

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

--Callers--

How to Entertain in the Evening

By Virginia Terhune Van Dewater.
"I wish we could spend our evenings as you used to when you were young," sighed a matron to her mother. "When you had callers in the evening all you had to do was to chat with them; now when one has guests one must do something to entertain them."
The condition which she deplored exists in many circles—but not in all. Talk, as a thing by itself, has been superseded by bridge or by cards in some form. If one does not play bridge one simply is "not in it."

"Why don't you learn bridge?" was asked of one woman.
"Because," she replied honestly, "I have no time to play."

Were she less busy she would learn. As she does not she is seldom thought of when any of her friends plan an afternoon together—for they wish to have games of cards. A few weeks ago a society woman called her up.

"Do you and your husband play bridge?" she asked.
"No, unfortunately, we do not," was the reply.

"Oh, that is too bad!" the society woman said regretfully. "I was planning to have some nice people in to dinner next Thursday night and we want to play auction bridge afterward. I am more than sorry that you can't be with us."

The busy woman hung up the receiver with a smile bred of an amusement that would have been incomprehensible to the bridge devotee. She—the nonplayer—spent five whole minutes musing on the truth that since she, herself, did not indulge in the fashionable pastime, there were certain people who would count her and her husband as social inabilities. But the smile remained as she appreciated the fact that there were other things better than bridge and that in her own set of delightful acquaintances they were many who could pass a pleasant evening together, although one might not quote the matron mentioned—do something to entertain them.

For, pessimists to the contrary, notwithstanding, there are still those who enjoy such an evening as has been mourned as a part of "the tender grace of a day that is dead," and who talk well and enjoy talking.

"When your friends come in to spend the evening with you, what do you do?" asked a bridge devotee of a very contented woman.

"Why, we talk," was the satisfied reply.

"Talk? But what about?"
"Oh, about everything! And we never get talked out!"

Undoubtedly there are so many and such absorbing interesting things to discuss that one need seldom pause for a subject. Of course, there are various kinds of conversation—some brilliant, some interesting, some personal and stupid. In a recent novel a girl in a Parisian restaurant discusses with a man food and conversation.

"Haven't he noticed she asked . . . in private houses everywhere how the dishes always resembled the talk—how the very same platitudes seemed to go into people's mouths that came out of them?" She always thought it a good sign when people liked Irish stew; it meant that they enjoyed changes and surprises and taking life as it came; and such a beautiful Italian version of the dish as the nardin that was just being set before them was like the very best kind of talk—the kind when one could never tell beforehand just what was going to be said!"

There is little doubt that this is the most delightful and piquant kind of talk—"When one can never tell beforehand just what is going to be said!" Talkers have been divided into three classes—those who talk of themselves, those who talk about other people and those who talk of things. Certainly the last class are the most entertaining—as a rule.

Really there are times when we may be excused, perhaps, for talking about ourselves—and one such time is when the person who happens or elects to be our companion draws us on to do so. If he is really so much interested that he wants to hear what we have to say of our occupations, our likes and dislikes, perhaps we should humor him—always to a limited extent; if, on the other hand, he is so insincere as to urge us to talk about that in which he feels no interest and encourages us to be epistolical simply to flatter us—then it may be well to make his punishment fit his crime—and talk of our pursuits, our aims and ambitions—even to indulge in that most delightful of pastimes to those who love his work—and "talk shop."

A bore has been defined as one who talks so much about himself and his affairs that he gives no time to us to talk about ourselves and our affairs. If this be true—and in many cases it is—it may not be well (except with intimate friends whom we know do not bore) for us to limit our conversation to the third class of talk mentioned—namely, that about things.

If we succeed, surely this kind of conversation will prove almost as interesting to nonbridge-players as does that fascinating game to its devotees.

