

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The New Hat That You Can't Afford

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

It's such a pretty hat, and you want it so dreadfully, and it costs more than you can possibly afford, and they'll let you have it a dollar down and a dollar a week. Ought you to get it?

Well, honey, that depends on the hat—and on you. Are you sure you're so dead in love with that hat? What is there about it that is so charming, so perfectly irresistible? The way the bow perks up in the back? Maybe there's another over a black that has exactly the same effect, and is cheap enough so you can really afford it. Why don't you try and see? The colors are so very becoming! Will they be as pretty as they are now when you have worn it a tons or so? Will they be all faded and drabby before you have half paid for it? And when are you going to wear it—to the picture shows and Sunday—or down town to work?

Maybe you looked unusually pretty the day you tried it on, and any old hat would have looked just as sweet as that one.

Wait a day or so, Honey. Wait a day or so. The collector won't wait! Once you have taken the hat home—no one will be waiting. Rain or shine, sick or well, hot or cold, rent-day or no rent-day, he'll be there after his dollar, and you'll have to have that dollar ready for him or have a scene—and no hat.

Monday comes so fast when the collector is coming with the day—haven't you ever noticed that? Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday—why you seem to skip right over the rest of the week, don't you? How about shoes for fall, and a warm coat—you wouldn't look sweet in even that love of a hat, with a purple nose and blue cheeks, would you?

Want to look pretty? Why, of course, you do. Why shouldn't you—who doesn't? A girl doesn't have to live in Riverside Drive to be human, does she? I'll warrant you are the prettiest little thing in the store.

I can just see you—wide, laughing eyes, bluish rose cheeks, red lips and such a slender little swaying waist—why, anything would look pretty on that mass of ripples and curls. Beauty? Of course, you have beauty. What are such girls as you for but to have beaux—lots of 'em—a long line of them.

If you want them and no harm is done, dream as prettily as you can, be as gay as you know how, be good and be sensible, too, and then you'll be really happy.

Oh! No, all the smart girls aren't sensible and all the smart girls are not good, either—don't imagine I think they are. Look at them at the theater some time, and you can tell that; some of them are as pretty as you are and some are a little prettier; some are good and some are bad—and some wear clothes that they can't afford, and some would be pleased to have half as many sincere friends as you have, Little Miss Workaday—all kinds—the rich girls, just like the poor girls—all kinds. You be the good kind, the wise kind, and the kind who isn't trembling at the sound of every step for fear of the collector. But still, is it so awfully pretty? And do you long for it so bitterly? Well, then, you work early and late, don't you? Have just this one thing that you really want so badly—if for nothing else than to find out how well you would have done without it—let her once.

Dear little wistful one, I wish I had a milliner's shop. I'd give you the hat and be glad to do it; but maybe you'd better pay for it week-by-week—yourself—and then, do write and tell us how it all turned out.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Marry Her First.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in business with my father, who is wealthy, and also in love with a girl of whom my parents disapprove because of the poverty of her family. They have no other objections. My father says he will disinherit me if I marry her. I have \$500 of my own and want to go somewhere else and start in business for myself, for I will not give up the girl. She wants to go with me and help make our fortune. Shall we marry now and go together, or shall I leave her till my fortune is made? QUANDARY.

First get some definite notion of where you intend to go and what you intend to do when you get there. Your present business prominence will assist you in this. Then marry the girl and take her with you, making up your mind when you do it that love will recompense you for all the privations you are facing. I am sure you will find the extreme west a good place for a beginning, but you will have very little of that \$500 left when you get there.

He Is Not Too Old.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 19 and am deeply in love with my sister's widower who has two children who have been put away in a home and who love me very dearly. He is living with us, and my people object very highly to my speaking with him, much more to my wedding him, thereby causing a great disturbance in my home. He is fourteen years my senior. EDNA.

If their objections are based solely on his seniority they are not worth considering.

Was he a good husband to your sister? Is he a good business man? Are his morals good? If he is the right sort of man it seems to me it would prove a good match for you, and mean happiness for his toothless children.

Wait For Love.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 22 and am friendly with a man considerably older than I. I do not love him, but he has a good business, and I know if I marry him I would be comfortable. He has asked me to become his wife. A READERS.

I am in a position where I can do just about anything I want to do, and I do not want to marry a man who is not worth anything. I will wait until I find a man who is worth anything. I will wait until I find a man who is worth anything. I will wait until I find a man who is worth anything.

