

Take it to the milliners and try to make them take it back? Perish the thought. You bought it, didn't you, of your own, at least, partially free will; they didn't make you get it, they just flattered and coaxed and smiled and twisted you into it—oh! Well, it's a way they have in shops, especially at the hat time of the year; you knew that when you went, didn't you?

Cross with the girl who made you buy it, when you really knew all the time—dear, dear, what's the use of that, she's there to do just that very thing; that's what they pay her for. She gets a salary to make fifteen-dollar women buy forty-dollar hats, and then go home and cry about it. Why not? The girl has to have hats herself, you know, and she's got to earn the money some way to pay for them.

No, it's your own fault—poor you—poor, vain, foolish, easily led you; you've had your dance, now pay the fiddler.

I know how you feel, my child; there isn't a woman living who doesn't know exactly how your heart beats every time you think of telling your husband about that awful bill, especially when he doesn't like the hat, but don't try to get out of that.

The bill is bad enough, it would be twice as bad to deceive him about it.

I know a man who almost committed suicide once because his wife was deceiving him about a milliner's bill. That's the way it began, anyhow. She was afraid to let him see the bill and she cried and moped and acted queer, and one day, when he came home and found her weeping, he had just seen an old sweetheart of hers, going out of the public door of the apartment where he and his wife lived, and he tried to make her tell about the old sweetheart and she wouldn't, because she didn't know a thing about him and cared less, and husband was jealous and cross and unkind, and she thought he found out about the bill and was taking that way to frighten her, and she hated him for it, and she wasn't very well anyhow, and she just ran away home to mother for a few days, and husband thought she was in love with the other man and, oh, what a time over just such nonsense as this very thing, and, when it all came out, how ashamed they both were of themselves—and each other.

High strung, of course, they were; every one is high strung when every one is in love; there's nothing sensible about love, you know, never was and never will be, that's what makes it so sweet. But there's something honest about it, or ought to be, and you be honest with your husband about that bill and get it off your mind this very day.

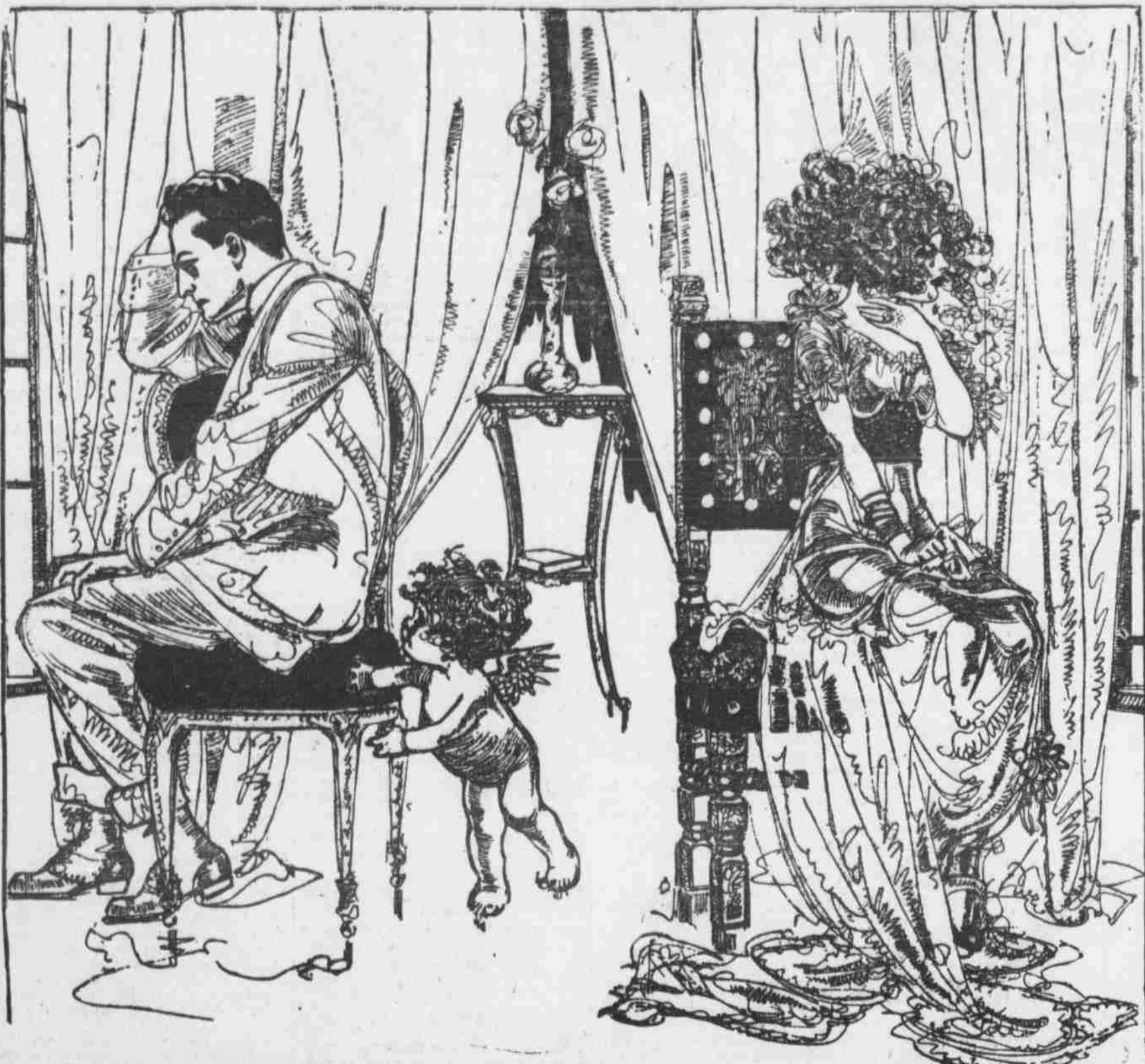
We're all grooms about clothes, we women. We think they mean such a lot more than they really do; clothes are all right, but the woman who wears them is worth ten times as much as any absurd hat that was ever sold under false pretenses or true ones either, for that matter.