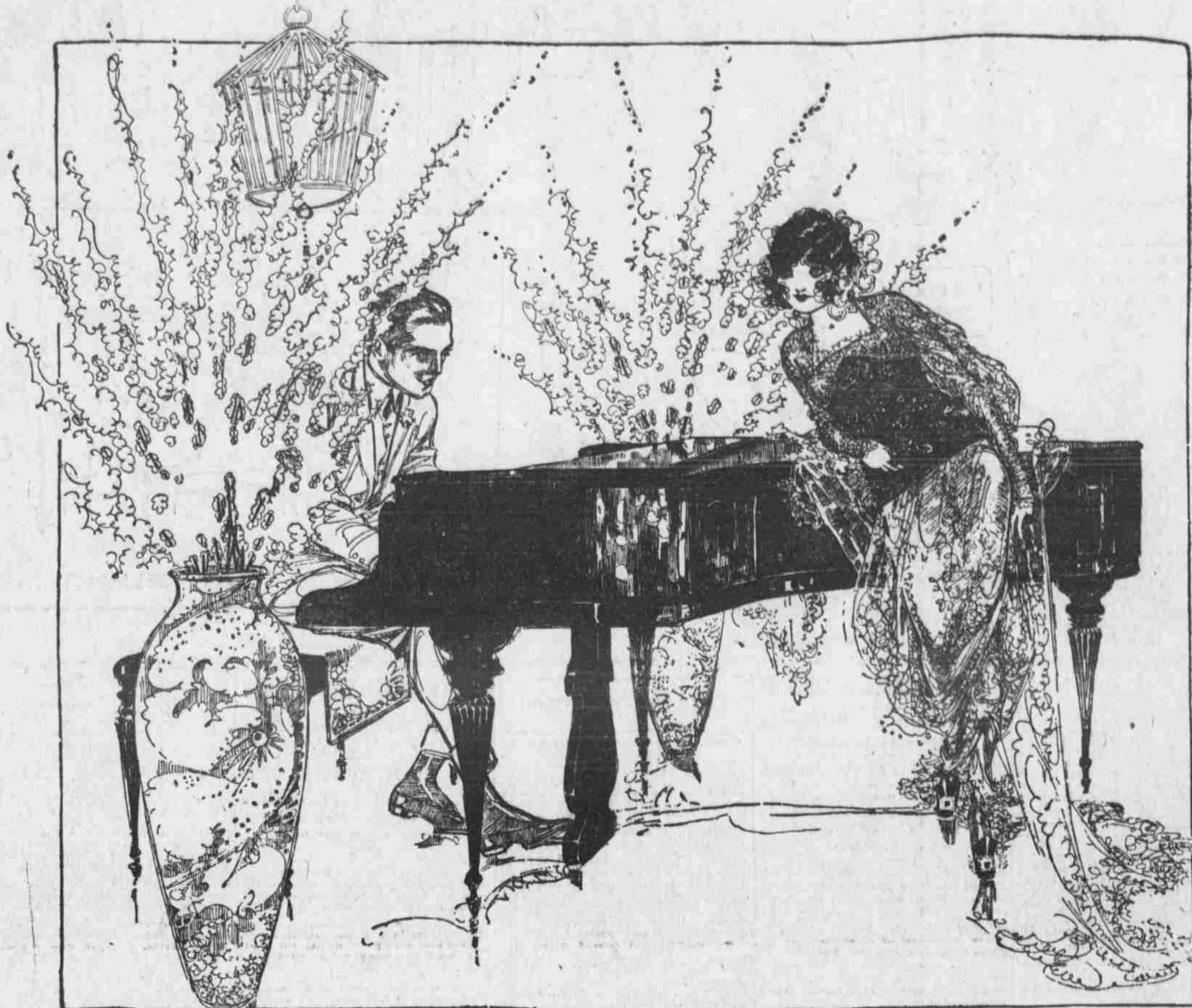
Aged, Wrinkled Faces Easily Rejuvenated

(From The Beauty Seeker.)
An aged face is often only a mask to a comparatively youthful person. Beneath is a countenance young and fair to look upon. It's a simple matter to remove the mask. Ordinary mercurochrome, to be had at any drug store, gradually absorbs the worn out surface skin; in a week or two the user has the loveliest, pinky white complexion imaginable. An ounce of the wax usually is sufficient to complete the transformation. It is put on at night like cold cream and taken off in the morning with warm water.
This remarkable treatment is invariably effective, no matter how rusty, sallow or discolored the complexion. Freckles, moth patches, liver spots, pimples, blackheads and other cutaneous blemishes, naturally vanish with the discarded skin.
To remove wrinkles, here is a recipe that cannot be too highly recommended: Powdered saxolite, 1 oz., dissolved in 1/2 pint with hazel. Use as a wash lotion. It acts instantaneously and is wonderfully effective.—Advertisement.

