

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## A Naughty Little Comet

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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There was once a little comet who lived near the Milky Way! She loved to wander out at night and jump about and play. The mother of the comet was a very good old star— She used to scold her reckless child for venturing out too far; She told her of the ogre, Sun, who loved on stars to sup, And who asked no better pastimes than gobbling comets up.

But instead of growing cautious and of showing proper fear, The foolish little comet edged up nearer and more near. She switched her saucy tail along right where the Sun could see, And flirted with old Mars just as bold as bold could be. She laughed to scorn the quiet stars, who never frisked about; She said there was no fun in life unless you ventured out.

She liked to make the planets, and wished no better mirth Than just to see the telescopes aimed at her from the Earth. She wondered how so many stars could mope through nights and days, And let the sickly-faced old moon get all the love and praise. And as she talked and tossed her head and switched her shining trail, The staid old mother star grew sad, her cheek grew wan and pale.

For she had lived there in the skies a million years or more, And she had heard gay comets talk in just this way before. And by and by there came an end to this gay comet's fun— She went a tiny bit too far—and vanished in the Sun! No more she swings her shining trail before the whole world's sight, But quiet stars she laughed to scorn are twinkling every night.

## The Perfumery Nuisance

By DOROTHY DIX.

A perfumery manufacturer, speaking for the Perfumery Manufacturers' association before the ways and means committee in Washington the other day, made a pathetic protest against increasing the duty on raw materials from which extracts are made. And he said he wasn't speaking for himself, but for the sake of the poor girls who would have to cut down on their use of scent if prices were raised.



Quoth he: "The best market for perfumery is in the factory towns of New England. Why, I know of a typist who spends at least two days a salary on each week on her toilet articles. I ask that perfumery—this slice of happiness—be preserved to the shop girl and the factory girl, for they are the ones who enjoy it most."

Most of us who ride in street cars and attend theaters and other crowded places with that the price of perfumery could be put up so high that it would be prohibitive and that the women and men whose "slice of happiness" consists in going about smelling to heaven could be denied that malodorous joy. To use altar of roses is a breach of the peace; to disseminate patchouli is a crime that should be punishable by law.

However, that is another story. So is the instance of the girl typist who spends the proceeds of two days' work a week on her toilet articles. If a young woman prefers to put cold cream and rouge on the outside of her face instead of roast beef and potatoes on the inside, it is her own affair.

But the really interesting thing—and the pitiful thing—in this manufacturer's testimony is that the biggest markets for perfumery are the mill towns of New England, because it shows how madly women grasp at the luxuries of life, even if they must deny themselves the necessities.

A girl will have her bit of ribbon if she has to go without bread to get it. She will shiver for lack of sufficient clothing to put the money in a string of imitation pearls. She will go without lunches through a whole winter to save up to buy a willow plume in the spring. She will sit up half the night, doing without the sleep and rest she needs, to make her silly lace-trimmed garments, which have no wear to them. She puts her hard-earned money in flimsy silk stockings and paper-soled pumps that come to pieces at the first wearing. Instead of good, substantial stockings and shoes.

Nor is the working girl the only sinner in this respect. Practically all women put on ornaments and show before use. Give a woman a certain sum of money to furnish a house, and she will spend three-fourths of it on bric-a-brac and gilt chairs, for which she has no earthly use, while she does without the things in the kitchen that would lessen her labor by half. She will have a brocaded sofa in the parlor that is too good to sit upon, although her family has not a single comfortable bed on which to sleep.

Worse still, she will set apart the best room in the house, the room that gets the most sun and light and air, for show, while the family huddles in the back.

Then there is the woman who literally starves her family in order that it may make a show when it goes out on the street. She denies her children the milk and butter, and meat that they need to make them healthy and strong, to put lace on their petticoats and fur on their caps, and she works herself into the grave and her husband into nervous prostration for the sake of living in a little better neighborhood and dressing a little finer than they can afford.

Men are far wiser in this respect than women are. A man is generally willing to seem what he is, and to live according to his means. If he is a working man, he dresses like a working man, and he does not try to ape the appearance and clothes of millionaires; but every woman wants you to think that she has just strolled over from Fifth avenue and left her blouse on the corner.

