

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Her Husband

-AND-

Her Cousin

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: My husband has always been devoted to me, but now a cousin of mine has come to live near us and she is one of those flattering kind; she never sees my husband without having something to say about how nice he looks or how smart she heard he was and the other day right before me she said: "I certainly am proud of my handsome cousin." And I didn't know which way to look, such talk makes me feel so foolish. The worst of it is my husband acts as if he liked it, and I know he likes her, and he told me yesterday that he wished I'd study to be as pleasant as my cousin. I am heart broken. What shall I do?

BAD WIFE.

Heart broken, you with such an easy problem as that to solve?

Well, my dear, pick up the pieces of that heart of yours, no matter how far away they flew when they broke, and mend your heart right up again, this very day. Of course, he likes to be flattered. Who doesn't, pray tell?

And he is good looking and clever, too. Well, don't let any other woman tell him of either of these two facts often than you do. Handsome, is he, and she's proud of her good looking cousin? Well, I'd be proud of my good-looking husband and I'd say so, too. Why didn't you say so right then and there? Why didn't you say, "Cousin, I'm glad you appreciate my John. I'm so proud of him myself sometimes I'm afraid I'm foolish." And you'd have seen John's eyes light up, and John would have looked at you and not at cousin at all.

One of the flattering kind is she? Well, I'd be so much more flattering than she could ever hope to be that she wouldn't know which way to turn.

Your John is all right. Just tell him so over and over again, three times a day if necessary, and don't let any little pusspot of a cousin take him away from you right before your very eyes because she can be more agreeable to him than you can.

Was there anything in the wedding ceremony that told you to stop saying nice things to John the minute the wedding ring began to be a bit tight on your chubby little finger? You let him see plainly enough that you thought him handsome and quick-witted and courageous and honest, too, didn't you? Well, why not go on in the same way?

What was a man will keep him nine times out of ten.

Were you smiling and pretty and light-hearted before you married John? Well, that's what he chose you for. Keep that way or how can you blame him for looking quite steadily at a cousin who appears to be somewhat that sort of girl herself?

Get away from cousin? Dread to see her coming? Cry when she's gone, send John about her? Dear, dear, what a foolish little woman to be sure.

Have cousin at the house—have her there morning, noon and night. Get her to flatter John before visitors, smile indulgently at some of her most obvious faults, refer to her, ask her opinion of men, of women, of books, of foods, make John think you think cousin is the greatest human being alive. Some time when you know John is going to be really tired, ask cousin home to dinner, be busy about the house when she comes and send John in to entertain her; don't help him out, make him sit up and look pleasant though he's dying for a pipe and his cake cut, have cousin stay late; the sleeper John gets the better for you; make John take her home, way home, not just to the car; insist upon it, and when John comes home be glad to see him and tell him you hated to send him away with cousin, but she always expects men to wait on her and she might think, "Gee, John's cousin for breakfast, dinner and supper, smile and nod and be nice than ever cousin dared to be and watch results; you'll see, you'll see men are grown up boys you know, just grown up boys after all; see if John doesn't turn out to be one, in the case of cousin."

Mother's Advice To Her Daughter

A Real Live Doll to Fondle Is Woman's Greatest Happiness.



One of the most important matters about which women concern themselves is their future status as a grandmother. And she is wisdom itself who knows of or learns of that famous remedy, Mother's Friend. This is an external application for the abdominal muscles and breasts. It certainly has a wonderful influence, always all fear, imbalances all pain, is a most grateful encouragement to the young, expectant mother, and permits her to go through the period happily in mind, free in body and she declines to anticipate woman's greatest happiness as nature intended she should.

The action of Mother's Friend makes the muscles firm, pliant and responsive to expansion. Thus all strain and tension upon the nerves and ligaments is avoided, and in place of a period of discomfort and occasional dread, it is a season of calm repose and joyful anticipation.

There is no nausea, no morning sickness, no nervous twitching, none of that constant strain known to so many women, hence Mother's Friend is really one of the greatest blessings that could be devised.

This splendid and certain remedy can be had of any druggist at \$1.00 a bottle, and is sure to prove of inestimable value, not only upon the mother, but upon the health and future of the child. Write to Bradfield Regulator Co., 132 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for their book to expectant mothers.