"My Own Beauty Secrets" By Anna Held

No. 3—The Correct Way to Bathe

(Heading: "Anna Held's All Star Variete Jubilee," Under Management of John Cort.)
Copyright, 1913, International News Service.

Do you bathe?
But, of course, yes—and I suppose you are very angry with me for asking such a question.

Well, I shall put it more definitely now—do you bathe correctly? Do you actually understand the art of keeping clean?

It is not simple at all. Bathing does not merely mean entering a tub of water or allowing a shower to play over you.

Bathing means setting the skin aglow through proper exercises, through proper use of the bath and through proper enriching and cleansing of the blood.

Monday comes so fast when the collector is coming with the day—haven't you ever noticed that? Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday—why you seem to skip right over the rest of the week, don't you? How about shoes for fall, and a warm coat—you wouldn't look sweet in even that love of a hat, with a purple nose and blue cheeks, would you?

Want to look pretty? Why, of course, you do. Why shouldn't you—who doesn't? A girl doesn't have to live in Riverside Drive to be human, does she? I'll warrant you are the prettiest little thing in the store.

I can just see you—wide, laughing eyes, bluish rose cheeks, red lips and such a slender little swaying waist—why, anything would look pretty on that mass of ripples and curls. Beauty? Of course, you have beauty. What are such girls as you for but to have beaux—lots of 'em—a long line of them.

If you want them and no harm is done, dream as prettily as you can, be as gay as you know how, be good and be sensible, too, and then you'll be really happy.

Oh! No, all the smart girls aren't sensible and all the smart girls are not good, either—don't imagine I think they are. Look at them at the theater some time, and you can tell that; some of them are as pretty as you are and some are a little prettier; some are good and some are bad—and some wear clothes that they can't afford, and some would be pleased to have half as many sincere friends as you have, Little Miss Workaday—all kinds—the rich girls, just like the poor girls—all kinds. You be the good kind, the wise kind, and the kind who isn't trembling at the sound of every step for fear of the collector. But still, is it so awfully pretty? And do you long for it so bitterly? Well, then, you work early and late, don't you? Have just this one thing that you really want so badly—if for nothing else than to find out how well you would have done without it—let her once.

Dear little wistful one, I wish I had a milliner's shop. I'd give you the hat and be glad to do it; but maybe you'd better pay for it week-by-week—yourself—and then, do write and tell us how it all turned out.

Maybe you looked unusually pretty the day you tried it on, and any old hat would have looked just as sweet as that one.

Wait a day or so, Honey. Wait a day or so. The collector won't wait! Once you have taken the hat home—no one will be waiting. Rain or shine, sick or well, hot or cold, rent-day or no rent-day, he'll be there after his dollar, and you'll have to have that dollar ready for him or have a scene—and no hat.

Monday comes so fast when the collector is coming with the day—haven't you ever noticed that? Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday—why you seem to skip right over the rest of the week, don't you? How about shoes for fall, and a warm coat—you wouldn't look sweet in even that love of a hat, with a purple nose and blue cheeks, would you?

Want to look pretty? Why, of course, you do. Why shouldn't you—who doesn't? A girl doesn't have to live in Riverside Drive to be human, does she? I'll warrant you are the prettiest little thing in the store.

I can just see you—wide, laughing eyes, bluish rose cheeks, red lips and such a slender little swaying waist—why, anything would look pretty on that mass of ripples and curls. Beauty? Of course, you have beauty. What are such girls as you for but to have beaux—lots of 'em—a long line of them.

If you want them and no harm is done, dream as prettily as you can, be as gay as you know how, be good and be sensible, too, and then you'll be really happy.

Oh! No, all the smart girls aren't sensible and all the smart girls are not good, either—don't imagine I think they are. Look at them at the theater some time, and you can tell that; some of them are as pretty as you are and some are a little prettier; some are good and some are bad—and some wear clothes that they can't afford, and some would be pleased to have half as many sincere friends as you have, Little Miss Workaday—all kinds—the rich girls, just like the poor girls—all kinds. You be the good kind, the wise kind, and the kind who isn't trembling at the sound of every step for fear of the collector. But still, is it so awfully pretty? And do you long for it so bitterly? Well, then, you work early and late, don't you? Have just this one thing that you really want so badly—if for nothing else than to find out how well you would have done without it—let her once.

