

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

When a Man's in Love

Signs and Symptoms

By DOROTHY DIX.

A great many girls have asked me the question, at once the most important and the most difficult to answer that ever confronts a woman, and that is, how can a girl tell whether a man is in love with her or not?



You can't always tell, daughter, because men were deceivers ever, as the old song says. Also women are so eager to be loved and so anxious to believe that they fascinate every man they meet, that they easily fool themselves in the matter. Still, there are certain signs and symptoms that the man in love manifests which are pretty reliable guides.

The first thing that I would impress upon you, daughter, is to pay no attention to what a man says, but to keep a searchlight turned upon the way he acts. Likewise bear in mind that poetic and fluent lovetalking is no indication of the state of a man's affections. The ability to make love like a matinee hero shows that the man is full of words and that he's had much experience.

When a man is doing the kind of lovetalking that winds up in a proposal to assume a girl's board bill for life he doesn't quote poetry. He gurgles, and spotters, and threatens to choke, for it's the most momentous moment in his life, and he knows it.

The first reliable symptom that a man gives that he is hard hit for keeps is when he becomes Johnnie-on-the-spot, and wherever the girl goes he is sure as fate to bob up. Men who are not in love and who have to work for a living are rushed for time. They have engagements they can't break, and they are too tired to go to places, but while a man in love he juggles with time and finds leisure to chase the adored one. After he is married he will again get busy and not be able to slip away to meet his wife for afternoon tea or a lingering lunch, but while he's courting her he's Mary's little lamb.

The second symptom of acute heart trouble that a man exhibits is when he shows an eagerness to adopt all of your opinions instead of trying to force his down your throat. Also he listens with rapt attention while you expound your views, and becomes instantly converted to suffrage, or the higher thought, or whatever else you believe. The only time a man ever has any respect for a woman's opinion is when he's in love, so this is an acid test to apply to his affection.

The third indication of love is to be seen in the man's attitude toward your family. If he looks bored when papa discourses to him about the part he took in the battle of Gettysburg, and mother bemoans the triflingness of servant girls nowadays, and if he looks as if he could murder little brother and sister when they hang around, there's nothing doing. He's merely amusing himself. But when he hangs on mother's and father's words, and bestows money on little brother and sister, it is a clear indication that he is trying to make friends at court.

A fourth indication that a man is really in love is to be found in his memory. If he recalls every carelessly spoken wish of yours and tries to gratify it; if he remembers that you wear violets instead of roses, and that you prefer sautéed almonds to chocolate creams, then you may begin planning your wedding dress. Only men in love remember a woman's desires. Husbands and all other men suffer from amnesia on this point.

The fifth indication of love in a man is when he begins to try to take care of a girl as long as he isn't in love with her, all that he cares about is for her to be a good looking and dress stunningly enough to make people rubber at her, and if she wants to kill herself by pneumonia or dyspepsia it's none of his affairs. Observe, therefore, when you go out with a man whether he inquires if you have on heavy shoes and enough around your throat, and heed well when he orders the meal at a restaurant whether he presses a good, thick steak and potatoes on you or lets you eat lobster salad and ice cream. If he insists on rational food, it's a sure sign that he's thinking about your future doctor bills.

The sixth indication of love that a man gives is when he begins to tell you how he hates boarding, and to call your attention to how happy the Lovey-Doveys are in a little Harlem flat, and to ascertain your views about whether two can't live as cheaply as one. Until a man really begins to think about getting married himself he looks upon domesticity about as kindly as he does upon the smallpox, and with the same ardent hope that he'll never catch it, but when he falls in love he becomes a roofer for the firewide virtues.

Therefore put no dependence in a man's love talk until it begins veering around toward open plumbing and gas ranges and quiet evenings at home.

Of course, there are times when all signs fail, but generally speaking, a close observation of the symptoms hereinbefore enumerated will enable a young woman to diagnose a man's case and tell whether his attack of the tender passion is chronic and likely to lead to serious results or only sporadic and flirtatious.

But never, never, never judge whether a man is in love or not by his talk alone.

... New Modes in Furs ...