No she must have a dress of the cut of Mrs. Astor's, though she has to buy shabby to do it, and she must change the style of her hat as often as Miss

Croesus does, though she starves in the doing of it. It's all very sad and very foolish, and makes one realize that the thing that women most need to learn is the law of values.

If they would only take the necessities and leave the luxuries alone they would find that they had really gotten the luxuries, too, for there is no luxury equal to being really comfortable. The girl who spends her two days a week salary on toilet articles would ascertain if she put that much money in good food that there is no cosmetic equal to health, no rouge that gives color than does good red blood. Also that no perfumery yet devised by the chemist is so refined and dainty as the odorless odor, so to speak, that is the result of a plentiful use of soap and water.

And all women would find that if they spent their money for the plain substantial things they need, and left out the elegancies they crave, they would have a comfort of body and a peace and ease of mind of which they have never dreamed. The ache in our hearts and the gone feeling in our stomachs are the result of our having lunched upon a macaroon and a salted almond, instead of corned beef and cabbage.

The real reason why we all complain so much about the high cost of living is because we are spending our money on the frills of life instead of the substantial. We think we are bound to have automobiles and go to the opera, and when we've done that we haven't anything left with which to buy butcher's meat and groceries.

We should all be happy and contented if we had the courage to do without perfumery, as it were.

## Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"George," said the Manicure Lady. "I ain't felt so romantic as I have this forenoon for a long time. I don't suppose barbers ever feels very tender like and pensive, except when some Joe with a hard beard gets shaved twice over and gives then no tip. But it is different with me George. 'You wouldn't believe it, would you, if I told you I can hear Robbins whistling for rain and doves cooing for their mates even if I am sitting at a manicuring table right down in the heart of the Tenderloin. The way I feel this morning there is a golden haze around the sun and purple edges to all them clouds that floats, fleecy-like over head."

"What's all this about?" the head barber wanted to know. "It must be romance or hope. I never heard you get so mushy before. You look kinda pale, too, kiddo. You had better try going to bed early and getting up early for a week, and eat plenty of celery to keep your nerves steady."

"Well, George, I might as well tell you that I do feel kinder romantic this forenoon, the first time since that fellow over in Flatbush proposed to me and shattered love's dream by copping one of sister Mame's rings off from the dresser and never returning to our humble abode. That was years ago, George, and just as the scar was healing over, here I go and get sentimental again."

"Who is it this time?" asked the head barber.

"It ain't no fellow," answered the Manicure Lady. "It's a book that I was reading last night. Brother Wilfred was reading it down at the public library and when nobody was looking he stuck it under his coat and munched home with it. It was worth the risk, George. It's one of the grandest books I have ever saw. The name of it is 'Famous Loves of History.' It tells all about Napoleon and Josephine and about a young fellow named Paris that fell in love with a girl named Helen that used to live in Troy, N. Y. and it tells about Anthony and Cleopatra and how Mr. Anthony lost the Roman empire by staying in Egypt so long that his wife had to go to Reno or some place like that to get a divorce."

"I never was much on those romances," said the head barber. "The way butter and eggs is selling now, it takes all the mental rithmetic to keep Mary and the children. When you got to live four flights up without no elevator and git

## Bubbles

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By NELL BRINKLEY



### Nell Brinkley Says—

I walked with a sceptic who has scarcely a rag of a dream to his name to believe in, close under a garden wall, warmed by the sun and cuddled close by the fragrant arms of cherry trees in spring bloom. On the broad, flat top of it was a gypsy-like girl of 10, maybe, with a bowl of iridescent suds between her scratched, sun-tanned knees and a head as velvety black as the poplars in the garden must be when night comes.

Up into the still scented air she was sending big, elastic soap bubbles, hued like a box of loose gems with a shaft of sunlight lying on them, frail discs of perfect beauty which are the vanishing soul of a drop of crystal water. Idly they floated, some long, breathless seconds, some but an instant, giving to the wind changing and glowing with swift-running rivers of color before they snapped into thin air with a tiny shatter of splintering light.

"There, by my new straw hat!" quoth the sceptic, "there is the stuff that dreams are made of, there the blowing of them, there the rainbow coloring, there the vanishing into thin air. What are they? Nothing. Why blow them through our little thin pipe in the first place? Only the veriest child takes joy in blowing soap bubbles, and only the simple-minded among grown-ups (your pardon, mad'moiselle) find the making of dreams delectable. They only snap and vanish, and where once our eyes saw a sphere of unutterable beauty there is nothing! Ah, ah, I don't dream any more, my child. They amount in the end to just a bit of

most of your estates at a delicatessen store, love's young dream gets kinda frazzled around the edges."

