# The Bees-Home - Magazine - Page

#### What Those Old Maids Will Think

By ADA PATTERSON.

A home for old maids is building at York, Pa., according to the deathbed wish of a dying spinster. She bequeathed nearly \$500,000 for the purpose. It isn't an almshouse, neither a home for incurables. The lone

woman with her dying breath insisted that neither paupers nor ineane should be there sheltered. woman to whom small sum remains can go to the home and enjoy the society of her kind without the odlum of ac-

cepting charity. This nearly \$500 .-000 retreat is in a town of revolutionary memories on the banks of the

Susquehanna river, near Harrisburg. It is near the site considered for the location of the national capital. Had not the commission appointed in the late years of the seventeen hundreds believed the capital should be a river port there would stand a capital where is the Old Maids' home and instead of feminine voices lifted in sprightly gossip brazen lunged statesmen would be megaphoning their views of tariff revision, and our strained relations with Mexico. But the Susquehanna not being navigable to that point we have Washington instead of York as a goal for bridal pilgrimages and ambitious politicians. But while no national issues will ever

be settled there it will be interesting to know what will be the thoughts expressed or kept under lock of slience of these residents of the Hahn home. For will not be officially called the Old Maids' home. The founder factfully provided against that by giving it a noncommittal surname, a rugged German name that committed the inmates to no policy nor platform. Perhaps she had herself in the long years of her single life winced at the name of "old maid." Not at the title, though that is hardly correct, the word maid always carring the idea of youth, but at the manner of its utterance. Plainly whoever used the term "old maid" meant "you've missed a husband." The term is being dropped. It ought to go to the brush heap of disused words because it is an inaccuracy and for the better reason that it was invented to convey reproach where there is no reproach. Instead of having missed a husband, old maids have generally escaped

Doubtless the thoughts of the silverhaired women who spend their twilight days in the Hahn home will often focus upon the founder. They will rejoice that Miss Anna Louise Gardner never married and great will be their rejoiding as that of the old tars at Sallors' Bnug Harbor on Staten Island, New York, who sincere, though sometimes, from habit, profune, thanks that one maid was fickle. Had not the maid been fickle there the beau of old Manhattan would have married and, had he married his thoughts would not have turned to the homeless men of the sea and to providing a home for them. If Miss Gardner had become Mrs. Somebody, there would if it is not transmitted. She may reflect ful care-free years prepared by her for that most of us strike a balance in our the solitary women. Gardner worshipped an idol and dis- its level and the level for some may be was a strong individualist who preferred will leave off staring questions at the the Hahn home will rejoice and be ex- so within to firelighter content.

ceedingly glad that she remained in the

Then as thoughts of humons do, their thoughts will come back to themselves. They will review the years of their lives. With regret do you think? With bitterness? With no more, be sure, than most black-veiled widows who will pay them calls and compare experiences.

"My sweetheart died when I was 17 years old and he was 19 years old," we can imagine the lone aged woman saying to the family survivor.

"He was young enough not to have formed bad or irritating habits," the woman with the black vell might quite honestly remark.

"We were too young to marry." Then you can remember him as per-No married woman can," the woman in black could well and truly an-

"Our courtship was like a poem." 'Marriage would have turned it to

Then, the barriers of reticence, let down for the time, they might talk, the one of loneliness of the solitary life, the other of the inevitable friction of joined lives, friction that sometimes becomes unendurable.

"I used to think of how sweet it would be to be taken care of", the woman in gray might sigh.

"If you were," the woman in black could assent, but what guarantee has any woman that she will be taken care of. One-fifth of all the woman in the United States are earning their own living and a tot more would like to. That's because the man hasn't been equal to his job, or he has been too lazy or too selfish to care properly for his womankind. There is jess talk than there was once about blighted love and romances that falled because women are finding out that there is a deeper sting in finding out that a man lan't able to live up to his plans and specifications. A good many women are supporting their husbands and a good many more are skimping to live on what he earns. It drives thoughts of poetry out of a woman's mind when she finds that she has to take care of herself and maybe her husband, too.

