

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Plea for a Husband

By VIRGINIA T. VAN DE WATER.

"The day is long," said the unhappy wife, "the day is long!"

She was talking to a young woman who had been married for several years, assuring her that "husbands bear watching."

"But my husband is at home with me every evening," said the young matron. "So I know he is all right."

The older woman shook her head and made the remark quoted above.

"All men must be watched," she insisted. "The price of a faithful husband is constant vigilance on the part of the wife. Very few men are good, my dear."

This kind of talk is so common among some women that one wonders how much of it is the result of observation, how much of conviction and how much of it is affectation.

If it is the outcome of observation, it is a mistake to tell happy women of such unfortunate conclusions. If it is a conviction based upon personal experience—surely one's pride might keep her quiet on this subject. If this strain of conversation is an affectation, it is not worth considering; at least it would not be were it not for the unhappy fact that it leads other women to believe that men are as bad as their traducers declare them to be.

For, at the risk of being smiled at as a credulous person who is easily duped by appearances, I insist that I believe that the average husband is faithful to the wife whom he loves and who is faithful to him. I know, as do all of us, that there are men who are false to their marriage vows, just as there are men who are liars and cheats. But if one pauses to consider the various married couples one knows will be forced to admit that among them are many good husbands. Might one not, then, frown upon the kind of statement made by the cynical wife I have mentioned?

"But," she says, "in all my life I have known less than a half dozen good men." Truly she had been unlucky! For by "good men" she means men who lead clean, decent lives. One wonders among what kind of persons her lot has been cast. And yet, let us listen to another woman.

"To keep a husband," she says, "one must watch him continually. And one must also amuse him. It is not natural for a husband to be faithful to a woman when she ceases to be amusing and attractive."

Do women believe this? If so, Heaven help them or give them wisdom! For they have indeed been unfortunate, or they are very wrong in their ideas.

I do not hold any brief for men, but when I hear such opinions as those recorded above, in my mind I see a long line of men whom I wish I could show to these misogynistic women. They stand forth, not in ones or twos, but in groups, and of some of them it might be said "of whom the world was not worthy." Of others, one can but say that they were good husbands, yet when one considers what that means it is sigh praise.

May I just call attention to a few who shall be nameless here, but who are as real as life and truth. One had a wife afflicted—poor creature—with a cancer of the breast. She was pathetically sensitive about having anyone know of her trouble, and would allow nobody but her husband to attend to the dressing of the cancer. This he did, morning and night, for the years through which she lingered here. He also saw the children ready for breakfast and school each day (for this couple could afford but one maid, and that an indifferent one), sat at the table with them, then arranged the sick woman's tray with his own hands and took it to her, coaxing her to eat as he chatted brightly with her. At noontime he would run home from the office long enough to look in upon her and "see if she was all right." At night he was her nurse, and read to her when pain kept her awake. This lasted until death freed her.

Who was "amusing" this man? Did he need "watching"?

Another husband, a newspaper man, who had a delicate wife and a still more delicate and fretful child, would come home from the office at 2 a. m. and take care of the nervous baby until breakfast time before he sought his own bed, in order that the weary mother might sleep. Was this the "amusement" he must have or be unfaithful?

A certain poor clerk lays aside from his lunch money each week enough to bring home a box of choice bonbons to his wife on Saturday, as that is what he used to do before they were married, and,

as she cannot leave the two children, he never goes out in the evening without her.

Another—and his name is legion, for we all know him—lives in the hot city that his family may summer at the seashore or mountains.

Other husbands work hard that the pretty women bearing their names may dress better than they can afford to dress. Ah, were I to go on telling about the good husbands I know I could fill a volume!

And what about the wives? asks some one. Are they not good, too?

Indeed they are—God bless them! But nobody dares say that they are not. Men do not claim that wives "must be watched," and if any did were to suggest that "every woman has her price," there would be scores of men ready to choke him with his lying words. So I do not need to champion the wives. Their husbands will do that. Since this is the case, might it not be well for wives—who know how good husbands can be—to protest when some unfortunate sister whose husband has been unfaithful to her states that "all men are alike" or when some woman—who, never having been a wife or mother, feels qualified to give expert testimony on husbands and fathers—says that they are not to be trusted.

Someone has written of a cynic that "Just because there's fallen a snowflake on his forehead, He must go and fancy that it's Winter all the year."