Drawn For The Bee
The best newspaper artists of the country contribute their best work for Bee readers.

History Repeats Itself

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By Nell Brinkley



Adam and Eve.

Read the stories of lorn lovers, and you know, when you finish, the history of the world! For they follow the fortunes of this old green earth from beginning to end—and what they did and said in the Garden of Eden, in the Iceland of Laila the Lucky, in the sounding halls of the Baxon kings, in the Red Palace of Duke Balthasar at Luna, in the old southern days "before the war," they do and say just now!

And the little dialogue that links them close—across the seas and land, across the centuries of change—lovers with lovers, is just this: "No, you don't!" "Yes, I do!" "No, you don't love me!" "Yes, I do love you!"



Antony and Cleopatra.

Lovers have always held a certain sweet delight in scrapping about which loved each other the most, and most times it is the girl who starts something, by that putting, "No, you don't!" Perhaps it's just to hear how extravagantly and with what wonderful variations he can say the "Yes, I do."—Aucassin and Nicolette, those poor Norman youngsters, quarreled woefully over just that.

Eve pouted and a silvery tear ran over her pinky cheek while she twisted her body like a youngster saying a piece and pulled flower-heads off. And she said, "No, you don't." And Adam, at his wit's end, called the Angel at the gate to witness that he did.

Cleopatra, in a black mood, her purplish eyes aflame crouched in



The Modern Man and Maid.

her gilt and emerald throne, the purplish-red of the grape-deepening in her dusky cheek, and would not look at Antony! And, in a passion, cried, like just any other woman, "No, you don't!" And Antony—mad Antony—frantically bended close to look in her face and told her in the honeyed tongue that must have been the interpreter of so reckless and tormented a love as his. "Yes, I do!"

On a park bench in spring, summer or autumn—or even in winter—you may slip up behind a girl and a fellow with the little bag of charity for the squirrels between them, and hear the same gloomy, "No, you don't!" and the fervent, "Yes, I do!"

NELL BRINKLEY.

Science

When Man Had First Began to Think and the Race Had Set Out at Last on Its Genius Destiny

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

If I were a poet—and it is perhaps fortunate for the reader that I have not the gift of rhyme and meter—I should certainly try to sing the glories of the great Aurignacian Age, when primitive man first essayed his genius in the production of works of art and when the human imagination began to trust its wings.

There are, no doubt, many thousands of readers who have never heard of these wonderful ancestors of ours, the Aurignacians. I must, then, explain who they were and when they lived.



To find them we have to go back so far that, from the point of view which they occupied, the greatness of Babylonia and Egypt, with which recorded history begins, was hidden far beneath the horizon of coming time. The space of time stretching between them and the days when Joseph was sold by his brethren, is a hundred times longer than which separates us from the age of the Pharaohs!

History, as we know it, is only a little islet in the ocean of geological time, and when we have gone back to the uttermost recesses of the aeons with which we have hardly begun perceptibly nearer to the immensely longer island of time that was occupied by the Aurignacians and their predecessors. It lies away off beyond the mists and the waves, invisible to the historian with his myopic eyes, but perceptible to the telescopic vision of the "prehistorian," who employs the magic lenses of geologic science.

This distance cannot be measured in centuries, those trifling yard-sticks of history, and we can only say that its span covers hundreds of thousands of years. The great glacial ages that have in succession swept over the earth form the swaying pendulum which marks the dawn of human existence on the earth. Even the Aurignacians lived far this side of the dawn. Man's first distinct separation from his ape and monkey relatives occurred probably a million years back of the Aurignacian epoch. All the vast space of intervening time was required for the slow development of the brain and the birth of his intellect.

I refer again to what I have before briefly told here about the six great epochs of pre-history. First was the

Chellean epoch, when man had not yet developed chin, and when their beesting brows and projecting jaws recalled the facial charms of the gorilla.

Then came the Acheulian epoch, when they began, more skilfully, to chip flint for tools and weapons of the rudest kind, and had become, perhaps, a little handsomer.

Next succeeded the Mousterian epoch, in which a little advance was made along the same lines, while a certain degree of skill was developed in the fashioning of bones instead of flint into tools and weapons.

