



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Going to New York

By ADA PATTERSON.

You think of "going to New York" and you wonder whether you will succeed in the biggest city in the western continent. Your desire is not unique. I never know any one, whether he lived in Chicago or a village of four dwellings and a section house, who didn't want to go to New York, and "going" meant in all these minds, if not in speech, staying, should the metropolis prove to be hospitable.



Your craving for the teeming town is the common lot, as common as a whooping cough, or the chase of the will-o-the-wisp, or the search for what may lie hidden at the end of the rainbow. "Going to New York" is part of the lifelong pursuit of the ideal. That the metropolis is ugly and noisy and in some respects far behind other cities in progress, that it is in many portions crowded and gloomy, is beside the mark. You do not know that, or refuse to know it. The longing for it is a fact, indisputable, and that may always be taken for granted.

Will you succeed there? That is far from the common lot. We hear that only big timbers float on the New York stream. That is not wholly true. The city likes the new, the unusual, the different. If you have something for sale that is all of these and if it is worthy besides you may find in New York a ready market, may, mark you, but you are by no means sure so to do.

You are mistaken if you think of the great port as a pleasure ground. A ride on the subway during the rush hours will convince you to the contrary. A peep at the tired, drawn-faced men gathered about a table in a smoking room in one of the great hotels, will confirm your own opinion. You learn that that group is one of famous financiers. You had supposed that they were gathered there to smoke and drink, to relax and enjoy. Their faces reveal that they have gathered there to worry, perhaps to plot, certainly to plan, and it seems far from a holiday to them. Few idle in the city. Ninety-five of every 100 persons you meet hear the crack of the whip of necessity descending about their shoulders. Necessity for work, for anxiety, for haste, always haste, a haste that maddens and aches. They look tired when their day begins and if you meet them at night at their

pleasure-taking they look tired and the worry demon is still present. It is a market place where the ambitious bring their wares to sell. Did you ever visit a market place in the dim dawn and watch the transient merchants arrange their wares for sale? How carefully they place the fresh apples and peaches and berries along the tables. How anxiously they hang the plump chickens where they will suggest a Sunday dinner. How tastefully they mass the cool green leaves of the vegetables with the dew still on them, to challenge a customer's eye! That is what "going to New York" means. There is the dark, many-stalled sheds, odoriferous other market mornings, a dark skeleton-like framework for the display of goods to sell. New York offers you this for a perquisite—the country man must pay rent for his stall. Whether you can secure customers for those wares depends upon yourself.

Perhaps you have a singing voice to offer to the hurriedly passing customer, who are there to buy and who will buy if you attract their attention and if they like your voice? Perhaps you will even be able to sell its notes at the Metropolitan Grand Opera house if you are willing to wait and study and strive and suffer, living always in the haunting dread of failure, until you have lived ten years past your allotted span, for a prima donna's voice is grown up only when she is 40.

Perhaps you think you can paint pictures. Studio and starvation are synonyms in many quarters of New York. The customers who pass the art stalls are more careless and cautious than all the rest. They are hard to please and their fancy is not quickly caught nor easily held.

You want to write? Ship your written wares to the New York market if you've a guaranteed roof over your head, for hucksters of the pen are not stridently voiced, and it is a loud call that can be heard above the market cries in New York.

A fragile figured girl, whose careworn face was set round with a glory of fair hair, told me that the hanging of the sunshiny colored silk curtains at the windows of her tiny new apartment, was the forerunner of a tragedy.

"I stood there watching the work of putting up the curtains and wondering whether taking the new apartment in a more fashionable part of town would bring more pupils," she said. "I had hardly noticed the man who was hanging the curtains until he said: 'You're not very happy are you?' 'No,' I answered, 'I'm not very happy.' 'Well,' he said, 'you are not the only one who is anxious. There are a lot of others

wondering what they can do.' That man went right out from my apartment and killed himself. I read it in the paper and went to see the widow. 'He undertook too much,' she told me. 'We got along all right in the little town up the state we came from. He couldn't get on here and he hated to go back home and say so.'"

One of the most popular prints, seen in every window and in nearly every home, was sold for a hundred dollars by a discouraged young artist on the verge of starvation. The publisher has grown rich from the proceeds of the print. The artist still has hours of hunger.

A girl who was a successful actress in a western city came to New York and waited for two years for a chance to go on the stage of a New York theater. Her savings gone and the heart of hope gone out of her she went home and began where two years before she had left off.

Success may await you in New York. It may. But be sure that the talent you bring to its market is one of unusual degree. The city is impatient of mediocrity. It has so much of it in the home of its natives that it looks for something else in its entertainers, the folk of the pen and the brush and the theater. And be sure the talent has been exercised and trained. New York is no growing ground. It is too hectic, too feverish, too hurried for the growth of tender plants whether of talent or character. Have a snug savings fund within reach. Be able to live for a year or longer without the patronage of New York marketers. Bring a strong heart, a reasonable belief in your powers and a willingness to go home and resume your work in smaller fields and friendlier climate, if need be.