But it isn't—in fact, real winter occupies only a quarter of the year. And the husbands who are not good are, I like to believe, the exceptions, not the rule, the few snowflakes in hours full of generous and life-giving sunshine.

## "My Own Beauty Secrets"

By Anna Held

No. 5—Beautiful Head-Dresses That Cost Nothing

By ANNA HELD.

(Heading "Anna Held's All-Star Variete Jubilee," Under Management of John Cort.)

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Are you making the most of simple aids to beauty that you have right at hand? Or do you sit in a corner like Cinderella before the fairy god-mother brought her dresses of gold and silver and priceless jewels?

Do you think you cannot be lovely unless you are robed in the creations of madame Paris, and set off by plumes of paradise and osprey and the priceless aligrette?

"Come, mademoiselle, let me introduce you to your own modern fairy godmother. Alions! Behold, then, your ten skillful fingers!

Now, let us scamper up to the old trunk in the attic, or ransack the brimming top bureau drawer. Bits of ribbon and net and lace and some long discarded beads reward us. We find the hats of the season before, and some artificial flowers that once decked us.

And now I am going to show you what adorable head dresses you may fashion from these bits of finery that you thought useless. So there, Mademoiselle Cinderella, let us set our wits and fingers and imaginations to work.

Let us consider the case of last year's leghorn hat. Suppose you are asked to a fancy dress party. Now, why not go as "summer"? Turn the discarded chapeau up in front, make some great oak-leaf-shaped ornaments of silk muslin, chiffon or any bits your "piece-bag" contains. Fasten them across the front of the hat after you have turned it up at the most becoming angle you can find. Then loop some black velvet ribbon



The Adorable Leghorn.

take a bit of lace edging your head well back of the forehead from temple to temple.

To this add two more pieces of equal length, and put them on with a slight outward flare. Now, a longer piece across the back will complete the outline of your cap in triangular form.

Fill it in with tulle or net to fit the head smooth. Now wire the edge and line your little cap with a soft, pretty bit of silk that will bring out the lights in your own bright eyes. Ah, madame, you are adorable. And it cost you? A bit of patience, some pains and a few stitches.

And now comes a little headress that the most fashionable mondaine will envy you when you set it on your well-brushed, daintily arranged locks.

The foundation is a soft satin ribbon, bound like the Scotch snood about your head from forehead to the nape of the neck. Now for a bit of advice. Try to cultivate a sort of tendril or two at the neck to soften the line when you dress your hair high.

From back to front of your foundation ribbon fasten another ribbon. This extends from center front to the base of the califure in back. And now set two

crossbar loops of the ribbon across it to run in parallel lines from side to side of the head.

And, finally, pose daintily and fetchingly on your "snood-ribbon" a scintillating butterfly. This is the secret of our quivering "Pallion's" life: It is fashioned, not of gossamer and flower-dew, but of things almost as airy and fascinating! Cut four wings of fine net and arrange insects of flowers and buds which you have taken from outward old lace. Sew the wings thickly with gleaming and scintillating beads so your butterfly may be a shimmering delight. Wire the edges of the wings with fine lace wire. And pose "Pallion" at the particular spot on the ribbon where he will make you look most like a flower on which he has just alighted!

Try my little fancies; pray do. I think you will find them quite enchanting. And I hope they will inspire you to invent one of the secrets of the far-famed charm of the French woman. She has skillful fingers and an appreciation of the importance of dainty accessories to the costume. And a ribbon or a flower well arranged will give a woman a touch of very real loveliness.

## Hints on Dressmaking Economically

By MRS. FRANK LEARNED, Author of "The Etiquet of the New York Today."

The frequent changes of fashion make it advisable to have a comparatively small wardrobe, but each gown should be chosen in perfect order. Constant vigilance must be practiced if one would be well dressed on a limited expenditure. It is important to know how to care for and renovate clothes; how to utilize leftover pieces of silk, velvet or lace; how to keep skirts, waists, hats, shoes, gloves, veils and all belongings in good condition.

If but one new cloth dress can be afforded in a season, it is well to choose a very dark material, plain or rough. One good hat is more desirable than two or three cheap ones. A hat of inconspicuous shape, simply trimmed and of the best materials is a sensible choice. A hat should never be overloaded with trimmings, feathers or flowers. Last year's winter suit may do duty as "second best." Careful freshening, lining and pressing by a good tailor will be worth the expense. A few yards of new braid will help wonderfully in rearranging a coat and skirt. Waists may be altered to look like new, if some fresh trimmings is tastefully added.