"But children," the dweller in the Hahn home might say to her visitor, and the visitor might truthfully reply:

"Yes, if they're good children. But children are like husbands, an uncertain quantity until you have had them a long time. You don't know until they're in sober middle age how they will turn out and then you're not sure. Besides a child isn't a human dell for some woman to amuse herself with for a while. It's a tramendous responsibility to guide a soul through this world. We can't give it our own best qualities and nothing else. It is like a many colored stream gathering this hue and that as it traveled through generation after generation on both sides of the family. Every woman isn't fit to be a mother. Not more than half of them, anyway. And the other half needn't be ashamed to admit that they haven't the maternal instinct. This is an age of honesty and plain speaking, and when ey have cleared the atmosphere there'll

be better and easier living." When the widow has gone home the Hahn home dweller may draw her shaw! more closely over her shoulders and conclude that life is not necessarily the lone-Heat that is spent alone, not is it wasted have been no pleasant rooms for peace- that in life the law of averages holds; So whether Miss affairs; that humanity, like water seeks covered his feet of clay, or whether she the Hahn home, and in all probability she solitude to family life, the himaics of green hills along the Susquehanna, and

#### The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

come!" exclaimed the Manicure Lady. "I address plain on the papers. I never have been sued by an attorney at law." "Don't faint," said the Head Barber. "He can't kill you."

"No. but I never was sued before," exlime would come when I would get one to keep out of them courts. of these here blue papers from an attorney at law. If it was just from a plain lawyer I wouldn't feel so bad, but attorney at law must be some big guy."

Head Barber. "When a young lawyer first gets out of college he has attorney at law printed on some stationery. After te has been twenty years in the league and takes nothing but big cases, he calls himself a lawyer. What is the trouble all about, kid?"

'Oh, it's that dressmaker of mine.' said the Manicure Lady. "You know, Scorge, that I don't wear very many different dresses, but what I do get I want right, and the last dress she delivered to me looked as if it was made for Sara Rernhart. I just couldn't get my girlish olumpness into it no way I tried, and 1 teld her so, but she got kind of up stage and wanted me to keep it the way it was. suppose she figured in time I would get so thin worrying about it that the dress would fit me, but I ain't gaited that way. I just wrapped it up and shot it back at her swift and sudden.

Now she is suing me for the price of the firess and I don't know what to do." 'Go give her the salve," suggested the Head Barber, "She is only human, kid, like these. If both are powerless, appeal shifty, consult a few faithful friends. is spread on good. I used to know a personal safety by letting him follow dressmaker that would listen to kind you around in this manner. words, and I'll bet if you would go to her and explain that business is on the frits and that you want to pay her if she will make the dress right, she will come to terms. Kindness to a great thing, kid, especially where it gets you some-

people in this world are kind." cure Lady. "I hate to go now and be kind of coy and retiring about going her, and ask her to marry you to her and being nice. Ain't there some have her make the first represches?" "Not after she has went so far as to risge.

thing. That's the only reason a lot of

sue you," replied the Head Barber When they get that far they don't hire no taxi to call and taik it over with "Gee, George, I guess the worst has you. That's why the lawyer has his was sued, but I better knock on wood. The way tips is nowadays, the tips on slow horses and the tips I don't get from customers, I may be setting the same plained the Manicure Lady, "and, honest work you got from my butcher and to goodness, George, I never thought the grocer. I hope not, though I always try

"Wilfred it all the time getting sued," said the Manicure Lady. "He read somewhere that Bobble Burns owed a lot of money that he couldn't pay and he thinks "They mean the same thing," said the he will be a greater poet if he lives the same way Mister Burns did, but the old gent says that's the wrong dope because there's lots of guys smokes heavy that sin't no General Grant. Well, I suppose I will have to settle this some way. Father said the same as you did. He said a poor settlement was better than a good lawsuit, and father ought to know.

#### Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Have You Told Your Father?

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am it years old and kept company with a man about six months. I found that he was not the sort of a man I would like, so I did not notice him any more. We did not have a quarrel. I keep company with another roung man now, and if I am with him, my girl

friends or alone, he follows me wherever 8 B. U. I. A girl's father, or a brother, is in post-

tion to put an end to insulting attentions to the police. You must not risk your

You Might Ask Her.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a girl of 26. I am 28, but of a different religion. She is in England and I am in love with a girl of 26. I am 28, but of a different religion. She is in England and I am in the country. I have known her for five really in this world are kind."