And then came the great Aurignacian epoch, which, in the light of recent discoveries, seems to me one of the most glorious in the entire career of humanity.

The interest that one takes in it is akin to that which we feel in the first dawning of intelligent action in a child. The Aurignacian was the typical man-child. With him homo primigenius changed into homo sapiens—the man-brute became the man-thinker.

Aurignacian man, says a great archaeologist, was of a different type, both physically and mentally, from his Mousterian predecessor.

He vastly improved the rude work of his forebears in flint and bone, but his great claim to admiration rests upon the fact that he was the first artist. He gave rein to his imagination. He saw the world around him with a comprehending glance, and left in stone, in bone, in ivory, in rock carvings and in colored

paintings representations of what his eyes beheld and of what his fancy pictured in his brain, and these representations have lasted through all the intervening ages in the shelter of forgotten caves and under the cover of stalagmitic deposits of limestone, which have formed over them with infinite slowness and gentleness, as if purposely to preserve them for our delight and instruction.

I would sing the praise of Aurignacian man especially because he recognized the superiority of woman as a model for artistic representation. He had his Venuses, and he carved their figures in ivory and in stone. The "Venus of Brassempouy," a statuette in ivory, which gets its name from the place where it was found in France, and the "Venus of Willendorf," a limestone statuette found in Germany, are not, of course, comparable with the marble Greek Venuses in our museums, but, with all their archaic rudeness and simplicity, they show the dawning genius of true art.

There is a river valley in southwestern France, the valley of the Vézère, where a great group of the caverns inhabited by Aurignacian man exists, and Prof. MacCurdy has said of it that it was "the Paris of the antique world," where the arts flourished to a remarkable degree.

But just as the age of Pericles was succeeded by an era of comparative barbarism and war, so the Aurignacian epoch was followed by a period of decline, the Solutrean epoch, when the arts were relatively neglected and an extraordinary development of warlike inventions occurred. The Solutrean arrow-head and spear-point of flint absorbed the inventive genius of the new race and reached a wonderful stage of perfection. The Solutreans were not artistic, but practical, and they redeemed themselves by the invention of bone needles with eye-holes for thread.

They were followed by the men of the Magdalenian epoch, who revived the arts of the Aurignacians and improved them until they produced in their cavern homes wall pictures which exhibit so much play of fancy and so great a command of rude technique that, looking upon them today, we can share the emotions of those who stood admiringly before them so long ago that the reindeer was then a common inhabitant of central and southern Europe.

I recall, particularly, a picture found in a Spanish cavern, representing nine women dancing around a lone man, and which was so manifestly conceived in a spirit of caricature that the laughter that it excites seems an echo of the merriment that rang around it when that cavern was a model of the finest homes that man then possessed—a very salon of art.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Bobbie, sed Pa, last nite, the richest man in this county is cumming ower to the hotel to have dinner with us tonight. I met him last nite ower at the lodge. He rules this littel town with a rod of iron, Pa sed. In the short summer that we have been staying here I know of a dozen mortgages which he has foreclosed, sed Pa. He is a grand old sport, decidedly not. The only reason I asked him ower was so you cud studdy him & try to be as different wen you grow up as you can possibly be.

Jest then the rich old man calm. His name is Mister Stone & wen I seen him I thought it was a good name for him. He was thin & mean looking & his eyes looked like the eyes of a big fish. He looked as if he would like to mak everybody suffer. Me & Ma didnt like him & he didnt like us.

I always eat at this hotel wen I am invited here, he sed to us. They always wait on me, you bet, becaus I own the place & sum of these days I will have the landlird & his family out in the street.

How nice, sed Ma. How thoughtful of you.

You bet, sed Mister Stone. Peepul have got to tote fair with me, or I set down on them good and hard. I suppose his wife will snivel wen I put them out, sed Mister Stone, but I am used to hearing wimmen snivel & I ain't no tenderkin.

I never liked to hear a woman cry sed Pa. I know there must have been a lot of wimmen cried wen I married, but I coudnt help that unless I moved to Utah, Pa sed. Pa was trying to keep everything jolly. I guess he was afraid Ma wd bawl out his rich friend.

We are going to stay in your littel village all of September & October, sed Ma. I think those two months is the jullest months in the year, when all the leaves is gold & crimson & the sky seems so soft & tender.