Dear little wistful one, I wish I had a milliner's shop. I'd give you the hat and be glad to do it; but maybe you'd better pay for it week-by-week—yourself—and then, do write and tell us how it all turned out.

Maybe you looked unusually pretty the day you tried it on, and any old hat would have looked just as sweet as that one.

Wait a day or so, Honey. Wait a day or so. The collector won't wait! Once you have taken the hat home—no one will be waiting. Rain or shine, sick or well, hot or cold, rent-day or no rent-day, he'll be there after his dollar, and you'll have to have that dollar ready for him or have a scene—and no hat.

Monday comes so fast when the collector is coming with the day—haven't you ever noticed that? Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday—why you seem to skip right over the rest of the week, don't you? How about shoes for fall, and a warm coat—you wouldn't look sweet in even that love of a hat, with a purple nose and blue cheeks, would you?

Want to look pretty? Why, of course, you do. Why shouldn't you—who doesn't? A girl doesn't have to live in Riverside Drive to be human, does she? I'll warrant you are the prettiest little thing in the store.

I can just see you—wide, laughing eyes, bluish rose cheeks, red lips and such a slender little swaying waist—why, anything would look pretty on that mass of ripples and curls. Beauty? Of course, you have beauty. What are such girls as you for but to have beaux—lots of 'em—a long line of them.

If you want them and no harm is done, dream as prettily as you can, be as gay as you know how, be good and be sensible, too, and then you'll be really happy.



A Striking Group of Photographs of Miss Held. Posed Exclusively for This Page.

your figure must be flexible, and must respond to your every movement with easy grace.

Physical culture is the simplest form of exercise. Stretch your arms up, down, forward and back to the rhythm of deep breathing. Flex your knees and kick gently and not high enough to strain unused muscles. Bend from your waist—forward, back to the side. Stretch your torso about in circles with the waist as a pivot.

If your heart is quite strong try a little motion as if you were skipping a rope. Then when you are warm and glowing—alive and vital, with every muscle pliable and your blood stimulated to action—leap into your bath. Your whole system will respond to the cleansing loving of the water. You will come out clean and fresh and ready for the day's work.

And now do not spoil your work by indulgence of food. Does coffee make your heart flutter and thump? Are you putting on unhealthy flesh? Then drink tea with lemon. The lemon will be a cleansing factor for your internal system. It is just as important to keep the intestines and digestive tract clean as it is to keep skin and flesh clean. In fact, it is a part of your bathing. If you do not properly digest, assimilate and throw off food it will poison your blood.

If you eat something which sooner or later will get into your system, you must get it out. Baths are a safe way of eliminating the poison from your system. Always make sure that nature is properly caring for your food, and if for some reason she needs help, give it to her. Don't be afraid of salts in moderation.

Properly taken they study bathe and cleanse the system. Keep your blood pure by internal cleanliness. This will aid you in your search for a fine complexion and clear skin and healthy flesh instead of unhealthy and unattractively fat.

For breakfast, I take tea, with lemon and oat biscuits—crackers, I think you

would call them. For lunch I have some grilled meat and a green vegetable or a bit of salad.
Grilled—broiled in the more American word, is it not?—meats are the best. Roasted meats some heat. But stewed, boiled and fried meats are alike indigestible and fattening. Green vegetables cleanse the system—and it is of cleansing we speak.
Carrots are fine for complexion because they are blood cleansers and purifiers. Ah, yes! Little tender carrots are popular with blood, nerves, digestion and

complexion! Let me tell you how I always eat them. You may call them "carrots à l'Anna" if you will be so friendly. Cut them up in little dice and throw them into a saucepan that has butter in it. Add pepper and salt for seasoning and cover the spider so that the raw carrots may cook in the steam of the butter. Don't add water, and don't cook before you begin simmering in the steam and butter. Add them to your menu and add my brain bath to your list of "swims," and I am sure you will feel clean, healthy and glowing.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Copyright, 1913, by Star Company.

A stranger sends me a little booklet, artistically printed, to the memory of Robert Pyne of Hartford, Conn., a veteran in the civil war and a man beloved by all his friends.
A socialist and an editor.

He passed on in May, 1913, after living in this body since March, 1844. M. J. Connelly wrote some verses about the passing of Robert Pyne, and on a very good note.

"Now think the sleep that knows no end."
The correspondent who sends the memorial booklet asks for comment on this line.