"Maybe you are right," said the Mani-

She certainly cares something for you nice to her after the fierce scrap we had or she would not write. If you want We called each other so hard that I feel to win her love, write her that you love For instance, if you have very high color But don't do this if you intend, after

ferent religion" will prevent your mar- the garb of an angel is the unpleasant suggestion of this combination. A pale

## My Own Beauty Secrets

No. 4-Hiding Physical Defects-Hints for the Stout and Slim.

By Anna Held

Today Miss Held is shown in three of her latest creations, all of which are fully described in the accompanying



By ANNA HELD,

(Heading "Anna Held's All Star Variete Jubilee. Under Management of Joh

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The art of dressing! Is not that subect dear to the heart of every daughter of Eve? Sometimes I think our mother Eve must have learned some effective draperies in fig leaves, and that her first efforts to be charming bear fruit in our desire today to be chic !

The art of dressing! Are you not happy, serene, sure of yourself and your power when you know you look your

But come, confess-how often are you quite, quite sure that you look your best? Shall I give you my rules? Shall I give you the benefit of my study of the tricks of costuming yourself to the very best advantage?

As a French woman I take a natural interest in "le grand chic"-in the idea of being smart and dainty as well. As an actress I have had to study how to make the most of my every good point. As a woman, I shall gladly give my sisters the benefit of all that I have learned. First, I shall give you a few rules and suggestions. Then from the general I shall proceed to the particular and draw a parallel and some suggestions from the

clothes you see pictured here.

Every woman should dress according to her height, complexion and figure. In order to do this, be sure that you have a careful inventory of exactly what your height, complexion and figure are. Before going on your shopping tour, take one good look in your truthful mirror. The mirror portrays facts; be sure that you do not deceive yourself about what you see there. Know yourself and your clothes possibilities. If you are not sure of your own taste and artistic and never allow yourself to be flattered by the saleswoman who has seen you for but a few minutes. "In a multitude of counsel lies wisdom"-that you

The tall woman must avoid long lines of an exaggerated sort and stripes, even as the short one must refuse to wear large plaids. If you are in any way different from the average, don't emphasize that difference until it amounts to an abnormality.

The texture and color of your clother should harmonize with your complexion you will of a surety not wear white.

to her and heing nice. Ain't there some But don't do this if you intend, after way that I could send word to her and winning her love, to tell her that "a diflooks grotssque-Satan masquerading in globe contains 1,200,000,000 times as much and silver. It is only within the last the assertion of a French writer that it

page. Her series. "My own Beauty Secrets," appears once a week girl who wishes to heighten and preserve her good toks can afford to miss any one of this series.

tions of my ideas and theories: In the center is figure 1. I am wearing a sult that you can develop for the winter in supple satin broadcloth, with an inset of biscuit-colored cloth at the bottom of the skirt, for tiny undersleeves and even for a walstcoat to give you greater warmth Please notice the extremely long line of the surplice crossing. This long V from shoulder to waist makes a woman look tall and svelt. The slope of the braid below the hips gives further slenderness. and the fullness below the armhole and in the drapery conceals any surplus fat. Don't ever get the idea that tight clothes will make you appear slender and youthful. Tight clothes reveal-and they genscally reveal the stout woman with unflattering clearness.

beaded robe, you may use my ideas in loveliness.

to the apparent length of your waist. The parinership. cap-shaped sieeve permits you to show "I show all my letters to John," as your white shoulder without sacrificing one woman, with self-righteous pride. slightly too large. But this line around not meant for him." look fat and dumpy.

The postillion back and the skirt gathered der to waist line are soft and becoming.

And now, mesdames, add to my plain, to lunch with me?" mirror. Which of my suggestions are on a subject of this kind? for you? Which must you avoid? Know "What kept your husband Figure 2 on the left, is one of my pet thyself, mademoiselle, and soon your adevening gowns. If you do not wish to go miring world will not know you-for you to the extreme expense of an elaborately will be transformed to your own greatest

A Partnership A Proprietorship?