It isn't your clothes your husband loves, it's you; don't let any milliner or dressmaker on earth make you believe any different; poor things, they live in such an atmosphere of fuss and feathers, and stiletto dances and fringe fangles, that they don't know there's a great big wholesome world outside that hardly knows or cares whether skirts are tight this year or ample.

Wear what you can afford, look as nice as you can, tell husband the truth about your bills, and let it go at that. In that road lies your happiness; take your husband's hand and walk in it, happily and truly.

## "So Near and Yet So Far" By Nell Brinkley

Copyright, 1913, by Journal-American-Examiner.



"And those who were dear would be all too near with the thick of the earth between them" is the way it sometimes happens with the most loving couples and with the best of friends. The little god of love is a great peacemaker, and here in this instance he is telling the man to be "a good sport and to forget all that happened." And, of course, the man is a true lover, and the reconciliation follows—just as it really should.

## A New Type of Man

By ELBERT RUBBARD.

A new type of man has been discovered. Science has placed him on the slide, analyzed, diagnosed and duly labelled him. He is known as "the intellect."

The type is as clearly defined as the paranoiac, the dipsomaniac or the kleptomaniac or the hypochondriac.

The intellect is a by-product of civilization. He is a man who lives on his roof, as compared with the opposite pole that lives in its basement. He has a superstructure, but no base. He knows everything but the obvious, and can do anything but make a living.

Savage, barbaric and pioneer people never produced a man of this class. He seems to be a sort of sport of civilization, one of nature's little ironies. He has intellect, but is deficient in common sense. To that degree science rightly classifies him as a defective.

When you get the "highbrow" who lacks common sense you have the intellect.

Common sense is the common and natural utilization of the senses. Common sense is the sense which the common people possess. In fact, they have to possess it, otherwise they would perish. It is a part of the great law of self-preservation. It is intuition wisely directed.

Common sense means the ability to take care of yourself. And, inasmuch as man is a herding animal, common sense implies an intuitive right adjustment of man to his fellows.

The first item of common sense is a cheerful willingness to make yourself useful to other people. Without this ability the individual would starve to death were he not taken care of at the hands of charity.

Stanley Hall, in his wonderful book, "Adolescence," makes the statement that all of the common sense an individual ever possesses he acquires before he is fourteen years old. After that, so far as common sense is concerned, his case is hopeless. You can send him to college and he will acquire learning, expanding his intellect, but all you will ever get will be an intellect—that is, an individual morally and mentally defective.

The intellect is no guide in matters of getting a living or dealing with the primal and basic things in life. Bred enough intellects, and the race would die.

The discovery of the proper labelling and classification of the intellect explains the presence of theological and medical piffles.

It is said that there are more of them now than ever before in all history, this on account of the fact that inherited wealth makes, in many instances, individual free from the necessity of earning a living. The habit of paying honors and doing deference to certain professions no doubt has had a good deal to do with evolving the intellect.