He does not believe in "the sleep that knows no end."
He believes so good a man as Mr. Pyne will wake and live again in other realms of consciousness.

Another friend of Mr. Pyne said of him: "What more can I say of our friend, Robert Pyne, than that his highest philosophy is his life? He was a man who embodied and lives in his every day life such philosophy is sorely missed and mourned."
This was the quality of life that Robert Pyne lived.

"We have known him to exemplify it in a thousand ways. While he hated injustice and knew well how to denounce it, yet he had pity for the doer of injustice. This because of the law of his nature and the true vision he had of the causes at work in society making and transforming men into abnormal and immoral things.
"And with their chief end, it would seem, was a tireless compassion one with the other for a mere chance to live."
"There is a lesson in the heart of our sorrow."

For myself, his life signified the possibility that is undeveloped, but potential in our race.

"And, inasmuch as our friend typified this potential goodness of our race, there must be no despairing or ceasing in the effort to change those material conditions now existing in human relations that cause our friend to stand somewhat as an exception, whereas if human environment were right he would but epitomize the majority of the race. For the heart of the human family is desirous of good."

"Kindly in essence and desirous of loving and being loved, if only it might do this without fear."
"But the strife of life—the fight of life—which is the fight of brother against brother for opportunity to live, is no atmosphere in which to grow and foster love, or loving beings. The wonder is that even a few such win to the top."

"Such a one was Robert Pyne—a sign and symbol of the character that all the children of men will yet become. Forgiven of self-loving his fellow-fighting for the weaker side—inciting us and shaming us. He has won to immortality in the hearts of his friends."

"ROBERT A. M'JUNKIN."

Daisy Mayme and Her Folks Doing Without Meat

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE

The absence of the big framed picture of Beatrice De Cent from the parlor wall of the Upward Movement home is at last explained—Daisy Mayme appeared yesterday at a meeting of the Upward Movement club, wearing it for a breakfast.

The little of her face that appeared above the pin and below her hat was enough to convince those who saw her that her heart was heavy and sad. Even the tip of a nose may express its sorrow.

The motive of the Upward Movement club is to reduce household expenses. Instead of staying at home long enough to boil a cheap out of meat till

it is good, the members of this club meet three times a week and denounce the peckers.

The strength of their maternal ancestors devoted to the meat chopper to make tough meat tender, they expend in wielding the gavel.

"They are extremely fashionable, modern and progressive."

Member after member arose and read papers denouncing the meat trust and mourning the deficit a large picture-house leaves in a small salary, and some of the more courageous members advocated marching on the butcher shops at 15 Albany.

Daisy Mayme arose, and the voice that echoed from behind her big hat and bonnet was unutterably sad.

"I wish," she said, "that the names of the Apptition family be dropped from membership of the Upward, Onward Movement club."

"There was a dead silence. She had been its most active member.

"All of our family made a vow at the last meeting," she continued, "that we would do without meat. We have transgressed."

Visions of a tempting, juicy steak floated before the eyes of her audience. Ah, the flesh is weak!

Daisy Mayme read their thoughts. "We fell," she continued, "but not as you are thinking."

"We vowed," here she showed signs of hysteria, for the experience had been fraught with unrest, "that in eating apples and nuts we were eating as much meat in the worms as we had eaten when patronizing the butcher."

She staggered from the room. She felt she must have air.

The members looked at each other. Her confession explained the claim made by dietitians regarding the nutrition found in apples and nuts.

They shook their heads wisely.

Men and Horses

By ELBERT HUBBARD

An attaché of the American embassy in Berlin sends me a circular that is being distributed through the German army. A free translation of the circular is as follows:

"Men and Horses: In the army of the fatherland horses have always played an important part. We owe a great debt to our horses for service, both in times of war and peace."

"And it is hoped that all good soldiers will see to it that the rights of our dumb brothers are respected."

"Our horses are entitled to food, water, bedding and shelter just exactly as a trooper is."

"But beyond this it must be remembered that a horse should not be incited or distressed, either by cruel treatment or vehement language."

"To curse a horse is just as bad as to curse a man."

"Perhaps it is worse, since a man may strike back, but the horse is practically within our power."

"The courage of the horse comes from the courage of the rider. Alone he is timid and nervous. See to it that he is not needlessly alarmed."

"Although a horse cannot express himself, he has a high intelligence."

"Words of encouragement and affection are grateful to him; rough usage and hateful language distress and fight him."