By VIRGINIA T. VAN DE WATER

Perhaps the answer to the above question would settle many a matter of marital misery. Are not our ideas of mar-

riage often wrong from the start? Men and women are taught from childhoed that, in marrying, a man gives himself to a woman and a woman gives herself to a man wholly and entirely, body and spirit. The idea may be a beautiful one-perhaps-but is it a livable one? Is net such a principle one of proprietorship rather than of partnership? And do any of us enjoy giving what we are bound

I am not advocating lax marriage standards. Heaven forbid' Unless people are willing to forsake others and to cleave unto each other as long as they both do live, they should eachew the wedded state. But in promising to live together in honor. to care for each other, to share their worldly goods-do they promise to relinquish all individuality, to part with the secrets of the soul, to have no reserves? If so, they may as well make up their minds that each must lose all personality, all of the aweetness of selitary communion, all of the things which, though unseen, are eternal, and are as much the divine right of each person as is his own soul. There are things that are between man and his God-and such things marriage cannot give or take away.

Yet such are the distorted views hald by some persons that they believe that when a woman marries a man she must knew all that he knews, and do only that of which he approves. Some women have a notion that unless a husband loves that which the wife loves and approves, that which she approves, marriage cannot be a success. And, as man was not born in pairs, but singly, such merging of self in the person of another is contrary to nature and can hardly be according to any law of the Creator.

"I could not be happy if I felt my wife kept any emotion or opinion from me," said a fatuous bridegroom. "I want to feel that we are absolutely one." His speech reminded me of a remark

made by a celebrated clergyman to a young man who was talking to him of natters of faith and religion. "You see, Dr. Blank," said the young skeptic, "I simply will not believe any-

thing that I cannot understand and grasp . perfectly with my intellect." "Then, sir," reforted the divine, "your belief will be the most meager and re-

stricted of that of any man of my ac-Surely, if one were capable of telling

of every opinion and emotion, one must have few to tell! And, after all, why must the wife give

an account of herself to the man she loves? Why thus burden him, bore him supple clinging material. The long, and stuitify herasif? And, on the other round train adds height; the drapery and hand, why must a man share all that he tiny sitt in front make it easy to walk in knows with his wife? If marriage is a a closefitting and clinging gown. The partnership, such ideas are a mistake. long V at the back of the gown will add They savor of proprietorship, not of

"I show all my letters to John," says modesty, and finelly the tunic, with its "John ought to be ashamed to read flaring line, will conceal hips that are them!" retorted her brother. "They were

the figure is not for the woman who Another wife says that she 'could not must avoid anything that will make her forgive her husband if he went out to luncheon with a friend and did not tell And now for the smart little black and her." How little faith she must have in white street gown on the right. Black the man of her choice! Is there such and white are wonderful in clever com-bination. Clear white gives a touch of youth, and black makes the slender allhoustte. This gown is only for the tall, as a matter of course—well and good. But slender woman, as the white blouse and slender woman, as the white blouse and black skirt will cut off too great height, with his function companion, and pre-tically shows and the skirt sathered fere not to talk of it until the matter is about your knees will conceal angles. The sleeve of chiffon cloth set in from should be to the trouble of saying, "I met John der to waist live and the saying the saying of the sa

> Could a sane woman resent reticen "What kept your husband in town tonight?" a friend asked one wife.

"Business in the evening?" asked the other, surprised. "What kind of business could he be doing after dark? Surely his office is closed at night."

"I don't know," laughed the happy and trustful wife. "It is his business. not mine, and I take it for granted he is quite capable of running it alone. He was before he married me." When there is such confidence as this

marriage means happiness. I know we all say things against matrimony, and there is so much that may be said in is equivalent in fertilizing power to oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic acid, ammonia truth that one who calls attention to twenty-four thousand million-million tons and water vapor, five previously unknown detects in the hope that they may be corrected is, perhaps, doing humanity service. If it were not that the state is capable of something as near perfection as is possible in this life, it would not Hellum appears to possess valuable be worth reforming. To those who enter nedicinal properties, but, at the present marriage loving each other, with a trust and confidence that are above suspicion rare atmospheric gases which offers the and jealousy, and with the recognition of greatest utility. It is employed to pro- the fact that each party to the contract is a human being with a right to his and If mercury vapor is mingled with the her individuality, there is possibility of neon the color of the light is blue. If a peace and jey that all the cynics in