Children born in the country of poor parents or in villages where every one works for a living run very small risk indeed of evolving into intellects. The product comes from the cities. To a great degree the habit of paying honors and doing deference to certain professions no doubt has had a good deal to do with evolving the intellect.

Always and forever, the true type of intellect is a parasite—usually a respectable medicant. He lives off the labor of other people. He wastes, he destroys, he consumes—he does not create.

The safety of the race lies in the fact that the intellect has been located and the psychic domain that he inhabits has been, in a degree, mapped and the life buoys placed. We have been duly warned.

The paranoiac may show a seture and work mischief or sudden death. The intellect is just as dangerous, and perhaps more so, because the poison that he distills is insidious and slow in its action. He is the man who upholds the religious-medical-legal fetter and spreads their baleful influence.

Any man who is unfamiliar and out of sympathy with the simple little common, everyday things of life, who is not in touch with the multitude and whose heart does not go out to the many, is on the preserve of the intellect, and is a good man to let severely alone. No matter how plausible his arguments, give him absent treatment. Flea any man who does not have common sense, no matter how great his mental attainments.

Safety lies in living like a poor man, no matter how much money you have, and above all things, bring your children up to be useful, to perform the necessary tasks of life, never to be above doing good, plain, old-fashioned work.

Any one who uses the term "mental" is touched with intellectualism. There are no mental tasks. The necessary to the sacred and the useful is the divine.

Keep your feet on the earth, even though your head is in the clouds. Do not be exclusive and set yourself apart as something special and peculiar. The high and lofty ways often seen in the poet, the artist, and the musician all come from the intellect. Have intellect, of course, but build it on a basis of common sense.



## The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

"That must be some interesting, that novel you are reading there," remarked the Head Barber. "You ain't had your nose out of it all the forenoon."

"It is a beautiful story, George. I almost cry in some parts of it, and when the laughs come they are sure great. I didn't skin a line of it, either, and I have just finished the last page. The title of it is 'Starflower,' and it was written by Mrs. Eleanor Shirley Dewflicker. And then they say that women can't write! Maybe some women writes stories that is kind of punk and then gets made fun of by the critics, but this woman that wrote 'Starflower' is some open of a writer. Gee, there is some love passages that is simply superb, and almost sublime. 'Starflower' is the name of the heroine, a little girl that always lived in the northern part of Pennsylvania. She is so pretty and sweet that she has lovers come from everywhere to try to win her hand, but she loves only one, a young man who is doing scientific farming near her father's home. Of course, science is a great thing, George, and I suppose it helps raise big crops it must help a man to make love, too. Anyhow, she loves him and some day they are to wed. Just listen to this part, where they are engaged:

"Starflower" whispered Robert, placing her little trembling palm in his strong right hand. "Little girl, I am plain and direct in my speech, as you know. I can't write poetry for you, little girl, like the Byron poems you read to me out in the orchard, and I ain't no Tony and I ain't a man with a man's heart and two willing hands. I love you!"

"And I love you, Bob," murmured Starflower, bewildered by the wonderful rush of happiness that swept over her little form and suffused her cheeks with the first flush of girlish love.

"An' ole flash brightly through the crimson smac and the brook hippled along like some soft accompaniment to the oldest, sweetest story in the world."

"Gee, George, ain't that some writing?"

"Did he marry her and make a lot of kale?" asked the practical Head Barber.

"No, George," replied the Manicure Lady. "That is the pitiful part of it. A young bride builder named Walter Orr came to the little town where Starflower dwelt, and he kind of dazed her with his fine English and his wonderful piano playing. He was a college man, and her Robert didn't know nothing about Vigor or Horace or Ramesses or any of

## The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

them oldtimers. Orr knew all about them all, and he could change his voice until it got as soft as the rustling of the breeze through the autumn leaves. When he was talking to his men he spoke kind of commanding, but when he spoke to her he always spoke with the soft pedal. One night, George, she agreed to run away with him, and the next morning they were gone. Just after they eloped Orr got fired, and had to take a position that paid him about one quarter as much money as her former sweetheart made every week out of his registered milk from his registered cows.

"When she saw poverty staring her in the face she took some kind of a powder and they found her still in death with a note to Robert pinned on her nightgown. Then Robert heard about it and went so insane that he called all his cows 'Starflower.'"

"It sounds all right," said the Head Barber. "I wouldn't go nuts over no girl that threw me down!"