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A tail in front and a long one, and a shorter one in the back, makes up a unique neckpiece of fitch. A bow of brown taffeta draws the high collar close to the throat and small perky bows of the taffeta finish the long ends. The muff is a large one, drawn in at the ends by a frill of the taffeta. A strip of ermine binds the edges of the black velvet tricornie trimmed with a cockade of white gros grain ribbon and ermine.

To wear in the afternoon while calling is this clever little jacket of baby caracul. Though falling only slightly below the waist line in the front, there is a panel in the back reaching almost to the hip line and, like the front edges, it is bordered in skunk. A deep collar of the skunk extends across the back of the garment and well down over the shoulders. The draped muff of the caracul is edged at the top and bottom by skunk.

Mazzini, Prophet of Italian Liberty

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Joseph Mazzini, whose sorrowful and yet glorious career was ended by death forty-two years ago today, did the work before Old Mortality overtook him, for which his countrymen and all lovers of justice and liberty the world over will never cease to be grateful.



In the history of the struggle for Italian unity these names stand out from all the others—Mazzini, Cavour, Garibaldi—Mazzini the prophet, Cavour the diplomat, Garibaldi the soldier. Mazzini stood for the soul, the inspiration, Cavour for the statesmanship, and Garibaldi for the martial fire and actual fighting.

Each of the immortal trio was necessary to the accomplishment of the grand work that lay before them, and it would be difficult to say to which of the three belongs the greater meed of praise or honor, but it is certain that without the prophet-soul of the man from Genoa, Italy would never have become a nation. All action, whether in cabinets or on battlefields, is born of thought; and

before any solid fact comes there must come the great illuminating, inspiring idea.

And it was Mazzini who gave birth to the idea and kindled the great burning inspiration. It was Mazzini who breathed into the minds of Italy's sons the thought of independence and unity, and filled the hearts of Italy's sons with the deathless passion for freedom from the accursed yoke which had so long oppressed and degraded them. He was the fountain whence came the never-failing stream of hope and courage and the unconquerable resolve to win. Great was Cavour, great was Garibaldi, but greater was Mazzini, who poured out the inspiration that nerved the statesman in the cabinet and the fighter in the field.

And in this day of democratic ideals it is well to remember that Mazzini was first, last and all the time a democrat, loving the people, believing in the people, and ready to trust the people to take care of themselves. The "divinity that doth hedge the king" was to Mazzini errant nonsense. He was a republican, having no respect for kingly rule, and wanting only one form of government, that form of government which is "of the people, for the people, and by the people." He was glad to see Italy united under any conditions, but could he have had his way he would have had a republic rather than a monarchy.

Boy Who Is Pampered

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"My folks aren't a bit fair to me," said Donald, aged 17 years, "they seem to forget that a fellow is only young once. They think that I ought to be in by 11 o'clock at the latest when I do go out at night, and they want me to sit and study five nights a week. They do nothing but talk books and work to me. Don't you think that they ought to let me have a grand good time so that I'll have a happy youth to remember when I am old?"

Now, Donald is a lucky boy who has a beautiful home and loving parents. But he is an unlucky boy in that life is being made too easy for him. His greatest trouble is consideration of the good times of which he feels that he is being in some slight measure deprived.

He is not compelled to go out into the world and struggle to make his way to the top of the ladder of success. Instead he is to be sent to Harvard and then will come a few years of "polishing off" in a world tour, and after that Donald will step into a business that is ready for him and that affords him every opportunity for success if he has the sense and energy to avail himself of it.

The very best "good times" youth can have are simple, wholesome pleasures

that give healthy minds in strong bodies. Tramping in the woods and studying leaf and tree and bird and beast are country good times of which city youth knows little. Skating and tobogganing and going on long bobbed rides are winter pleasures that are not enough cultivated. Any simple outdoor pleasure that brings you home with blood racing and cheeks tingling and glowing is a real good time.

But the artificial pleasures that Donald craves—dancing in heated cabarets, drinking and jouncing with silly little "Broadway belles," being seen at the fashionable places with the "smart" people—are not pleasures but fevers.