"While planning for success I always consider what I will do in case of failure, so that I may fall gracefully," said a man with a name high in the roll of achievement. When "going to New York" keep a practical eye on the return ticket.

And do not expect to find an opportunity to do more than work desperately in burning your talent if you stay. The metropolis resembles paradise less than it does purgatory. There is no human state that is wholly blessed, and if you come to New York and stay here for a few years you will talk in a weary tone of "the land" that you don't understand and your face will take on the New York tiredness, which is a symptom of the determination to move as soon as possible to some place outside of it.

PRINCESS VICTORIA LOUISE and her royal bridesmaids, Princess Mary, of England (on the left); Princess Elizabeth, of Roumania (on the right); Princess Yolanda, of Italy (left, below), and Grand Duchess Olga, of Russia (right, below).



The Deadliest Weapon of All

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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There are commendably strict laws in our land against the indiscriminate carrying of deadly weapons.

Children and youths are restricted in their use of pistols and knives. To purchase poison requires a physician's prescription or personal identification. But there is a deadly weapon which jeopardizes the health, reason and morality of young and old, yet which seems to be easily procured of any druggist, by any youth, girl, or stranger, as a box of chocolate drops, or a glass of soda. The more than deadly instrument is the hypodermic needle.



It is a surgeon's instrument, and of great value to the world in the hands of skilled specialists. It often relieves otherwise unbearable agonies of the sick and dying.

But even in the hands of the doctor it is a menace to the health and absolute reason of patients unless the mind of the physician is well poised, and his sense of responsibility fully awake.

But how terrible becomes this delicate and inexpensive weapon when it falls into the possession of a weak-willed youth, or a young girl, or a dependent man or woman who has become discouraged by illness or sorrow or misfortune and seeks temporary relief from mental or

physical pain through the needle point. The result is far worse than sudden or earthy death; for the loss of the physical body must eventually come in the process of the evolution of the soul in its progress to other planes. But the loss of the will is the direst disaster which can befall a human being.

The will is the divine power which links each soul to the great source of being. Through the development of the will and a consciousness of its relation to Omnipotence, man enters into his own kingdom, and finds power, plenty and peace awaiting him. When the will is weakened and strength impaired by the infection of a slow poison into the veins, the cardinal sin of murder is committed—murder of the real self! Suicide of the soul.

The victim and criminal in one do not die soon as a result of his crime. He lives on and on—a mere body, from which the divine being of self, by will, has been ejected at the point of the hypodermic needle.

Every weakness, every tendency to vice, sloth and indolence, is increased; every aspiration is slain; every ambition crippled; every venture menaced. Yet in view of all these incontrovertible facts no law exists (or if it exists it is not enforced) to protect the young, the ignorant or the impressionable from the purchase and use of this instrument. It would appall the parents of the land if they knew to what extent the deadly weapon is employed.

Good people who are waging war against drink, cigarettes and social sins, would be amazed if they knew that in their own circle, oftentimes in their own families, the poor victims of the hypodermic needle were dwelling, and that no voice and no law forbids the accursed habit of rendering it difficult to acquire. We have innumerable institutions endowed by generous philanthropists for the cure of these victims. But why do we not rise in united strength and pass and enforce, with untiring vigilance, laws to protect the young, the ill, the weak, from needing treatment in these cures?

Away with the accursed needle from our chemists' "open shop." Let the use of it require as great authority as the use of the surgeon's knife, or the administration of chloroform or ether. In the hands of a wise, kind, large-minded skilled specialist, it may serve a holy purpose of mercy. In the hands of the unskilled it is the devil's tool. Keep it away from such hands.

Battle of Ramillies

By REV. THOMAS GREGORY.

The battle of Ramillies, fought 37 years ago May 23, 1706, between Marlborough and Villeroi, was a decisive in its political results as it was brilliant in its tactics. The English and their allies numbered about 69,000, the French about 65,000, hence the forces were pretty nearly evenly matched. At the head of each army was a military genius of the first rank, the day was perfect, both sides were full of fight, and even the amateurs could see that soon there would be "something doing."



The battle opened at 1 o'clock with an attack on the French left. But it was only a trick; and presently, when Villeroi was nicely deceived, the allies got down to the real business in a powerful onslaught upon the French right. Staving in that wing, the artillery began an enfilade fire, and soon the French line began reeling like a drunken man. At the signal from Marlborough the Dutch, Danish, Hanoverian and British cavalry was launched against the enemy like a thunderbolt, and, utterly demoralized, the French ran for their lives, the cavalry at their heels, cursing, howling, slashing at them like a pack of devils. Most of the French guns, all their baggage, many colors and standards, and great quantities of small arms and ammunition fell into the hands of the victors. The French fought bravely, but they were outgeneralled. Marlborough was too much for Villeroi.

