



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## Spending a Million Dollars

By WINIFRED BLACK

I wish I had, I wish I had. What do you wish you had? What would you do if someone gave you—well, say \$100,000—on condition that you spend it for something you didn't really need—something you just want so badly you can hardly stand it?

I know what I'd do. I'd say, thank you kindly, and I'd buy, first of all, a string, a good long string of amber beads, clear, yellow amber, that looks like still water with the sun shining on 'em. And I'd buy me a little heart of clear brown topaz and a tiny silver chain to hang it on, and whenever I became tired, or my head ached, or anything was the matter, I'd get out my amber and my topaz and I would look at them and look at them and look at them till peace came back and smiled upon me.

The amber would make me think of cool pools in the deep forest, where the ferns and the blue-eyed flowers grow and where the sound is always of falling water.

And I would look and look and look at the topaz heart, and it would remind me of true eyes I know—clear, honest, faithful eyes—that belong to people who love me, and I would be quite, quite happy.

And then? And then I would buy me yards and yards of pure pink silk, soft, silky silk, like the inside of a poppy petal, and it would be the pure rose of the first pink buds that open on the little old bush in a certain old-fashioned yard I knew once—a yard where there were roses, and heliotrope and violets with long stems, and a hardy hydrangea in the corner.

And I would take that silk in my hand and crumple it and rumple it, and smooth it, and look at it, and look at it, and let the sun shine through it, and make a glory of it, and I would lay it to my cheek and dream and dream of rose petals floating in the still air of a California June, of pink fox gloves, tall and straight in the Colorado hills; of tiny, tiny anemones standing knee deep in the moss of the Illinois woods.

Oh, I would love that silk, and the look of it, and the feeling of it, and the sheen of it, and the knowing that I didn't have to use it for a thing—not a thing, unless some day it was to make a dress, such a soft, silky dress, for a little blue-eyed girl I know, with knots of black velvet ribbon on it, and some real lace, just a trifle of real lace foaming at the slender throat of the little girl.

And then I would buy a ring, a great big heavy ring, old, old, with queer letters or figures carved on it. It would be blue, I think—the stone in the ring—and it might be silver, or it might be gold, but it must have belonged to some one who lived long ago and was much loved.

And then I would buy me a picture—a picture of still places in deep woods, places where no one ever talked of money or told you what things cost, places where no one ever said anything about any one but what was kind and loving, places where the little striped chipmunks live and chatter all day long about the weather.

And then I would buy me some balloons—little blue and silver ones, with



pictures on them, and bright red ones and one big white one like a soap bubble—and I would tie them with long strong silken strings, and have nothing to do but watch them and think how fine it is going to be when we can float and float like that without having to get a machine or a street car to take us around.

And then if I had any money left I'd buy a ticket to Honolulu and I'd go and find the village of Hilo and rent a grass hut and lie down on the little thatched porch and weave wreaths of white jasmine and marigold buds, and listen to the eternal roaring of the splendid purple seas.

And I would have a little, little brown girl to bear me company, and she would bring her taro-patch fiddle and sing the songs of the dying Hawaiian race. Oh yes, I know just what I would do with all that money.

And when I was out shopping with my magic five hundred I would hunt and hunt for a second-hand shop, and see if I couldn't find there some of the old things that have gone out of fashion. As for instance, for instance, lace, like a belle of the day when hour glasses were in fashion.

A wreath of flowers made with shell and maxie and old picture frames made of pine cones, plain things, ugly, some think them, but they speak of such a humble striving for beauty—I love them, don't you?

And in the shops do you think we could find somewhere on a back table some of the old-fashioned virtues that went with the hour glass and the pine cone frames? Fidelity, truth, simple faith—the faith that comforted our mothers and kept them from the misery of carrying the universe and all its responsibilities on one pair of slender shoulders.

Friendship, lasting and true; convictions, principles, not fads; beliefs, no fancies.

Old sounds we should find, perhaps, too. I dream I dwell—what a song that was! Awfully had form, how to sing it—sentimental. No marble halls for Miss Today. A flat, please—pardon me—mean an apartment, and a hall boy in buttons—and a ragtime piano.

"I'm dreaming now of Hallie"—what rubbish. Hallie's dead, been dead for years. Why doesn't he get out and find a Sallie to take her place? But I'll take them home with me just the same—the old songs, the old sentiments, the old simple things that made our mothers laugh and cry, and sigh, and smile.