It is true that we all have to experience and learn first hand from life—but we have to be prepared to understand what we see and to be able to get its real meaning. And books and school and the higher education prepare the wealthy youth even as the efforts of business and work and getting ahead school the poor man's son to understand life.

"Good times" aren't the fevers that makes you too sick of mind and body to learn your life's lessons. They are the wholesome health-giving exercises of your youthful energies and activities that help you to grow and endure.

All sorts of athletics are to be recommended as "good times"—for those pleasures train your body and develop the desire to win, coupled with the glorious sense of honor that comes in the fair-play spirit of our sports.

Any outdoor pleasure is a worth-while "good time," because it fills the lungs with clean air and the heart with a knowledge of nature that brings you close to the real heart of life.

Reading the classics ought to be a "good time," because it fits you to measure life in terms of what the great minds have thought of it.

Studying ought to be a good time, because it helps you to exercise your mind so that you can enjoy the great pleasures of forming a few original conclusions about life.

But a whirl of excitement that is here today and gone tomorrow, with only a headache and an unlearned lesson of neglected work in its wake, is not a real good time for the petted Donalds of the working Johns of life.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Forget Him. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 18. I have been keeping company with a young man of 20. He seems very much devoted. I did not care for him at first, but finally grew to love him. I guess him to a girl friend whom he now loves with all his soul.

I think he is a fickle young man, who is best forgotten. He seems to be about as devoted to your girl friend as he was to you. Just eliminate him from your life and consider yourself well out of a bad business.

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The Unseen Universe

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

A very notable contribution to the science of radiant-energy, radio-activity, ultra-ultra-violet-light radiation and short photographic rays streaming in from suns and all light-emitting objects in cosmic space, has just been given to the great world of science by Prof. E. B. Barnard of the Yerkes Observatory, Lake Geneva, Wis.

The discovery by photography of two distinct tails or streamers to Delavan's comet is the cause of the publication of the Yerkes Observatory circular to all observatories. But only one is visible even in the largest and most powerful telescopes. The two streamers are inclined to each other at an angle of 30 degrees.

But in the negative on the highly sensitive photographic plate the tail that is invisible to the eye is visible to the silver-bromide molecules on the glass plate. The waves that affected the minute molecules and arranged them into an image of the streamer on the plate are far too short to energize the nerve molecules in the delicate fibers of the retina of the eye.

The fact that this streamer is visible on the plate and not to the eye is a brilliant confirmation of all of Prof. Samuel Pierpont Langley's elaborate twenty-two years' research in ultra-violet and infra-red regions of spectra of our sun and all other suns able to send light enough into the slit of the most modern tele-spectroscopy for analysis.

And Barnard's photograph proves every minute detail of complex discoveries in this most fascinating realm of nature since Langley blazed the modern way and marked out fields of research that are now taxing the ablest living tele-spectroscopists and spectro-analysis in all laboratories. For the unseen universe is doubtless more complicated than the seen.

Delavan's comet is now in the northern constellation, Canum Venaticum. And Encke's comet has made its regular return and was faintly seen by Astronomer Barnard on a photographic plate. It was then, on September 17, in right ascension 3 hours 53 minutes, and in declination north 37 degrees 46 minutes. These figures locate it in the constellation Perseus. Its periodic time of revolution around the sun is very nearly three and one-third years, but a curiosity about Encke's comet is that this time has varied.

I have seen this comet a number of times. And then I have well observed Campbell's new comet coming up from the distant south. It was first seen from the Cordoba Observatory, Argentina, South America, on September 29 in right ascension 3 hours 16 minutes, and in south declination 33 degrees 33 minutes, which point falls to the constellation Pegasus Australis, the Southern Fish. On October 21, 1914, it was in the constellation Aquarius, the Water Man. Comet Campbell never caused a war. And an unaided-eye comet has just been

announced as discovered in right ascension 0 hours 05 minutes, and in south declination 45 degrees; date of discovery, September 25, from Las Cruces, N. M.

I have not been able to see it, owing to fog and mists hanging over the sea in my southern horizon. And this is Hagerty's comet. He is a professor in the New Mexico School of Agriculture and was the first human to see it in the clear sky above Las Cruces, N. M.