Ramillies was a great blow to the prestige of Louis the Fourteenth. Blenheim that "famous victory" of two years before, had broken his power in Germany, and now Ramillies had driven him from the Netherlands. A little later on Gibraltar was secured forever to England, the French forts were destroyed at Vigo, Eugene crushed the French power in Italy, and the haughty old despot bowed his head and prepared himself to die. And because Ramillies, many years after another event, helped to put an old snapper "down and out," it deserves to be remembered with gratitude and gladness.

NATURE'S LAWS.

Nature's laws are perfect if only we obey them, but disease follows disobedience. Go straight to Nature for the cure, to the forest; there are mysteries there, some of which we can learn for you. Take the bark of the Wild-cherry tree with mandrake root, Oregon grape root, stone root, queen's root, bloodroot and golden seal root, make a scientific, glyceric extract of them, with just the right proportions, and you have

DOCTOR PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

It took Dr. Pierce, with the assistance of two learned chemists and pharmacists, many months of hard work experimenting to perfect this vegetable alterative and tonic extract of the greatest efficiency.

Dr. C. W. Fawcett, of Millville, Calif., writes: "I wish to tell you that I have used your 'Golden Medical Discovery' in my family for twenty years. We have had a doctor called in but once during that time. I have a family of ten children, all well and hearty, for which, to a great extent, we owe thanks to you and your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellita,' which we use when sick."

Dr. Pierce's Pileocast Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. C. W. FAWCETT, ESQ., World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Breaking Down of the Barriers

By WINIFRED BLACK.

I met her on the street today, the little I've known since she wore short shirley coats and her hair in a braid down her chubby back.

Her eyes as are blue as ever, her cheeks are like the dawn, and her soft yellow hair looks like cornsilk, but, whatever is the matter with that girl's mother and her aunts and her grandmother and her sisters, and hasn't she a father any more, and what has happened to her brother?

Seems to me she had a cousin about her age once. He used to live next door to her and drag her to school on his little sled and pull her hair and make faces at her, and fight any boy who dared look at her—what's become of cousin-in-law there a soul on earth who really cares a penny about poor little Miss Pretty Face any more?

Or won't she listen to them when they try to tell her what she looks like, these days? Let's see what was it she wore—a frock of bright yellow silk, so thin that it was nothing more than gauze, a flesh-colored under bodice cut so low that she might as well have had no waist on at all; satin slippers with gilt



heels, silk stockings, embroidered in yellow flowers. Oh, yes, you could see them, you couldn't help seeing those stockings—a block away—and you could see them way up to the knee, too. No, I know it isn't decent to talk about it, but it's true, and there was no petticoat under the thin silk, and the hat was down over one eye; poor, pretty, good little goose, looking like what she is not at all, and I suppose she would be furious if strange men followed her and said things she ought not to hear. Doesn't she know, hasn't she guessed, who invented a dress like that and why they wore it?

How is she ever going to be a sweet, modest woman, and look as she does? Her mother was with her—a fright—in purple, with a green hat and green velvet shoes and gold heels and fat, wabby sides, and fat, wabby waist, and fat, wabby neck, and fat, wabby ankles, all showing, as if they were the prettiest silk, so thin that it was nothing more than gauze, a flesh-colored under bodice, things in the world—poor, silly old woman, trying to look sweet sixteen and looking like sixty and over every minute of it at that.

She's a good woman, the mother is, or was—once—and she wasn't always a fool. Has she forgotten, I wonder?

What in the world is happening to us, anyhow? I sat in church last summer and saw a good priest send half a dozen girls right away from the altar rail. "I will give no communion to Jezebel," said the priest, and home went the girls to put on more clothes. Poor old father—I wonder what he would do if one of these swagger and green birds of paradise should swagger or slink up to the altar, rail this year?

Isn't there any limit, girls, honestly now, isn't there? Where are you going to stop? "Show girls," said a theatrical manager to me the other day, "show girls, why what's the use, nobody is going to pay money to sit in the front row any more. He can get all the same views right on Broadway for nothing."

Coarse creature, isn't he? Vulgar and low minded, but how about the women who parade before him every hour in the day—decent wives, honest mothers, modest girls, dressed as no harem beauty in any British blond road show would have dared to dress behind the footlights two little years ago.

