

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Prudence and Prudery—Dorothy Dix

"Every Girl Should Be a Peach, but the Most Desired Hangs Highest on the Tree."

By DOROTHY DIX.

A problem that confronts every girl at some time or other is where to draw the line between prudence and prudery in her dealings with men. She doesn't want to be a prunes and prisms sort of a girl, who is always on the lookout for a shock, and who takes hold of a man's arm as if she would prefer to use the tongs in touching it. She wants to be free and frank, and yet her maidenliness shirks from any familiar intimacy from one of the opposite sex, and as the question of how to maintain a thus-far-and-no-further attitude toward men becomes a very difficult one for a young and inexperienced girl.

The difficulty is further enhanced by the fact that every normal girl desires to be admired and to receive attentions from men, and she sees that the popular girls—the girls who have hosts of beaux and are overrun with invitations for theaters and parties and every amusement—see the freewheeling girls who permit little liberties and in whose presence a man does not need to put much restraint upon either his tongue or his manners.

An older woman could tell such a girl that she was taking a short view of the subject, and that while the fast woman will always get the most service, admiration and attention from men, she is seldom the woman that they marry. They like to be with her when they want an hour's amusement, for she is jolly and amusing and easy to talk to, and they have to make no effort to change their mental attitude in her presence, but when a man thinks of a woman as a companion for a lifetime, and not a day, he wants something better, purer, more womanly, and one for whom he has more respect.

Men are cruelly inconsistent in their dealings with women. They amuse themselves with one type of woman, and then they marry another. A man will teach a girl to drink cocktails and then refuse to marry her because she does it. He will spend weeks per-

suading her to kiss him, and then he is suspicious of her because she does it. He will persuade a girl to go to see a problem play and then condemn her because she went.

No girl need ever be afraid that she has herself in a man's opinion by waspishly reserve and dignity. He may laugh at her a bit for a little Puritan if she won't go to restaurants with him without a chaperon, and if the very suggestion of an off-colored story dyes her innocent cheek with scarlet, but in his heart he respects her for it. She is the kind of girl that he would like his sister to be and that he hunts up for himself when he marries.

If you will notice you will see that the gay, brilliant, good fellow, much admired belle of a season, who was a court favorite in mixed grins and double entendre stories and an expert at cards seldom marries as well as the shy little girl whose only attraction was the white halo of her innocence and purity.

Another very practical argument for maidenly reserve may be found in the fact that man's leading passion is the passion for the chase, and that the harder the thing is to get the more he wants it and the more determined he is to have it. No man cares to kiss the lips that are within his reach. It is the one that are denied him for which he hunts and thirsts and which he spends his life trying to win. No girl could have a more potent charm for men than to diffuse about herself an intangible atmosphere of aloofness—of being guarded by a maidenly delicacy that would take alarm at the approach to familiarity.

Every man worthy of the name honors the girl who honors herself, and if there are any others who are driven away from her because she will not permit liberties from them, she should bless heaven that a danger had been removed from her path. This does not mean that she should be a pharisee. She can be friendly without being familiar, and she should never forget that while every girl should be a peach, the ripest peach and the most desired hangs highest on the tree.

My Girl of the Future A Charming Series

By Harrison Fisher, the Famous Artist



This is the third and last of Mr. Fisher's series. Today his article is full of surprises and opens up an entirely new line of thought in artistic circles.

By HARRISON FISHER.

New conditions create new types of persons. There is indubitably a new girl, and it is my resolution, backed by the fresh vigor stored away in my camp life in among the redwoods, to draw her.

I see the girl of the future as one whose head dominates, but who, by very reason of the exercise of her brain, always takes her heart into account.

The greater exercise of her brain is demanded by new responsibilities. There is no doubt that eventually all women will vote in the United States. It states where they do not vote they are making themselves ready to cast the ballot, understandingly, and with discernment and discretion. Also the fact that girls are becoming factors in economics, as proven by every fifth one earning her living, is having its effect upon the character. Modifications in character carry with them modifications in features. Any internal change has its outward correspondence.

The changes in the feminine face are striking to those who know what those changes mean. The lower jaw is more noticeable in woman's face than it has ever been. That means will, freely exerted. The nose is higher. That means mental force. Pray that your enemy has a small and fleshy nose. If he has a large and bony one you will probably lose in all encounters.