If one would keep a street dress in good order it should never be worn in the house. It should be brushed well and the skirt and coat placed on hangers in a closet. A coat should never be hung by a loop. Waists should be turned on the wrong side when removed and well aired. An evening dress when removed should be hung in a closet not too full of other garments. The next day it should be smoothed, mended, if necessary, spots should be taken out and the dress laid lightly in a box or drawer and covered with tissue paper, or, if hung up in a closet, it should be covered with a piece of fine muslin.

Hats should be dusted carefully when removed, put in boxes and covered with tissue paper or cheap cloth. To keep shoes in shape they are placed on trees. There is economy in having several pairs of shoes and wearing them alternately. Gloves should be removed by drawing them inside out, turning them back again, blowing into them and smoothing them out neatly. Rips in gloves should be mended without delay.

## The Head Waitress

By HANK.

"Well, I've been trying to think out some scheme to get Marie to forgive me," said the Steady Customer to the Head Waitress in the Cafe d'Enfant. "It's very depressing to come in here and have as pretty a cashier as she is look coldly over my head, especially as I never had anything but the kindest thoughts about her."

"You had no business to accuse her of being dippy over a mounted cop," said the Head Waitress. "Just because she happened to pose leaning against one of the police boxes, I understand her steady feller, Jimmy Ball, is sore about it, too."

"Jimmy Ball?" echoed the Steady Customer. "Who's he?"

"He's a fine chap," said the Head Waitress. "He's secretary of the Street Car club, or something like that. Eddy MacPhane was telling me about him. Eddy's in the Corporate Counsel's office and he knows everybody. But what's your scheme to make up with Marie?"

"I have written her a touching poem," said the Steady Customer.

"It will have to be some tougher to square things between her and you," said the Head Waitress.

"It is," replied the Steady Customer. "I'll read it to you."

"The world is dark and dreary, Because I miss your smile, And life is very weary— I'm grieving all the while; I didn't mean to hurt you, By what I said or done, But only to divert you, And have a little fun. I hope I am forgiven, Because, 'twist you and me, By heart is deeply driven, My pretty friend, Marie."

"That is certainly some sob stuff," said the Head Waitress. "If I was a girl I'd forgive you anything. It must be grand to be able to write poems like that."

"Yes, it is quite some art," said the Steady Customer loftily. "I hope Marie appreciates it."

"I guess she will," replied the Head Waitress. "But if she ever shows it to Jimmy Ball he'll knock your block off."



An Envious Head-Dress.

across the crown, catch it at the throat with an artificial flower and arrange a big bunch of these flowers at your waist. Now, aren't you a pretty summer maiden?

Under the hat I am wearing a wee cap-

ple that will look charming atop your soft tresses at the next soiree—that is party with you. It is not—to which you are invited.

To make the little cap, which is a bit like what our Normande peasants wear,

**How to Make Better Cough Syrup than You Can Buy**

A Family Supply, Saving \$2 and Fully Guaranteed.

A full pint of cough syrup—as much as you could buy for \$2.50—can easily be made at home. You will find nothing that takes hold of the ordinary cough more quickly, usually conquering it in side of 24 hours. Excellent, too, for spasmodic croup, whooping cough, bronchial asthma and bronchitis.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with 1/2 pint of water, and stir for 5 minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents worth) in a pint bottle, then add the Sugar Syrup. It keeps perfectly, take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

This is just laxative enough to help relieve a cough. Also stimulates the appetite, which is usually upset by a cough. The taste is pleasant.

The effect of pine and sugar syrup on the inflamed membranes is well known. Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in gualacol and other natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this combination.

This Pinex and Sugar Syrup remedy has often been imitated, but the old successful mixture has never been equalled. It is now used in more homes than any other cough remedy.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

**Don't Isolate Yourself.**

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 18 and I never kept company with a young man yet. I haven't many acquaintances, but only one lady friend. My relatives and even my parents "knock" me because I don't go out with any young men. Should I remain with this friend, or try to get other acquaintances?

**CONSTANT READER.**

Remain true to your friend, of course, but remaining true to her should not bar you from making other friends. Go out more. Encourage the friendliness of those around you. Don't get into the lonesome habit at your young years. If you are pleasant and friendly and kind, your circle of friends will soon widen to include young men.

