



The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Oh! It's Great to Be Married

Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



"Kid Her Along"

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Gives Infallible Recipe for Winning and Holding a Woman—Just Talk to Her About Herself and She'll Be Yours

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Just what are the qualities which make men popular with women and women with men? This query oftentimes puzzles wise heads to answer.



Some of the ugliest men physically have been great Lotharios, and women without marked beauty have been heart winners.

Man with no decided talents; men of no social prowess; men without money; men with shadowy records, have all succeeded with women where other and seemingly more attractive and certainly more desirable men have failed.

A bigamist who was under engagement of marriage to thirty girls, when he married two of them, says his success resulted from "always talking to women about themselves."

That is the secret of most friendships and all love affairs, and the explanation of most divorces lies in the fact that the man or woman ceases to talk about the virtues and charms of the other.

ever, and in no way thrust herself upon the man's notice. She must not be bold or self-assertive, for these are repulsive qualities to a man.

She must simply utilize her opportunities and be patient. A man, on the contrary, can make his opportunities to see a woman, and when he uses boldness and self-assertion in his suit she is all the better pleased, so long as he continues to occupy her time by talking about her, with only an occasional reference to himself and other people.

Therefore, it is not difficult to understand how, while an earnest woman might be slow in succeeding in her wish to win and hold the regard of one man, a busy, trifling man might accumulate thirty fiancées with ease and celerity.

Yet, on the other hand, woman has more latitude than a man for conversation of this kind. A man is perfectly willing a woman should discuss his faults, and delights in having her analyze his sins and weaknesses (before marriage), with occasional laudations of his virtues; while a woman limits him to the recounting of her charming qualities and to anxious solicitude for her welfare.

The only fault she allows him to refer to is her ability to break hearts, or her cruelty to men who adore her, or her delicate physical organization. Most lovers talk of the charms of their sweethearts during courtship. Few husbands make the virtues of their wives a topic of conversation in the family circle—hence the divorce court is busy.

Few lovers are so tactless as to devote many minutes to lauding the virtues or charms of other women to their sweethearts.

But many husbands enjoy this topic of conversation, and accuse their wives of jealousy if they seem uninterested.

The successful bigamist surely would know better than to pursue such a course; so while better men have been losing their wives and sweethearts he has been winning an embarrassment of riches.

The way to win a woman lies through praise of her.

The way to lose her through praise of other women.

States-General

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

One hundred and twenty-four years ago—May 8, 1788—was one of the most eventful that ever dawned upon humanity. It was the day of the meeting of the States-General at Versailles. Owing to the scoundrelly greed of the army of grafters, France was financially on its beam ends and the king had called together the representatives of the three estates for the purpose, primarily, of refilling his depleted treasury.



The historic assembly was made up of 1,214 members, divided as follows: 33 ecclesiastics, 285 nobles and 621 from the third estate, or the people. The nobles and the king's troops, blood was shed. They demanded that the deputies of the third estate should kneel in presenting their certificates of election and that in entering and leaving the hall they should use the back door.

That was more than the representatives of the people could bear, and they installed themselves in the great hall of the estates and informed the gentlemen of the church and the nobility that they were ready for business. The nobles and the higher clergy paid no attention to them, but they were heartily joined by most of the inferior clergy, and the work began in dread earnest—a work that nobody had counted on, not even the representatives of the people themselves.

The deputies of the people declared themselves the "national assembly," and when the king, goaded on by the angry aristocrats, sent his messenger to order them out of the hall the great Mirabeau shouted to him that famous ultimatum: "Go and tell those who sent you that we are here by the will of the people and

Fashion by Night

A Magnificent Evening Gown Modelled by Paris Artistes

This picture shows one of Paris's most sensational models in evening gowns. Gold and silver trimmings and embroiderings give it an exceptionally rich appearance. Its unusual style and daring departures from old-time methods give it a most striking effect.



This is one of the handsomest models produced from the Paris shops this season.