Why may not John keep his friend's secrets to himself, and why should Mary Carbonic anhydride alone gives a white read her chum's letters to John? Why plosives, of dyes, of photographic ma- light; if nitrogen is mingled with it the must the husband account for every one of his waking hours, and why must the wife bore the husband by relating to him each trifle that has come into her day various mixtures almost any desired since he went to the office this morning? Moreover, may not John like ragtime, though Mary loves Wagner, and still be devoted to Mary? And may not Mary

enjoy bridge while John despises it, and yet be a faithful, dutiful wife to John? Why not regard matrimony in the right perspective and appreciate that the conhaving, and that a husband or wife is fidence that is demanded is not worth after all. a partner, not a proprietor?

### Our Atmosphere Great Mine of Riches It Is Filled With Nature's Treasure's, Which

Shown in

One of Her

Pet Evening

Mankind Has Only Just Begun to Appreciate

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

For thousands of years men have been content to breathe the air and think little because the trans-

complexion is emphasized by dark ma-

Now if your pallor is your beauty and

you want to bring out your clear white-

ness of skin, weer dark clothes. But if

you are painfully pale, do not make your-

self look like a lean and hungry Cas-

... ) our air. Shakespeare put it)

Have your clothes fit

earing dark and somber garments.

Be simple, be nest, study harmony in

cloring-and make sure that your clothes

fit you. "Fit" you is an important word

your figure and have them fitting for

Now, mesdames, behold some illustra

emphasize.

your figure and coloring

parent medium in which they were plunged kept them science has discovthat the air is a vast mine of untoid wealth which only needs to be worked to furnish us with

a great variety ofsubstances that can be utilized in the of civilized life. In the first place, the atmosphere is

to fertilize all the arable soil of the globe. and to double its capacity of production, without sensibly feeling the loss. The air resting upon each ten acres of

years, from the diminishing guango de- are now flourishing. posits of South America, in order to

of Chilean nitrates! This atmospheric nitrogen not only can

about it. They were like fish in the ficial nitrates which are beginning to be water-satisfied, and perhaps grateful, substituted, on a large scale, for the natural product, which is not sufficient world's increasing population. In Norway, Sweden, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, France and Spain large installations for the transformation of atmospheric nitrogen into fertilizers now exist. But to serve as a base for fertilizers In only one of the uses to which nitrogen taken direct from the air is put. It is also employed in the fabrication of exterials, of ammonia, of electric lamp ines, and in many other ways. The second great constituent of the air.

instance, in purifying the drinking water seen in the sky.

inn acres of surface-or. In other words, the almosphere contains, in addition to lution.

gases, viz.: Argon, helium, neon, crypton and zenon. These occur in small quantibe, but is being, transformed into arti- ties, but they exhibit remarkable and often very useful properties.

in quantity for the growing needs of the time, neon seems to be the one of these duce various kinds of artificial light. nitrogen and carbonic anhydride form the the world cannot destroy. mixture with neon the illumination bursts into a glow resembling sunlight.

color of the light becomes a rose-yellow. filaments, of artificial indigo, of medi- or pink; if a little ordinary air to let in the hue changes to pure rose. With oxygen, is equally manifold in its uses color of light may be obtained, and a when separated from the atmosphere. It group of illuminated tubes may be made gives us ozone, one of the most powerful to resemble some of the clusters of many capable of furnishing enough nitrogen antiseptics known, which is employed, for colored stars which astronomers have

of great cities, and also in purifying The great reducing machine for the and vitalizing the air in confined places. gaseous ores of the atmosphere is the In art and industry exygen plays so apparatus employed to produce liquid air. the earth's surface centains as much large a part that, before means had been With this the oxygen and nitrogen are nitrogen as is possessed by 2,000,000 tons invented for readily obtaining it in large easily separated, and by processes of of Chilean nitrates—the amount that quantities from the air, little advance isolation and distillation all the rare Europe has annually imported in recent could be made in some occupations which games that have been named are obtained, in a pure state, from the liquefled But there are other things in the great air. The explaitation of the industria maintain the fertility of its grain fields. aerial mine over our heads that are like riches of the air has only just begun, but nitrogen as that which floats over each twenty years that we have found out that "will lead to a complete sconomical revo-

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