



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Choosing a Hat and a Husband

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By Nell Brinkley



Nell Brinkley Says

Through the mossy-carpeted, scented temple, where hats are lifted tenderly and deftly on and off of fair heads and dark, I strolled, the gentle cynic beside me, with on bright eye open for an autumn hat for me, myself.

All about the outer edges of the temple glass cases rose, filled with vari-colored chapeaux on their slender stands, like so many bright storks standing on one leg. Out in the green open of the temple two-faced mirrors stood about, each with a tiny gilt and mahogany chair before it.

Tall women, slender as race horses; short ones, round and plump as partridges, all clad in trailing, ankle-binding black, insinuated themselves softly

about, carrying meltingly perfect little hats on three fingers, their faces spread with the expression of a slave bearing his master's pet jewel in his hand. We walked slowly and at last stood still behind a little beauty of a woman who twisted and turned on a mahogany and gilt chair under countless hats that were lowered to and lifted in swift succession from her head.

Oh, la; such a weighty matter was this! Here was good, honest labor and thought spent recklessly! The race horse saleslady in black charouse searched and worked desperately and absorbedly. The girl on the chair, brown-eyed, golden-haired, sought out her image in the mirror

under a myriad of hats at endless angles! Old Time trod swiftly by, and at last—at last, the little lady rose honestly.

"I must," she said, "I must think it over. I like this little blue one, but I must go home and think it over!" There was smiling and bowing and the lady of the startling brown and gold face-coloring was gone.

The gentle cynic turned and smiled wryly.

"Look at that, pray, mademoiselle! That reminds me, because it is so different, of the fashion in which that same careful little lady will go out and take unto herself a husband! Of course, sometimes a woman walks out of a temple of millinery

with a fright on her head, just as she leaves the church door with a fright by her side. But in the first mistake it isn't because she didn't spend time and gray matter on it!

"See, now, this little lady. She worked like a little tow-head, using time, patience, all her brain, her judgment, her artistic sensibilities. She didn't stop at one. She tried two dozen on the top of her gilt head. And now—she has gone home to 'think it over.'

"How will it be when she takes a mate? He will probably pick up her wisp of a handkerchief on the train between here and Chicago, they will look at once into each other's eyes and the next day

there will be a wedding and their pictures in the paper. She'll never know if he's becoming to her style of disposition until after she has him. She'd never in a thousand years walk out with the first hat that ravished her eye. She goes home to 'think it over.' But she walks off with the first man who touches her heart. And it's after that she 'thinks it over.'

"Tell me why that is—when the hat may be chucked into the yesterday's when this season is over—and a husband lasts forever!"

So I have made a picture of it for the cynic's delectation. If he is right or not I do not know.

Mysteries of Science and Nature

Our Own Five Senses Are Simply Windows Looking Out of the Sphere of Ignorance—We May Develop Others.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Imagine an intelligent being fastened at the center of a hollow sphere, suspended in the air and having five small openings, or windows, giving unconnected glimpses of the world outside.

One of the windows overhead affords him a view of a patch of blue sky across which clouds sometimes drift, and at certain times in the year the blinding sun passes over it, while almost every night he sees a stream of stars moving slowly across it.

Another, opening in the side of the sphere, enables him to see a part of a large tree whose leaves and branches are occasionally shaken by the wind, and as the seasons change the leaves turn red or yellow and fall off, to reappear some months later.

A third window, at the bottom of the sphere, shows him a piece of ground covered with sand or gravel; a fourth, not far from the third, reveals a portion of a lawn of grass; and the fifth looks out upon a body of water, but does not disclose its shores.

The imprisoned being not only notices the succession of day and night, but the difference between winter and summer, for snow sometimes covers the patches of ground beneath him and ice forms upon the water.

Now, suppose that the prisoner had no knowledge of the world around him except as he can obtain by looking through his five little windows and reasoning upon what he sees. He will then be in a situation that resembles that of men and women shut up in the sphere of ignorance that is pierced by the windows of their five senses.

If he had a complete series of windows affording connected views of the outer world all around and above and below, he could form a correct idea of the form of that world and the relations of its various parts. But, as it is, he would

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them with the Othine Prescription.

This prescription for the removal of freckles was written by a prominent physician and is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by The Beaton Drug Co., also any of Sherman & McConnell Drug Co.'s stores under an absolute guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength othine; it is this that is sold to the money-back guarantee.

When Love is Faithless

By DOROTHY DIX.

A young girl who has loved not wisely, but too well, and who has been cast aside like a broken plaything by the man who has done her so terrible a wrong, asks me what she should do under the tragical circumstances.

My answer is, forget it all. Put the past behind you, and refuse to let your thoughts enter the door that you have locked upon your dark secret. Never let a word concerning what has happened pass your lips to anybody, but climb back into the straight and narrow path off of which you have taken a single step, and let your bitter experience be a lamp to guide your feet in the future.

Above all, have nothing to do with the unprincipled scoundrel who has taken such a shameful advantage of your youth and innocence and ignorance. Do not humiliate yourself by beseeching him to come back to you, or entreat him to marry you. He will not do it, and if he did do it, it would bring you nothing but lifelong misery. Such a man is a brute. He is lacking alike in heart and honor, and all considerations for a woman, and he would use his knowledge of the indiscretion into which he lured you to torture you as long as you live.