Its foundation is "mole" charmeuse. The top of the bodice is a fichu of gulleure veiled by an "ame-thyst" silk muslin, which falls back in two long points.

The long tunic is of gray silk muslin, richly embroidered in gold and silver and edged all around with a row of silver beads.

This tunic tightens the bust and hips, crossing in front under a girde

slip. In that procession were millionaires keeping step with schoolboys; college professors with the pupils of night schools, Fifth avenue hostesses with waitresses from cheap lunch rooms; old women with withered cheeks and gray hair with girls in the first flush and bloom of youth and beauty. All lines of wealth and class and social distinction were wiped out by the great cause that touches every woman high and low, and that has brought them together in one great sisterhood.

What did you see when you watched the suffrage parade? You saw one of the spectacles that make history. You saw the passing of the old order of things and the entrance of the new.

You saw the exit from the stage of life of the doll baby woman of the past, of the woman who could find the whole of life in adorning herself, whose interests were no wider than her own home, and who saw no shame in getting what she wanted out of some man by cajolery, or flattery, or lying, or whatever other means was necessary.

Dull, indeed, were the eyes that did not see in those thousands and thousands of earnest-faced women the type of the new

of draped amethyst satin and a huge scarabeus of silver.

The skirt, which is mole charmeuse, is but slightly draped and is finished by a square train. It is opened slightly by a slit over the foot.

The Story of a Mosquito Bite

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

One thing leads to another. Mike Clancy, whose job was to oil section 3,978,284 of the Hackensack meadow ex-

termination district, ran out of petroleum at 5 o'clock Friday afternoon leaving one square inch of meadow unoiled. Ten minutes later a hitherto baffled mother

that we shall not budge save at the point of the bayonet."

It was now clear to all that a clash was inevitable, and on the 13th of July it came in the shape of a collision between the people and the king's troops.

The hired tools of privilege had murdered the people. The tricolor flag sprang into existence as if by magic, and under the folds of the new-born emblem of democracy the mad-dened populace rushed to the Bastille, the hated symbol of aristocratic tyranny, and leveled it to the ground.

"Now," said the gentlemen of third estate, "we will buckle down to business." And they were as good as their word. Under the name of the "Constituent Assembly" they first of all went right down to the roots of the matter by abolishing nobility and its special privileges, declar-

ing that all should be absorbed in one general French citizenship, based upon the principle of "liberty, fraternity and equality."

With that great principle as their inspiration and guide the assembly then proceeded to make a new constitution for France, the substance of which was that France was a "limited monarchy, without an absolute veto, and a single chamber having alone the right of initiating laws—the nation to order, the king to execute." In a word, they had given France a constitutional democracy like that of England. Such was the situation in April, 1791, when Mirabeau, the great

est man in the nation, died at the age of 41. Mirabeau gone, there was no man big enough to stand at the helm of the ship of state and France went head-on and full speed into red sea of the terror.

There he discovered and bit just behind the right ear the pitcher of the Philadelphia Athletics, who had two strikes and three balls on the batter in the last half of the ninth inning, with a tie score and two men out.

The pitcher had wound up. His nerves were taut as fiddle strings. They seemed to snap at that vicious lunge of the mosquito's proboscis, and instead of a sizzling blast he threw an easy straight one. Result a home run and a lost game.

James Jenkins, a Pittsburgh millionaire, occupying box No. 35, had bet \$400 on the Philadelphia team. He lost the bet. Because he lost it, he had to go to his club for money, instead of the Millionaire hotel where a young man was awaiting him. The young man was there to ask for the hand of Miss Josephine Jenkins, the lovely daughter of James Jenkins, impatient at the nonarrival of the father of his intended he refused to tip the boy

Dorothy Dix

Writes in the Suffrage Parade—It Was a History Making Spectacle and Makes the Exist of the Doll Baby Woman from the Stake of Life.

By DOROTHY DIX.

What did you see as you watched the suffrage parade on Saturday?