## Cold Days in May--

Why We Always Get a Low Temperature About the Second Week-- How Nature Brings About a Balance Between Winter and Summer

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The "Ice Saints" have paid us their annual visit this spring with their usual punctuality.

Many persons doubtless have shivered at their touch without knowing what it was. A word of explanation is therefore necessary.

From time immemorial it has been noticed, in both Europe and America, that, beginning about the 10th or 11th of May a series of cold days averaging three, but sometimes extending over a week, always interrupting the gradual increase of the temperature of the air in spring. Severe frosts and cold rains occasionally accompany the sudden falling of the thermometer.

If May sets in, as it did this year, with delightful balminess, it is certain, before the end of its second week, to take a backward step toward winter temperatures. The interruption is not long, or very serious, but once in a while it produces disastrous effects upon early growing plants, and causes people hastily to resume some of their discarded winter garments.

Although they shift to and fro a little, yet, upon the average, these cold days center around May 20 or 21, and they were long ago associated with the imaginary influence of three or four saints. Their feast days occur at this time, and they are called "Ice Saints" or "Frost Saints." These are St. Mamertus (May 11), St. Pancratius (May 13), St. Servatius (May 15) and St. Boniface (May 16).

Rubiales said of them that "these saints are taken to be makers of hail, frosts and pluckers of early buds."

In England this cold spell in May is sometimes called the "black-thorn winter," and in Scotland "the Borrowing Days," although they might, perhaps, rather be called the Paying Days, as if the season had been borrowing heat from the coming summer, and was suddenly called upon to pay up. Many persons are so sure of the coming of the "Ice Saints" that they never put all their winter garments away until they have passed.

Nearly a century ago the German astronomer Maedler examined the records for eighty-six years in the past and found at this precise time in the year the average temperature in central Europe always declined suddenly more than 2 degrees. Often, however, the decline is very much greater, sufficient, as it is, to produce disastrous effects upon vegetation.

Another German savant, Ermann,

offered the somewhat startling suggestion that the cause of the sudden falling of the thermometer before the middle of May was the annual passage of a cloud of meteors between the sun and the earth. This view was accepted as possibly correct by the English astronomer, R. E. Proctor, who spoke of the earth as being at this time in "meteoric shadow."

Meteorologists, however, are inclined to regard the phenomenon as due merely to readjustments in the atmosphere, resulting from differences of air pressure.

And the sun begins to swing north after the spring equinox its increasing heat produces local disturbances of pressure and temperature. There is a kind of conflict between the northern and southern air currents, and an interchange of temperatures. This explanation, on account of its generality, does not clearly explain the marked tendency of the cold days to come at almost exactly the same time every year, on both sides of the ocean.

In America the cold days are usually followed about a week later by a remarkable rise of temperature, and General Greely has pointed out that on this side of the ocean the warm weather of the third week in May is often more conspicuous in the records, than the cold spell of the second week. He shows that at this season low pressure storms commonly pass across the northern United States, drawing in warm air from the south, and these are followed by high pressure anti-cyclones, which suck down cold air from British America. The next passage of low pressure centers from west to east draws still more warm air from the south, causing a marked rise of temperature again, and so on, until at length summer is established.

Still, the curious punctuality of the cold days, in which they differ from all other weather phenomena, appeals strongly to the imagination, suggesting some regularly recurring influence more fixed in character than simple atmospheric changes usually are, and it will be a long time before the "common people," especially in Europe, abandon their belief in the "Ice Saints," while more learned persons will continue to speculate on the possibility of the intervention of something that the meteorologists have not yet discovered.

## Getting at the Facts

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Tells How to Silence Gossipers and to Keep the Records Straight At All Times

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Of course, scandal mongers and gossipers soon ceased to tell her the tales they heard; for not one person in one hundred who hears a story about another and repeats it is willing to stand before the accused and say where the story originated.

That is the only right and proper way to do, however, if we wish to be thought fair in our dealings with humanity.

When any one starts to tell you a tale on condition "that you swear yourself to secrecy," let the matter go no further.

She is in reply, "I will not make any such promise; I do not want to hear a tale that I cannot hunt to its source; and if you tell me scandal about some one I know I must reserve the right to refer to you as the informant if it becomes necessary for me to do so."

There are occasions when we must warn one person of association with another. A very young girl must be told that the companionship of an older woman is not safe for her reputation, or a young man (or an older man for that matter) needs to know that a certain acquaintance must not be permitted to avoid an intimate friend if he would avoid besmirching his good name.