A Popular Song

Drawn for The Bee by Nell Brinkley

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Nell Brinkley Says—
They call it "I Love You." The Kings of Babylon and the slaves by the river sang it with equal fervor. In fairyland they know it. Adam brought it home to Eve and sang it tirelessly. On the plaintive "uku-

lele" of soft-aired Hawaii they have played it since the isles were born. Steel and iron-clad men of the rough days of chivalry caroled it to the maids they met from the broad backs of their dray horses. Cleopatra whined it in her honey-sweet voice to dull-witted Antony. In the back-

woods of Tennessee they know it. In the gray, melancholy uplands of wild Thibet rough-haired youths whisper it to bead-strung slant-eyed girls. In the hidden corner of the music room, screened in spikes of fruit blossoms, a smart young chap hums it to a girl who never twisted up her own hair

in her life, and out in the country, in an orchard, on the top rail of a gray old worm fence, a boy in a blue "jumper" chants it to a girl in a pink sunbonnet shading her sun-browned cheeks. Oh, it's a popular song—everybody knows it and everybody always did know it.

An American Mystery How the Opening of the Panama Canal Will Aid Greatly to Historical Research

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

After the Panama canal is opened we may begin to learn the true history of ancient America.

Many readers may be unaware that this new world, as we call it, contains one of the oldest of all historical mysteries, and, in fact, the very oldest, if, as some maintain, it forms a direct connection with the story of the lost continent of Atlantis.

Buried in the tropical jungles of Central America there are the ruins of once splendid cities, whose remains of a gigantic architecture are covered with hieroglyphics more puzzling than those of ancient Egypt, for no man has yet succeeded in discovering a complete key to their meaning. They guard their secret more jealously than the Sphinx.

Their origin is ascribed to a practically vanished race called the Mayas, related to the Aztecs of Montezuma's empire, but far excelling the ancient Mexicans in everything except warlike power. The ruins of their temples at Palenque, Copan, Peten and elsewhere, excite the wonder of the traveler, and contain some of the most beautiful and elaborate carvings that can anywhere be found.

They had not only an exquisite picture language, but also a written language, of which un decipherable manuscripts yet exist. They built about forty towns, connected by stone-paved roads. They had a postal system, conducted by means of swift-footed carriers who ran from town to town over the paved roadways. Sometimes they were at war with one another, and then armies marched to battle on the same roads.

They were skilful agriculturists, and cultivated broad fields, which are now overgrown with mossy trees and tangled vines and shrubs. They raised cotton and wove it into garments. They made beautiful ornaments of gold and of semi-precious stones, and were more skilful even than the Aztecs in feather work. The designs carved on their buildings and

ornamental, or symbolical, structures are of great beauty and astonishing perfection in detail. They covered the walls of rooms with brilliant paintings on stucco.

Strange to say, the people believed to be descended from these Mayas are unable to throw any light upon the history of their supposed ancestors. All their civilization has vanished, and with it, apparently, all memory of the ancient splendors of the race.

Some of the figures carved by the Mayas bear such striking resemblance to similar things found in the ancient ruins of the old world that the suggestion has been made that a connection formerly existed across the Atlantic ocean, and this is the origin of the theory that the ancestors of the Mayas dwelt on the fabled continent of Atlantis, which Plato heard had been sunk in the western ocean ages before his time.

One of the strangest facts about the ancient land of the Mayas has recently been called to attention by Dr. Edgeworth Huntington. It is this: At present the whole district possesses a climate so warm, moist and debilitating that it is almost the worst place on the globe for human habitation. The ruins of the ancient cities, instead of lying amid deserts, and under a burning sun, as happens with most of the abandoned capitals of the east, are so overgrown with tan-

gled vegetation and enveloped in fever-stricken swamps that some of them are nearly unapproachable.

The conclusion is that within the last 2,000 years, a vast change of climate has occurred in that part of America, and that in the days of Mayan civilization the earth's climatic zones were shifted in such a manner that the land occupied by this remarkable people enjoyed very different atmospheric conditions from those that prevail there now. Peten, one of their most important cities, which has not yet been explored on account of the difficulties of approach, lies in the midst of a region which is, at present, very sparsely populated, and where it would be impossible to cultivate the land as was cultivated in the days of the Mayas.

Only by such a supposition, it is thought, can a rational explanation be found for the fact that the highest native civilization that this continent has developed before the white man came, was centered about a location which is now a desolated and almost uninhabitable wilderness.

When the Panama canal has become a great highway, and the attention of the world has been turned upon its surroundings, fresh light is likely to be thrown upon this fascinating mystery. Then the Mayan hieroglyphics may be read in full, and a hidden chapter of American history thrown open.