That is the time I git most of my munny, sed Mister Stone. You bet I git after them farmers wen they sell there crops. I have to watch them up, too. Some of them will do you if you dont watch them until you git every cent and the interest. Sum of them complain becaus the crops is poor, but that ain't my fault, sed Mister Stone. Is it my fault if the crops is bad? Do I mark them that way? he asked Ma.

You can't, but I think if you had your way you wd, sed Ma. I cud see that Ma was awful sore at Mister Stone.

I am going out hunting tomorrow with Len Molloway, sed Pa. Maybe you wd like to cum along.

Not me sed Mister Stone. I dont have no time for such foolishness. I wdnt trust that Holloway now. I wdnt him and his no good family out of one of my houses last winter, he sed & it would be jest like him to fill my hide full of bird shot. You bet, I know who my enemies are, he sed.

You must have a very rec-tentive memory, sed Ma. Dont you ever feel kind of ashamed of yourself wen you are alone at nite. Dont you ever wonder if you wdnt have been happier if you hadnt always been so hard with peepul. All I want is my just due, sed Mister Stone.

Woman's Thoughts About Women

By DOROTHY DIX

Man's vanity is woman's opportunity. There are women who have all the virtues and none of the amenities of life. The white woman's burden is trying to be beautiful though ugly.

The one compensation of poverty is the line that it gives you on your friends.

The truth about her age lies at the roots of a woman's hair.

The soft-hearted woman is the world's pincushion.

Homelessness in woman is the first aid to virtue.

No women are so self-righteous as those who have never been tempted.

When a woman wishes to give another woman a cat scratch she says, "How well you are looking. You must have gained ten pounds since I saw you last."

The wife and mother who is indispensable to her family has yet to be born.

There are two secrets that every woman can keep—her age, and what bait she used in catching her husband.

The most valuable talent that any woman can possess is to be born with the ability to weep without getting her nose red.

A woman loves a man for what he is. A man loves a woman for what he imagines her to be.

Many a woman asks her husband for the bread of love, and he gives a tombstone.

Only fools laugh at the spectacle of a woman cooing and kissing a dog or a canary bird. The wise weep over the

poverty of a heart that has nothing better on which to expend itself.

The difference between a child that is an imp and one who has a wonderful, inquiring mind is the difference between mire and thine.

Nature has not given every old her brains to understand the swan she has hatched out.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Don't Do It. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am twenty years old and took a very fond liking for a girl of 18 years. I told her I would like to keep company with her. She told me that she is keeping company with another. How can I gain her love, and would it be right to tell her to part from her present lover and keep company with me? J. R.

You asked her to keep company with you and she refused. If she were older, and I was satisfied of your sincerity, I would urge you to renew your attentions. But a girl of 18 years is too young to have one lover, let alone having two, and my highest hope for her is that she will refuse the other man also.

What is Their Reason? Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 22 years old and engaged to a young man the same age. At first my folks consented to him, now they object. He offered to break the engagement, although he loves me dearly. I am so discouraged and don't know what to do. If we parted, it would be right to tell her to part from her present lover and keep company with me? H. R. K. E. S. T. E. D.

Your parents, after sanctioning your friendship for four years, and approving of your engagement, owe you some reason for this sudden change of heart.

Insist on having it, and treat their objection with respect. Don't lose your temper, and don't harbor the notion that they don't love you. I am sure if you get together in a sane, sensible fashion, their objections may be overcome.

Girls! Clean and Beautify Your Hair; No More Dandruff--25-cent Danderine

Try this! Makes hair soft, glossy, fluffy, abundant—Stop washing the hair with soap.

Surely try a "Danderine Hair Cleanse" if you wish to immediately double the beauty of your hair. Just moisten a cloth with Danderine and draw it carefully through your hair, taking one strand at a time, this will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or any excessive oil—in a few minutes you will be amazed. Your hair will be wavy, fluffy and abundant and possess an incomparable

softness, luster and luxuriance. Besides beautifying the hair, one application of Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff, invigorates the scalp, stopping itching and falling hair. Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. It exfoliates, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful. You can surely have pretty, soft, lustrous hair, and lots of it, if you will just get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and try it as directed.