The forehead is more prominent than ever before. In many faces it overhangs the eyes and other features as a rocky ledge, a precipice. If this characteristic be not too pronounced it adds beauty to the face, the beauty which is distinction. But it means that which is beginning to be the dominant note in the girlish character, which will make the girl of the future—a personality clear cut as a cameo. That is brain.

The eyes are becoming less prominent. You see, and will see, fewer "pop eyes."

Once eyes so full that they seemed ready to roll out, marble-like, upon the face, were considered marks of beauty. Now the owner in undue suspicion of having a vacuous intellect.

The eyes of the girl of the future will be smaller and deeper set, but they will be so much more brilliant that the loss in size will not be deplored, nor even missed. Despite their lesser size, they will be so widely opened and of expression so alert that they will challenge all beholders.

Admiration for the languorous, half-closed eyes that novelists wrote about, and some of us were once blighted enough to admire, we have begun to see are merely signs of mental and physical lassitude.

Remember what science has declared, that space is filled—packed, loaded—with energy.

And remember that you are a kind of space, and that whatever you ask of that great mother shall be given you from the mansion of your father.

Breathe deep and full and slowly and exhale slowly and think you are drawing in this wonderful energy with each breath, and that it means health, power, usefulness, opulence, wisdom. It does.

After you go out from your room and about your daily occupation think that you are giving forth particles of this energy to everyone with whom you associate. Joyless in the thought, for the more you give the more you will receive from space. As fast as you empty your reservoir the divine source will refill it.

If you follow this little lesson faithfully for three weeks' time, never missing one day, you will be told by your friends that they feel better after meeting you. Your presence will cheer the despondent and give new vitality to the sick without any effort on your part.

But beware of hoarding of this result when it comes, or indulging any personal vanity or sense of power, for that will not get you any further, and the more you will lose from it.

You must remain humble and reverent and grateful to the source. You must not think of yourself as a specially favored being, but only as an enlightened one who has come into the knowledge which is free to every soul on earth.

What the great seers and masters of truth have known since the beginning of time the scientific world is just learning. Science is, indeed, packed with energy. That energy is yours. Ask and you shall receive.

Lina Cavalieri's Beauty Talks

A Highly Instructive Article Devoted to the Woman of Forty.

By LINA CAVALIERI.

The Most Famous Living Beauty.

For the woman of 40 there exist the two equal dangers of excessive leanness or excessive fat. Forty, a middle ground of age, is not a middle ground of weight. Nature's tendency is to another old age in disfiguring layers of fat, or permit the soul to wear through its thin, enveloping layer of body. As persons grow old they must battle the bent toward coarse obesity, or toward a wrinkled thinness. The tendency begins to manifest itself at or before 40.

This tendency the woman of 40 must meet and conquer with the weapon of intelligence. A critical survey of her figure in a duplex or triple mirror will reveal the truth. Has nature designed her for a spare old woman? She must decide, and, having decided, she must checkmate nature, which is prodigal and inclined toward extremes.

If nature's plan is toward thinness she must bountifully nourish her body, shutting all the gates to anaemia. She would better adopt the European custom of frequent light meals instead of the American ones of fewer and heavy ones. It is better for persons of any age to eat every three hours a little than to eat every five hours a great deal.

For the woman of 40 who fears that the angels of age will crowd out the curves of youth it is well to take her breakfast in bed. It should be a light breakfast, for the stomach is sluggish in the morning and protests against hard stunts before noon.

She should begin with a cup of hot water for her complexion's sake, American specialists insist, and I yield them the courtesy of compliance, though personally I prefer cool, not quite cold, never too water. This slowly sipped, should be followed by toast well buttered, or a cereal, and a cup of mild cocoa or chocolate. If made half with milk, half water, it will the better serve her purpose.

The woman who is fighting the demon of thinness should give up all but the fleshmaking fruits in the morning. She may eat prunes, or bananas, or peaches,

would advise no others. After this first breakfast she should lie in bed for another hour.

Rising, she should, after her bath, take a little light exercise, calisthenics or a short walk, not more than a mile. If her circumstances permit, she will find her avoirdupois much increased by massage with olive oil before rising. Or she can aid nature by massaging her hips, her bosom and her thighs with the oil, or with a nourishing cold cream. I recommend this cream:

Spermaceti.....1 oz.
White wax.....1 oz.
Rosewater.....2 ozs.
Oil of sweet almonds.....2 ozs.