It is a terrible thing—a thing so pitiful that it would make the very angels weep, for a girl to have wrecked her life when she is only 17 years old, but the only thing that she can do that really helps is to gather up the fragments in silence and as secretly as possible.

Under such circumstances there are parents who sometimes force a man to marry the girl, to do what they call "right the wrong he has done her." This is a fatal mistake. It only makes a bad matter worse, and dooms the girl to certain misery, as it puts her completely in the power of a dastard who has already shown how little regard he has for her happiness and honor.

Sometimes the girl wrecks a bloody reprisal on the man who betrayed her, but what a price she pays for that one mad minute of satisfied vengeance! The horrors of a murder trial, even when a sentimental jury acquits a woman, are not to be told.

They belong to the inferno, and the soul that passes through it comes out maimed and seared beyond all power of healing. The woman whose hands are stained with blood is a creature apart, a thing accursed, one who goes shuddering through the world and from whom all other women draw away their skirts as from a leper. The woman who kills to avenge her wrong kills also her every chance of ever being happy.

Sometimes the woman takes her wrong into the court and seeks to soothe the hurt her honor feels with money. It takes a woman of coarse fibre to do this and to bazon her shame to the public for the sake of a few dollars. There are many times when money comes too dearly, and this is one. One would think

Queer Laws About Women

By WINIFRED BLACK.

"Oh," cried the little boy, "oh, the devil is whipping his wife."

"My," sighed the little girl, "my, I wish his wife would get her turn and whip him for a change, I'm sure he needs it."

I looked from the narrow window into the wide world and saw the little brown boy and the little girl running to get in out of the rain, and the sun was shining gloriously at the same time; so then I knew what the little boy meant about the whipping.

I wonder if poor Mrs. Bad Man ever does get her turn, and give that wicked husband of hers a good beating once in a while? Or does he live in North Carolina—and must she stand whatever he does without one whimper of protest? North Carolina—don't you know about it? I didn't either, till I went there and then I found it out. I saw a notice in the paper one day.

"Whereas," said the notice, "whereas, my wife, Mary B. and So, has left my bed and board without my permission; I hereby enjoin all persons to refrain from giving aid, comfort or employment to said wife under extreme penalty of the law."

I laughed; "what a medieval gump," I thought, "I wonder if he wears a tin coat and a helmet."

I spoke to a lawyer about it, he didn't laugh at all. "That man isn't a gump," said the lawyer, "he's just a brute—and he can do it—in this state."

"Do what?" I quavered in amazement.

"Have you looked up or fined for giving his runaway wife a cup of tea or asking her to stay all night, or giving her a floor to scrub, and paying her for it. That woman is that man's wife. She belongs to him like the rest of his live stock. If you find her running away, you must corral her and give her back,

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

You Talk Like a Man.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a girl 21 years of age and I am 19 and have a good position and am able to take care of a wife. She loves me and I love her, so, do you think I am too young to be in love, as I am thinking of making her my wife? So, I would like your advice, as she is always speaking of marriage.

ANXIOUS

You are not too young to be in love, but 19 is rather young for a man to marry. You say you are in position to support her, which would indicate that you are older than your years, and are a good deal of a man after all.

But why not wait just two years? Be-

Father of Phrenology

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The first public notice of the "Father of Phrenology" appeared in Wieland's "Dutch Mercury," one hundred and fifty-two years ago, August 14, 1761.

Gall was a practicing physician of Vienna and early in his career he became a firm believer in the idea that the talents and disposition of men are dependent upon the functions of the brain; and, furthermore, that they may be interfered with perfect exactitude and precision from the external appearances of the skull.

Gall was an able man; he set forth his theory in a graphic, unobscure manner, and in a very brief period he had all Europe at the top notch of excitement. The idea spread like wildfire, and in all grades of society people were discussing "the greatest of all discoveries." The new theory had to meet the customary opposition from the custodians of truth and the preservers of morality, but the opposition only increased the popularity of the theory, and Gall's celebrity increased by leaps and bounds. His lectures were interdicted, and he was threatened with the direst penalties unless he ceased his "immoral and atheistical" teachings; but he kept on with his prophecies, visiting all the large towns of Germany and the Continent, and by 1800 all Europe was interested in the Vienna doctor.

It is not meant that phrenology was altogether false, and that it served no good purposes in its day. There was a soul of truth in it, and it did well in calling men's attention to the fact that there is such a thing as natural law, with which it is dangerous to trifle, and against which it is foolish to pray or protest. In the natural philosophy of the time to come there will be a most honorable mention of the work that was done by Franz Joseph Gall, the Father of Phrenology.

RESINOL STOPS BABY'S ECZEMA

Relieves Itching Instantly and Soon Clears Away All Eruption.

There would be fewer babies tortured and disfigured by eczema, fewer mothers worn out by constant worry and loss of sleep, and fewer lives made miserable by skin troubles that have perished since infancy, if every woman only knew about Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap.

Simple baths with Resinol Soap and a little Resinol Ointment spread on the tortured skin, stop the itching instantly, and quickly and permanently clear away the eruption. And the Resinol treatment is so pure, gentle and absolutely harmless, that it can be used with perfect safety on baby's tender skin. Doctors have prescribed Resinol regularly for eighteen years, and thousands of babies owe their skin health to it. Every druggist sells Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap. "Trafalgar"; Dept. 18-P, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.