"But just the same," insisted the Manicure Lady. "I think that a girl or a gent can forget their surroundings when they set down with the book like that 'Famous Loves' book. Gee, George, when I was reading about that brave young Paris stealing a king's wife away and taking her up-state to Troy, it made me wish that some fellow would come me away from my father's roof. Of course it would hurt the old gent a lot, because with my earnings capacity I am the only pillar up home on which they lean on. The old gent wouldn't care if somebody came along and kidnapped Brother Wilfred, because the poor boy

is as far from a job as he has ever been in all his bright young career. It was only last night he nipped father's bank roll for a case note, the old gent has sworn off getting mellow."

"I don't see anything very romantic about stealing the king's wife or any other man's wife," said the Head Barber. "Don't you?" said the Manicure Lady. "Gee, I think it must have been simply grand to have lived in them days and to have been stole by some guy with a little nerve like that Paris fellow. And the book told about Romeo and Juliet. "I was thinking, George, that if I could have a handsome young fellow like Romeo put a ladder up against our front porch and whisper words of love to me I would accept his proposal of marriage and beat down the ladder with him quick

elastic color that we cannot touch or breathe upon—pf!—there is nothing there. Dreamers are fools, out of a drop of ether, colorless, it is true, but very real and material stuff which they can at least possess. Out of this tiny but satisfactory thing they insist on stretching a gorgeous thing that a breath will break."

"Nevertheless," quoth I in return, "I who am so much less wise and who have so much a better time, 'nevertheless, the little kid on the wall is having a better time than you. The bursting of one thin bubble is just nothing. There are countless more in the bowl between her knees. What is the vanishing of one lovely-hued thing when you have the making of endless more? What is the breaking of one little tiny dream of yours when you have the source of countless more in your head and heart? There is the big dream of all—wise man—the bowl—the bowl! Real it is, too—just soap and water. There is the big dream of all, wise man, the head and the heart that are the source of frail and lovely dreams! Real they are, too—red blood and brain. There is where you are poor, m'sieu. You have considered the bubble too deeply, and you haven't the bowl!"

The little black head on the wall went on blowing thin, lovely plank into the spring air, and her eyes were thoughtful enough to make me think she saw child dreams of the things that are to be in their opalescent sides. It looked lots of fun, and it is fun to blow dreams, for without dreams (real dreams are ambitions) where would we be? After all, would we care about a bubble at all if we could hold it in our hand and play with it? For that matter, we can go buy us a big crystal or a pretty marble any day.

before the porch broke.

"Napoleone and Josephine had an awful sweet love, so the book says. The story tells how much that great general loved his queen and how much she loved him until things commenced breaking bad for him and he lost out in that awful retreat from Waterloo and the battle of Bunker Hill, or whatever was the name of that fight he lost to Duke Wellington and his German soldiers. 'These ain't no love like that no more, George.' When a young fellow wants to get married nowadays he starts saving up until he has money enough to buy a house and lot up in the Bronx, and when he proposes and gets turned down he takes the money and loses it playing roulette. There ain't even such love as our fathers and mothers used to have. "Every once and a while when the old gent comes home from todes with his

feet well apart and a kinda balmy look on his map, I can hear him reminding mother of how they used to walk along them lilac-bordered lanes, plighting their troth over and over again. Nobody plights no troths nowadays, George, until the young girl's folks has got a report on the young gent from Dun's and Bradstreet's.

"The more I think about them beautiful old romances which can never be, no more, the more I wish I had lived then instead of now."

"If you're going to keep on harping the way started out this morning," said the Head Barber, "it wouldn't hurt my feelings if you had lived then instead of now, just so I didn't have to live then, too, and be in the same shop with you. Here comes the nervous customer that never likes to hear women talk. Humor him, Kid, humor him."

## The Fall of Veii

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

In the fall of Veii, June 4, B. C. 396, the great historian, Niebuhr, finds "one of the leading events of history." The Etruscan city of Veii, twelve miles from Rome, was in population, wealth and warlike energy on a par with the city by the Tiber, and between the two places there was war for 200 years.