If she breakfasts at 8 she should have a slight repast again at 11, not waiting for the 1 or 2 o'clock luncheon. This might consist of bread or crackers and milk, or even two glasses of sweet milk very slowly drunk. If the appetite craves sweets at this time, she could appease it by a saucer of preserved figs, with cream, and two or three sweet potatoes, and a green salad in whose dressing there is more oil than vinegar, with rice pudding or chocolate blanc mange, would be an excellent luncheon for a woman who wants to increase her weight. At 3 o'clock tea she may rejoice and be grateful for the jams and tarts and rich cakes it is now correct to serve, instead of the former simple biscuit, will greatly assist her to gain in avoirdupois. For dinner, roast beef or pork or mutton, with thickened gravy, fried sweet potatoes, pastry and green salad dressed in oil, with a cup of coffee, in which cream and sugar are plentifully used, will be in the way of gain.

If before retiring she drinks a cup of boiled milk she will aid the fattening process, as well as secure for herself the long, sound sleep that fattens as much as does a fat producing diet. A short siesta, a nap, if possible, or at least reclining in loose garments in a dark room, every afternoon will also be helpful.

The thin woman should read much, eat much and worry little. She must adopt the philosophy of cheerfulness, accepting it for what it is, one of the greatest of beautifiers. She must become one of the passives of the human family.

Why We Quarreled

The Man Whose Wife Can't Keep a Secret Tells His Story.

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

(Copyright, 1915, by Star Company.)

"My wife cannot keep a secret," I sometimes wonder if she is utterly incapable of doing so. I know Ruth would not talk to mere acquaintances about my private affairs. With people whom she does not love she is the soul of discretion.

"I will be discreet," she will assure me when I caution her.

"Secrets make their grave with me," she informed me once.

"You assist at their resurrection then?" I retorted bitterly.

This was when she had taken her sister into confidence with regard to a scheme I had on foot for leaving the house by which I was employed and accepting a situation offered by me by another firm in the same line of business. The position would be ready for me in three months. It would mean a larger salary. Naturally, until the matter was settled and I had told my present employer of my plans, I wanted nothing said about them.

Yet, as Ruth's interests and mine are one, I did feel that I ought to tell her of the prospective rise in our fortunes. All this time she was worried because we were finding it hard to pay doctor's bills which we had incurred when our baby was born. To do this, yet meet all current expenses, was somewhat of a problem.

"And as baby gets older our expenses will increase," Ruth said, anxiously, one evening. "Is there no sign of your getting a raise in salary?"

"No, I told her, 'there is not.' Then, as I saw her face fall and the distressed look come into her blue eyes, my conscience smote me because of my reticence. Was she not my wife, and had she not a right to know of my prospects?"

So after warning her that what I was about to tell her must be a profound secret, I poured forth to her my hopes. She was delighted.

"Oh," she sighed in happiness. "I am so glad! In three months, you say, you will take the new position?"

"Yes, if all goes well," I replied. "But of course nobody knows of this except ourselves, and the head of the firm to which I am going."

"Of course," she echoed. "It would not do to tell outside, would it?"

"No," I said, "for if it got to my present employer he might feel that he did not care to retain longer a man who was going to leave so soon. I will notify him a month before I take my new place."

"It is strange that I was stunned when, a fortnight later, I was informed by the head of the concern for which I was still working that my services would not be required after a certain date—six weeks before I was to go to my new position."

"I understand," explained my employer, "that you have accepted overtures from another concern. So, as I know an able man who wants your place and would stay here for some years, I may as well break him in soon."

How could he have learned of my plans? Ruth had said nothing about them, I assured myself. Yet when I reached home that night I asked her

about the matter. She was very indignant.

"You might know I would not tell our secret to any outsider," she said.

"Did you tell it to anybody?" I insisted.

"She flushed and stammered. 'Why, no—that is, to nobody who would count; only to Mary.'"

Mary is her sister.

It was my turn to flush now, but with anger. "And Mary?" I accused, "is connected to John Thorpe, who is an intimate friend of the treasurer of our concern. Good heavens, Ruth, can you ever keep a secret?"