:: The Manicure Lady ::

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"Every year is pretty much like the last year," declared the Manicure Lady. "I was hoping that this summer a few guys would come in here to have their nails did without talking my head off about base ball, but the great national game is about the limit of their conservatory powers. The gent that just went out was howling himself nearly black in the face about Walter Johnson."

"It seems to me, George, that a gent must have a kind of soft head to be losing sleep over a ball player. He says Johnson is the grandest pitcher that ever lived, and maybe he's right, but what of it? Walter Johnson ain't no famous great man just because he is a great pinner. He ain't a great man like Mister Roosevelt, which can go away somewhere and discover enough new things to keep the old editors busy. Walter Johnson never found no river running up a hill, and if he pitched a ball twice as fast as he can now, he wouldn't be able to discover no new race of people like Teddy done."

"Nobody ain't seen the new river or the new race of people yet," said the Head Barber. "Bryan said in his paper the other day that Roosevelt's idea of a new race of people was a race that had never heard of him. And maybe a river can run up a hill, but I want to see it first with my own eyes. All the rivers I ever seen had a habit of running down hill."

"Well, that ain't got anything to do with base ball," said the Manicure Lady. "All the talk I have heard lately has been about some idol of the diamond. If the gents that come in here ain't ready to faint when the Giants lose and Pittsburgh wins, they are sore about McGraw letting Ames go. It seems to me that a lot of grown up men could find a better way to pass away their time."

"It's just as bad up to the house as it is down here. Wilfred and the old gent are just as loony as two ten-year-old boys, and they are all the time scuffling about the two big leagues. Wilfred is a great roofer for the Giants, and father wants to see the Yankees win every time out. Neither one of them knows why he is so strong for his team, either. Wilfred said that McGraw spoke to him once

Common Sense Girls

By MRS. FRANK LEARNED.

Author of "The Etiquette of New York Today." There is frequently a temptation to girls to be too impetuous and excitable in their way of having amusement, too great an inclination to go to extremes in manner, too much of an effort to have a "good time" at the sacrifice of womanly dignity.

Girls seem to object to the word dignity. They think it has a stiff, constrained, old-fashioned significance, and they would prefer to avoid it. They fail to realize that it is never old-fashioned to possess the true womanly qualities of modesty and gentleness, and the charm of a dignified bearing. A self-asserting, aggressive manner is always a sign of crudeness. A flashy, loud, boisterous manner is the same. A free-and-easy, familiar manner with men is never admired by them.

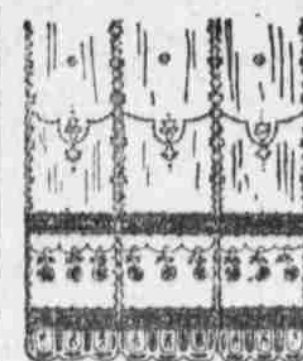
Girls need to remember that the standard of manner and speech which they set will always influence men's manners and conversation with them. A man gives his true admiration, even his allegiance, to a girl who is able to maintain her own womanly dignity. She gains in his estimation if she knows how to control and guide the tone of a young

man's intimacy and conversation. Young men of character, brains, good sense and purpose in life prefer the friendship of a girl of character and womanliness, rather than that of the silly, vain, light-minded girl, who makes herself cheap by foolish flirtations. There is an innermost instinct in a man to respect a girl. It is her own fault if a man fails in respect toward her. If he finds that she does not fulfill his ideals he is disappointed.

A man never likes or admires a girl who makes herself conspicuous. He gets very tired of a noisy companion. The self-asserting girl, with independent manners, who fancies she is upholding her rightful place in the world by being loud in dress, manners and talk is sure to weary him.

If a girl has common sense, bright conversation, and what may be termed personality, she will win friends worth having. She may be lithe and gay without ever being noisy. Although a girl may not be remarkably clever, or a brilliant talker, she may have a charm that makes one feel happy to be with her or to have her for a friend. She may be gentle in voice and manner, sweet tempered, considerate, kind, and if she has a wholesome sense of humor, it is the very salt of life.

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