Early in the great game for the mastery Veii brought Rome dangerously near the brink of destruction. The Veientes actually camped on the Janiculum, crossed the Tiber and destroyed the harvests about the very walls of the city. Between the two cities there were fourteen wars, or, to be more exact, there was one war of 200 years' duration with fourteen brief armistices.

In this long struggle the pendulum swung back and forth, victory now being with one side and now with the other. The antagonists were both game and of deadly determination, and when they haunted they would rest a bit and then close for another round.

Finally Rome made up its mind to end the business or be annihilated in the attempt, and under the grim old Camillus, the original "Blood and Iron" man, it went out after Veii with all its might. With their full force the Romans laid siege to the city, and stood up to their work day and night, winter and summer for ten years. The resolution of the Veientes was quite equal to that of their enemies, however, and at last even Roman valor began to grow weary. Still the besiegers held on, and when it began to look the darkest for them they contrived, by stratagem, to gain the coveted prize.

Veii was annihilated. The entire population was put to the sword or sold into slavery. And with the city literally emptied Rome solemnly swore that it should never again be inhabited. It was a clean sweep—grim, remorseless—a terrible illustration of the logic of ancient warfare.

The historical importance of the Fall of Veii is quite sufficient to make it one of the leading events of the great human story. Veii was Rome's first and most formidable rival for political supremacy in the Italian peninsula and, in the whole Mediterranean region, and with Veii out of the way Rome was well started on its way toward the supremacy of the world.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Youthful Folly, Probably. Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a young woman for the last two years and have a sincere desire to make her my wife. I love her dearly, but sometimes I feel discouraged. As very bad habit, I love liberty, but liberty for the girl I love has a limit. She is very fond of kissing games, dances and crazy flirting. The latter has caused me a great deal of pain, for she flirts while in my company, and we quarrel. Her relatives in the States are prejudiced against me, as I am of Italian descent. For this reason, and because she is not of age, we agreed to keep things secret. I would take the girl I love to the church around the corner, but I am afraid of such a creature. Will she respect the most sacred bond (marriage certificate), or use it as a pass to Reno? PETER.

She is very young; a secret engagement is not fair to her, which is to her disadvantage; and her flirtations may have no more serious origin than a childish idea of sport. You must win her parents' consent and your engagement must be made known to them and to her friends. Then, if she continues to flirt, your complaints will have some foundation.

Make Him Prove It.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am engaged to a young lady and 19 years old and would anything she would ask me. But since Christmas her parents have objected to my keeping company with her, all on account of a boy who told a falsehood to hurt us. I love the girl and my love is returned by her. What must I do? Steal her, or go ask for her and get refused. J. P. W. T.

You must not rest under a false accusation, no matter what the result. Prove the young man is false. That must come first with you. Then the rest will be easy.

Don't Let Him Know.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 18 years and in love with a man of 30 years. This man and his friends know that I have never taken me out and he is very nice to me, and always talks of getting married. He doesn't know I love him. Please tell me how I could win his love. A SPANISH GIRL.

Suppose I were to tell you to tell him know of your love. You are only 18 years old, and girls of that age transfer their hearts easily. If you let him know of your love today, the chances are you will love another man tomorrow. Spare yourself humiliation by keeping your love a secret until he asks for it.

Don't Go to Reno.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Is it proper for a girl to speak to a man she has met at a dance and was not introduced to? When you dance with a man and happen to see him, and he speaks, would it be proper to answer? B. W.

A girl should not speak to a man whom she has not been introduced. In the same instance, the man did wrong to dance with a girl he did not know. Such freedom gives him the privilege of greeting her under other circumstances and leaves her without the power to rebuke him.

Don't Do It Again.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going with a girl for five years. She lives four and one-half miles from me. I love her above all others, but I sometimes take some other girl out for pastime. My friend says she doesn't get angry at me, but it hurts her for me to do that way. What am I to do? I like to be with other girls now and then. I am intending to make this girl my wife, as she has given her consent. I am DISTRACTED. This girl has been waiting for you five years, and such faithfulness deserves better treatment than a divided attention. The money you spend on the other girls should be saved for her, and the time of your wedding day hastened. Please treat her with more consideration.