Don'ts for Girls

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

Don't mark a favorite quotation in a book. It is an untidy habit, and serves only the purpose of projecting your personality before the mental vision of the next one who reads, to his confusion and annoyance.

Don't preface your remarks with "As Homer says," "According to Emerson," etc. It is both priggish and stilted.

Don't look with a superior air at those who neither have read nor heard of the books published yesterday. The latest books are not the best, and so many are worthless that it is a sign of a cheap in-

tellect to find satisfaction in them, when so many old and good books lie unread on the shelves.

Don't be humble before fine raiment and scornful before raiment that is plain. This is the first and last proof of the snob.

Don't estimate the strength of a friend, nor underestimate the power of an enemy.

Don't repeat a compliment paid you to any one on earth but your mother.

Don't secure the profit to be gained by another's experience. You know those

who are younger could learn from you. Can you not see you could learn from those who are older?

Don't take five minutes for repeating a joke that should be told in half a minute, and expect it to be funny.

Don't flirt. It makes your own sex mistrust you, and leads men to regard you as one who could easily be led astray.

Don't squander your money. Take pride in the thought that so far as you can prevent you will never be a burden to others.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

"Me and brother Wilfred spent a week-end up in the country, and I have just come back," said the Manicure Lady. "I would rather not spend all my week-ends in the country, George, because the air is so restful up there, but I guess Wilfred don't want to go back no more to the town where we was."

"You see, George, my poor deluded brother had an idea that he could sail into the little town where he was going and just tell them that he was from New York. He thought that would make him an idol in said town. I didn't think so for a minute, George, because I know how people in small towns. They mind their own business and everybody else's, but they don't care a rap where they find out you came from. You might as well try to make a gorilla kiss your hand as to make a small town respect you because you are a New Yorker. They simply don't care where you are from, and the way they treated my poor brother, I guess the bigger the town you came from the less they care."

"I don't blame them," said the Head Barber. "I don't see why a man should figure himself a favorite just because he lives in a little New York flat and rides up and down town in the subway. How is that going to make a man wise? Most of the fellows that was born in the shadow of the Brooklyn bridge—the kind that comes in here sometimes to get shaved—ain't got much idea of the great country they are living in. If they was

up a little dough they don't go out to the wonderful Pacific coast. No, they go to Europe and get bunked. They pay a guide a lot of dough to show them some place where an English king had his nephews choked to death in a tower, and then they come back and tell about their travels."

"I hope you ain't doing a monologue, George," said the Manicure Lady. "I was trying to tell you something about this week-end party, if you are enough of a gent to listen. Well, Wilfred and me reached the town all right, and the minute we got to the hotel and were sent with our country friends around the table, poor brother pulls the very phrase that I asked him not to. 'This is fair,' he says to the company, 'but little old New York for mine.' I knew right off that he had made a bonehead play, because I seen the folks look at each other kind of funny, but he don't get wise, not Wilfred. 'The reason I like Manhattan,' he babbles right on, 'is because Manhattan is the market for brains. I write, as perhaps some of you people know,' says poor brother, 'and the brains of the country, in literature, all flock to New York. If I were a farmer, I would like it up here, but being a writer I have to be in the heart of the literary world, little old New York.'

"There was a nice, quiet-looking fellow in the party, George, that I seen looking over my fool brother kind of sly and unobtrusive like. He was dressed rough, because he was on a fishing trip, but I seen right away from his calm, well-bred mien that he was a gent. He listened a long time while Wilfred was telling them what a terrible strain it is on a writer to keep writing and be even stood for my brother's reciting some of his own poems right at the table with his mouth full of chow chow and new bread. Then he got up and went out with a smile at me. I seen then and there that him and me would be good friends, because we both knew Wilfred through and through."

"Honest to goodness, George, do you know who he was? I asked one of the ladies, and she told me. The gent that had been listening to Wilfred's hot air about writing and writers was George Ade, who wrote 'Fables in Slang' and 'Horatius at the Bridge' and David Copperfield' and a lot of other books and plays."

"Did Wilfred find out who he was?" asked the Head Barber.
"Sure he did, but it didn't faze him. He said that the time would go swift for the party, with two clever writers at the same table!"

Out of Step with Time

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

When our grandmothers were girls marriage was not an avenue to happiness and enlarged opportunities and activities so much as it was an escape from despondent spinsterhood. The woman in those days who failed to win the favor of some lord of creation became a chattel of whatsoever relative was compelled by the laws of kinship to give her a chimney corner.