"It is, therefore, ordered that all swearing at horses be considered an offense."

"Vile language toward a horse shall be looked upon henceforth by officers exactly as if the unfit language were applied to a human being."

"Respect and punishment must follow accordingly. OFFICIALS."

"Done at Potsdam, this 24 day of August, 1913."

My friend across the sea, who sends me this circular writes me that it is generally believed that the document was written by the emperor's own hand.

King William is a horseman, a farmer, and a stock raiser. Occasionally he visits farmers' clubs and takes in the discussions on terms of absolute equality with his neighbors.

In any event the circular has his endorsement and approval. In itself it is a trivial thing, simply a printed dodger on cheap paper that is being widely scattered among the cavalry, artillery and drivers of wagons.

But beyond all this it mirrors a world-wide sentiment, and that is that the source of all life is one.

The supreme energy, of which we are a part, takes many forms. Man is the highest manifestation of this energy.

This circular speaks of our "dumb brothers." This surely is a new view of life, and coming from the high source that it does, is worthy of more than a passing glance. Let it not be forgotten that the circular is not issued by a poet or a preacher, and it is not being distributed among women, children and sentimentalists.

It is going to men who are supposed to be rough, rude, crude, violent and destructive. For is not the primal purpose of an army to kill and destroy?

Here we find soldiers being cautioned not to "distress or frighten" dumb brutes. The purpose of the circular is all in the line of protection, conservation and love.

The Boy Scouts are being instructed along similar lines, but who would think of this coming from the world's chief war lord?

And these things being true, is the day so far distant when conscription will be for purposes of conservation, industry and the protection and promotion of the useful arts?

This circular, issued to troops in the Zeppelin, it is a symbol of the spirit of the times. The world is moving, and it is moving in the right direction when a mighty ruler of men uses his influence in behalf of our "dumb brothers."

On Life Hereafter—Answering Query of Writer on Immortality of Robert Pyne. Author Says Life Has No Beginning, Therefore It Can Have No Ending

Surely such a man, who passed suddenly out of the body as a result of an accident, did not so suddenly fall into "a sleep that knows no waking."

Those who have made a deep and profound study of these matters, men such as Sir Oliver Lodge, Flammarion and others of equal brilliancy in other lines of development, believe that even animals do not become extinct through the process of death.

Animals and birds and all created things with affections, continue to live for some period of time at least in the realm which lies close to earth.

All human beings pass through that realm; and those who are quiet on the animal plane linger there for a long period; because they have not developed the higher consciousness which enables them to rise to higher heavens.

But such a man as Mr. Pyne must have found his stay in this first plane a very brief one, because all his thoughts and feelings and desires were for the highest things.

And by such continual thoughts and actions he made a mansion for himself in the Spiritual Realm, where he will reside and where he will associate with great spirits like unto himself, and where he will be given beautiful, helpful work to do until such time as he will be called upon to reincarnate and come back to earth.

It is quite possible that, passing suddenly from his body, as he did, Mr. Pyne was some little time in finding out the fact that he was no longer mortal. He had made for himself, undoubtedly, a high spiritual atmosphere. And he would find himself in a similar one when out of the body.

But to such a spirit as his beautiful

guides would soon come and conduct him to the mansion he had fashioned for himself by his thoughts and words and deeds while on earth, and he would be given rest and peace, and joy, until his active, unselfish spirit called for work.

It is more than probable that he would ask to be given work here on earth; to come back from time to time and cheer and spur and inspire those who were dear to him, and to help in the great work for humanity so close to his heart.

Very unselfish souls are given this employment sometimes, but it is not meant that those on earth should know the details of the methods employed by the spirit friends, for invariably such knowledge would bring a lack of personal endeavor on our part.

If the scholar knows the older pupil or teacher is to give him the answer to his problem he is not inclined to work it out through hard hours of study.

All the older pupil or scholar or teacher is expected to do is to spur him on to new endeavors. And if the pupil begins to grow utterly discouraged or confused, sometimes a suggestion of the right answer to the problem is whispered to him.

So our spirit guides, who come back at times to help us, whisper to us, but not too audibly, lest we ask for more information and help than would be well for us to receive.

Quite possibly to the poet himself who wrote that objectionable line in his memory, the spirit of Robert Pyne whispers now and then:

"No, there is no sleep that knows no end."
Life had no beginning and it has no end.