You saw the first real democracy of woman.

You saw Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady marching shoulder to shoulder. You saw the petted darling of the drawing room walking side by side with the girl of the sweat shop.

In that procession were millionaires keeping step with schoolboys; college professors with the pupils of night schools, Fifth avenue hostesses with waitresses from cheap lunch rooms; old women with withered cheeks and gray hair with girls in the first flush and bloom of youth and beauty. All lines of wealth and class and social distinction were wiped out by the great cause that touches every woman high and low, and that has brought them together in one great sisterhood.

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he has sent to page the old man. The boy had intended that night to go to a moving picture show, but the loss of the tip made economy necessary, and he went home instead. On the trailer he found a handbag containing \$5 in cash, two samples of grenadine silk, three buttons, a subway ticket, a bridge favor and a letter. Recognizing the name on the letter as one belonging to a well-known suffrage leader residing in Westchester county, he called her house on the telephone and was asked to bring the handbag to Mamaroneck, reward and expense to be paid by the owner.

The boy went back to the hotel and borrowed the money for his fare to Mamaroneck, and took the next train out. The well-known suffragist leader was rejoiced to find her purse, and doubly rejoiced to find a member of the male sex with sufficient honesty to return a lost handbag.

She inquired into the boy's circumstances and arranged to educate him. He went to Harvard, where he developed into a smashing amateur pitcher and graduated direct into the big league. Today he is the star twirler of one of the leading teams; and he hasn't the faintest idea of his debt to Mike Clancy, who, poor chap, is still patiently oiling the Hackensack Meadows. But there is no such thing as luck.

You saw the rich woman asking a doll of her butler and her footman. You saw the woman college professor begging the ignorant and illiterate foreigner to share with her the right of government that he has and she has got. It was a silent, sad appeal to man to right the injustice he has done woman—to strike her political shackles from her.

No one except those who took part in it knew what courage, what sacrifice of personal inclination, it took for quiet, dignified, reserved women to tramp the streets, and make themselves a public spectacle for hundreds of thousands of curious eyes, and to be the butt of cheap wit and village cut-ups.

To most of the women every step of the way was the way of the cross, but they trod it unflinchingly, because there was no other means that could so effectively carry the message they had to give to the public. It was a spectacle that made even the dullest think.

What did you see as you watched the suffrage parade? You saw victory marching on to its crowning. Every woman's face wore the uplifted look of a martyr, of one who would struggle on undismayed by defeat until she finally conquered. No one who witnessed that parade will ever jest and scoff again at woman's suffrage. He will know that it is a fact to be reckoned with, and that it is just as sure to come as is tomorrow.

NO ONE STRONGER THAN HIS STOMACH.

The celebrated Dr. Abernethy of London was firmly of the opinion that disorders of the stomach were the most prolific sources of human ailments in general. "Every feeling, emotion and affection reports at the stomach (through the system of nerves) and the stomach is affected accordingly. It is the vital center of the body." He continues, "so we may be said to live (through) the stomach." He goes on to show that the stomach is the vital center of the body. For weak stomachs and the consequent indigestion or dyspepsia, and the multitude of various diseases which result therefrom, no medicine can be better suited as a curative agent than

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

"Several months ago I suffered from a severe pain right under the breast-bone," writes Mrs. G. M. MURKIN, of Corona, Calif. "I had suffered from it, off and on, for several years. I also suffered from heartburn, did not know what was the matter with me. I tried several remedies but they did me no good. Finally, I was told it was my liver. I did not dare to eat as it made me worse. Whenever I swallowed anything it seemed that I would faint—it hurt so. I grew very thin and weak from not eating. Was told to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took five bottles of it, and could feel myself getting better from the first dose. I could eat a little without pain and grow strong fast. To-day I am strong and well and can do a big day's work with ease. Can eat everything and have not a fresh wonderfully. I will say to all sufferers write to Dr. Pierce. He has my undying gratitude."



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