She had no standing in the home or society. A little higher than the scullion, her condition was more intolerable, because she did not receive the scullion's wages, nor known the freedom of an afternoon off.

She was regarded with such ill-disguised contempt that girls growing into womanhood unconsciously absorbed the idea that to be a spinster was to be a delinquent. Her married sisters addressed such an unappreciated and unappropriated person in tones of pitying contempt, meanwhile depositing their babies and other burdens on her shoulders. If she were loved it was not because of her lonely condition, but in spite of it.

Little wonder that she grew morbid and sour and learned to look upon men with the hatred we look upon those who have it in their power to save us from calamity, and don't.

And great the wonder, so great it seems almost a miracle, that she has climbed by her own efforts from such depths of degradation to the heights of the beloved, respected and self-respecting spinster of today.

And greater the wonder, and exceedingly great the pity that girls of today who have every opportunity for reading and observation continue to dwell in the days when "old maid" stood for every condition that was intolerable and odious. That they do hark back to those days and are not keeping step with the time is evidenced by the tone of letter I receive every day.

"I am a girl of 25," writes E. G., "and have been keeping company with a certain man for five years. At times he treats me very coolly, and is cross and ill-mannered and irritable. If he really cares for me what is his idea in keeping me waiting so long? I confess I love him."

He keeps her waiting because he knows she will never run off and leave him. He is cross and irritable for the same reason that prompts every boy and man to put his foot on a worm. He treats her coolly knowing she is a doormat.

She says she loves him. I say she doesn't. What she thinks is love for the man is fear that she will be a spinster.

She is looking at life through the eyes of her great-grandmother, and so long as she thinks that spinsterhood means a condition despised by women because she was rejected by men, so long will she continue to kneel at the feet of men, regarding the most contemptible of his sex as one with power to save.

"Broken-Hearted" writes that she quarreled with her lover six months ago, and that she has written him many letters since begging his forgiveness and imploring him to return, and her letters remain unanswered.
"Oh, what shall I do?" she moans.
"How I love him nobody knows. Oh, I would do anything to have him back again!"

Another doormat girl! He knows she would give anything to have him back, and will never return so long as that belief stays with him. If he knew he couldn't come back, he would be the one to write the letters begging for forgiveness.

My dear girls, you are wrong in your attitude. You are on your knees when you should be on your feet keeping step with the times.

Love is the greatest gift life offers. If I had my wish I would see every girl safely anchored in the harbor of some man's love, but not the class of men those girls woo for.

They are narrow, weak, bag-of-wind imitations.

Forget them, my dears, in an outburst of gratitude that you live in a day when a woman's happiness and well-being are independent of them.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Wait a While.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 22 years old and have been keeping company with a certain girl for six weeks. At first it seemed love at first sight, but lately she has grown cold. I buy her candy and flowers and try to please her, and her parents have taken a liking to me. But she now assumes an indifferent air. Do you think my proposal would be accepted? I am madly in love with her.

Has it occurred to you that she may have grown tired of seeing so much of you? Try an application of that old adage, "absence makes the heart grow fonder."

In any event, a proposal after an acquaintance of only six weeks is apt to be premature.

Not Improper.
Dear Miss Fairfax: Do you think it proper for a girl who is keeping steady company to ask the man when she will see him next?

A. L. W.
Their intimacy warrants such a question from her, but I would not want to be urgent or peremptory, and it is in better taste if she lets him take the initiative in making future engagements.

Today's Beauty Recipes

By Mrs. D'Mille.

"Now comes the time of year most trying to the complexion. Perspiration makes ordinary face powder look unsteady and untidy. A splendid face lotion that is used in place of powder can be made easily at home by dissolving an original package of mayonaise in a half pint of witch hazel. Mayonaise keeps the skin smooth, clear and sunny, and gives you a complexion of lilies and roses. It prevents freckles, tan and sunburn.

"Dandruff is the worst enemy of healthy hair. It attacks the roots and causes the hair to become dull, brittle and faded, and finally to fall out. Mother's Shampoo will remove dandruff and leave the scalp perfectly clean and healthy. It uses makes the hair strong, lustrous and fluffy.

"Summer toilettes seem to make superfluous hair on face or forearms more noticeable. A safe, speedy and sure hair remover can be made by mixing a little powdered delatone with sufficient water to form a paste. Cover the hairy surface with this paste, leave it on two minutes, wipe off, wash the skin and the hairs will be gone."—Advertisement.