Then it was that she declared that secrets made their grave with her, and I taunted her with the fact that she resurrected them.

"But," she argued, her voice quavering—"you told me not to talk to any outsider about this affair. And my own sister is not an outsider, please, remember."

"She is to me," I returned, grimly. "If she had not had a drop of your blood in her veins, she could hardly have done us a meaner turn."

"She did not mean to!" she exclaimed. "You know Mary loves me and would do anything for me. I think it's pretty hard if I can't talk to the only sister I have in the world about what interests me so closely."

"My secret is my secret!" I asserted. "And this being the case you have no right to give it to another person."

"I was cruel," she said. Did I mean to imply that I would not trust her with another such confidence?"

I meant just that, and I informed her of this fact.

I also reminded her of the time when she had told her mother that the physicians had found that my father's illness was of an insidious kind that was sapping his life away, and had ordered that he must not suspect the nature of his disease. Ruth had considered it entirely proper to tell this to her mother.

I also spoke of the time when she had mentioned to her father that my brother Jim was engaged, although Jim had asked Ruth and me to keep it secret for a while. Of course Ruth's father said nothing of the matter, being a man, I added now that I wished his daughter were capable of similar discretion, and reminded her that we had quarreled over all these matters in turn upon many occasions, and all to no purpose.

"And now we are at it again!" I burst forth. "and all because you think that a secret is a thing that one may share with a person one loves. Just as one would share a box of candy. A secret is not shared unless one tells it to outsiders—oh? That's it—isn't it?"

But she only repeated that she could keep a secret as well as anybody in the world could, and that I was horribly unjust.

Perhaps I am—but I cannot see it.

Variety in New Dances.

"Why must all the young people go crazy over these new dances? Ain't the old dances good enough?"

Human Machine Still Greatest of All

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1915, by Star Company.)

Something like ten years ago Prof. Delbear astonished the scientific world by declaring that the whole of space is loaded with energy.

Every cubic inch of space contains an equivalent of 50-horse power each cubic foot more than all the steam engines in Massachusetts.

This energy resides in what we call "ether," and out of it come all the forms of energy we know—gravity, light, heat, electricity.

The great reservoir of space makes the supply inexhaustible. An exchange speaking of this says:

"For our purposes energy needs to be adapted. We adapt the energy of coal, by employing a steam engine; we adapt the energy of the stream and of electric work, by employing dynamo; we adapt electric energy to lighting purposes by employing a suitable lamp, and so on. Each form of energy requires some mechanism through which it can act and be transformed, and without mechanism and transformation no phenomenon is possible."

But the fact does not yet strike the mind of the scientific man that we already have a machine, provided by the greatest of all inventors, for adapting all the energy needed for any achievement—and that machine is man.

Man is a divine machine, formed in triangular shape—by mind and spirit.

While he is in the frame of this earthly machine his mind is the engine which must be set in motion to supply the body, through the spirit, with the inexhaustible stream of energy.

We are a part of all this marvelous system of worlds and planets, and this mysterious ocean of space is our mother, and God is our father.

Before any machinist sets his engine working he has first to know something about the engine, how to care for it, and how to keep it in good running order.

Your mind is your engine. Keep it clean first of all. Brush the dust of worry and the cobwebs of doubt, and the veridigms of hatred, revenge, envy, jealousy and greed.

Then take a little time, just a few moments each day, and sit very quietly alone with yourself and the engine and inspire it in drawing energy from space.

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And remember that you are a kind of space, and that whatever you ask of that great mother shall be given you from the mansion of your father.

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After you go out from your room and about your daily occupation think that you are giving forth particles of this energy to everyone with whom you associate. Joyless in the thought, for the more you give the more you will receive from space. As fast as you empty your reservoir the divine source will refill it.

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Advice to Lovelorn

By SHATRION FAIRFAX.

Tell Her of Your Feelings.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 23. A friend of mine has a sister three years my junior whom I love dearly. When I call she acts as if she liked me. Now, Miss Fairfax, I would have told her of my love, but when I am alone with her she's a cake of so many men.

Should I tell her of my love or try to forget her, which I fear I cannot do? Possibly this girl is trying to make herself desirable in your eyes by making up "fairy tales" about her other admirers. Don't be a faint-heart, but tell her of your love.

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