I wish I had, I wish I had—don't you?

## Pauline Frederick's Big Worry is How the Camel is Going to Act

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Wonder what that camel is going to do tonight?

That thought was uppermost in Miss Pauline Frederick's mind all during our interview. The camel, his hump, his houdah and his many varieties of character swayed into the foreground, into the very limelight of our conversation, greatly to the detriment of other topics.

I have talked with beautiful actresses when they were undergoing colds in their heads or housecleaning or changing managers, or redecorating themselves or their homes, and we have been able to stick to the subject of health and beauty with tolerable success, but an imaginary camel of doubtful habits is something of a barrier to a genial flow of conversation.

"Last Monday, as we came on to the stage, he suddenly lurched forward and went down," Miss Frederick announced after we had shaken hands with the Century theater's new star. "I was sure that he had killed the man under him. Of course I can't see anything because of all these veils and the houdah curtains. Some one got me off the animal and into the center of the stage, and some one else saved me my lines. I was sure that the man had been killed, and just as I finished my scene I fainted dead away right on the stage, and they had to carry me out, but the man wasn't hurt."

Much rehearsing and the trials with the camel have left Zuleika "pale, penetratin' and interestin'," but have in no way detracted from her remarkable beauty, which is one of classic lines and constantly varying expression. Miss Frederick looks like that statue of the "Unknown Woman" of the Italian Renaissance, and if she would hold one expression long enough she might pose for a copy of the "Mona Lisa."

"My one fear has been that I would be too stout to play Zuleika, and I have done almost every kind of physical torture to keep my weight down, but I am fast melting away now, for the work of the part, changing clothes for each scene, will make one thin. You may not think that my Oriental dresses are heavy because they are more or less transparent, but the gown in the temptation scene weighs thirty pounds, and I wear 12 yards of chiffon veils when I come in on the camel."

Once again the camel and again the look of worry on Miss Frederick's face, drawing a delicate sort of veil over her beauty. I wished that camel had been stuffed.

"And must Zuleika be thin? Why are all temptresses thin, or svelt or even skinnny?"

"The clothes demand it," answered Miss Frederick. "A few years ago, before the Salome craze, one could have played any ancient Egyptian character in more or less conventionalized costume, but the public knows now, and the dress must be absolutely correct and it must be beautiful, too. There isn't much of it, and—well, you know long, slim lines are merely artistic when the costume is scant, while the least bit of weight is—Miss Frederick raised expressive eyebrows and hands. "Fat people can't even wear modern clothes without looking suggestive or vulgar or—worse—ridiculous."

"Personally I think that the fashions were never as beautiful, as becoming and as practical as they are today. And the modern idea of beauty, which is more a question of expression of the individuality shining through the face than of classic features, gives every one a chance. The woman with the perfect features whose face does not say anything is not beautiful to me, no matter how lovely her coloring. Unless she is alight with thought or feelings, faces like that are simply blanks."

"You are to be congratulated, Miss Frederick on having accomplished the well-nigh impossible—you have surmounted the barrier of beauty and proved that you are an artist, too."

"A beauty—him, I never could see it," she said bluntly.