In such a case the request not to repeat the gossip should be followed by the statement, "If you find yourself at any time obliged to speak of this matter give me as your informant. I do not want to take part in an unpleasant scene unless necessary, but if it becomes so I will tell what I have to say against this party."

A mother of a young lady in a hotel had positive proof that a guest of the house was unlit to associate with young women. She was living a life of deceit and infamy. The mother said to her daughter, "Treat this woman whom we have met here politely, but she does not

strike me as one who would benefit you by her association. Do not accept any invitations from her.

"Say nothing derogatory of her to any one, but should she at any time ask you why you had ceased to go out with her, refer her to me."

That was honest and straightforward dealing. The daughter was protected from an unsafe association without hearing mind-soiling facts, while there was no coward shelter behind a vow of secrecy taken by the mother.

A young girl was told that one of her admirers was an unsuitable man to address a good woman. She demanded proof. But while the first and second informants gave the source of the tale, the third was sworn to secrecy to protect her informant.

It so happened that this protected informant was possessed of strong circumstantial evidence of what she had told. But she was not brave enough to come to the front and declare it, nor wise enough to keep her own counsel. So she had embroiled half a dozen people in what seemed to be malicious gossip, because she had told facts which she did not stand ready to prove.

But those who listened were equally culpable.

One's own father or mother has no right to extract such a promise when telling unpleasant facts about another human being; either the facts should not be told or the one telling should not be afraid to be quoted.

Refuse to listen to any story you cannot help to disprove or prove.

## RESINOL A SAFE SKIN TREATMENT

You need never hesitate to use Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. There is nothing in them to injure the tenderest surface. Resinol is a doctor's prescription which proved so successful for eczema, ringworm and other itching, burning, unsightly skin eruptions, that it has been used by other physicians all over the country for sixteen years. No other treatment for the skin new before the public can show such a record of professional approval.

In a single month, two hundred and twenty-five doctors wrote us endorsing the Resinol preparations. They would have done so if they had not found Resinol so valuable in their own practice. Resinol freely, continuously, soothing, healing action. Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment are sold by the most reliable druggists. Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment are sold by the most reliable druggists. Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment are sold by the most reliable druggists.

## Fashion Hints

By LA RAconteuse.



Tailor made costume of Sweden sponge material. The coat straight in its lines shows an original effect of Carpus making the waist line on both sides with huge covered buttons, and at the bottom curved on the hips and finished by two stitched points in front and back.

The collar and revers are of black satin. Small effect of revers finishing the sleeves, which are piped with black satin, and two covered buttons adorn the sleeves.

The skirt, a straight one, cut with a long height in back to give the raised effect is caught up under a doubly broad band of black satin.

## Blouse for Silk Suit.

When two colors are combined in a three-piece costume, the bodice matches either the skirt or the jacket, and is embroidered in the contrasting shade. For instance, a skirt of navy blue crepe de chine is completed by a saucy little Diorette coat of terra cotta taffeta, and the blue chiffon bodice is embroidered in this shade of red. Another method of linking the bodice to the skirt and jacket of contrasting colors is by veiling chiffon, matching the jacket by chiffon harmonizing with the skirt, or vice versa.

## SLEEP DISTURBING BLADDER WEAKNESS BACKACHE-RHEUMATISM, QUICKLY VANISH

Even Most Chronic Sufferers Find Relief After a Few Doses Are Taken

Backache, urinary disorders and rheumatism are caused from weak, inactive kidneys, which fail to filter out the impurities and keep the blood pure, and the only way on earth to permanently and positively cure such troubles is to remove the cause.

The new discovery, Croxone, soon relieves such conditions because it reaches the very roots of the disease. It soaks right into the stopped up, inactive kidneys, through the walls and linings; cleans out the little filtering cells and glands; neutralizes and dissolves the poisonous uric acid substances that lodge in the joints and muscles to scratch and irritate and cause rheumatism; heals the inflamed membranes of the bladder, and cleans out and strengthens the stopped up, lifeless kidneys so they filter and sift all the poisons from the blood, and drive it out of the system.

So sure, so positive, so quick and lasting, are the results obtained from the use of Croxone, that three doses a day for a few days are often all that is required to cure the worst backache, regulate the most annoying bladder disorders, and overcome the numerous other similar conditions.

It is the most wonderful preparation ever made for the purpose. It is so prepared that it is practically impossible to take it into the human system without resulting in relief.

An original package of Croxone costs but a trifle, and all druggists are authorized to return the purchase price if Croxone fails to give desired results, regardless of how old you are, how long you have suffered, or what else has failed to cure you.