**Don't Protest Too Much.**

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 25 years old and deeply in love with a young man a few years my junior. We met a year ago, and have kept company ever since. I am sure she loves me, but she doubts my love. There's not a thing I wouldn't do for her and I love her dearly, but as she doubts my love how can I prove to this young lady that I love her truly?

A. G. H.

Perhaps you protest so much of your love that you weary her. Try spending several evenings with her without mentioning the subject. This treatment will result in her asking if you love her. In reply be less sure, less emphatic. She will give more heed to a half-hearted avowal than she has given to more full ones, because she will be interested. I am sure the desired result will follow.

## Ella Wheeler Wilcox—On the Girls of the South—Their Easy Cordiality Makes Them Better Companions Than the Northern Belle With the Frigid Manners.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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Conversing with a bachelor a few weeks since, regarding summer resorts, he remarked: "I have enjoyed this past summer more than any other for many years. I have been sojourning at a resort where several southern girls were stopping, and I confess I found their society particularly interesting."

"Tell me why?" I asked. "Is it that you find them more beautiful than our northern or eastern or western girls?"

"No, I cannot say that I do," he answered. "I know the southern girl has a reputation, yet were mere beauty

the consideration I should find it difficult to give the palm to any one locality. In fact, there is greater variety in types of beauty to be found among northern girls. But the quality I find peculiarly pleasing in the southern girl is her affability, her seeming enjoyment of small pleasures.

She does not hesitate to tell you she will be delighted to accept your society for some occasion when you offer it, and she takes pains afterward to convince you how much she enjoyed herself.

"This is wholly unlike the northern maiden."

"She is dignified and distant, and accepts your attentions with an air of condescension, if not of absolute toleration. She often impresses you as being bored by your gallantries. The New England girl is particularly indifferent, and at times austere. Perhaps she has been taught that a man is piqued to greater effort if a woman is difficult to approach, but I think the idea is a mistaken one. Men are mere human beings, and they like to think they are giving pleasure by inviting young ladies to participate in the summer amusements. They like to think

they are agreeable companions and that an hour or two in their society is not a bore.

"Therefore, this affability and cordiality of the summer southern girl are particularly pleasing to them."

I confess I would seek a resort which I knew was frequented by the southern girl far sooner than one where only northern belles congregated.

I give this statement just for what it is worth—the opinion of one bachelor.

Yet it is worth the consideration of young women from all localities.

The austere and glacial manner is not inviting or becoming in a woman. The extremely indifferent young woman is not the attractive one.

Such an exterior is sometimes a mask to a warm heart, but, as a rule, it is an evidence of a selfish and self-centered and egotistical nature.

Again, it is a cover for painful self-consciousness—the self-consciousness which is the result of lack of confidence and self-depreciation.

The New England girl is reared with an idea that vanity is a sin, and she is

not accustomed to hearing her personal charms mentioned in her family.

The old Puritan fathers left their rigid ideas about the danger and wickedness of feminine vanity to their descendants. The southern girl is reared to hear compliments from her cradle up, and to expect them from her father, brother and friend. She regards them as the small coin of society, and they do not spoil her; but she is better fitted to enjoy companionship of the opposite sex than the girl who has been taught to distrust the man who pays a compliment and to be on her guard against flattery.

She is not afraid to show pleasure in the society of men, because she has grown up in an atmosphere of gallantry.

She is no better morally, and usually not as bright mentally, as the northern maiden, but she is more affable, more natural.

She makes no better wife or mother than her sisters of colder climes, but she makes a better comradr of a man for a season. And the qualities which render her so agreeable it might be well for the northern girl to emulate.

## Sage Tea Puts Life and Color in Hair

Don't stay gray! Sage Tea and Sulphur dardens hair so naturally that nobody can tell.

You can turn gray, faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous almost overnight if you'll get a 30 cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy" at any drug store. Millions of bottles of this old, famous Sage Tea Recipe are sold annually, says a well known druggist here, because it dardens the hair so naturally and evenly that no one can tell it has been applied.

Those whose hair is turning gray, becoming faded, dry, scraggly and thin have a surprise awaiting them, because after one or two applications the gray hair vanishes and your locks become luxuriant, dark and beautiful—all dandruff goes, scalp itching and falling hair stops.

This is the age of youth. Gray-haired, unattractive folks aren't wanted around, so get busy with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur tonight and you'll be delighted with your dark, handsome hair and your youthful appearance within a few days.