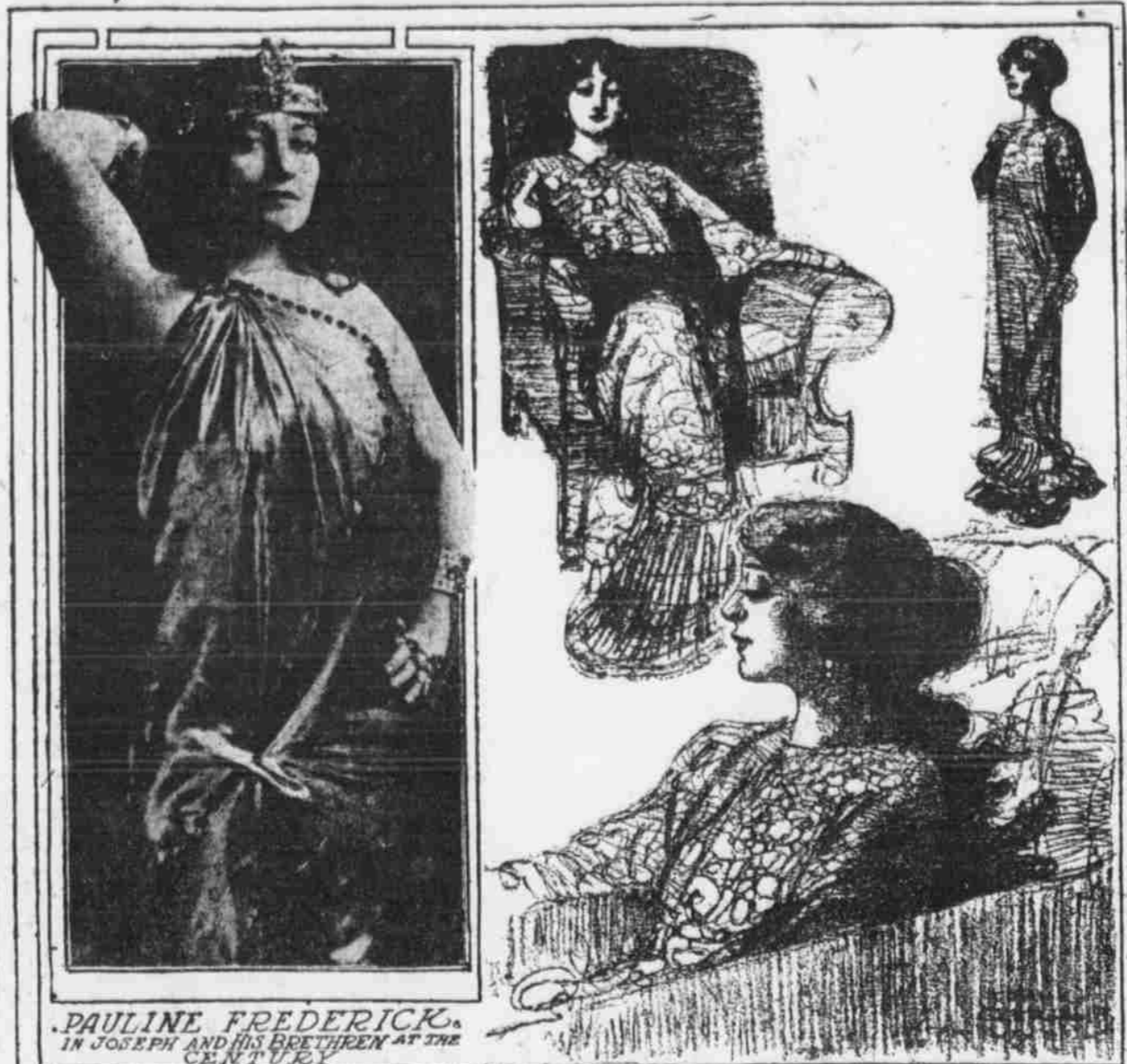
"That's because you never saw yourself from the front," put in Miss Frederick's mother, suavely. "Beauty on the stage is a hindrance, in a way, because the critics and the audience see the physical beauty and they don't give the girl credit for hard work, while they are generally willing to encourage the girl whose appearance isn't as striking and commended her for her acting. Beauty on the stage will get one just so far, and then it seems to count against one."

But the girl who has triumphed over her own good looks, and is now hailed as an important and remarkable actress, took no interest in our conversation. Sunk into the depths of a large leather armchair in her gown of dull gray blue, with very dull gold embroidery, her face was as pale as the whitish coral pendant she wore and her mind was evidently miles away.

"Did you ever ride on a camel?" she asked.

I confessed to that adventure and a very quick descent.

"Sleekish sensation, isn't it?" Zuleika agreed. And then with that hope which springs eternal in the human breast, she added, "He may be better tonight. After all, I think it must have been a super who plucked his 'noes and spoiled his disposition. They are very sensitive, you know—I mean camels. Anyhow, Mr. Lieber promises me a new one, one with a nicer nature, if such a thing can be had; one whose sole ambition won't be to stand in the limelight, where he doesn't belong, or kneel down suddenly on somebody's head. I wonder what he's going to do tonight?"



PAULINE FREDERICK IN JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS AT THE CENTURY

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## The Social Center

By ROBERT GOLDSMITH

The acid test for everything in these latter days is the question, "Does it pay?" It is a perverse misreading of this maxim to give it a mercenary and a cold interpretation. The question need not be a matter of dollars and cents, but of human worth.