Is there no imagination left anywhere? Must we stop dreaming entirely and know everything good and bad, ugly and pretty? And yet, maybe, it's all right; perhaps this very breaking down of all the customary barriers of modesty and reserve is the very thing to make no such barrier necessary. Dr. Mary Walker always said: "There's nothing immodest about ankles. It's covering them up that's bad." I wonder if she was right after all? Can it be that we are going to trousers, knickerbockers and men's hats at last? Not such a bad idea, perhaps.

So, perhaps, after all, the whole business will cure itself somehow. Who knows, but in the meantime—somehow I do hate to remember the things I overheard the men say when my little friend came along the other day, blue eyes, yellow hair, May-morning face—and the dress of a bold eyed Jezebel. Poor Jezebel, I wonder what she is doing these days? She must feel rather out of it—with so much competition, mustn't she?

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

That is Their Worry. Dear Miss Fairfax, I am 19. There are lots of boys who would like to go with me, but I do not seem to care for them. They always ask if they can call on me or take me out, but I always refuse, because I would like to go with one only, but I cannot find the one I like. Some tell me to go out and have a good time, but someone I can't because I am afraid they will think I care for them.

A READER. How will you know who is the right one if you always deny your company to all young men? It is by association like this that love develops. In the future accept invitations and give yourself a chance.

Your Mother Might Ask Him. Dear Miss Fairfax, For the past three years I have been keeping company with a steady, sober and hard-working man. Although I feel that he truly loves me, upon leaving me he always presses my hand, and looks into my eyes and says, "Good-night, dearie." Who can I go to find out whether he is serious or not, as I am already 18 years of age and my people are becoming anxious in my behalf.

UNDECIDED. A courtship lasting three years, and not an avowal or a promise made, looks less like love than monopoly. Under the circumstances I think your mother would be justified in asking him frankly what are his intentions. Undoubtedly, he means well and takes it for granted that you know he does.

Write Agatha, of Course. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man 23 years of age, and I have been keeping steady company with a girl for the last year and a half. About six months ago she moved away from my home town, but I have been receiving letters from her every week until three weeks ago, and I

When the Princess Victoria Louise, Emperor William's only daughter and the apple of his eye, became the bride of Prince Ernest, of Cumberland, she was attended by a bevy of young women as distinguished for their beauty as for their exalted rank.

At the wedding assembled proud monarchs and their glittering suites, kings and ruling princes of that mighty confederation of the Kaiser is chief; federal envoys, laden with jewelled orders; Queens and princesses famed for their piety; and, shining with priceless gems, decked in superb costumes.

And in this surrounding was grouped the bride and her four bridesmaids—fresh, fragrant, blushing-like rosebuds set in a saucily enameled vase. "I shall choose my bridesmaid," said the girl, whom Berliners have delighted to call "Prinzesschen"—"Little Princess." And her royal and imperial father, who bows to nobody else on earth, bowed his assent.

Princess Victoria Louise, The Grand Duchess is a pronounced brunette, with sombre hair and eyes. Princess Elizabeth, of Roumania, who is nearly twenty, is of the brilliantly clear Caucasian type and is almost as lovely as her mother, the famous Princess Marie.

Princess Yolanda, of Italy, is the youngest of the quipsters, only twelve. She inherits the beauty of her mother, Queen Helena, that Princess who brought to the House of Savoy the revivifying blood of Montenegro.

Princess Victoria Louise chose well. Her bridesmaids were Princess Mary of England, King Edward's daughter; Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, the Czar's daughter; Princess Yolanda, of Italy; King Victor Emmanuel's daughter, and Princess Elizabeth, of Roumania, daughter of Prince Ferdinand, heir presumptive to the Roumanian throne. These princesses are of distinct types of loveliness. Princess Mary, who is second cousin of the bride, is fair haired, with the ruddy healthy complexion of which so many English girls boast. Princess Mary was sixteen years old last month. Grand Duchess Olga will be eighteen years old next November. She, too, is a second cousin of

Coming of The Sunbeam

How to Avoid Those Pains and Distress Which so Many Mothers Have Suffered.



It is a pity more women do not know of Mother's Friend. How is a remedy that softens the muscles, enables them to expand without any strain upon the ligaments, and enables women to go through maternity without pain, nausea, morning sickness or any of the dreaded symptoms so familiar to many mothers. There is no foolish diet to harass the mind. The thoughts do not dwell upon pain and suffering, for all such are avoided. Thousands of women no longer resign themselves to the thought that sickness and distress are natural. They know better, for in Mother's Friend they have found a wonderful, penetrating remedy to banish all those dreaded experiences. It is a subject every woman should be familiar with, and even though she may not require such a remedy, she will now and then meet some unfortunate mother in whom a cure is needed. Mother's Friend will come as a wonderful blessing. This famous remedy is sold by all druggists, and is only \$1.00 a bottle. It is for external use only, and is really worth its weight in gold. Write for a free trial to the Bradford Regulator Co., 127 Lehigh Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for a most valuable book.