Applying this principle to our public school system, many educators are preaching the wider use of the school plant. We are about to rediscover the social value of the public school. It is a place for inspiration as well as instruction; a recruiting station for soldiers of the common good, a reclamation center for wild lives and a clearing house for community idealism.

We are a nation of spendthrifts and wasters, prodigal of our natural resources. We are no less prodigal of our spiritual resources. The idle hours of the public schools are inquiring with insistence, "What shall we do to be saved?" The answer comes in the language of the social center movement.

The idle hours of expensive machinery are in the new accountability charged against cost of production, side by side with cost of material and labor cost. By closing the doors of the public schools for about two-thirds of the time we are robbing ourselves as taxpayers and ought to be apprehended for theft, just as society takes it upon itself to arrest the would-be suicide.

Since Mr. Ward began his work in Rochester five years ago the social center movement has marched forward very rapidly from coast to coast. During the recent political campaign both New York and Chicago decided to open their schools as polling places and as places for political discussions. The Board of Education of Kansas City only recently voted to open seventeen school buildings for neighborhood uses at night. "Neighborhood uses" means their employment as forums for civic and economic discussions, meeting places for literary and dramatic clubs, sewing and campfire clubs and, if the suggestion of Prof. John R. Commons is adopted, as local labor exchanges.

So much for the wider use of the school. The deeper use of the institution is of equal or greater importance. The coming of a genuine democracy will require the nation-wide use of the public schools in towns and city wards as permanent primaries, the concrete organization of the whole people on a catholic and democratic basis. Not that the schools are to get into the hands of sordid politicians and so be made over, but rather that the spirit of the schools, the university militant, is to take a hand in making politics over.

The emphasis of the social value of the schools as get-together places for "just folks," regardless of political creeds or religious doctrines, is a return to the idea of the town meetings of New England or of the famous debates of the civil war period. It is a revival of local byways of half a century ago. It is a new "communism of the intellect."

"Unless we want the 'direct action' of syndicalism we had better—without needless delay—organize the direct action of democracy."

## "The King Drinks"

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"Here is Another King, Who Drinks from a Big Blue Bowl with a Nursery Rhyme Running Around It, Under His Dad's Roof Tree, with All His Little World a Kind One."

## By Nell Brinkley



Here I give another interpretation of the picture you know of Briton Riviere's "The King Drinks." In the great, grim painting, at the lip of a waterhole under the barren sand-cliffs of a desert, a lion laps with blinking eyes and lsd-back ears. It's a lovely picture, with no hint of warm humanity—no love save that of the painter for his subject—full of the aloofness and tragedy of animal life.

"The King" goes to his drink alone. He is hute, savage, lank, with great feet and a wildness unconquerable.

Here is another king who drinks. This is all softness—the laughter, the love and dove-like murmurings of a little human mother, the dandelion-top head of curls, like so many little gold feathers, of that splendidest atom called a "baby," with his deep-creased wrists and knees and his little soft body, as warm (in mother's language) "as a little stove."

And he drinks—"The King"—from a big blue bowl, with a nursery rhyme a-running round it, and his drink is just white milk. Around him there is love—LOVE and the padded, kind interior that is all the work of his father's hands.

One kind drinks from the clear, cold water under the wide sky with the world of all live things his enemy—the other king, from cosy bit of blue china, warm milk, specially prepared, under his dad's roof-tree with all his little world a kind one. In New York English, "Everybody's for him."

NELL BRINKLEY.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

**He is Not Gallant.**

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 20 years old and engaged to be married to a young man 25 years old. I work nights from 5 p. m. until 12 o'clock midnight, near his place of business. He also works until 12 o'clock. Don't you think it proper for him to see me home every night, as it is dangerous for me to walk four blocks from the car alone? His mother tells me he never in his life gets home before 2 a. m. I certainly cannot account for that. Now if he took me home every night, wouldn't that take him two blocks out of his way? MABEL.

If he loved you sincerely he would protect you to your home if it were forty blocks. I am afraid he is very selfish. A selfish lover makes a brutal husband. Are you sure you cannot be happy without him?

**Tell Her, by All Means.**

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with my sister's beau, and he is in love with me. I want to know whether we should tell her about it or let him marry my sister while he loves me? We do not feel as if we were doing right in keeping it from her, as we have already acknowledged our love for each other. A. J. D.

The only honorable course left for you is to tell your sister all about it.

Delay in doing this makes you and your lover unjust to her, to each other, and to yourselves.

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